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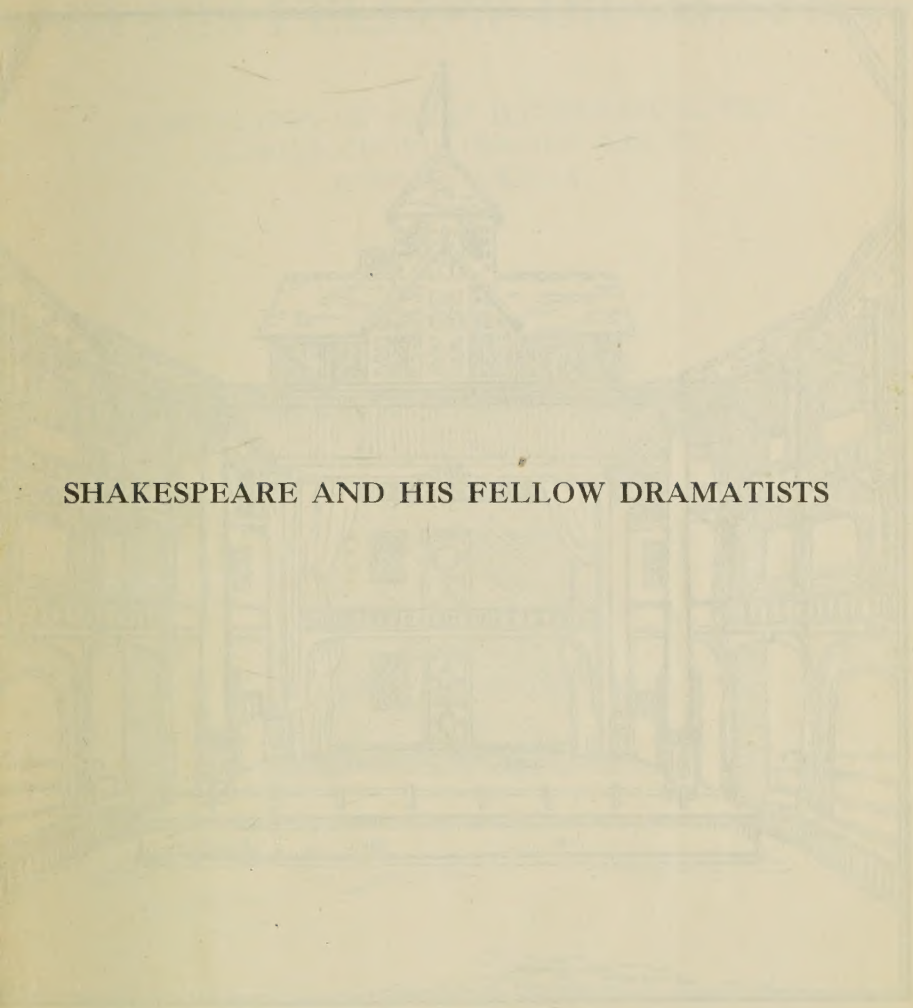
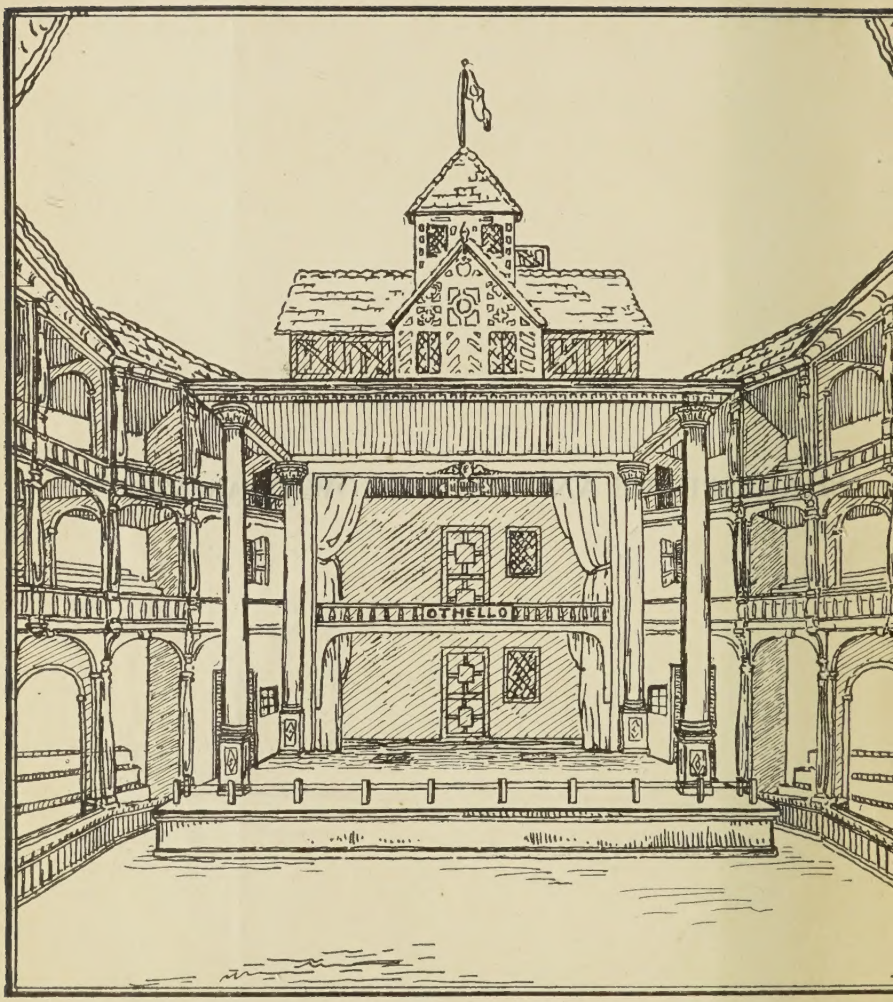


SHAKESPEARE AND HIS FELLOW DRAMATISTS



Designed by Dr. Samuel A. Tannenbaum and drawn by Miss Ada Beckwith.

A Typical Elizabethan Stage.

SHAKESPEARE
AND HIS FELLOW DRAMATISTS

A SELECTION OF PLAYS ILLUSTRATING THE
GLORIES OF THE GOLDEN AGE OF
ENGLISH DRAMA

68

EDITED BY
E. H. C. OLIPHANT
SENIOR FELLOW IN ENGLISH, SARAH LAWRENCE COLLEGE

Volume I
CAMPASPE—VOLPONE

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TO

PROFESSORS H. A. WATT AND A. H. NASON

TWO OF THE EDITOR'S COLLEAGUES ON THE FACULTY
OF NEW YORK UNIVERSITY, AS A VERY INADEQUATE
ACKNOWLEDGMENT OF MANY KINDNESSES

FOREWORD

The Purpose of This Work

This work has a very definite purpose—to enable Shakespeare to be seen in relation to his fellows. Hitherto there has been no work in use in American colleges—or, for that matter, anywhere else—showing the drama of Shakespeare alongside of the drama of these others. That is an astounding fact, for which it is hard to account. Shakespeare and his contemporaries have been kept in separate watertight compartments. There have been innumerable editions of the works of Shakespeare; but they have never been soiled by contact with the works of his rivals. From their collected plays various selections have been made, to give an idea of their general accomplishment; but into these the dramas of Shakespeare have never been permitted to intrude.

So, too, in most of our colleges the teaching of Shakespeare is kept quite distinct from the teaching of the lesser lights of his time. There are complete courses in Shakespeare, in which the other Elizabethan dramatists are ignored; and there are courses in "Elizabethan Drama," from which Shakespeare is excluded. It is only very rarely that Shakespeare and his contemporaries are taken together; and for students who have taken such courses there has been no single textbook: they have been compelled to have both Shakepeare's plays in one volume or a set of volumes, and the plays of the rest in another volume or set of volumes. The aim of this work is to give the student what he will need in both fields.

The ordinary way of teaching Shakespeare is opposed to common sense. He is treated as a solitary phenomenon; he was not. He was one of a group of great men, men with the same characteristics, men of the same school, however inferior to him in degree. When students are given the impression—as is so often the case—that Shakespeare stands alone, their understanding and appreciation of him are poisoned at the fountainhead. It is bad enough to have a distaste for the plays of our greatest dramatist created by the persistent folly of making his masterpieces the medium for the teaching of grammar and linguistics, without giving birth in the minds of students to a misconception of the true place of Shakespeare in our dramatic literature.

Is it not also putting the cart before the horse to do as practically all our colleges do, give courses in Shakespeare to less advanced classes,

and courses in Elizabethan Drama only to more advanced ones? Surely the logical procedure would be first to give to students courses in the drama of the period, including the work of Shakespeare, and, when they are further advanced, to have them make a more intensive study of the plays of the pre-eminent master. By adopting this method, Shakespeare is first seen in relation to his period and his place is definitely fixed in the minds of learners, and moreover they are enabled to keep their minds free, in some measure at least, from that prejudice against the work of Shakespeare's fellows which is induced by seeing their work segregated from his, as if it were not worthy to be considered when his is under review.

It has been the editor's aim to give the plays chosen in what seems to be their chronological order; but that is something by no means easy of determination. Not only are actual dates of production wanting in many cases, but also the vast majority of the plays show every sign of having been gone over more than once. Where a drama is of two or three different dates, it has been thought fairest to consider it as pertaining to the year to which the bulk of the extant version seems to belong. The only departure from what the editor regards as the strict chronological order is in the case of "Volpone" and "A Yorkshire Tragedy." He believes it would have been more nearly correct to have the one-acter ending the first volume, and Jonson's play commencing the second; but book-making needs entered into consideration to alter the order. There is, however, no certainty that "A Yorkshire Tragedy" preceded "Volpone," and, if it did so, it could have been only by a few months at most, so that the violation of principle is so slight as scarcely to call for remark.

It will be seen that this constitutes a very definite departure from the ordinary method adopted for the presentation of collections of Elizabethan plays. Ordinarily they are given chronologically as regards the authors: here they are given chronologically as regards the plays themselves. That is consistent with the purpose of showing Shakespeare in relation to the drama of his time; in fact, that relation is to be shown in no other way. To take authors in the presumed order of appearance on the stage, and to finish with one author before taking up another, would mean stepping back between ten and twenty years, when we had finished Shakespeare, in order to take up "The Merry Devil of Edmonton," and would also mean putting the plays of the close of Shakespeare's career ahead of "The Woman Killed with Kindness," which would be a gross unfairness to that excellent tragedy. The plan adopted enables the student to see at a glance what Shakespeare was doing when "Volpone" was produced, and what Webster was capable of when "The Winter's Tale" had its first performance. It is true that, to do this

properly, it is necessary to establish a correct order of production for the plays selected, and that that is a matter concerning which probably no two scholars would agree, save perhaps those whose ideas are strictly traditional. In the introduction to every play the subject of chronology is discussed, and reasons are given for the date adopted. In some cases investigation leads to a departure from the traditional or accepted view; but this step is not lightly taken. Each one must judge for himself of the validity of the arguments advanced.

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EXPLANATORY NOTE

Had this work been designed mainly for research students, the earliest text or the best of the early texts would have been followed, with all its imperfections; but, for those who are not research students, such reproduction would be very undesirable, and would help to defeat the aim which the editor has kept steadily in view—that of providing ordinary students with a text which will not be an unnecessary irritation to them. The spelling has therefore been modernized, and obvious errors have been corrected. Where an error is to be presumed, but is not certain, or where the correction of an error is a matter of doubt, a footnote is brought into requisition.

In most of the original texts and in modern editions, the past tense is presented with no consistency. The word "loved," for instance, may be so given or may be printed as "lov'd," with no variation whatever in the pronunciation. Here the full spelling is invariably employed in such cases, the apostrophe being used only where there is a curtailing of the pronunciation, as with "lov'st," instead of "lovest," or where the employment of the "e" might create a doubt as to the pronunciation, as sometimes in "learned." Where our ordinary pronunciation is departed from by the employment of an extra syllable, the diæresis is employed, as, *e.g.,* "lovëd," "ambitiöus," "fïre," "doubly." Where the stress is on what is to-day an unaccented syllable, an acute accent is employed, so that the reader may find "péremptory," "cómplete," "revénue."

The modernizing is not confined to the text, but is extended to the stage directions. An attempt has been made to clarify the situation, so as to make the reading easier for the student. In many plays, as ordinarily printed, one may not realize what is doing and may lose something of the force of the presentation through inability to grasp the position. It is hoped that a word or two of explanation at the beginning may save many a reader from being turned from a play in which he would, with the exercise of a little patience at the start, soon find himself greatly interested.

There is also here, to a slight extent, a modernizing of the stage technique. This may be objected to by those who are adherents of the old Elizabethan stage tradition; but, in point of fact, there is no edition of Shakespeare or any other dramatist (save uncritical ones aiming at

actual reproduction) that does not depart from those traditions in a greater or less degree. On the Elizabethan stage the changes of scene were mostly in the imaginations of the audience. When certain characters left the stage, the scene ceased to be a room in the house of one of them; and, when another set of characters came in, it became a room in another house, or perhaps a market-place or a forest or the deck of a ship. When a play of Shakespeare's is given on a modern stage, it is given with the advantage of modern stage appliances; and there can be no doubt that, if they had been available to Shakespeare, he would have used them. When, therefore, modern editors fit plays for modern readers by making careful indication of scenes, they might go a step further by departing from the absurdity of having all the characters march off the stage when a scene ends. If a play by Shakespeare or any other Elizabethan were presented to-day according to the original text (unless it were a performance to illustrate Elizabethan staging), a scene would close with a dropping of the curtain or a darkening of the stage. The absurdity of having a sick man carried out in his bed, in order that the stage might be cleared, would be done away with. It was a necessity of the Elizabethan stage; it is not a necessity to-day. The final "exit" or "exeunt" appears here, therefore, only when the text calls for a clearing of the stage.

And here it may be remarked parenthetically that the division into scenes is made upon the basis of the clearing of the stage in the old editions. To do so is to make for consistency. Modern editors are not at all consistent in this respect: where battles take place, for example, they will have contending forces make three or four different appearances in the course of a single scene, and then, for no apparent reason, suddenly create a new scene by announcing that we are now presented with "another part of the field." Wherever the stage is cleared, the scene is to be regarded as ended, save where it is obvious that the locale is not changed and that there is no great passage of time. That is the principle on which the scene-divisions have been marked throughout this work. Jonson's scene-divisions based on French principles are accordingly ignored, in order that consistency may be attained.

In all modern reconstructions of the Elizabethan stage only three doors are shown. It is possible that there were no more; but there is no certainty. Even if there were, there is no good reason why, when we are assuming curtains for the closing of scenes, we should not also assume as many places of entry and exit as are necessary for a really credible presentation of any play. In "The Alchemist," for instance, five doors are necessary for the student's proper comprehension of the traffic of the play. Five doors are accordingly provided for here in the room that is the scene of the bulk of the comedy. Our students may be more

critical than an Elizabethan audience was; but that is no reason why their criticisms should not be met.

In point of fact, there is very little reason for the generally held idea that the Elizabethan stage had but three places of entrance and exit on the ground floor. There were certainly two side doors and a centre door; but also, when the stage was given its full depth, both wings of the back stage were available, thus making a total of five separate places of entry and exit. If proof be needed, it is afforded by "Antony and Cleopatra," III 9, where two armies pass over the stage in opposite directions, the rear stage obviously being used for the display of the more distant one, while the contrary direction pursued shows a march from left to right in the one case, and from right to left in the other. That requires no less than four side entrances, so that, in allowing for five doors (including the centre one back) in "The Alchemist," no more is being asked of the Elizabethan stage than it was capable of supplying.

Where a word or a letter has been inserted to make sense of what in the early editions is nonsense, square brackets are used. Thus, in IV 1 of "The Traitor," we have "I may safely swear [I] have no hand with your lordship," the second "I" having been (presumably accidentally) omitted from the original text. The square brackets are used also (as in

If thou
Dost love [me] with that tenderness

in V 1 of the same play) to supply a word or words that seem to be metrically necessary; but in this connection they are employed very cautiously and sparingly, usually only with writers whose verse is notably regular and orthodox.

A novel procedure, which, it is believed, will meet with the approval of students and readers generally, and even of instructors, is the printing of asides and whispered speeches or portions of speeches within pointed brackets. The ordinary editorial method is to print the word "aside" at the end of remarks made by a character for the benefit or entertainment of the audience—a mere expression of his thoughts not audible to the other persons on the stage. The student accordingly does not recognize till he has reached the conclusion of these remarks that they are of this nature; and often, when he looks back, he has a difficulty in ascertaining where the aside began. To provide the explanatory word at the beginning, instead of at the end, of the passage is open to much less grave objection, but is still unsatisfactory enough, because the student does not always realize where the aside ends. The novel method adopted here is not open to such misunderstanding. These pointed brackets (<, >) are used also to indicate whisperings. These are ordinarily not indicated at all; and consequently students often fail to understand that observations that are really of this nature are not

heard by all the characters on the stage. In the case of such a whispered conversation, the whole of it is put within one pair of pointed brackets.

Letters, proclamations, or anything else read will be found quoted, instead of being given in italics, as is ordinarily done. Italics are reserved for speeches in strange tongues, for plays or masques within a play, or for the representation of a puppet-show (as in "Bartholomew Fair"). The additions to "The Spanish Tragedy" are also given in italics and are moreover otherwise clearly indicated. Where a rule is found extending perpendicularly along the margin of a scene or portion of a scene, what is so marked may be omitted without the value of the play being prejudicially affected. This may cover scenes of mere foolery having no value in themselves and no bearing on the story, or it may cover an entire sub-plot. This, it is thought, may be useful to both students and instructors, and may add greatly to the appreciation of two or three plays.

In the case of jointly written plays or plays written by one author and rewritten by another, the authorship of each scene is indicated by the appearance at the head of the scene of the initial of the writer believed to be responsible for it. This is not done with any idea of dogmatizing, but because it is thought such an expression of opinion will be helpful to the student. It may, in the case of the Beaumont and Fletcher plays, and in the case of the plays attributed to Middleton and Rowley, enable him to form definite ideas of the respective styles of these various authors.

In the footnotes, "B" means basic text or texts; "Q" stands for quarto; "Qq," for quartos; "F," for folio. These notes give original readings (other than obvious blunders) that have been departed from by the present editor, whether following the lead of previous editors or not. The remaining notes are almost entirely glossarial, it not being deemed advisable to occupy a lot of space with historical information, authorities, parallels, or (except where necessary) translations.

There are a couple of other matters calling for remarks. As usual in text books of Elizabethan drama, every tenth line is numbered; but the numbering is purely mechanical, a verse line that spills over being reckoned as two lines, and stage directions also being counted. This has been deemed advisable because of the size of the type used leading to so many lines being overrun. Instructors will appreciate the novelty of having the numbers in clear type that places no undue strain upon the eyes.

Another departure from general custom is in having the act and scene numbers at the head of a page refer to the line immediately following it. It is peculiarly irritating to see "III 1" at the top of a left-

hand page, and to proceed to search on that page for what one wants, only to find that III 1 starts almost at the bottom of the second column, and that one has been searching through the last scene of II. Why this silly practice is so often followed it is not easy to say. Probably it is an example of the force of tradition and of the conservative instincts of the printer.

NOTE ON THE ELIZABETHAN THEATRE

By Samuel A. Tannenbaum

An Elizabethan theatre was a round, square, or polygonal unroofed wooden building erected on a brick foundation. The part of the building devoted to the actors (dressing rooms, greenroom, offices, and so forth) was known as the "tiring-house" and was surmounted by a hut or garret which was directly above the stage and contained the machinery by which gods and goddesses were lowered onto the stage. The hut was surmounted by a pole from which floated the flag of the theatre. From a window in the hut a trumpeter blew three blasts just before the performances began. The audience stood in the pit and sat in the three galleries which ran around three sides of the house. The hut, the tiring-house, and the third gallery were the only parts of the theatre which were covered with a (thatched or tiled) roof.

The stage, projecting to the middle of the pit, was a rectangular platform supported on posts and having a cellar (for trap-work) underneath. The occupants of the pit, often known as "stinkards," stood around part of the sides of the stage as well as in front of it. Gentlemen sat in boxes in the first gallery; noblemen sat on low stools on the front part of the stage as well as in unceiled boxes at the sides of the stage. A low rail ran around the front and the sides of the stage, to guard the actors from inadvertently walking off it. There were no footlights, the theatre being lighted by the sun. Musicians were seated in a box at the end of the second or the third gallery.

The rear part of the stage, known as the "inner stage," was the full width of the structure (about 40 feet), but only about 10 feet deep. The front stage was about 21 feet deep and contained on each side a wall in which there was a door (leading into the tiring-house) and a small grated window. Above these doors, on the level of the middle gallery, was a casement window with shutters. Rushes often covered the floor of the rear stage when it was desired to indicate an interior. Two tall pillars near the front edge of the stage supported a flat wooden canopy (the "shadow" or "heavens") which protected the actors and the noble patrons in case it rained. The rear stage contained three doors, one in the centre and one on each side. It is evident, therefore, that five doors led from the stage into the tiring-house. The rear wall, known as "the scene," contained, besides the central door, a casement

window. Between the rear stage and the front stage hung a pair of curtains which could be opened to any extent required by the scene. When these curtains were drawn aside, the space behind them might represent a cave, a cell, a bedroom, a shop, an arbor, or a tomb. Occasionally the rear stage contained a staircase leading to the balcony above.

Immediately above the rear stage, on the level of the second gallery, was a balcony stage of the same dimensions as the rear stage. In front it had a pair of curtains which were operated sideways, as were those below. This upper stage too had a rear wall with a door in the centre, a casement window, and an entrance into the tiring-house on either side. In the centre of the floor there was a trap-door; and in the centre of the ceiling was a trap-door through which gods and goddesses could be lowered onto the stage from "the heavens" (the turret) by means of a windlass. The front edge of this upper stage was guarded by a railing. The upper stage was used to represent a room in the upper story of a house, a balcony, a tower, a prison, the upper deck of a ship, or the wall of a town.

INTRODUCTION

What Is Elizabethan Drama?

If a selection is to be made of the best Elizabethan Drama, the first necessity is to determine what is to be considered Elizabethan. The name seems to imply "belonging to the reign of Elizabeth." On such a definition, we should be restricted to plays dating betweeen 1558 and 1603. That would never do, since it would exclude about a decade of the work of Shakespeare. But, in point of fact, the definition is not to be accepted: when "Elizabethan drama" is spoken of, it is not only the dramatic production of the reign of Elizabeth that is referred to, but the drama of the whole dramatic movement that had its beginning during her occupancy of the throne. That movement lasted throughout the reign of her two immediate successors and came to an end with the closing of the theatres by the Puritans in 1642. That that is the closing date of the era is never questioned, and cannot reasonably be questioned, because, in the first place, the inhibition of the drama put an end to the writing of plays for public performance; and because, in the second place, it was, in essentials, the same drama then that it had been at the close of Elizabeth's reign. Because, on the contrary, it was not the same at the end of that reign as it had been at the beginning, we ought not to take the date of the great queen's accession as ushering in the golden age of our drama, but find some fitting date for its commencement within the reign itself.

Yet those early years of the reign are not to be ignored. It was, in truth, a period of gestation. Though we date our life from the moment of our birth, it begins, in reality, a few months earlier; and so there is a sense in which the Elizabethan drama may be said to have begun with the accession of Elizabeth, because the union of this princess to the State of England brought about a fertilization of conditions that ultimately led to the birth of the greatest dramatic literature that the wide world has yet known.

That this date of Elizabeth's accession is to be regarded as the date of the conception of the drama named after her is but little understood. The policy of her predecessor had been to fetter drama, with the object of preventing the free discussion of matters of religion (matters which were much more real to England then than they are

to us to-day) and of discouraging criticism of the tyranny of Church and throne. The accession of Elizabeth, with the return to Protestantism, swept away all that. There was still restrictive legislation; still absolute freedom was not granted; but there was no longer the same fear of the light. The drama was regarded rather as part of the Protestant movement, as indeed it was. As the fact is one that is but little appreciated to-day, a few words may be devoted to the matter.

The Protestant movement was a threefold one. In its religious aspect it held that doctrines and practices opposed to the spirit of Christianity had been introduced into the faith for the benefit of the Church and its priesthood; from the moral point of view it denounced the conduct of the clergy and the opportunities for wrongdoing that accompanied some of the Church's institutions; and on the ground of liberty it objected to the claims of the Church to govern men's thoughts, words, and actions, and to bring the temporal government of the kingdom into subjection to the spiritual ruler of the larger part,—what, indeed, the Church itself regarded as the whole—of Christendom.

On the religious side Protestantism affected our drama very little. The few doctrinal plays that there were were confined to the early years of the reign; and, when the Puritans put an end to the theatre in 1642, it was not on religious, but on moral, grounds. The moral side of Protestantism is more in evidence; but not much. Now and then there is a gird at disreputable priests; but the primness and what the dramatists were pleased to regard as the hypocrisy of the Puritans were attacked much more frequently and much more ferociously. It was on the patriotic side that the drama was aggressively Protestant. Its writers believed in personal freedom and in national freedom. They regarded the nation as at war with the Church of Rome; and they were exceedingly patriotic; yet the references to the papal claims are by no means numerous. This alliance between the national government and the dramatists was natural, because, in those early days, before the drama was established, it was only thinkers who endeavored to do dramatic work, and thinkers naturally want freedom of thought and speech and conscience. Such freedom they considered themselves much more likely to obtain in the new reign than they had been in the old; and they quite rightly reckoned that their personal freedom was bound up with the liberty of their country. Therefore, with Elizabeth's accession, a new spirit was breathed into the drama, as into the nation, and the glory of the later years was made possible.

Division into Periods and Sub-periods

In this preliminary period, the period of gestation, as the writer has ventured to term it, there are three well-defined divisions, which may be called the time of early pregnancy, the time of quickening, and the time of actual labor. The quickening came in the year 1566, when the reign had lasted some eight years. It came with the production of a comedy that showed the way to those to come. It is not to be reckoned among great English plays, and the man responsible for it is not to be set down as a great dramatist, since it was nothing more than a translation from the Italian; but it constituted a model for later dramatists who essayed comedy, and it gave to the English language its first dramatic work in prose.

One can hardly read pre-Elizabethan drama without noticing the unsuitability of the literary medium employed. If Shakespeare's plays had been written in the same metre, they would be utterly dead to-day, and would be treated like the mummified remains of earlier writers kept in show cases for the benefit of their pedagogical custodians. The medium for the expression of the dramatist's ideas is, then, of the greatest consequence. The abandonment of the rough, ragged, long-legged verse in which the early plays were written was the first step towards giving the drama literary quality. There were three several media employed by the great Elizabethan writers for the stage: the first was blank verse; the second was prose; and the third was what is called heroic verse, made up of rhyming pentameters. This last was never used alone for the composition of a play on the popular model, and, therefore, is of less importance than the other two; but it must not be left out of consideration, inasmuch as many long passages are written in it.

The first play in one of these three media is the tragedy of "Ferrex and Porrex," which was written in blank verse and presented by the gentlemen of the Inner Temple in 1561-2; but, though this was in a characteristic English medium, its dramatic theory was fundamentally opposed to that of the great writers who were to come. Its model—the old Senecan model—the best of the Elizabethans would have none of. Its sententious precepts, its separation of the acts by allegorical dumb shows connected with the subject and introductory to what was to follow, its strict adherence to the dramatic proprieties, as understood by the ancients (deaths taking place always off stage, and incidents being related rather than enacted), would, if accepted, have been fatal to what we now know as Elizabethan drama—a drama of realism, of passion, of movement. "The Supposes," on the contrary, is not only in one of the characteristic Elizabethan media, but is a play in what

became the Elizabethan manner in comedy. That is what constitutes its importance.

But, as if the production of "The Supposes" were not enough to make the year 1566 famous in English dramatic history, it is also noteworthy for the publication of a non-dramatic work that had enormous influence on the later drama. This was Painter's "Palace of Pleasure," a collection of stories from the classics and from the modern Italians which proved a gold mine to Elizabethan dramatists, and, by arousing in them the romantic spirit, sounded the death knell of the scriptural and mediæval subjects that had been the stock in trade of so much of the early drama, and definitely subordinated to the romantic the classical element that had supplied almost its only other class of subject matter.

The effect of the Gascoigne-Ariosto play and the Painter book was not immediately evident; in fact, there seemed more promise in the eight years preceding them than in the eight years that followed. The division of the preliminary period that succeeded is marked off from the other two, not by any alteration in the character of the drama written, or by any evidence of the emergence of a new literary or dramatic spirit, but by a change in the status of those who presented plays upon the public stage. To make clear the importance of this, it is necessary to review briefly the history of the actor's profession.

As far back as 1559 mayors of towns were empowered to prohibit performances within their town boundaries. In London, which alone need concern us, that power was used almost entirely against the theatrical companies. The shopkeepers were hostile because they held that the stage interfered with their business; while the Puritans, who had been glad to use it for purposes of religious controversy, discovered it to be a thing of evil once such controversies were prohibited. If, however, the city authorities were hostile, the Queen and the Court were not; if they were to be able to have entertainments at Court, the players must have some means of earning a living and keeping themselves in practice. The Privy Council occupied a medial position. Though more anxious to please the Queen than to consider the interests of the shopkeeping class or the susceptibilities of Puritan preachers, and though jealous of the prerogatives of the City fathers, it yet looked askance at the stage as a possible source of political discontent and as adding to the risk of infection in plague years.

In 1572 a statute was enacted imposing penalties for vagrancy upon players not in the service of some nobleman. This was not, as might be supposed, injurious to the drama: on the contrary, it was the first step towards its enfranchisement; for, if the statute reduced the number of companies, it greatly improved the status of those that remained.

Two years later the further step was taken of granting a patent to the Earl of Leicester's players, giving them the right to perform in any city or town of the kingdom without license from the local authorities, the patent being conditional on the reference to the Master of the Revels of all plays the company desired to produce. That is why the year 1574 is to be taken as marking a new epoch in the history of the drama, for this event led directly to the birth of the great movement the finest fruit of which it has been the aim to gather together in these two volumes.

The City authorities set themselves in direct opposition to the Privy Council in this matter, and their jurisdiction could not be questioned; but in 1576 the Privy Council averted trouble by placing the company outside the jurisdiction of the Council of the City, and in that year the first theatre was erected just outside the city boundaries.

Now we come to the important question: When did this preliminary period end and the true Elizabethan drama have its birth? It seems most reasonable to take the year 1579, the year in which may be placed the advent of John Lyly as a writer for the stage. If we take his appearance on the scene as the starting point of all that is best in our dramatic literature, it is because he is the first of our great dramatists, even though he wrote no absolutely great drama; because he composed in one of the characteristically Elizabethan media—prose—the first *original* play fulfilling our idea of what a play should be; because he was, so far as we know, the first professional writer for the stage who wrote literature; because he was the introducer of high comedy to our theatres, basing his humor on thought instead of on horseplay, and demanding thought for its appreciation; and because his success was so immediate and so thorough that he banished from the better class of theatre the miserable productions that previouly had held the field. It is quite likely that he was not the first writer of original prose plays; but it is very unlikely that he was not the first of such writers to make his prose artistic and to give it a really literary quality.

With Lyly, then, begins the golden age of our drama; with his first work, which there is reason to believe to be "Campaspe," it was born. It may be treated as consisting of three separate periods—firstly, the pre-Shakespearean, when the drama was in its infancy; secondly, the Shakespearean, the period of adolescence, when we see it passing through the well-defined stages of youth, early manhood, and full manhood; and, lastly, the post-Shakespearean, the period of maturity. Some critics are inclined to look upon the Shakespearean era as that of maturity, and what followed as an era of decay. This is an error: adolescence means growth; and in the drama there was growth till

about the time Shakespeare passed from the scene. Thenceforward, whatever greatness there may have been (and there was still much), there was no growth; the form of the drama was settled; its functions were fixed.

It has to be borne in mind, too, that growth does not always mean advance. It is possible to increase in stature without advancing in goodness; and similarly to say that the drama grew does not necessarily mean that it improved. To take Shakespeare's high-water mark as a turning point in our drama is not sound—firstly, because, after he had attained his prime, there was still growth, whether on healthy or unhealthy lines; secondly, because the rise and decline of the drama is not to be confused with the rise and decline of the genius of any one man, however distinguished.

Each of the three periods we have to consider may, like the preliminary one, be taken in three sections. In that of the infancy of the drama, babyhood was left behind and the toddling stage entered upon when Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy" was put upon the boards. The date of that great event is doubtful, but may be set down tentatively as 1582-3. What Kyd did was to create a new species of drama, the species which reached its highest development in Shakespeare's "Hamlet." The influence of his play was tremendous. Kyd was England's first real playwright (for Lyly was scarcely that), the first to make evident the melodramatic possibilities of the stage play. He was not a poet; but he was a master of stagecraft. He set Elizabethan tragedy on its feet; and, though not very steady, it was capable of covering a lot of ground.

From toddling childhood into ebullient boyhood the drama leapt in 1587 with the production of the first part of "Tamburlaine." During this last section of the first period of the great era that we call Elizabethan came the first of our dramatic masterpieces, Marlowe's "Faustus," which was probably first produced in 1588; and some time between 1587 and 1592 Shakespeare began writing. The first great chronicle play, the first great domestic tragedy, both date from this period, which came to a sudden end with the never to be sufficiently lamented premature demise of the greatest dramatic master of the time, Christopher Marlowe.

The Shakespearean period begins not when Shakespeare began writing, but with the death of Marlowe, because so long as Marlowe lived Shakespeare was but a subordinate figure. As if to mark the momentous occasion, the theatres were closed on account of the plague during the greater part of 1593-4, and when they reopened there was a great change in the personnel of the playmaking fraternity. Greene had died in 1592, Kyd died in 1594, and Peele was dying, while Lyly had already withdrawn from the theatre before Marlowe's assassination.

The men who took their places were of an entirely different stamp, as was Shakespeare himself. With Marlowe gone, there should have been no question of the predominance of Shakespeare; but in the second of the three sections into which the era is to be divided he shared pre-eminence with Jonson, and in the third, not only with Jonson, but with Beaumont also.

Jonson's eminence dates from the production of "Every Man in his Humour" in 1598. Here England had presented to it the first play written in accordance with a critical theory. What Jonson did was to lift the drama out of its hobbledehoy stage. It had worked to no rule, no system. He demanded form; he demanded realities—realities which, in fact, he did not give. He was not the first to write truly English drama; but he was the first to put such drama on a sound basis and to make its species the vogue. He stepped at once into the front rank of playwrights, attaining an almost unrivalled influence. If Shakespeare is the great figure in the literature of our drama, Jonson is, next to Marlowe, and more even than Kyd and Fletcher, the great figure in its history. The comedy of humors which he so firmly established in 1598 held sway right up to the closing days of the drama. Henceforth the satirical presentation of the fashions of the day constituted the regular type of English comedy; the imaginative outlook gave way to the critical.

But there was destined to be another mighty development ere the close of the Shakespearean era. Two young men with new ideas began writing a new type of drama, in a partnership that is the most famous in our literary annals, and, after some three or four years of tentative effort, produced, in or about 1609, a play that had an influence on the drama of the succeeding years comparable to that of Jonson's comedy. "Philaster" took London by storm, set the fashion for tragi-comedy, and seems, as Professor A. H. Thorndike was the first to point out, to have influenced even so established a dramatic writer as Shakespeare. Beaumont and Fletcher introduced a new element into the drama—the element of surprise. They were wonderfully effective play-makers, interesting their audiences by a series of climaxes, often at the expense of dramatic truth. Their influence on the drama was bad, on the whole; but it is undeniable.

The exact date of the closing of the Shakespearian era is doubtful. It is not to be ended with his death, but with the termination of his career as a writer for the stage. Many scholars hold that he retired about 1611, and some would close his career even earlier. The fact at the bottom of all this supposition is his purchase of property in Stratford in 1610; but withdrawal to his old home would not necessarily mean the abandonment of writing. His purchase of a house in

Blackfriars in 1612–3 seems to imply an intention to devote part at least of his time to the metropolis, where all his glory and his wealth had been won; and the production of his "Henry VIII" in 1613 may be regarded almost as proof positive that he had not given up playwriting. All that can be said is that he ceased writing not earlier than June, 1613, and not later than April, 1616. The last notice we have of his being in London is in December, 1614, and, as that is almost midway between the burning of the Globe and the poet's death, it seems a fair compromise date to take. As Jonson produced his last masterpiece in the same year, and as the Beaumont and Fletcher partnership had dissolved the previous year, with the marriage and departure from London of the younger and greater of the two men, the break that closed the Shakespearean era was almost as complete as that which had brought it into being. There were other great men to carry on the work; but two of the three dominant forces had dropped out, and the third was henceforth but the shadow of his old self.

In the early middle age of the drama which followed, unquestionably the dominant force was John Fletcher, and with his death in 1625 the first section of the post-Shakespearean era ended. In that same year the last of the great writers for the public stage, James Shirley, began his career; and yet another event of the year, not without its importance in the history of the drama, was the accession of the ill-fated Charles I to the throne of England. It was the patronage of Charles that did so much to bring about the pre-eminence of the Court play in the last stage of this eventful history, when late middle age passed into old age.

It is not to be supposed that this old age of the Elizabethan drama was a time of decrepitude. The drama of the era never reached that stage. It was not allowed to decay, for it did not die a natural death; it was murdered. Its old age was still a vigorous one. The year before the closing of the theatres the finest tragedy, Shirley's "Cardinal," and the finest comedy, Brome's "Jovial Crew," that the public stage had seen for a decade, were produced. It died healthy and active; and it might still have presented us with some belated masterpieces had not Fate intervened in the shape of the Puritan foes of the theatre. The two plays named are scarcely to be rated in the highest rank, but to the same division of the period belong those truly great tragedies, Shirley's "Traitor," and Ford's "Broken Heart," which, given to the world in 1631, were the last first-rate plays of the era, written for the public stage some 43 years after the production of the first, Marlowe's "Faustus." Some three years later was presented a dramatic piece that, of its sort, is unequalled—indeed, unapproached—in the language, Milton's "Comus"; but that was written for private performance only

was totally unfitted for the public stage, and lies outside the direct line of development.

This last section dates from 1629, when Carliell's "Deserving Favourite" set a new fashion. There had been plays written for the Court before; but it is from now on that we find a new race of amateur playwrights taking an active part in the work of the theatre. Their merits are small; and their stage romances are at once an extension and a perversion of the romantic drama of Fletcher. The significant fact is that their plays were, mostly, written for the Court, and that the public theatre sank into a subordinate place, though its work remained of far higher quality than that done for the Court, which could boast of no one of the rank of Massinger, who had succeeded to the supremacy of Fletcher, or of Shirley, who may be held to have supplanted the still active Massinger as the head of the playwriting profession in 1631.

In 1642, when the end came, Shirley and Brome were the only two of the long succession of great writers for the stage who were still busy. When the drama was revived after the Restoration, it was not the same; a new spirit had entered into it; a new technique dominated it.

The epoch may then be divided as follows:

Preliminary Period

1st section. From the accession of Elizabeth (1558) to the production of "The Supposes" (1566).

2nd section. From 1566 to the granting of a patent to the Earl of Leicester's players (1574).

3rd section. From 1574 to the production of "Campaspe" (1579).

The Golden Era

(*a*) *Pre-Shakespearean Period*

1st section. From 1579 to the production of "The Spanish Tragedy" (about 1583).

2nd section. From about 1583 to the production of "Tamburlaine" (1587).

3rd section. From 1587 to the death of Marlowe (1593).

(*b*) *Shakespearean Period.*

1st section. From 1593 to the production of "Every Man in his Humour" (1598).

2nd section. From 1598 to the production of "Philaster" (about 1609).

3rd section. From about 1609 to the retirement of Shakespeare (about 1614).

(*c*) *Post-Shakespearean Period.*

1st section. From about 1614 to the death of Fletcher (1625).
2nd section. From 1625 to the production of "The Deserving Favourite" (1629).
3rd section. From 1629 to the closing of the theatres (1642).

The Problem of Selection

In selecting the plays most representative of this great age much will depend upon the purpose of the selector. If his desire be merely to present to the lover of dramatic literature the cream of the time's production, he may ignore all considerations but those of merit, and take the very best plays of the number that will most conveniently fit into the volumes decided on for the purpose; but, when the work has for its object the providing of material for use in universities and colleges, other things have to be taken into consideration. May it not be expected that the best of each of the time divisions indicated above should have a representative, even if it has none of the highest rank? that both the best and the most characteristic of every one of the various types of drama should be taken? that the play inaugurating each sub-period and the one pioneering in each species should be represented? that those of greatest influence, those presenting novelty in dramatic technique, those otherwise of historical importance, and those most expressive of the life of the time should not be omitted? Then a good case is to be made out for having every one of the famous dramatists represented by his best play; and, again, it may be urged that he should be represented by his most characteristic, whether it be his best or not. For all these to be given the consideration that their various advocates would demand for them would mean probably that not more than fifty per cent of the plays selected would be worthy of a place among the greatest, and so the main purpose of the selection, which is to illustrate the greatness of the dramatic output of the period, would be defeated. Yet no one of these many subordinate considerations is to be utterly overlooked.

First, however, let us consider the field from this academic point of view. We must have each of the really noteworthy dramatists represented by his greatest play, and, where he was best in collaboration, by his best collaborated play also. This gives us:

Campaspe
Spanish Tragedy
Friar Bacon
Old Wives' Tale
Edward II
Revenger's Tragedy
Women, Beware Women
Changeling
Dutch Courtezan
Duchess of Malfi

Two Angry Women
Macbeth
Woman Killed with Kindness
Merry Devil
2 Honest Whore
Chabot
All Fools
Alchemist
Atheist's Tragedy [1]
Knight of the the Burning Pestle
Maid's Tragedy
Rule a Wife
Woman Never Vext
Broken Heart
New Way to Pay Old Debts
Traitor
Comus
Jovial Crew

To these we must add, as more truly representative of their authors, though not their best:

Hamlet
Bussy d'Ambois
Malcontent
Philaster
M. Thomas
Maid of Honour
'Tis Pity
Lady of Pleasure

For their great influence we must have "The Spanish Tragedy," "1 Tamburlaine," "Every Man in his Humour," "Philaster," and, from the preliminary period, "Damon and Pythias," "The Supposes," and "Cambises"; for their historical importance, "Ferrex and Porrex" (also of the earliest period), as the first drama in blank verse, "Campaspe," "Faustus," "The Cardinal," as the last notable play, and "The Sisters," as the last extant play; and, for technical novelty (excluding all already named), "The Unnatural Combat," which aims at keeping the audience mystified, and "Perkin Warbeck," which is a species of problem play. To illustrate the life of the time we have "1 Fair Maid of the West," "Michaelmas Term," and "Bartholomew Fair."

But these are not all. Besides those already named, we must have the best of every main type of drama. This will add:

Arden
Midsummer Night's Dream
1 Henry IV
Twelfth Night
Yorkshire Tragedy
Lingua
Winter's Tale
Four Plays in One
Sad Shepherd
Game at Chess

"Endimion" is to be added as more characteristic of its type than more meritorious plays. Then, as pioneers of species, "The Arraignment of Paris," "The Faithful Shepherdess," and, in the preliminary period, "The Famous Victories" must not be omitted; nor should "The Deserving Favourite" be overlooked, since it ushered in the concluding stage of the era. And, finally, as there are two sections (one of them in the preliminary period) that are not represented, and one other that is not represented by its finest product, we must have "Misogonus," "The Merchant of Venice," and "The Roman Actor." On the mere score of merit we need to add to these "Volpone," "A King and No

[1] Because Tourneur's authorship of "The Revenger's Tragedy" is very dubious.

King," "The White Devil," "A Fair Quarrel," and a dozen of Shakespeare's.

But this is enough for a four-volume collection; and what is required is merely enough to fill a couple of volumes, a number set down at 45 plays. It is when we come to effect the reduction that we find the impossibility of making a selection on academic lines that will give any adequate conception of the greatness of the achievement of the era. If we take the plays that are listed above as representing the best of the various authors who require consideration, omitting only "Chabot," and adding "Hamlet," as being Shakespeare's most characteristic work, we have only seventeen places left. "Bartholomew Fair" must go in as the best picture of the time; "Arden," "1 Henry IV," "Twelfth Night," and "Winter's Tale," as the best of their respective types; and, for various historical reasons, "Ferrex and Porrex," "Damon and Pythias," "The Supposes," "1 Tamburlaine," "Faustus," "Every Man in his Humour," "Philaster," and "The Sisters." This leaves us just four places, which must be filled on merit by "Julius Cæsar," "Othello," "Lear," and "Volpone." To select on those principles would give to Shakespeare a share very much less than his importance demands and would shut out many plays that the student ought to know.

The fact is that we need to distinguish between teaching the history of the period and illustrating the period's achievement. That is not to be done by taking the plays that are the most important historically. "Tamburlaine," for example, does not show what Marlowe effected; it only helps to show how he effected it; and, anyway, the influence of that play has been greatly overestimated. Some measure at least of its importance vanishes when we know that "The Spanish Tragedy" preceded it in the writing of blank verse for the public theatre. So, too, though the historical importance and the influence of "Every Man in his Humour" were immense, what need is there to take it for study in class, when Jonson may be represented by plays infinitely finer?

Let us now go to the other extreme and endeavor to make a selection on no other grounds than those of merit. We may begin by making a list of seven-and-twenty certainties, enough for a single volume:

Edward II
Romeo
Midsummer Night's Dream
Merchant of Venice
1 Henry IV
Hamlet
Twelfth Night
Julius Cæsar
Woman Killed with Kindness
Othello
Revenger's Tragedy
Lear
Macbeth
Volpone
Antony
Coriolanus
White Devil
Philaster
Maid's Tragedy
Winter's Tale
Cymbeline
Duchess of Malfi
Bartholomew Fair
Alchemist
Women, Beware Women
Fair Quarrel
Changeling

With those as a basis, we have the following to consider for the remaining eighteen places:

2 Henry IV
Henry V
As You Like It
All's Well
Tempest
Yorkshire Tragedy
Faustus
Arden
Knight of the Burning Pestle
King and No King
Rule a Wife
Two Angry Women
Merry Devil
2 Honest Whore
New Way to Pay Old Debts
Broken Heart
Traitor
Comus

Merry Wives
Measure for Measure
Henry VIII
Two Noble Kinsmen
Scornful Lady
Love's Pilgrimage
Humorous Lieutenant
Island Princess
Sejanus
Catiline
Silent Woman
Sad Shepherd
Atheist's Tragedy
Chaste Maid
Eastward Hoe
Fawn
Dutch Courtezan
Chabot

Comedy of Errors
Two Gentlemen of Verona
Spanish Tragedy
Moore
Troilus and Cressida
Wit at Several Weapons
Captain
Bloody Brother
Thierry and Theodoret
Barnavelt
Valentinian
Believe as Ye List
Unnatural Combat
Second Maiden's Tragedy
Noble Gentleman
All Fools
Wise Woman of Hogsdon
Old Wives' Tale
Perkin Warbeck
Campaspe
Jovial Crew

The 45 may be made up from those in the first of these three columns. "As You Like It," "Faustus," "The Knight," and the three plays representing Dekker, Massinger, and Shirley are not to be questioned. The only serious contestants of the rest are the plays in the second column; and even the best of those—the three from the Shakespeare folio, "The Scornful Lady," "Love's Pilgrimage," "The Humorous Lieutenant," "Eastward Hoe," "Chabot," and "The Atheist's Tragedy"—lack something of the quality of the least meritorious of those chosen—"All's Well" (which is unduly depreciated because it is considered unpleasant), "The Two Angry Women," "The Merry Devil" (for which, however, some allowances have to be made, on account of the very defective condition in which it has descended to us), "A King and No King," "Rule a Wife," and "Comus" (which is not to be judged by the standards which apply to the others).

But we are neither choosing plays solely on merit nor providing illustrations of a history of the drama, but endeavoring to combine the two methods of selection in such a way that history will not overwhelm achievement and yet will not be overlooked. For this purpose we do not need to take into consideration plays whose chief merit is their original technique, or the pictures they present of the social conditions of the time, or those characteristic of their authors or their types, unless they are also their best, or any whose claim is only that it is the best or the first of a division of the period or the pioneer of a species. We shall have enough—and more than enough—to choose

from if we consider the plays selected in our first—our academic—choice and those that were either selected or regarded as serious competitors of the selected on grounds of sheer merit. From the others named we need add only the plays of the introductory era, the best of each leading dramatic species, "The Cardinal" (as the last tragedy of the period), and "The Malcontent" (for a combination of reasons). Of these, there are many that call for no remark and that may be dropped without much hesitation; but, when the number has been reduced to the dimensions of a three-volume selection, our troubles begin. There is not one of these for which something is not to be said, and they must all receive their meed of consideration.

It is obvious that some will have to be displaced in each of the 45's previously chosen. The play selected for its intrinsic merit must either be of surpassing quality or have some additional claim to consideration, while the plays of the list illustrating the history of the drama must have good claims to consideration on other than historical grounds. Their merits cannot save "Henry V" or "All's Well," nor can their great historical importance win places for "1 Tamburlaine" or "Every Man in his Humour"; nor yet can the fact that William Rowley will otherwise be unrepresented by any play wholly his secure selection for "A Woman Never Vext." Rowley was only really noteworthy in collaboration, and it is only in his collaborated work that he can be allotted a place. "The Cardinal" is the last significant play of the entire period; but it is neither so attractive as "A Jovial Crew," which appeared the same year and has other claims on our consideration, nor so late as "The Sisters." "Four Plays in One" is the sole extant representative of the portmanteau play of the time, and "The Sad Shepherd" is not only the best of the pastorals but also a very worthy production; but pre-eminence in a species cannot win a place in so restricted a selection as this. And, if the Jonson comedy and the Marlowe tragedy mentioned cannot win places, assuredly "The Malcontent" must be dispensed with.

Now let us consider the certainties: there are thirty that appear in *both* lists. Of these, there is but one—"Rule a Wife"—that need be reserved for consideration. "The Merchant of Venice," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "As You Like It," "Coriolanus," "Cymbeline," "Antony and Cleopatra," "Romeo and Juliet," "A Fair Quarrel," and "The White Devil" must all go in on merit; "A Yorkshire Tragedy," partly on merit and partly as a representative of the one-act play; "Campaspe," both as the play that begins the era and as a representative of Lyly; "The Spanish Tragedy," for its tremendous importance in the history of the drama and as representing Kyd; and "A Jovial Crew," as the best work of Brome, and partly for another consideration that

as yet to be mentioned. That gives us a total of 42, and leaves three laces to be filled, with a dozen from which to make the selection.

From these dozen we require representatives of Peele, Greene, Iarston, and Chapman, and, with but three places to fill, it looks as one of the four men must be sacrificed. In view of their claims, Rule a Wife" must be set aside, on the ground that Fletcher is already ufficiently represented, even though only by joint plays. "The Sisters" lso must go, though it would have been desirable to end the collection ith the play which closes the era, as we begin with the one which ommences it; but, though a fair piece of work, it hardly, despite its istorical interest, warrants the omission of a really good play to make ay for it, and "A Jovial Crew" comes sufficiently near to closing the ra and was actually being played, Brome tells us, at the closing of ne theatres. "The Atheist's Tragedy" must be omitted with regret, eaving Tourneur to be represented only by a play with which he robably had nothing to do. "2 Henry IV," "The Tempest," and "A ing and No King" have also regretfully to be omitted, to make way or representatives of lesser men.

The problem which remains centers on the representation of Chapan. "All Fools" is wholly his; but it is only an adaptation from ne Italian. On the other hand, "Chabot," which takes precedence n the score of merit, is only partly Chapman's, Shirley also being oncerned in it, so that it is not an easy choice between the two. But lso it is possible to treat "Eastward Hoe" as affording a specimen of hapman's work, and it has the advantage of displaying also the andiwork of Marston. The question then is, Shall we represent Chapan by either "All Fools" or "Chabot" and Marston by "The Dutch ourtezan," leaving either Peele or Greene out in the cold, or shall e include "Friar Bacon" and "The Old Wives' Tale" and one of the ther three named, or shall we supplement the Greene and Peele plays y "Eastward Hoe," taken as representing both Marston and Chapan? Not without much hesitation, it has been decided to follow is last course. The net result is that in our 45 we have half-a-dozen lays that would not find a place on actual merit; but that is not a reat concession to make, especially as almost all of the substituted lays are of considerable excellence.

It has been thought well to show how the editor has arrived at is choice, how he first jotted down the names of plays that seemed o him worthy of consideration, how he then listed those whose choice as inevitable, and how, by a process of elimination, he arrived at his ltimate choice from among the others. He does not expect general greement with the result obtained. That would be too much to xpect. It would probably be impossible to find any two Elizabethan

scholars to agree wholly in such a matter. If 90 per cent of his choice be accepted, he will be more than pleased. There are three plays that he has omitted that many would have chosen; and, as he has reasons for what he has done, he is not afraid to draw attention to these omissions. The three plays in question are "Much Ado about Nothing," "Richard II," and "The Shoemakers' Holiday." The last-named is but a poor play, though to many people it is redeemed by the character of Simon Eyre. There is, however, nothing superlatively excellent about the portrayal of the old shoemaker—nothing to make up for the deficiencies of the comedy in other respects. "Richard II" is magnificent in parts, but, as a whole, is one of the most badly constructed plays of the period. Some of its verse is glorious; but some of it is of very poor quality. Its merits are discussed in the introduction to "Edward II." As for "Much Ado," it is the most over-rated of all Shakespeare's plays. Beatrice and Benedick's wit is wearisome and puerile; and the Dogberry humor is pitiably childish. The characterization is unsatisfactory: John is an altogether unnatural villain; and Claudio is contemptible. That a character is contemptible is not in itself matter for exception; the objection is that Shakespeare has no apparent intention of making him so. The behavior of Beatrice in III 3 is positively ridiculous. The fact of her falling in love would not make her behave like a fool. The play has, of course, its fine points; but, in the eyes of at least one student of the drama, they are insufficient to atone for its grave faults.

There are also bound to be scholars who will object that this play has been chosen instead of that as an example of this or that writer; and some who will regret that room was not found for one of Middleton's citizen comedies or for one of Fletcher's comedies of intrigue or for a Chapman tragedy; but, if they would undertake the task of making up a list, and confining it to the number taken here, they would realize that it is easier to find fault than to fulfil their own requirements.

There are plays that are, in part, good enough for inclusion, but that have been omitted because they are not to be judged other than as wholes. Such a one is "Four Plays in One." "The Triumph of Love" is a little masterpiece; but the other plays gathered together in the one cover do not rise above mediocrity. In some plays the work of one author is first-class; but the work in the rest of the play renders it unworthy of selection. "Edward III" stands in that category; and so in a measure does "The Witch of Edmonton." There are plays, too, like "Bussy d'Ambois" and "Fortunatus," that are eminently worthy for their poetry, but that fail too seriously as drama to be considered; and there are others that are fine dramatically, but fail badly on the

literary side. There is one difficulty the editor has been spared: he has not been forced to consider the advisability of omitting any play because of its immoral tendency. Of all the plays taken into consideration, but one is inclined to be laudatory of evil; and that one was not selected, for other reasons. Often these plays are extremely coarse; often they are offensive to modern taste; but they are not immoral. One or two of them operate on a sort of moral dunghill; but invariably those who choose this class of subject are moralists whose aim is to show the enormity of that which they expose to view. In the case of others, the coarseness is a mere coarseness of expression, characteristic of the time, and not calculated to injure anyone's morals, however it may offend the ear.

The Reading of Elizabethan Verse

A word may be said in regard to the reading of Elizabethan dramatic verse. It is astonishing the number of Shakespeare-lovers who destroy the music of his verse by reducing it to a dull iambic regularity. They would read

To bé or nót to bé: that ís the quéstion

and

'Tis góod. Go tó the gáte: somebódy knócks,

not understanding the transference of the stress from "is" to "that," from "to" to "go," or from "body" to the preceding syllable. Sometimes, in the effort to make a line strictly pentametrical, they ruin the cadence, as when they treat

Is this a dagger that I see before me?

as a regular five-foot iambic, with a stress on the word "that" for the third foot. And, if they can go thus astray with a normal and orthodox versifier like Shakespeare, what chance is there of their understanding the erratic and heretical methods of versification deliberately adopted by Middleton and Fletcher and occasionally by Webster? The verse of these men has to be very carefully studied. It is not slipshod or unmetrical or unmusical, as those who have not understood its principles have sometimes declared it to be; and indeed, without such understanding, it may well be thus regarded; but to those who have grasped the principles it is far from being careless or unmetrical, or even unmusical. These men were remarkable innovators, and they are deserving of study from the point of view of verse-technique as well as from the purely dramatic. It is certain that they cannot otherwise be measured up to their full height. Their verse is not to be judged

by Shakespearean standards any more than Shakespearean verse is to be judged by the standards of Kyd.

Characteristics of Elizabethan Drama

A few words must be said of the nature of the drama of the Elizabethan age. It is predominantly romantic in its tragedy; and no one will appreciate it fully unless he is able to regard it from the romantic viewpoint. That is where the late William Archer, great critic as he was of modern drama, failed so utterly: he wished to judge it by modern standards. It is not to be so judged: to attempt to do so is as absurd as it would be to estimate the work of Æschylus and Sophocles by the measure of conformity to the most approved methods of modern playwrights. The technique of the Elizabethan drama is very different from that of to-day; but we must accept its conventions, and not look at them askance because they do not happen to be our conventions. Ibsen and Strindberg showed that asides might be dispensed with; the Elizabethans had not discovered that truth; but anyone who scorns them therefor must set a small technical matter above the great dramatic qualities in which they were such mighty masters.

Their tragedies often repel because of their bloodiness. It is natural that they should do so. Our modern dramatists do better: they create tragedy in which no blood is shed, but in which souls are rent and tortured to the uttermost, and not even given at the finish the sweet relief of death. The Elizabethan tragedy, bloody as it was, was less cruel than the tragedy of the greatest modern masters. Its greatest and most unpardonable fault is its occasional proneness to an indulgence in physical horrors, Shakespeare, Dekker, Middleton, Marston, Tourneur, Kyd, being among the practitioners of this ignoble art; but, after all, the only real masterpieces thus defaced are "Lear" and "The Revenger's Tragedy."

The Elizabethans did not, in the present writer's opinion, shine so much in comedy as in tragedy. In the main their comedy is either romantic—the comedy of intrigue—or satiric—the comedy of manners. In neither species are we often moved to real mirth. The comedies of manners are, most of them, dull; the comedies of intrigue are more interesting; but, as they base their being upon incident rather than upon character, they cannot be highly rated. The humor in Elizabethan comedy too frequently consists of crude practical joking; and the wit is generally only a cruel torturing of inoffending words, introduced not seldom at most inopportune moments, and protracted wearisomely, Shakespeare being by far the worst offender.

It may be worth while to remark that 22 of the 45 plays represented here are tragedies, including two specimens of realistic, domestic tragedy, three of historical tragedy, and two—"Faustus" and "A Woman Killed with Kindness"—of tragedies without blood, most of the remainder being what we may describe as tragedies of the abattoirs. Of the fourteen comedies, five are of the romantic order, two of the fanciful; and the wit comedy, the burlesque, the comedy of manners, the comedy of character, the realistic comedy, the satire, and the didactic comedy each have a representative. Of the nine remaining plays, six are tragi-comedies, one of them being distinguished from the rest by being of a satirical character, one is a lyrical drama, one is a chronicle play with a strong element of farcical comedy, and one ("A New Way to Pay Old Debts") is of that indeterminate, intermediate order that is sometimes known specifically as "drama." Had what the editor regards as the best 45 been given, there would have been representatives also of the comedy of intrigue and the serio-comedy; but, to balance that, there would have been no representatives of the wit comedy or the didactic comedy.

The Qualities of the Various Dramatists

It may be of value to the student to state in a few words the claim each of the dramatists whose work is contained here has upon our consideration. Though those idolaters of Shakespeare who believe him to have been supreme in every branch and feature of his art may enter a strenuous denial, it is yet a fact that almost every one of his great contemporaries and followers had at least some one quality in which he was pre-eminent. The greatness of Shakespeare consists in his supremacy in a combination of some of the very greatest qualities, while there are very few qualities in which he does not display excellence sufficient to enable him to make at least a bold bid for first place. In listing these dramatists here, they are taken in the probable chronological order of their engagement in dramatic writing, the date of probable entry into the field following the name, and the reasons for the date being given in the notes upon the various dramatists.

√Lyly (1579) was the wittiest of all, the wit being enshrined in a rich brocade of utterly incredible dialogue.

√Peele (1581), to judge him only by his best play (the only one worthy of much consideration), was really a simple-minded being, with a unique power of representing naïvely the childlike mentality of the folk-story. No one but he could have made "The Old Wives' Tale" a thing of such simple delight; all his rivals would have tried to make much more of it, and have failed.

Kyd (1582) not only had a constructive gift that put him ahead of all his immediate contemporaries, but also, if he may be credited with the whole of the earliest extant version of "The Spanish Tragedy," had as great a gift of tragic irony as any of the entire period, with the exception of the author of "The Revenger's Tragedy." Than he no one was a greater master of the technique of the theatre.

Greene (1584) had a rare faculty for the drawing of pure, sweet women. He was also one of the very finest of Elizabethan lyrists; but this quality is not displayed in his dramas.

Marlowe (1587) was preceded by Peele and Kyd in the writing of blank verse in dramatic work; but he was not merely the first of the professional playwrights to write an entire drama in such a medium; he was also the first to give it the peculiar quality that became the standard. Even more remarkable perhaps was the unparalleled scope of his imagination; and there was none of his fellows or successors who had such a faculty for the rendering of the agony of a human soul at the last gasp of despair.

Shakespeare (1588) was the supreme master in the scope of knowledge of human nature, in the sense of proportion, in sanity of imagination, in the ability to make words express whatever he might want them to express, in the compression of vast thought into little space, in depth, if not breadth, of humor, in the power to create sympathy, in the creation of individual character.

Drayton (?1589), if we may assume "The Merry Devil of Edmonton" to be his, had no inconsiderable power of comic portraiture, and a delicacy of touch in dealing with a combination of romance and realism for which no parallel is to be found among his fellows.

Chapman (1589) is the most dignified, the most ethical, the most epical, and the most didactic of all. He has occasional bursts of poetry unequalled out of Shakespeare, and in philosophy too he is Shakespeare's only rival; but his great qualities are set off by great defects. At times he displays a richly humorous faculty.

Porter (1589) is the most truly English of all the dramatists; his quality as a playwright matches his language, and his humor also is distinctively English. The proverb-monger in his only extant play is hardly to be surpassed in his extraordinary fluency.

Heywood (?1591) is another very English writer, not so much in his language as in his character and outlook. There was no other Elizabethan writer for the stage who had so fine a conception of what constituted a gentleman. One can scarcely help feeling a sympathy with Heywood and his characters, even though one is rarely greatly impressed by his workmanship and never by his genius.

Dekker (?1593) is the most lovable, the most tender, the most

sympathetic of all, presenting us with some of the truest, sweetest, and tenderest poetry, embedded in a mass of rubbish. Scarcely anyone has a more remarkable power of achieving loveliness in the simplest forms of expression, and no one else, not even Heywood, has such a faculty for the sympathetic presentation of the life of his time. When at his best, he is capable of rising to a height of sympathetic portraiture in which he is unequalled.

Jonson (?1595) stands absolutely without rival in his satiric gift. His three greatest plays are, in reality, all satires. In play-architecture too he stands alone; and his plays are more truly dramas of ideas than those of any other of the era. No one else could contrive and handle a plot so well as he; and no one else possessed so fine a gift of genuine humor or knew better how to subdue it to an underlying satiric idea. He has also given us the finest picture of Jacobean England which we possess.

Middleton (1596) was the Hogarth of his time; but his greatness was not in realistic comedy, but in romantic tragedy. He was perhaps the most versatile of all the dramatists, and, in addition, he was the creator of a unique medium for the expression of his dramatic ideas, and had a mastery of words surpassed by Shakespeare alone. He was a fine psychologist, and a creator of tragic character second only to the author of "Othello." He knew the business of playmaking thoroughly.

Marston (1599) had a remarkable gift of bitter denunciation, combined uniquely with a true appreciation of the comic side of human nature. He was capable of great work in tragedy, but was not capable of sustaining it. His dialogue is wonderfully incisive.

Webster (1602) is known principally for his melodramatic qualities; but he is much more than a melodramatist. He is one of the finest psychologists of the period, with an extraordinary gift for lighting up the dark places of the soul, a marvellous gift of expression, and a power of writing biting repartee that no other Elizabethan can equal.

Rowley (1602) is a writer of strong, vigorous, pointed prose; but his verse leaves much to be desired. By far his best work is the result of collaboration.

Fletcher (1603) is the most vivacious of all the great dramatists in the language, a scene-spinner unequalled. He has to be credited with the invention of a highly original verse-form, the aim of which is to give naturalness to dramatic dialogue that is not in the natural medium, prose. He occasionally puts forth a line more lyrical than any achieved by any of his contemporaries and rivals. His comic inventiveness is extraordinary, and he has the very keenest sense of the ludicrous.

Tourneur (1604) is not easy to deal with, because of the doubt as to his authorship of "The Revenger's Tragedy." If it be his, he must

be accorded the highest rank of all in several remarkable qualities—a sense of color, bitter passion, intensity, the application to all of a marvellous sense of the right word, a real harmonic and melodic originality, and a first-rate poetic quality. If we have to rely for our conception of him upon "The Atheist's Tragedy," all this praise must be withdrawn; but there does remain something at least of his almost unsurpassed ability to conceive and conduct a complicated plot.

Beaumont (1604) was the greatest master of the burlesque vein, and perhaps the greatest of the heroically romantic dramatists. He may be held to share with Dekker the crown for pathos. He had a real comic gift, and no small tragic power; and in the beautiful simplicity of his language he is unmatched.

Ford (1612) is the most modern of the dramatists in more than one respect. He displays a unique power of obtaining musical effects with very simple verbal means; but examples of this quality occur only occasionally.

Massinger (?1612) is almost, if not quite, the most eloquent of the dramatists, but it is the eloquence of the orator rather than of the poet. He is admirable more for a power to excite our interest than for ability to hold it.

Brome (1623) has no qualities calling for unbounded admiration; but he has a style of much directness and lucidity. His plays are illuminated with a good deal of humor and understanding of human nature.

Shirley (1624–5) shows himself in "The Traitor" one of the very few men of the period able to work out a plot with the utmost effectiveness. From the literary or poetic standpoint he does not take very high rank; but he is an exceedingly competent master of what we call "theatre."

Milton (1634) is the absolutely incomparable master of the lyrical drama, one whose blank verse is of a stately and statuesque grandeur that has no equal. Without the wonderful flexibility of Shakespeare's, it is almost as wonderful in its way.

NOTES ON THE DRAMATISTS

John Lyly

It was in the year 1579 that John Lyly burst on an astonished England with his "Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit." He was then about 26 years of age, having been born in 1553. The dedication to "Euphues" declares it to have been his first work; but it may possibly mean only his first to be printed, since Anthony à Wood states he was writing when at Oxford, prior to taking his B. A. degree in 1573. Wood, however, is scarcely to be considered a first-class authority, though certainly a respectable one. In any case, when Lyly began writing need not greatly concern us; but when he began *dramatic* writing is a very important question indeed, because it is to be taken as marking the commencement of the great age of the British drama.

The general tendency of the experts in these matters is to place the beginning of Lyly's theatrical career during the winter of 1583-4, though some would push the date back a couple of years or so. There are, however, strong reasons for regarding "Campaspe" as being still earlier. In the first place, it has to be borne in mind that the Elizabethans were almost all precocious; if Lyly did not start his career till he was 26, he was much less precocious than most of the literary men of his day. There is, then, a strong possibility that Wood's statement is correct; but it does not follow that his early efforts were in the field of drama. Secondly, we have the fact that Lyly was given the management of the private theatre in Blackfriars in 1583. This is taken as indicating his first connection with the stage. Is it not more reasonable to believe that it points to his having already had theatrical experience? A man without it would hardly be selected for so difficult a task. Thirdly, and this is the vital point, in the preface to "Euphues and his England," a sequel to "Euphues," which appeared in the spring of 1580, appears a reference to Apelles that implies that the author's play had been at least begun in the early part of 1579. A difficulty is created by the fact that passages of the play are transcribed from North's Plutarch, the dedication of which is dated January 16, 1579–80. A fair inference is, then, that the play was either not finished

till 1580 or underwent alteration either in that year or later, prior to its publication (anonymously) in 1584.

But, though not published till 1580, the second part of "Euphues" had been licensed as early as July, 1579. The excuse given in the preface for the delay in its appearance is, that Euphues "loitered, tarrying many a month in Italy, viewing the ladies in a painter's shop." This seems to refer to "Campaspe" and to date it not later than the early part of 1579. The only doubt-causing circumstance is the use of the words "in Italy," where one would expect "in Greece" or "in Athens." In the body of the work there is a clearer allusion to Apelles, who, we are told, loved "the counterfeit of Campaspe"—a circumstance recorded in the play, but not in Pliny, on whose work the play is based. (See Bond's Lyly, v. 2, p. 59.) This seems a clear indication that the play had actually been staged (presumably prior to July, 1579); otherwise the allusion would not have been understood.

Furthermore, there are, on grounds of style, two of Lyly's plays that must be dated before all his others. These are "Campaspe" and "Sapho." They are so full of the characteristic qualities of "Euphues" that they must be accorded to about the same period, as none of the others can be.

Yet again, as Bond has pointed out, the "note of modesty and hesitation appropriate to a first dramatic essay is more noticeable in the prologues and epilogues of 'Campaspe' than in those of 'Sapho and Phao.'" This certainly points to "Campaspe" as the earlier effort.

And, finally, there is the interesting circumstance that we have Stephen Gosson, in his invective against stage plays in that very year 1579, expressly excepting from his strictures four plays, of which two are "the two prose books played at the Belsavage, where you shall find never a word without wit, never a line without pith, never a letter placed in vain." If these two "prose books" be not "Campaspe" and "Sapho," one is at a loss to know what plays they can have been. It is a choice only between them and two lost plays; and, in the circumstances, it is more reasonable to identify them with the two Lylyan plays than to fall back upon the assumption of lost masterpieces, especially as Gosson's eulogy is so eminently fitting to the dramatic character of Lyly. Production at the Blackfriars in 1583 by no means precludes the possibility of production at the Belsavage in 1579; but it is understandable that "Campaspe" would be revised to fit it for a Blackfriars audience.

Not only, then, may it be considered tolerably certain that Lyly had started writing for the stage before July, 1579, but, in view of the Gosson reference and the pointlessness of the allusions to "Campaspe" in "Euphues and his England" if the public was unacquainted with the

play, there ought to be little hesitation in deciding that two of his plays were on the stage by 1579 and consequently that that year is the very latest from which we can date his beginnings. On the other hand, as the wording of the allusion to "Campaspe" in the second "Euphues" volume hints that the writing of the play came between the writing of the two parts of that work, and as the first part was composed (as Lyly tells us) in the winter of 1578–9, "Campaspe" cannot have been produced before the early part of 1579.

There are two other plays each of which has been suggested as the first fruit of Lyly's dramatic genius. The one is "Endimion"; the other is "The Woman in the Moon." Professor G. P. Baker argued for a date of the latter part of 1579 for the former on his interpretation of its allegory, which he took to deal with Leicester's marriage; but his argument met with no acceptance, and (though not for that reason) may safely be disregarded, if only because "Endimion" was, as Professor F. E. Schelling has pointed out, preceded by Peele's "Arraignment of Paris." It seems, in fact, to be one of Lyly's later plays.

The claim for an early date for "The Woman in the Moon" is based on the prologue's description of it as

> A poet's dream,
> The first he had in Phoebus' holy bower,
> But not the last, unless the first displease.

This may be variously interpreted. It may mean that it is the writer's first literary achievement; but it is against that view that in the second part of "Euphues" Lyly speaks of himself as one "who, never before handling the pencil, did, for my first counterfeit, color mine own Euphues." It may mean that the play was written even before "Euphues," though not given to the press till long afterwards; but that interpretation is almost as much opposed as the other to the passage just quoted. It may mean that the poem was designed in his youth, though the work was not then executed; but that seems scarcely likely. The two most reasonable assumptions, the one implying an early date, and the other not, are (a) that this was his first essay in the dramatic form, (b) that it was his first play in verse. It is, in fact, his only play in verse.

The theory of its earliness may be dismissed for the following reasons:

1. It seems to have afforded some hints to Shakespeare for his "Midsummer Night's Dream," and we can hardly fancy his harking back to a very early play.
2. The verse is much too fluent for 1579 or any other early date.
3. It is practically free from euphuism, and should therefore be

a late play, though the late H. C. Hart regarded that as a proof tha it preceded "Euphues" in composition, though not in production.

4. There is an absence of the puns so characteristic of all Lyly' early work—a young man's fault that he apparently grew out of.

5. His early plays are not well constructed, while this ranks among his best in that respect.

6. All the early plays are characterized by adulation of the Queen from whom Lyly was looking for preferment. This, on the contrary, i a veiled satire of her, and she (as Cynthia) is spoken of as "idle, mutable forgetful." It dates then from the late period of his disillusionment

7. The title parallels that of "Endimion, the Man in the Moon' (which seems to be a late play), and may therefore be judged to be o approximately the same period.

For these reasons we may conclude that "The Woman in the Moon' is one of the writer's latest plays, and the inference to be drawn from the lines quoted from the prologue is that the play was Lyly's firs essay in dramatic verse.

We may then regard Lyly as beginning his dramatic career in the early part of 1579, and beginning it with "Campaspe." Its one rea rival for priority is "Sapho"; but, though it cannot be said to be impos sible for that play to date from 1578, the probabilities are against it.

Lyly entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, graduated M. A in 1575, and, having literary aspirations, naturally proceeded to Lon don. He was for a time in the service of the Earl of Oxford, and was a member of Parliament from 1589 to 1601. He died in 1606, a disap pointed man, it having been his ambition to fill a position in the cour of Elizabeth. He seems to have quit playwriting at least eleven years before his death.

Lyly is not a great dramatist and has bequeathed us no really grea play; but his influence on the men of his time was considerable, and his originality was very marked. His comedies have a character of thei own. The description of them by Blount, the publisher, as "Cour Comedies" may stand. It characterizes them not inaptly and serves to distinguish them from others, for, with one solitary exception, they come under none of the three recognized divisions of comedy—man ners, character, intrigue. They have no plot worth speaking of, do no deal with real life, and do not give us characters who are, in the ful sense of the word, human. These plays are mostly elaborate allegories based on classical mythology, incorporating many of the features of the masque, and having for their main purpose the flattery of the great Of his eight plays, there is one that stands markedly apart from the others. This is "Mother Bombie," which is realistic farce-comedy of the Terentian stamp, with a developed plot. The remainder, though they

may be grouped together as "Court Comedies" (a genus to which "Mother Bombie" cannot claim to belong) are of three more or less distinct sorts: "Gallathea," "The Woman in the Moon," and "Love's Metamorphosis" are mythological pastoral plays, with a subsidiary allegory; "Campaspe" is a romantic drama that we are scarcely justified in classing among the "Court Comedies," since it does not possess any of the usual mythological, pastoral, and allegorical constituents; and the remaining three are mainly and indubitably allegory.

When we come to consider Lyly's gifts to English drama, we must resist the temptation to credit him with being the creator of our dramatic prose. That distinction belongs to George Gascoigne. It is true that Gascoigne's work is only a translation; but his literary quality is none the less his own; and not only is it pre-Lylyan; it is also superior in beauty, in naturalness, and in vigor to the prose of Lyly. But Lyly's style was his own; and he gave us that. Also he taught the dramatists of his time the value and the art of witty repartee. That was his main contribution to the drama. His euphuism is less commendable.

This affected literary style came to England from Italy, France, and Spain. Lyly was one of the first practitioners and the great exemplar of the English variety; but his plays are much freer from it than are his stories. This literary vice (for it is nothing less) is partly a matter of content, partly a matter of style. On the former score we have an extensive classical and mythological apparatus and the use of an altogether unnatural "natural" history, derived in part from the author's own exuberant fancy, and in part from Pliny and Herodotus, from mediæval sources, and from Mandeville. To animals and plants and stones he ascribes the most extraordinary properties, for no other purpose apparently than to point his moral and adorn his tale. The style is what might be expected in such circumstances: antithesis is exceedingly common and carried to absurd lengths; there is a liberal—a far too liberal—sprinkling of alliteration; intellectual conceits abound; words are regarded as things to be played with; and nothing is described straightforwardly, but only in terms of something else. The paste is as good as the diamond, if only the desired glitter can be won from it; there is no attempt at achieving truth or impressing with the appearance of truth, but only a desire to make obvious the author's cleverness and his mastery of the bizarre. The dialogue is a matter of question and answer, and of witticism capped by witticism, all stiff and mannered and unreal, yet quaintly attractive. To appreciate Lyly, he must be contrasted with his predecessors both in literary style and in play-architecture. To compare him with those who followed him is scarcely just. But, above all, he is to be regarded less as a dramatist than as a literary artist who expressed himself in drama.

Thomas Kyd

The author of "The Spanish Tragedy" was born November, 1558, and died towards the end of 1594. The son of a London scrivener, he was educated at the Merchant Taylors' School, but does not seem to have proceeded to the University. He probably at first followed his father's profession, but was soon attracted to the theatre. He abandoned his theatrical connections at a date which Professor T. W. Baldwin (Mod. Lang. Notes, June, 1925) proved to be 1587. He seems, however, to have resumed writing for the stage at a later date, for his statement that in 1591 he was writing in the same chamber with the dramatist Marlowe affords good reason for believing that by that time he had resumed his playwriting activity.

Only one original play has come down to us which can be said with any certainty to be his, though on internal evidence "Soliman and Perseda" is not unreasonably claimed for him. "Cornelia" is certainly his; but it is merely a translation. He would seem to have written a "Hamlet," unfortunately lost, and a fore-part to "The Spanish Tragedy," which it is not easy to identify with the existent "First Part of Jeronimo." He must, in fact, stand or fall by "The Spanish Tragedy," though also the probability of his partial responsibility for the much greater "Arden of Feversham" must not be overlooked.

Kyd was of so vast an influence in the Elizabethan drama, and "The Spanish Tragedy" is of such importance, that the date of its production and the date of its author's advent on the scene must engage our special attention. Professor Baldwin, in the article already mentioned, argues that the praise of the Spanish in "Soliman and Perseda" shows that play to date prior to 1585–6. As Professor Boas has shown that "The Spanish Tragedy" certainly preceded "Soliman," its date must be not later than the summer of 1585. Unfortunately all we can say of "The Spanish Tragedy" is, that it dates from not earlier than 1582 and not later than 1585. But Professor Baldwin (Phil. Quar., VI 3) has also pointed out that Dekker in his "Knight's Conjuring" declares the actor Bentley, who died in August, 1585, to have been "moulded out of" the pens of Watson, Kyd, and Atchlow, which would certainly imply that Kyd was writing long before then. As, moreover, the reference to the "late conflict" between Spain and Portugal in "The Spanish Tragedy" would suit a date of 1582 or 1583 better than one of 1584 or 1585, we are not likely to be much amiss if we date the play from 1583. As it must almost certainly have been preceded by the "Spanish Comedy," Kyd's beginnings can hardly be placed later than 1582, when he was in his 24th year.

Kyd does not show much of that divine poetic gift that was the

heritage of so many of the Elizabethan dramatists, but in daring and originality of stagecraft he was second to none. He was the first great master of the tragedy of blood, the true creator of the type. He gave to it its well-moulded plot, its sub-plot (which in "The Spanish Tragedy" he handled poorly enough), its double-dyed Machiavellian villain, its suffering heroine, its revenge motif, its madness, its murders, its physical horrors, its final holocaust, its absence of moral issues, its tragic irony, its hesitating avenger, the dumb show as an integral part of the play, the chorus as interpreter of events, its ghost, its play within the play. It is an appalling type; but it produced "Hamlet." That is glory enough for its inventor.

Kyd's character has been rather severely handled of late years by reason of his denunciation of Marlowe. His action was revealed by Dr. F. S. Boas; the full implications of it have been shown by Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum in a brilliant piece of work to which fuller reference will be made when we consider Marlowe. In the early part of 1593 there had been much ill will displayed by Londoners towards foreigners, and on May 11 the arrest was ordered of those responsible for inciting the people to riot. The next day Kyd was arrested.

It is too often overlooked that Kyd's arrest was wholly and solely on this charge of incitement. Atheism and blasphemy were not in question; but, unhappily for Kyd, when his quarters were searched, matter was found among his papers for the entry of a graver charge (or what was so regarded). This was an heretical treatise; and it was the cause of his being put to the torture. As a result presumably of revelations he made under torture, a warrant for Marlowe's arrest was issued on the 18th. Marlowe was arrested, was speedily released from custody, and was assassinated on the 30th.

There is extant, and was made public by Professor Boas, a letter by Kyd to Sir John Puckering, written after the death of Marlowe. It is this letter that has damned Kyd's character in the eyes of posterity; and assuredly he does not emerge from the ordeal to which he was subjected with any shred of glory, any rag of honor; but let us at least remember that, as Dr. Tannenbaum has pointed out, he obviously believed that Marlowe had betrayed him to the authorities—and perhaps he was not without warrant, since we know that Marlowe was a Government agent. Quite apart from that consideration, anyone inclined to denounce Kyd may well ask himself if he can be sure that he himself would have behaved any better under torture. It is easy to blame Kyd; but there is something to be said in mitigation of his offence. In any case he is not to be regarded without pity: it seems highly probable that it was the distressing experience he underwent which led to his death at the early age of 36. To realize what a loss this was to the

English theatre one has only to bear in mind that Kyd was the first of our dramatists to understand the art of climax and the first to understand the full possibilities of the Elizabethan stage. In this respect no other of the predecessors of Shakespeare can compare with him.

Christopher Marlowe

The first dramatist to infuse life into English blank verse and make it musical was born in Canterbury, Kent, on the 2nd day of February 1563–4. He was the son of a shoemaker, who was also parish clerk. The boy was educated at the King's School, Canterbury, and went thence to Cambridge in 1581. He proceeded B. A. in 1584, and M. A. three years later. He thereupon went to London, where he began his theatrical career the same year with the first part of "Tamburlaine," which was an immediate and striking success. When he was only 29 years of age, he was killed in a tavern in Deptford. Because he was atheistically inclined, he was stated by a contemporary authority to have been killed by a serving man in a drunken brawl over a wench, this story catering to the belief that an irreligious man would be capable of any wickedness. A story with a better claim to credit was to the effect that he had been killed in a quarrel over the tavern reckoning. What the truth was was not known till Dr. J. L. Hotson unearthed the coroner's report, which declared that Marlowe was killed by one Ingram Frysar in self-defence. A careful study of the report showed, however, certain incredibilities which prevented the definite acceptance even of this official document. Finally, in 1928, Dr. S. A. Tannenbaum published privately a remarkably able work, "The Assassination of Christopher Marlowe," in which the bottom was knocked out of the evidence of Frysar and very strong arguments were advanced for believing that Marlowe was the victim of a deliberate assassination.

Marlowe was, in fact, something more than a popular dramatist; he was also a Government political agent. Whether or not he had betrayed Kyd to the authorities for participation in incitement to anti-foreign rioting of the early part of 1593, there can be little doubt that Kyd attributed the betrayal to him, and, in turn, betrayed Marlowe for his anti-Christian doctrines. Marlowe was a member of the "atheistical" circle which comprised Sir Walter Ralegh, Harriott, and Royden, and there is nothing preposterous in believing that his arrest (on a charge the nature of which is unknown, but may be surmised) filled his associates with alarm. If he were to be put to the torture, as Kyd had been, the lives of the Ralegh group would be in imminent danger.

That this led to what seems to have been a deliberate assassination is, to say the least, a decided probability.

Of the five great pioneers of the Elizabethan drama, Marlowe was the latest and greatest. Lyly was the first to produce work of real wit and repartee, the first to replace unliterary prose or doggerel verse by a truly literary prose. His influence was not wide, but deeper than some scholars seem to imagine. Peele broke new ground more than once; but his pioneering led nowhere. Greene, by bringing a breath of rural England into one of his plays, beat out a path that was followed, alas! by but few; but the fitness of those few is not to be questioned. His influence was of importance, if not widespread. Kyd's, on the contrary, was exceedingly widespread. He was the initiator of strong dramatic construction, the first to establish the form of the tragedy of blood, the first, so far as we know, to deal in dramatic irony. He did a great thing when he created popular melodrama of a certain literary quality. If Marlowe, coming later than any of these men, is to be regarded as a pioneer, it is because his drama was not built on the drama of his predecessors, but was his own. Not only was his influence, taking it in all its aspects, greater even than that of Kyd; but also he was the only one of the five possessed of that indefinable quality we call "genius." It is possible to be original without being a genius; it is possible to be a genius without being original: Marlowe was both.

The influence of these men on the drama that was to follow was of three different kinds. So far as it was merely theatric—so far, that is to say, as it affected merely the technique of the acted play—there can be no doubt of the supremacy of Kyd. So far as it was dramatic—so far, that is to say, as it appealed to the intellect, the imagination, or the emotions—one may easily claim first place for either Marlowe or Kyd. If Marlowe's type of character was not copied either so much or so successfully as that of Kyd, he had a tremendous crop of imitators of the rants which were the main disfigurement of his work and of the extraordinary fruits of his glowing imagination; and it was to achieve the undoubted power of Marlowe in his best passages that his contemporaries and his successors set themselves, rather than to capture the much cruder force of Kyd. In this matter, then, of dramatic influence Marlowe may be considered the greater. And, when we come to consider purely literary influence—the influence, that is to say, on the poetic content of the drama and the structure of the verse in which most of it was written—Marlowe's supremacy is unquestioned and unquestionable. Kyd, as a matter of fact, anticipated him in the use of blank verse in a play for the popular stage, and his verse was an immense advance on that of Sackville; but it was Marlowe who made of this new vehicle a new thing, who gave it its capacity to become a fitting medium

for the great plays of Shakespeare. If he can no longer be credited with being the first to perceive the advisability of wedding blank verse to the romantic drama (so far as we know, the honor is Kyd's), he was the first to give that verse life and movement, to break up its stately regularity by varying the stresses and distributing the pauses, by adding a syllable here and there, by carrying on the sentence from line to line, instead of having each line severely end-stopped. Kyd had moved timidly in this direction; but Marlowe went forward with giant strides, careless of what anyone might think or say. He really created our blank verse; but he did not carry it to perfection. That was scarcely to be expected. Shakespeare, Beaumont, Milton perfected what he had originated; but his remains the glory of creation.

Not so generally recognized, but even more marked, than the creation of the Marlovian blank verse is the originality of his drama; and it is no less an indication of the possession of genius. His first play was novel not merely in its verse, but also in its dramatic qualities. It was not a great, not an admirable, play: far from it; yet it shows us the dramatic creativeness of Marlowe. The measure of his might is the greatness of his dramatic design. He is not a master of plot; he does not depend upon it, as Kyd does; he does not appeal to a story-interest, like Kyd: instead he overwhelms his audience with the grandeur of his conception. His characters are not human; but they live. They are giants in crime, in passion, in pomp of utterance, in extravagance of imagination, in the magnificence of their ambitions. Their overmastering emotions are lusts—of wealth, of power, of glory, of knowledge. The work is poor enough in "The Massacre at Paris," crude enough in "Tamburlaine," and imperfectly maintained in "The Jew of Malta"; but in "Faustus" the conception and the execution alike mount to the altitudes of genius.

The Titans of these plays may be all more or less projections of himself—Marlowe, with all the fire of his audacious genius, with all the ardor of his restless soul, with all the insolence of a heaven-defying ambition. But, lest one should think he could do nothing else, he has given us "Edward II," the first great chronicle play in the language, and one that, though it is by no means faultless, has scarcely been surpassed. Here we are presented not a man of gigantic proportions, but a real human being, an unkingly king, an unmanly man, a pitiful subject for pity. To realize what the English drama lost by the early death of Marlowe, one must study "Edward II." The man who could have written that after writing "Faustus" had it in him to soar to almost any heights. Had "Edward II" not come down to us, or had Marlowe's authorship remained unknown, no literary critic would have dared to suppose that he was capable of freeing himself from the trammels of

rant; whereas "Edward II" induces the belief that he was only on the threshold of his greatness when he died, and that, if he had lived to give us all of which he was capable, Shakespeare would not have been without a rival. With two such men contending for the glory of supremacy, what masterpieces might we not have had—masterpieces that never came to birth! Even as it is, it is only ignorance or prejudice or sheer incapacity of appreciation that can ignore Marlowe in even the most perfunctory notice of British drama; for, if Shakespeare carried it to its greatest heights, Marlowe is no less deserving of honor as the founder of its greatness. Shakespeare was doubtless the more versatile, the more universal genius of the two, with a greater mastery of life and of metre; but Marlowe was the more original and the more daring. Shakespeare was the supreme perfecter; Marlowe was a creator.

There were, we are constantly told, grave flaws in Marlowe's outfit. His bombast is referred to by every critic of his work, and not without reason; but let this be noted, that his rant was no essential part of his equipment. It was deliberately employed, to tickle the palates of the groundlings; and, when he had no need for it, as in "Edward II," it was thrown aside. He won his place in the theatre by means of Tamburlaine's "high, astounding terms"; and, that place assured, and his primacy in the theatre universally acknowledged, he was free to give full rein to his real genius. Had he lived, there would probably have been in his later plays no more rant than there is in "Edward II," where it is to seek.

We are also told that Marlowe was destitute of humor. Was he? No one can say. Had a comedy from him come down to us, we might be able to express a definite opinion. As it is, all we can say is that there is no comedy in his acknowledged plays, with the exception of "Faustus." The farcical scenes in that play are poor enough; but whether or not any of them are Marlowe's is a matter for debate. Setting that play aside, we may say that Marlowe, unlike Shakespeare, did not blend comedy and tragedy. Perhaps he had less sense of the theatre, but a truer art sense. In short, though it is not unlikely that Marlowe was destitute of a sense of humor, such a lack cannot be predicated of him with any certainty.

Yet again it is said of him that he had no power of characterization. Let it be admitted; but also let it be borne in mind that he died at the age of 29, and that character-drawing is not a young man's gift. At that age Shakespeare had certainly shown no greater power. Marlowe made no real study of humanity till he gave us the study of the degenerate King Edward II, almost the first attempt at individual psychology in our dramatic literature; and it would not have been a tremendous step from King Edward to Hamlet. Whether he would have developed an

ability to portray women is another question. The promise contained in the presentation of King Edward is considerable; and, although there is none in the drawing of Isabella, we cannot say positively that the power to portray women would not have come also.

It is as stupid as it is unfair to set Shakespeare's achievement against Marlowe's; to set the product of six years of work against the product of a quarter of a century; to set the labor of a lifetime which ended at 29 against that of one which ended at 52. The two men were born within three months of one another, and, to make a fair comparison, one can scarcely do better than consider what Shakespeare had accomplished at the time of Marlowe's death. Had he died then, we should have had to regard him as the author of the amusing "Comedy of Errors" and the romantic "Two Gentlemen of Verona." We should not, in fact, have thought him worthy to be named in the same breath with the author of "Faustus" and "Edward II." It is, of course, easy to say, and is said, that Shakespeare's was the mind of greater capacity for development; but that is sheer guesswork. The fact remains that there does not seem to have been any period of from three to six years in the career of Shakespeare marked by such extraordinary development as the few years that elapsed between the production of the first part of "Tamburlaine" and the staging of "Edward II." Great minds may often mature slowly; but history affords us too many instances of precocious children maturing into some of the world's greatest men for us to be dogmatic on the point, if we do not wish to be ridiculous. It must also be borne in mind that Marlowe was not a physical weakling whose early demise was due to the inability of a fragile body to support a prodigious brain or a burning imagination. He was apparently a decidedly virile being, who, had he lived, would doubtless have developed, as Shakespeare did, a capacity for the creation of individual character.

There is another way of comparing Marlowe and Shakespeare—by a comparison of "Edward II" with "Richard II." That is considered in the remarks introductory to the former play.

Marlowe lives for us by and in his two great plays. Some critics seem to think that "The Jew of Malta" is worthy to rank with them; but it is an altogether inferior production—poor not merely comparatively, but positively. It is an ill-managed play, which opens well, and speedily becomes ludicrous. If we had nothing better than it to represent Marlowe, he would find no place here.

Robert Greene

The author of "Friar Bacon" was born in Norwich in July, 1558. He entered St. John's College, Cambridge, November, 1575, proceeded

B. A. 1578, was in Italy and Spain for a year or two, returned to Cambridge in 1581, and took his M. A. in 1583. He was apparently still at Cambridge in September of that year, since one of his prose stories, then entered in the Stationers' Register, is dated "from my studie in Clare hall."

When he began playwriting cannot be said with certainty; but we learn from his "Repentance" that it was some time between 1583 and the end of 1586. It is not unreasonable to assume a date of 1583–4 or 1584, very soon after his arrival in London—almost certainly before his temporary return to his birthplace in 1584. Churton Collins was of the extraordinary opinion that Greene did not write for the stage till 1591, on the ground that the references to him till then were purely as a pamphleteer. As Greene died in 1592, Collins was thus obliged to crowd into something like a twelvemonth the whole of the man's dramatic career. It may be doubted if any sillier view has ever been put forward by a scholar. He considered "Alphonsus of Aragon" the first of Greene's plays, and yet described it as, like "Friar Bacon," clearly the work of a comparatively practiced hand, and "Orlando" as "the work of a tyro in his apprenticeship." The crowning absurdity was to suppose that in the course of a month or two Greene could step from the crudity of "Alphonsus" to the smoothness and elegance and beauty of "Friar Bacon." So vast is the gulf between the two that it would be much more reasonable to regard them as the work of two different authors. (The evidence for Greene's authorship of "Alphonsus" is indeed very weak, and its points of resemblance to his other work are so slight as to be negligible.)

There is no one among the Elizabethan dramatists who has been more vilified than Greene. The reason is plainfully apparent; it is because he attacked Shakespeare. In the worship of Shakespeare, as in any other religion, the greatest of sins is blasphemy; and it is as blasphemy that the Shakespeare-worshipper regards the somewhat splenetic outburst of Greene. The real question is, Was Greene justified in his attack, or did he consider himself justified? He accused Shakespeare, somewhat indirectly, of plagiarism. This is hardly to be regarded as unwarranted, for, after his death, one of his admirers spoke of those who had "purloin'd his plumes," and we have only to look at the early work of Shakespeare to see that it is largely based on the work of others; and one of those others may well have been Greene. Yet we are continually told that Greene showed a nasty, envious spirit. Those who write thus ought to show some understanding of human nature. Would they calmly submit to the appropriation of their literary labor and consider they were well rewarded by the improvement wrought in it? And would any of Greene's modern critics, had they been in his place, have

foreseen that the man attacked was going to be the master dramatist of all time? Not they! And, had the boot been on the other foot, had Greene stolen from Shakespeare and Shakespeare complained of the theft, we may be positive that they would have declared Shakespeare's resentment to be perfectly understandable and Greene's conduct atrocious.

If we regarded Greene without prejudice, as an ordinary man who felt himself wronged by another whom he saw no reason to regard as out of the ordinary; if, instead of expecting from him the spirit of a worm, because it was our god with whom he came into conflict, we perceive his resentment to be quite natural and pardonable: we shall find Greene to have been a singular mixture of nobility of soul and sheer degradation, a subject for blame undoubtedly, but still more a subject for pity, one who wins our sympathy even while we abhor his practices.

In his autobiographical pamphlets Greene tells the tale of his downfall and his sins with force and a measure of frankness. His contrition is at times beyond all reasonable doubt; at other times it is perhaps tainted with an ostentation of humility analogous to the high light in which he presents his degradation. He was a journalist born out of his due time. He would have made a fortune—and have spent it—in the America of to-day. He was as ready to exploit the crimes of his own associates as to make capital of his own vices. He was the true journalist, with little sense of honor and little scrupulousness in the revelation of intimate details of the lives of those with whom he was thrown in contact. But it is quite another thing to describe him as "not only profligate, but bad-hearted," mainly because "he indulged a rancorous animosity upon his deathbed"—in other words, because he dared to warn his literary associates against Shakespeare. That he was not bad-hearted is shown in that very letter, with its solemn exhortation to his friends to profit by his miserable end (there at least he was not writing for money or for spectacular effect), and by his dying appeal to his abandoned wife for forgiveness, and by his thought for those who had succored him in his distress. Greene may have been bad, but he was assuredly not all bad.

He was primarily a novelist and lyrist, and a novelist he remains in his plays. He has little gift of play-construction; but he is the first of our dramatists to create for the stage a real human being. Singularly enough, it is not his men, but his women who are lifelike—"singularly," for two reasons, firstly, that the gift to create and portray female character is as rare among men as it is rare to find women writers who can realize and depict the nature of man; and, secondly, that one would hardly expect from a dissolute blackguard like Greene an appreciation of the finer traits of womanhood. The fact that the type of woman he

presents to us is pure and sweet and maidenly affords another proof that there was a soul of goodness in this maligned and unfortunate man. And for yet another proof of it one may turn to the loveliest of all his lyrics, Sephestia's song to her child, in "Menaphon," in which it is not unreasonable to read a touch of autobiographical remorsefulness. Strange to say, all his lovely lyrics are contained in his prose tales; there are none in his plays.

The style of Greene is a singular mixture. He gives us tags of Latin, a mass of classical allusion, plenty of Greek and Latin mythology, an imagery that is extravagant, a rhetoric that is ridiculous; he copies Lyly's euphuistic dissoluteness; he employs a bombast that is nothing less than ludicrous when he seeks to vie with the magniloquence of Marlowe; yet, now and then, when he permits himself to be himself, he offers for our admiration passages of a delightful limpidity. He is not a great dramatist; but he is worthy of our notice because he was the first to put upon the boards a really womanly woman, and because he was, so far as we know, the first to imbue a play with a truly rural English atmosphere.

Henry Porter

As there is, so far as is known, but one play by Henry Porter extant, his merits as a dramatist may best be considered when the play itself is being dealt with; here it is only the life of the writer that need concern us. What we know of his life is pitiably small; but the date of his dramatic activity is of no small moment. To determine that, we have to go closely into the question of the date of production of "The Two Angry Women."

Henslowe first mentions Porter in December, 1596; hence, in the opinion of most critics, it was then that he commenced author. The last entry relating to him is in May, 1599; and he seems to have died the next year. (See an article by Miss R. E. Shear in P. M. L. A., XLII.3.) Whether he did or did not die then, his dramatic career seems to have ended abruptly, after a brief period of considerable activity: what is of much more consequence and much more doubt is, when he began. The case for placing his advent very much earlier than 1596 has been given in P. M. L. A., XLIII.2; the argument may be stated here briefly.

"The Two Angry Women" is not named in Henslowe's Diary; it therefore does not fall within the period, December, 1596, to May, 1599. As a second part of the play was paid for in December, 1598, and February, 1598–9, the play we possess must either appear between December, 1596, and December, 1598, under another name or be of earlier

date. The only play of 1597 or 1598 that could possibly be it is the one styled "Love Prevented," and even the name of that is inappropriate, since in "The Two Angry Women" love is not prevented. Apart from that stumbling block, it is unlikely that a play successfully produced in 1598 would be given to the press the next year under another name, and a sequel to it would assuredly have had a name clearly connecting the two plays. We have then to look back further for the first production of the play, remembering that it is just possible that "Love Prevented" may have been a rewriting of it.

There is, fortunately, a piece of evidence that makes it quite clear that the play or an early version of it was in existence in 1589, a pamphlet published either in that year or in 1590, entitled "Plaine Percevall" clearly referring to II 1, of the play (*"Qui mochat moccabitur,* quoth the serving man of Abington"). Here we have proof not only that the play was in existence in 1589, but that one of its most marked features then, as later, was the "humorous mirth" of Nick Proverbes, the serving man. Richard Harvey, the author of the pamphlet, would hardly have referred to the part unless it had been a great popular success, and, when the play was published in 1599, it was still so evidently one of the chief causes of its popularity that it was especially mentioned on the title page. It seems to follow that the writer to whom the play was accredited was the original author, and not a mere reviser of 1598. If the original writer and the rewriter of 1598 were not one and the same person (assuming that there was a revision), we must assume that it was the one responsible for the quips of Nick Proverbes whose name appeared on the title page; and that one was, as we have seen, the original author. If that argument be sound, it matters little whether or not "Love Prevented" is to be considered a rewriting of "The Two Angry Women"; for Porter must in either case date back to 1589. If so, he must take a notably high place among Elizabethan dramatists, and becomes of vast historical importance.

George Peele

He who was in his own time the most highly esteemed of the predecessors of Marlowe was far from being the greatest of them. His influence on the drama was, so far as we can see, not comparable to that of Lyly or Kyd or Greene; and in achievement Kyd at least was far ahead of him. He cannot, in truth, be rated very high; by far his best work is "The Old Wives' Tale," and that falls considerably short of greatness. Despite a measure of richness in his fancy and his imagery and a degree of grace and sweetness in his verse, he is not a first-rate poet, though, like so many of the men of his time, he had a capital lyr-

ical faculty. Dramatically he is feeble, with no power to construct a plot, to tell a story, or to create living characters. He lacked too the true Elizabethan fire. His verse has no special characteristics, and is scarcely distinguishable from that of Kyd or Greene. Mr. J. M. Robertson declares that he "outgoes all competitors in the extravagance of his resort" to alliteration and iteration; but that is doubtful. His fancy for beginning consecutive lines with the one word or phrase was shared by Kyd, and in a measure by Greene and Marlowe. He does, however, seem more than others to have indulged in false rhymes—that is to say, rhyming a stressed with a naturally unstressed syllable. His metaphors are generally drawn from inanimate nature; and his work is steeped in Spenser. There were two prejudices in which he outwent all the other dramatists of his time; and they are worth noting, because their presence or absence may afford indications of his participation or non-participation in some of the many anonymous plays of the pre-Shakespearean period: the one is the fervency of his patriotism; the other is the bitterness of his anti-papal spirit. A chauvinistic utterance or a sneer at Rome is not necessarily Peele's: but it is safe to say that, if we meet with a pro-papal utterance or an unpatriotic one, we are justified in assuming that it cannot be from his pen.

Born in or about 1558, Peele was entered at Oxford in 1571, proceeded B. A. in 1577, and M. A. in 1579, and stayed at Oxford till 1581, when he sought his fortune in London. He won for himself a great reputation as a practical joker, and was too much of a boon companion for his own good. He died, apparently of syphilis, in November, 1596.

What adds to Peele's importance is that he may possibly have commenced writing for the theatre as early as, or even earlier than, Lyly. If he did, however, it was only for the college stage. He seems to have had a reputation as a poet and dramatist at Oxford; but whether his dramatic work was done in English or in Latin we do not know. His "Arraignment of Paris" was given by the Chapel Children prior to 1584, when it was published. In the circumstances, it is fair to assume that he connected himself with the theatre as soon as he took up his abode in London; and consequently we may place his beginnings at not later than 1581.

William Shakespeare

The name of "the bard of Avon" is spelt here in accordance with the spelling sanctioned by custom; but it would be much more correct to spell it as he spelt it himself, Shakspere. The name Shakespeare appears on the quartos; and, by adopting it, scholars have done a great deal to help on the absurd Baconian theory by serving to make a dis-

tinction between Shakspere the actor, and Shakespeare the dramatist. One cannot blame the "anti-Stratfordians" for jumping at the opportunity afforded them; but they might just as reasonably make a distinction between the Tourneur of "The Atheist's Tragedy" and the Turner of "The Transformed Metamorphosis," or between Ben Jonson and Benjamin Johnson, or between Christopher Morley and Christopher Marlowe.

The great dramatist was born in April, 1564, in Stratford-on-Avon. He was married before he was 19, and was but a month more than 19 when he became a father. Whether he was still in Stratford when twins were born to him in February, 1584–5, is not known; nor can it be said definitely when he went up to the metropolis. For seven or eight years he is lost to sight. He first comes into view late in 1592, when he was a subject of attack in Greene's posthumous "Groatsworth of Wit." It has been argued that he is referred to there as an actor only; but the natural interpretation of the words employed is that he was entering into rivalry with the established playwrights. It is reasonable to assume that he was not attacked until he had attained some prominence; and it is therefore not too much to put his beginnings as a writer for the stage as early as 1589 or 1590. If we could be certain that he was one of the two writers jeered at in Greene's "Anatomie of Absurditie" as "contenting themselves with a little country grammar knowledge," he must have begun still earlier, since that work dates from 1588; but, though the identification is probable, it is not certain. There are, however, other and good reasons for believing that he was writing in 1588. (See "Twelfth Night.") It has been argued that, because Shakespeare described his "Venus and Adonis," entered in the Stationers' Register April 18, 1593, as the first heir of his invention, he could not have written for the stage before then; but all that is meant by the phrase, "the first heyre of my invention," is probably that it was the first piece of his writing to get into print. Let us note that it is not the first fruit, but the first heir. Even if we had not the clear reference to him in Greene's "Groatsworth of Wit," some six months earlier, it would still not have been justifiable to build upon this statement a view that he did not commence to write for the stage before the death of Marlowe.

In May, 1597, Shakespeare renewed his connection with his native town by buying the biggest house in it, and thereafter he gradually increased his Stratford holdings. From about 1610 he seems to have divided his time between Stratford and London. We last hear of him as an author in 1613; but we cannot be certain that he did not continue writing till his death in April, 1616.

It is not intended to add anything here to the enormous amount of

praise that has been showered upon the genius of Shakespeare. His greatest works, as given in these volumes, speak for themselves, and there are four others that would have been included had merit been the only consideration, as explained in the introduction. There are others, too, calling for laudation. "The Comedy of Errors" is probably the first of his extant plays on which he worked alone, though assuredly he was working there on the original of another; "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is his first notable tragi-comedy; "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is capital farce, in which he pretty obviously worked over the play of an earlier writer; "Measure for Measure" and "Troilus and Cressida," though by no means faultless, contain striking passages; and two very late plays in which he collaborated with Fletcher, "The Two Noble Kinsmen" and "Henry VIII," are sufficient to show that he retained his genius to the last. His share (only a small one in any case) in "Sir Thomas Moore" is still a matter of doubt.

There is a marked tendency to-day to subtract from the sum total of Shakespeare's work, and a still greater disinclination to add to his holding from without. From this attitude there will probably sooner or later be a reaction. When it comes, there will be a readiness to believe that the hand of Shakespeare is to be found in many of the plays presented by the company whose "poet" he was, because he must often have been called on to rewrite or revise other men's plays. At present the inclination is to diminish his output. There need be no doubt that there are many plays in the folio that contain the work of other men than Shakespeare; but the inclination to make the distinction between the true and the false nothing else but a discrimination between the good and the bad is to be reprobated. Shakespeare was neither the only one to do great work nor the only one who never did bad. The test should be not one of merit, but one of manner. The question to be asked is not whether a passage is good enough for Shakespeare, but whether it displays his characteristics.

Similarly, objection may be taken to the tendency manifested in some quarters to question the right of various plays to a place in the folio. To any unprejudiced observer inclusion of any play in the first folio must be the strongest proof of its genuineness—not, of course, as a whole, but in part. To argue, for instance, that Heminge and Condell did not know what plays were entitled to a place is not a little absurd, especially in the case of so late a play as "Henry VIII." Those who thus fly in the face of the external evidence show more courage than common sense; but, while no play in the folio is to be questioned as to its right of inclusion, every play may quite legitimately be questioned as to the genuineness of individual scenes or passages. The conservatives who deny that are as unreasonable as those who are so bitterly

opposed to the extension of the canon. These have succeeded so far in keeping "The Two Noble Kinsmen" out, though it is hardly too much to say that 75 per cent of good judges accept it. Another always excluded, and much less generally accepted, is "Edward III," the external evidence for which is not, like that of "The Two Noble Kinsmen," strong, but of the weakest. No one now wants to claim this play wholly for Shakespeare; but there are very strong reasons for regarding part of it as coming from his pen. The resemblance of the "King and Countess" scenes to his work is acknowledged; but it is ordinarily accounted for by a theory of imitation. But who at the probable date of the play would be likely to set out deliberately to imitate a writer whose reputation was only in the making? And, if the resemblance is not a merely superficial one, but is profound, who can the writer be but Shakespeare himself? for are we not always assured that in his cast of mind he was unique and unapproachable? The fact is, that there is in the scenes in question not merely a strong resemblance to the work of Shakespeare, but no resemblance at all to the work of any other dramatist of the time. If they could, on reasonable grounds, be attached to some other dramatic writer, the case for Shakespeare would be greatly weakened; but all the attempts that have been made have been lamentable failures, and most of those scholars who deny the scenes to Shakespeare are content not to allot the scenes to any other. Another fact to be noted in favor of the theory of Shakespeare's authorship is that in his later work Shakespeare shows a familiarity with this drama such as he does not display with any in the writing of which he had not been concerned. The truth is, that, if the play had been in the folio, no one would have questioned its right to be there, and that the Shakespearean portions of it would have been declared to rank with the best of Shakespeare's early work. Some day, perhaps, a complete Shakespeare will be issued, not confined to the 37 plays that constitute the accepted canon.

It is unfortunate that the study of Shakespeare seems to have fallen into the hands of extremists—either extreme radicals who ignore all evidence that does not fit in with their own views, or extreme conservatives, who put caution first and whose motto seems to be "Stop, look, listen"—stop, lest you damage your reputation; look out that you do not give offence to vested interests in views; listen to what the cognoscenti are saying. What is wanted is a spirit that will not be recklessly radical, but that will be free from the timidity that is the curse of scholarship, the cowardice that makes the scholar afraid to run counter to established views. It needs someone with the ability to think for himself and the courage to utter his thoughts to lift Shakespeareanism out of the rut into which it has sunk.

Michael Drayton

Whether or not Drayton has any right to figure here depends entirely on whether or not he is to be regarded as the author of "The Merry Devil of Edmonton." Historians of the drama have shown a great disinclination so to regard him; but, so far as external evidence is concerned, it is a choice between Drayton and Shakespeare; and everyone is agreed that it is not Shakespeare's.

The Shakespearean claim has several branches: the play was acted by Shakespeare's company; it figures in 17th-century catalogues as his; it was bound by Charles I's librarian with "Fair Em" and "Mucedorus" in a volume to which Shakespeare's name was attached; in 1653 it was entered in the Stationers' Register as his; and, according to Halliwell, his name was found in an early hand on a copy of the 1655 edition. Even cumulatively this evidence is not very strong; and it is all nullified by the fact that the play shows no sign of Shakespeare's workmanship. The claim for Drayton is twofold. Oldys, an 18th-century antiquary, tells us, somewhat vaguely, that it "has been ascribed to" Drayton; and Coxeter, a contemporary, quite definitely informs us that he saw a manuscript of the play with Drayton's name on it. Coxeter is not an altogether reliable authority, and was guilty of manufacturing some play-titles; but, in the face of Oldys' statement, his assertion is not to be set aside so cavalierly as it usually is, for Oldys is a thoroughly reputable witness, who would certainly not have said what he did unless he had some warrant for it. The evidence may not be entirely satisfactory; but it seems to be worthy of acceptance in view of the lack of any evidence whatever for anyone else save Shakespeare, who is out of the question. Moreover, the fact that the scene of the play is Edmonton tells in favor of Drayton, who has shown in his "Polyolbion" an acquaintance with the neighborhood. Unfortunately the only play which has come down to us in which he is definitely known to have been concerned is one ("Sir John Oldcastle") in which he had three colleagues; so that we have no sure guide as to his dramatic manner.

Drayton, one of the greatest of English narrative poets, was born in 1563 and died 1631. When he began playwriting is not known. He is mentioned by Meres in 1598 as one of the best for tragedy, and he was very busy for Henslowe in that year. How many years before that he made his first essay there is no saying.

As to reckoning him here as the author of this play, there is this to be said, that no good reasons have been shown for attributing it to any of the dramatists of the time whose characteristics in this field are known to us. Dekker and Heywood have both been suggested; but

there is no real resemblance to the style of either. The chief arguments for Heywood are a reference to Peterhouse, which is of very little value, the near-identity of the name of the inkeeper to that of a hostess in "Edward IV," which does not count for a great deal, and the use of the expression "balk my house," in V 2, which is found also in "A Woman Killed with Kindness," this being the only one worthy of much consideration. If the author is not to be identified with Heywood or any other writer of the time whose work is known, neither is it to be supposed that he can have been a one-play man. The play's exceeding popularity is opposed to such an assumption. We are then driven to the view that it is the work of some established dramatist of whom nothing else has come down to us; and there is no one who "fills the bill" better than Drayton.

Thomas Heywood

Heywood, the most prolific of the Elizabethan dramatists, was, according to Dr. Tannenbaum, one of the authors of the first draft of "Sir Thomas Moore" early in 1593. Even if neither that identification nor that dating be accepted, there is still plenty of reason for believing that Heywood was writing then. His "Four Prentices of London, with the Conquest of Jerusalem," is almost certainly identical with the "Godfrey of Bulloigne, with the Conquest of Jerusalem," entered for publication in June, 1594; and that in turn is clearly identifiable with the "Jerusalem" acted by Strange's men in March 1591–2, but not then new. In his epistle to the printed play, Heywood speaks of it as his "first practice." He may thus be set down as having commenced to write for the stage in 1591 or earlier. Very conservative scholars think such a date much too early for him because the first mention they find of him in Henslowe's Diary is in October, 1596, and they fortify their case by repeating the hoary statement that he was born about 1570. There is, however, no warrant for putting the date of his birth so late, and the fact that he had a child baptized in 1590 does not add to its probability.[1]

[1] Since the above was written, Professor Charles Sisson has announced the discovery of evidence of the date of Heywood's birth being the latter part of 1574, probably October. His avouchment of the validity of this dating must be given full value; but, until his proofs have been studied (they have not yet been published), it is hard to see how they can be reconciled with the fact that Heywood had a child baptised in June, 1590, when, according to this reckoning, he was aged only fifteen years and eight months. That the father was the dramatist seems to be shown by his being described as a "player" (Chambers' "Elizabethan Stage"), and he is not likely to have been a player before he went to Cambridge. The Editor has, however, Professor Sisson's assurance that "there is no possible doubt that the evidence is valid."

Arguments pro and con may be set forth thus:

For 1574: (1) Heywood, in two Chancery depositions, gives his age "with meticulous accuracy" (Sisson).

Against 1574: (1) "Thomas Heywood, player," had a child baptised June, 1590. (2) The "epistle" published with his "Four Prentises" in 1615 speaks of that play as being his "first practice," and as written "some fifteen or sixteen years ago." The date of 1599–1600 thus given cannot be correct, since he is known to have been writing for the stage in 1596; but, if, as is almost certain, the epistle belonged to an edition of 1610 which has not come down to us, we have a date of 1594,

He was a native of Lincolnshire, a fellow of Cambridge, and a true Londoner. He was the longest-lived of all the dramatists. Beginning his career before Shakespeare had found his way into print, he was still playmaking twenty years after Shakespeare's death, and we find him writing pageants as late as 1640. He died in August, 1641.

There are three facts that even superficial students of the Elizabethan drama may be expected to know about Tom Heywood: he was the author of "A Woman Killed with Kindness"; he claimed to have had "an entire hand or at least a main finger" in 220 plays; and he was described by Charles Lamb as "a prose Shakespeare." Lamb's characterization of him was not a fortunate one: it did more harm than good by raising expectations that were bound to be disappointed. Heywood would not have been a prose Shakespeare even had his medium been prose, instead of verse. The phrase used by Lamb implies that, if he lagged behind Shakespeare in the poetic qualities—in imagination, in the gift of language, in exquisiteness of thought and beauty of expression—he was his equal in truth, in observation, in intellect, and in power. In point of fact, even had Shakespeare been destitute of his poetic faculties, he would still have been head and shoulders above Heywood.

As for Heywood's productivity, it was in a work printed in 1633 that he made his claim. It sounds big, but there is in reality nothing incredible in it. He was writing for the stage over forty years, and in that length of time he might easily have produced a couple of hundred plays, especially as probably from one half to three fourths of them were plays of which he was but part author. It is true that he also did a lot of other work unconnected with the theatre; but even then his industry pales before that of Lope de Vega, who seems to have been at least ten times as prolific.

Heywood's plays are of many species. There are plays on classical and mythological subjects, very boresome and of little merit; chronicle plays of much more attractiveness and distinction; romantic tragicomedies, one or two of which have been greatly overpraised; domestic tragedies; comedies of contemporary life; and dramas of adventure. But, variable as are these types, the dramatist's qualities remain much the same throughout all. The two parts of "The Fair Maid of the West" are the best of the dramas of adventure, and give colorful pictures of the life of the time. In the two parts of "Edward IV" there is a good deal of simple pathos and homely humor, and finer characteri-

which is actually the year when the play, as "Godfrey of Bulloigne," was entered for publication. On the stage the play dates back prior to 1592.

Professor Sisson suggests that there may have been another Thomas Heywood, a player, who had a child baptised in June, 1590 (though that seems like a begging of the question), or that "Collier's Bodley manuscript is not entirely trustworthy" (as is indeed quite likely). There is, however, another possibility—that Heywood in his depositions may not have been telling the truth about his age. The question cannot be settled till Professor Sisson's evidence is seen, if then.

zation than we usually find in Heywood. The quaintly named "Royal King and Loyal Subject" is the best of the romantic tragi-comedies; but neither it nor the others named deserve mention, save as illustrative of Heywood's highest attainment in a particular field. Incomparably above all his other plays stands "A Woman Killed with Kindness"; and next to it comes "The Wise Woman of Hogsdon," which stands alone in the cleverness of its construction, and in having much of the vivacity of a Fletcher or a Middleton comedy. But Heywood's claim to greatness is by reason of the sum total of his work and the superlative excellence of one play.

Surveying his work as a whole, we find that he has little creative power, little poetic quality, no subtlety of versification, and generally no ability to breathe into the persons of his drama the breath of life. Young Geraldine, in "The English Traveller" may be the perfect type of gentleman; but does the perfect type exist? The merits with which Heywood atones for his weaknesses are—his absence of affectation, the moral tone of his work, his fine conception of what constitutes the gentleman, his possession of a standard of benevolence far in advance of his time, vivacity, a strong theatrical sense, extraordinary facility, a power of simple pathos, and a certain pictorial quality. Neither his prose nor his verse is distinguished; but both are always workmanlike and clear, despite his fondness for his own coinages in pretentious Latinism. He was, like Rowley and Dekker, a Londoner to his finger tips; and he was as patriotic as Peele, without being so chauvinistic. We may see a personal trait in his readiness to endow his characters with the desire to make great public benefactions, while his sterling honesty shines out through his conceptions of his heroes. The high principles of Heywood and the tender-heartedness of Dekker make these two the most lovable of all the old dramatists.

Heywood's humor is of a hearty quality, but with no marked individuality. His childish fondness for punning is quite Shakespearean. His clowns are nearly all of the one pattern. His early verse carries a great deal of rhyme; in his later verse one sees the influence of much younger men, such as Massinger. One must not conclude without a reference to his modesty. He seems to have had no suspicion that his plays could possibly be of interest to a subsequent generation, and to have given to the press such of his plays as were authorized by him only to forestall or to counteract unauthorized and corrupt versions.

Thomas Dekker

Learned writers have stated that there is no reason to suppose Dekker to have begun writing for the stage before 1598. There is more

learning than intel igence in such a statement. The first mention we have of him is, it is true, in 1598, when his name appears in Henslowe's Diary; but in that very year Meres lists him among the best for tragedy. What the tragic work was for which he was included we do not know; but plainly it was for some other company than Henslowe's. It is fair to presume that he must have been writing for at least two or three years for him to have secured this recognition. The latest, then, at which we would be justified in putting his beginnings would be 1595–6; but also his handwriting has been recognized in the "Moore" manuscript, which Dr. Tannenbaum has shown reasons for dating the early part of 1593, but which, if his premises be rejected, we may have to date 1598–9.

We know neither when Dekker was born nor when he died. All we can say is that he began writing not later than the early 'nineties and that he drops out of sight in the 'thirties. It is usually stated that he was born in 1572, because in an epistle to his "English Villanies," issued in 1632, he speaks of his threescore years; but that may mean anything from 60 (or less) to 65. Hence his birthday may have been as early as 1567. To treat Dekker as beginning author in 1593 is entirely reasonable. Such details of his life as we possess illustrate his character as a dramatist, as his dramatic work illustrates his character as a man. He was always in debt, and often in prison by reason of it. We know of one period of three years he spent in enforced seclusion (from 1613 to '16). It is easy enough to conclude that he was a "shiftless companion," with no more sense of order in his life than he exhibits in his plays—and that is little enough. The faults of such a man are obvious; and the faults of his plays are no less obvious. He has no constructive faculty; if he gets a good dramatic idea (and he often does), he does not know how to make the most or the best of it; his style is frequently exceedingly slovenly; and his story is sometimes so chaotic as to be incomprehensible. Yet, great as are the faults of the plays, overshadowing the merits in most cases, those merits are very great. So, in himself, his faults are set off by virtues which place him apart from and above all the other dramatists of his time. He is the most lovable of all, by reason of his deep sympathy with every form of suffering. It is he, and only he, who, in one of his many pamphlets, voices his sympathy with the victim of the cruel sport of bear-baiting. There is a compassion, a tenderness, a humanity, in his humor, as in his more serious moods, that makes an appeal to the heart such as is made by no other of his contemporaries. None but Dekker of the bleeding heart could have penned the lines:

> The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

None but he could have conceived an Orlando Friscobaldo. And yet this gentle spirit was wont to rant and rave and pile horror upon horror in his tragedies, in order to appeal to the brutal instincts of a bloody-minded public, that he might live! Nothing, we may be sure, could have been further from his real sentiments than such brutalities; but he had to supply what his masters demanded, if he wished to keep out of prison.

He was a man of so fine a genius that he should never have had to do hack work; yet it was hack work that he had to do nearly all his life. The result was that he had to waste time on work not only unworthy of him, but that men of much less genius could have done much better. It is not perhaps altogether the fault of his circumstances that he has left behind him nothing really worthy of his powers; his defects were bound to overwhelm his qualities; yet those qualities are of the greatest. Not only had he the kindliness, the tenderness, to which reference has already been made; he also possessed a rare gift of exquisite simplicity of expression, a power of vivid presentation of the picture he desired to set before us, a wonderful lyrical gift, and, in Lamb's words, "poetry enough for anything"—that is to say, not merely the ability to express his ideas beautifully, but the power of conceiving ideas beautiful in themselves.

Dekker is one of six great dramatists of the time who present us with pictures of the everyday life of the England of their period, and who are accordingly the most valuable of all for study by those whose main aim is to understand the age, so far as it was illustrated in the life of the people. The other five are Porter, Jonson, Heywood, Middleton, and Rowley. The greatest of the six are Jonson and Middleton; but it is from Dekker and Heywood that we get the truth that is touched with sympathy; and that is the real truth.

Taking both dramatic quality and literary charm into consideration, by far his greatest play is the one given here. From the point of view of poetry the finest of his dramatic efforts is "Fortunatus"; but it is only third-rate as drama. As printed in 1599–1600, it is called "Old Fortunatus in his New Livery," which means that it was an old play new vamped. Dekker altered the original play for the Admiral's men in 1599. That he was the original author may be inferred from the fact that the style seems to be wholly his. This affords yet another reason for believing him to have been an established playwright long before 1598. The first part of the old "Fortunatus" was an old play in

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February, 1595–6. The extant play has seeming allusions to the Martin Marprelate controversy that may go back to 1590 or earlier.

Dekker, like Heywood and Porter, but even more than they, varied from the blank verse tradition by incorporating in his plays many lengthy passages wholly in rhyme. These he manages with great art. His rhyme is never boresome and turgid like so much of the Restoration heroic plays; it flows as easily and sweetly as his blank verse. It suits him, indeed; for it confines his wayward and careless genius, giving it a regularity and a dignity that it too often lacks.

George Chapman

There are men whom one places in the front rank of Elizabethan dramatists only hesitatingly, because their qualities are balanced by great defects—defects so considerable that one feels they would not pass muster if they were submitted to an academic test. Dekker is one; Massinger is another; Chapman is a third. The emotional quality of Dekker's best work, its poetical beauty, the perfection of its simplicity ought not, one feels, to suffice for an exceptionally high rating for him in face of his entire lack of constructive ability. With Massinger, on the contrary, it is the combination of qualities that pulls him through, despite the fact that he never thrills us as do the other great men of the time. As for Chapman, we cannot fail to recognize a deficiency in dramatic and psychologic standards; but, when we think of the poetic and philosophic content of his plays, we cannot deny him his place.

Born in 1559, he had begun his career in the theatre by 1596, when his name first appears in Henslowe's Diary. He is ordinarily reckoned to have commenced in 1594, because in November of that year a "Cæsar and Pompey" figures in Henslowe's list; but that can hardly have been his, since his play on the same subject has a dedication declaring it to be unacted early work. Nevertheless, Chapman dates back even further, if we credit him, as we apparently should do, with the "Charlemagne" mentioned by Peele in 1589. He was then in his thirtieth year; and quite likely his beginnings were still earlier; if not, he was later in starting than any other considerable dramatist of the period the commencement of whose theatrical career can be fixed with any certainty.

Of all the great men of his time, Chapman was one of the most unequal, one of the most remarkable in the admixture of truly sovereign qualities with others that are paltry and puerile. In no other Elizabethan dramatist is to be found such a depth and strength of ethical reflection; and again and again he ruins it by metaphysical

oversubtlety. From his plays may be selected passages of extraordinary beauty and most graceful fancy; but they have to be extracted from a wilderness of hyperbolical extravagance and wearisome pedantry. He was almost, or quite, as learned as Jonson; but he never learnt to wear his learning lightly. Scenes of great power and splendid dignity are separated by feeble scenes of supposed humor. Ofttimes his story is narrated with amazing vigor in a language that leaves little or nothing to be desired; and anon he will digress into totally undramatic philosophical disquisitions. Now his play is the wildest melodrama told quite calmly; again it is tranquil incident told in the most extravagant heroics.

There is in Chapman a strong strain of perversity. It is to be seen in his often grotesque imagery and in a dialectical ingenuity that made him eager to defend lost causes and shattered reputations. Such was his apology for the crime of the infamous day of St. Bartholomew, 1572, which is to be seen in "The Revenge of Bussy"; such was his eulogy of the character and policy of Philip II which confronts the reader of his epic—for it is rather an epic than a brace of plays—on Biron. Of knowledge of womankind, of the emotional intensity of the lover, of the ordinary feelings of the average man, he seems to have been almost entirely ignorant; but, when all has been said that can be said against him, he remains a very great writer in the dramatic form—great even in his faults: his defects are not the petty defects of the negligible man.

In the circumstances, it is not surprising that Chapman produced no truly great play, and (outside of the collaborated "Eastward Hoe") but two—one comedy, "All Fools," and one tragedy, "Chabot"—that demand really favorable notice. He appears to have despised his work in comedy; and indeed much of it is poor enough; yet in "All Fools" one encounters, and is surprised to encounter, a true comic spirit and a certain amount of comic invention, though it has to be borne in mind that this excellently designed play is only an adaptation from the Italian. He is seen at his best in occasional comic scenes, for the reason that he considers there is in them no need for him to show his best. Caring little for his comedies, he threw aside his pretentiousness, his dignified strutting, and was content to be natural in his style and clear in his exposition. He is usually considered to be at his best in the two "Bussy" plays; but as works of art they are extraordinarily defective. The first of the two plays begins as if it were going to be a masterpiece of the first order; but it tails off into the wildest absurdity. It contains many passages of real sublimity rubbing shoulders with others that are sheerly ridiculous. By far the most moving, the most compact, the best sustained, and the least fantastic of his tragedies is

"Chabot," in which the hand of Shirley is also to be seen, probably not as a result of collaboration, but as a result of later patching. What is best in it is Chapman's, though Shirley's part is by no means contemptible.

Chapman's versification is unvaryingly Marlovian, being regularly pentametrical, without superfluous syllables in the body of the verse. If verse tests be applied to his work, it will be seen to vary but little, which means that Chapman did not progress with the passage of the years.

Benjamin Jonson

"Rare Ben Jonson" (whose name was originally Johnson, but who adopted the spelling by which he is always known) was born in London in 1572–3, the son of a clergyman, and the stepson of a master bricklayer. He was educated at Westminster, but did not proceed thence to either of the universities. Of all the years intervening between his leaving school and coming under our notice as a writer for Henslowe, we know but three things:

1. He followed his stepfather's trade for a time. His enemies have taken good care to let us know that.
2. He did a bit of fighting in the Low Countries.
3. He became an actor in a strolling company, and (presumably later) at Paris Garden. Dekker makes this plain to us in "Satiromastix."

He appears in Meres' list in 1598 as one of the best for tragedy, whence we may conclude that he had begun writing tragedies long before he first appears in Henslowe's Diary, in July, 1597. It is unfortunate that of those early dramatic efforts we possess, so far as we are aware, not a single one. Like many a theorist, he failed to recognize the importance of any work he did not in accordance with his theory; so, when he collected his plays in 1616, he omitted all the early examples of his manner, though scholars would be willing to spare one or two of his wearisome, quarrelsome, personal satires for one play that would illustrate his early work in romantic tragedy.

In 1598 he leaped into prominence with one of his most famous, but, despite the praise accorded to it, not one of his best, works, "Every Man in his Humour." In 1616 was published a folio volume containing his "Works"—a matter of importance in itself, but of treble importance in that, without such a collection, we should probably never have had the folio collection of the plays of Shakespeare. By that time his greatness as a dramatist was past; for nine years he did nothing whatever for the stage; and the plays he wrote when he returned to it are of little account. In 1625 he was struck down by the

palsy, but recovered to some extent, though neither mentally nor physically was he quite the same man again. In August, 1637, he died.

It is an interesting question, and one frequently debated, who ranks next to Shakespeare among the dramatists of the period. Many hold to Marlowe, many to Webster, many to Jonson, a few to Beaumont and Fletcher (treating the two as forming but a single entity): but between the recognition of Jonson and the recognition of Marlowe and Webster there is this difference, that, while the greatness of Marlowe is generally acknowledged, and the greatness of Webster by all but an insignificant few, there are not a few depreciators of Jonson, when he is regarded in relation to his fellows. That is because his qualities are his own: compared with others in regard to *their* qualities he may cut but a sorry figure, as some of his critics are fond of pointing out; but compare the others with him in *his* qualities, and they are equally overshadowed. Jonson stands apart from the rest, and he will be considered greater or less according to the angle from which he and they are viewed.

But also, in estimating relative greatness, quality is not the only thing to be taken into consideration: quantity, originality, and variety have also to be given their meed of attention. Those who are going to attach most importance to originality will award first place to Marlowe, though the creativeness of Jonson was also of a very high order; those who judge by height of attainment will give the honors to Webster, for the superexcellence of his "Duchess of Malfi," though Jonson must run him very close with "The Alchemist"; those who demand variety above everything else will place Middleton first, though Jonson's range was also very considerable; but, when we take for our standard the maintenance of a high order of merit throughout a number of works, Marlowe and Webster cannot compare with the others, and Jonson may be accorded the honors. Let us, however, admire and esteem them all, without making an invidious choice between them.

It is easy to discover flaws in Jonson's work: his "humors" are apt to become boresome; he runs his satire to death; he is much too prolix; in characterization he exaggerates certain traits at the expense of general truth, as Dickens did a quarter of a millenium later, so that he gives us caricatures rather than human beings, shows us their habits and their manners rather than their souls; but, for all that, he gave us in "The Alchemist" the greatest satirical comedy in the language, and in "Volpone" the greatest satirical tragi-comedy.

Because he was for so many years Shakespeare's only rival, and because he is supposed to have been envious of Shakespeare's success, Jonson has been submitted to almost as much unfavorable comment as Greene, and is frequently compared with Shakespeare, invariably, it is

hardly necessary to say, to his entire disadvantage. Shakespeare must always be declared to be superior to all the other dramatists in every quality. He was not. If it be desired to pay the highest possible compliment to any of Shakespeare's contemporaries in regard to any single quality, it is declared that he outshines everyone else, "except Shakespeare"; and this is said in regard to qualities that are not pre-eminently Shakespearean. It is an exception that the critic needs to make for the sake of his own reputation. Thus we have Professor C. H. Herford saying in the introduction to the first Jonson volume in the Mermaid Series that "as an observer Jonson had no equal among his contemporaries save Shakespeare." As a matter of fact, in the matter of observation, Jonson was incomparably the greatest of his time. If we must compare Shakespeare with Jonson without bias, we must decide that in tragedy Jonson does not reach up to his rival's middle, but that in comedy he is as much superior in structure, in the conception and execution of a plot suitable to a play of that character, and in the subordination of all else to an underlying satiric or comic idea as Shakespeare is superior in the lifelikeness of his individual creations. There is nothing of Shakespeare's that is so truly a comedy of ideas as is either of the two prime masterpieces of Jonson. The latter must, of course, have the fact cast in his teeth that his plays were but for an age, while Shakespeare's are for all time. It is true; but why? because the basis of Jonson's work is observation, while the basis of Shakespeare's is imagination. Jonson wrote of his own time; Shakespeare of any time. There we have the great stumbling block to the reading of Jonson: for his proper appreciation the reader needs to have some knowledge of Elizabethan life and conditions; for the study of Shakespeare he needs none. If we want to get a knowledge of Elizabethan England, there are many other dramatists to be preferred to Shakespeare; but, if we have not that knowledge, they are harder reading.

Jonson's love of detail makes his poorer plays unreadable and flaws even his masterpieces. Let no one begin acquaintance with Jonson with one of his later failures or with one of those miserable productions in which he prostituted his genius in the furtherance of personal quarrels of purely local and ephemeral interest; with a play where he let his theories run away with him or where the humors he illustrates are dull in themselves. If he does, he will probably want to go no further. There is, in fact, a tremendous difference between Jonson drunk and Jonson sober; between Jonson at his best and Jonson at his worst. Too often he is judged by what he is at his worst.

In his best plays let the masterly construction be noted, the marvellous management of complicated plots; and note too the splendid

inventiveness. In the best plot of them all—that of "The Alchemist" —he is indebted to nobody; and it is but few Elizabethan plays of which that can be said. Almost all the dramatists, from Shakespeare downward, were only too ready to rely upon the inventiveness of Latin and Italian and Spanish and French writers. Another thing to note is his adherence to the three unities, and his addition of a fourth, a unity of tone or atmosphere or spirit. So far from being hampered by his adherence to the unities, they seem to have been a help to him by drawing out the best that was in him. Note yet again that, if he is the poet of humors, he is also the poet of humor. If his fame has been almost killed by his humors, it may well live by his humor. One drawback to be found in all his plays is the colorlessness of his good characters; it is only his rogues who have in them the breath of life; but what a magnificent gallery of the picaresque they constitute! The fact is that Jonson was not a psychologist, only an observer. As a painter of human weaknesses he is not easy to surpass, but he did not know enough of the human soul to let the good and the evil dwell together in any one of his characters.

Besides the plays taken here, mention must be made of "The Sad Shepherd." Of all his plays it is the least characteristic; yet he cannot be understood without it. It falls a little short of greatness, but it is the finest pastoral in the language, decidedly superior to Fletcher's somewhat overrated "Faithful Shepherdess." Jonson shows himself in many of his lyrics a great poet; and he shows himself a poet here too. The pastoral has another claim to consideration in that it shows us Jonson in a romantic mood, and gives us an inkling—but no more than an inkling—of what his early tragedies may have been like. The pastoral nature of the play prevents our drawing too definite inferences; and it dates, at its earliest, from a period about a decade and a half from the time when its author was writing romantic tragedies. There has been much argument over its date; and it seems reasonable to regard each of the two views put forward as having in it a measure of truth—that Jonson began it in the second decade of the seventeenth century (as is shown by various allusions), and that he was also at work on it just prior to his death (as is shown in the prologue). The difficulty is that the style does not fit in with that of either period. The pastoral is but a fragment, consisting of only some 2½ acts out of 5.

Jonson has never received due credit for his two tragedies, "Sejanus" and "Catiline." They are often treated as showing that Jonson had no gift for tragedy. What they do show is that his gift in that branch of the drama was not akin to that of his contemporaries. The plays are not to be judged by the standards of romantic tragedy, for their aim is not to play upon our sympathy or to stir us to horror or terror.

Jonson's immense knowledge of the life of ancient Rome is almost a drawback, since for the full appreciation of the two plays a knowledge almost equal to his own is required.

Finally, there is that rollicking farce "The Silent Woman," a masterpiece of construction, in which the crowning surprise is sprung upon the audience only at the last moment. For its complete enjoyment, we must not regard it as more than farce.

None of the Elizabethans was more the conscious artist than was Jonson, and his was unquestionably the most commanding personality among all the dramatists. It is because he was so loved and so hated that we know so much more about him than about any other. He was a great quarreller, a great fighter, a "big" man in every sense of the word. He knew his bigness, and did not hesitate to let others know that he knew it. The only one of his fellow playwrights to vie with him in learning was Chapman, who as a dramatist is not to be compared with him. Jonson is not to be read as a dramatist alone, but also as a critic and as a scholar. He is always teaching, always satirizing, always working on his theories.

John Marston

Marston is one of the less attractive of the great dramatists. He repels the plain man by his persistent bitterness; the moralist, by his filthiness; the reader of taste, by his bombast, his pretentiousness, the exaggeration of his language, the magniloquence of his imagery; the student, by his affected vocabulary, the crabbedness of his utterance. But we must not allow these defects to blind us to the real power of the man, to his ability to move on a very lofty plane of tragedy, to the frequently telling incisiveness of his dialogue, to the humorous understanding of human nature that he often manifests. He is uneven, not merely, as so many Elizabethans are, from play to play, from act to act, from scene to scene, but from speech to speech, from sentence to sentence, from phrase to phrase. He descends in a moment from a passage of tremendous dramatic force into the merest commonplace; in the midst of rant unworthy of a third-rater we may find a piece of imagery worthy of Shakespeare.

He is usually regarded as being seen at his best in "The Malcontent." That is largely a traditional view. Of recent years, more independent-minded scholars have shown a tendency to elevate "The Dutch Courtezan" to first place. Setting aside "Eastward Hoe," his best achievement is to be seen either in that play or "The Fawn." There are some dull pages in the latter, and the characters are (with the exception of the heroine, who is delightful) scarcely to be considered human, since

all of them talk like philosophers; but there is much wit and humor of a very cynical quality, and there is also some real poetry. The play, however, lacks compactness. "The Dutch Courtezan" is a very lively and ingenious play, so full of "go" that for its equal in that respect we have to turn to the comedies of Fletcher or to the anonymous "Look about You," which is probably the work of Anthony Wadeson. Here we have not only his best-managed plot, but also his best-conceived characters. The gay and roguish Cocledemoy is surely sprung from the Italian comedy, being of the lineage of Scappino, Brighella, and the other merry rascals who gave so much trouble to the pedantic Dr. Graziano and the ostentatious, but curmudgeonly, Pantaleone. The bloody-minded harlot who gives her name to the play is broadly sketched, but finely; and in Beatrice this scornful and foul-mouthed satirist has shown himself capable of conceiving a woman of more than womanly tenderness. If the underplot be Marston's own invention, he is deserving of much credit, for it is not only exceedingly well managed, but is most laughable in its broad fun, and most entertaining in the rapidity, variety, and unexpectedness of its movement. Add to this the frequently witty dialogue, the occasional aphoristic utterance, and the fulness of comic spirit, and we may declare those justified who regard it as Marston's best play.

His tragedies are much less satisfying. They contain magnificent passages, but do not make good drama. Their brutal violence, their deliberate uncouthness, their incredible incidents are destructive of appreciation of the passages they contain of real beauty and grandeur and pathos. Marston succeeded better where he did not feel the compulsion to show himself a master of moving and terror-inspiring verse. He is most admirable when least ambitious: the more vigorous he is, the more awkward becomes the expression of his thoughts; the more anxious he is to tread lightly and daintily, the more clumsy and heavy are his movements; the higher his moral aim, the grosser his indecency; and, the greater he desires to impress, the less he impresses.

It has to be borne in mind in attempting to estimate his talent that his connection with the stage lasted probably only some nine years. He is spoken of by Henslowe in September, 1599, as "the new poet"; and, though that may possibly mean only that he was new to Henslowe, the probabilities are that he was then beginning his theatrical career. Born in 1576, he matriculated at Oxford 1591–2 and took a degree two years later. He was in print in 1598 with satires in verse. His entire literary career was stormy. He held Jonson up to ridicule; and what is called "The war of the theatres" followed, with Jonson on the one side, and Marston and Dekker and (though his part in it is not known to us) Shakespeare on the other. Then he was, seemingly, responsible

for the trouble in which Chapman and Jonson found themselves over "Eastward Hoe," though he himself appears to have escaped arrest; and, finally, in June, 1608, he was committed to Newgate, probably for satirizing King James in a play that, unfortunately, is lost. He is not heard of again in connection with the stage. He probably realized that the theatrical calling was not a safe one for a man of his temperament. We next hear of him as taking holy orders and obtaining the living of Christchurch, in Hampshire, in October, 1616. He died in June, 1634. As, when he retired from the theatre, he was but 32 or in his 32nd year, we may well believe that, had he continued writing, he would have modified the virility of his outlook and the ruggedness of his style, have lost his youthful extravagances, and have produced masterpieces comparable with those of men who now rank higher than he, for his main need was the pruning of the excesses of his great qualities.

CAMPASPE

BY

JOHN LYLY

INTRODUCTION

This famous play was first published anonymously in 1584, under the title of "Alexander, Campaspe, and Diogenes," as "played before the Queen's Majesty on New Year's Day at night by her Majesty's Children and the Children of Paul's." In 1591 it was again published anonymously; and in 1632 it was included by Blount among "Six Court Comedies" that he credited to Lyly. That is not quite all, however; for there were no fewer than three quartos issued in 1584, all three of them crediting the performance before the Queen to Her Majesty's Children and the Children of Paul's, but one of them giving the date of performance as Twelfth Night, instead of New Year's night, as did also the 1591 quarto and the Blount edition. All but the first quarto give the name as "Campaspe," but have for a running title "Alexander and Campaspe."

It is generally assumed that, because in June or July, 1583, Lyly was presented by the Earl of Oxford with the lease of Blackfriars Hall, where the Queen's Revels Children and the Paul's Boys were wont to give their Court plays for the benefit of the good citizens of London, Lyly at once rushed to the writing of his first play and produced "Campaspe" in a great hurry. That is extremely unlikely; nor is it at all likely that in such a case the play would almost immediately be given to the printer. The statement that the play was acted before the Queen on a specified day would seem to imply a date in the year 1584, the year of publication, but does not really do so, as a consideration of the various Lyly quarto statements serves to show. Yet for the play as it stands 1583 is the likeliest date for its stage performance and 1583–4 for its Court production. Bond's attempt to establish a date of 1581–2 for the presentation at Court fails, because it constitutes a repudiation of the available data. The real choice for the date of the first production of the play lies between 1583 and 1579.

If we assume the play to have been given at Court in January, 1583–4, we shall be justified in assuming a Blackfriars production of 1583. The prologue at Court shows that the Court performance was subsequent to the public one, and we know that Court productions were almost invariably within twelve months of the theatre staging. But, if we take the play to have been acted in 1583, it does not follow that it was written in that year or that the version then presented was the

original one. There are reasons to think both that it was written earlier and that it had undergone revision.

The reasons for believing that the play was written in 1579 and produced the same year have been detailed at some length in dealing with the author. There is also evidence of revision, and cause to regard the play as containing a fragment of a work dating back some years before 1579. Two things to be especially noted about the opening scene are: (a) that Campaspe does not exercise over Alexander the fascination that would be expected by one who knows what is to come; (b) that it contains the promise of an important part for Timoclea, who, as a matter of fact, makes no further appearance. In connection with these two strange facts we have to remember that at Hampton Court, in the winter of 1573–4, had been presented a "Timoclea at the siege of Thebes by Alexander"; and then we are faced by the question whether a fragment of that older play has not descended to us in this. That that older play was Lyly's is very unlikely, especially as he was still at Oxford when it was presented. But that an old play by another author should have been used is by no means unlikely, though, as an inexperienced dramatist, Lyly may have been quite capable of introducing Timoclea direct from the pages of Plutarch for no other purpose than to show the nobility of Alexander's character.

But, if there really be here a fragment of a play of 1573, it is much more likely to have been incorporated in a revision of 1583 than in the original writing in 1579. We know from the prologue at the Blackfriars that the work was done in haste, while there is no reason to suppose that the original version was rushed. One of the first thoughts of the dramatist in a hurry in the age of Elizabeth was, whether any existing play could be used to help him out; and so it probably was with Lyly; but that, it is to be noted, is essentially the procedure of the experienced professional dramatist, and not the work of a literary man giving his first play-offering to the public. Lyly was much more likely to do that in 1583 than in 1579, when the play was first written.

We may then agree with Professor C. W. Wallace that this play was presented at Court in 1583–4; but there is no need to agree with him, when, after telling us that the Earl of Oxford made a present of the Blackfriars' lease to Lyly in or about June, 1583, he goes on to say, "It was a great opportunity for him, to have a theatre of his own; and it made a dramatist of him." It is much more probable that it was because he was already a dramatist that he was done this good turn. Wallace, in short, is not justified in saying of "Campaspe" and "Sapho," "We know finally that he wrote these two plays within the following six or eight months" of June, 1583.

Whether or not the lovely lyrics scattered throughout Lyly's plays

are his or not is a matter hotly debated. There is no real proof that they are, and no real proof that they are not. The doubt arises from the fact that they were first published in Blount's "Six Court Comedies" in 1632. Of the songs in "Campaspe," the drinking-ditty in I has been declared to be of late date because of the mention of canary; but this has been denied, canary wine having been known in England before Lyly began to write. The beautiful bird-song in V is found also in Dekker and Ford's "Sun's Darling," and, as it seems more in place there, is generally regarded as the work of that dainty lyrist Dekker. Apelles' song in III, however, is, in its direct naming of Campaspe, seemingly proper to the play; and the question arises, If that be genuine, why not the others also? The problem is, however, not one to dogmatize upon.

To show the relation of "Campaspe" to Lyly's other prose plays, its place in the various characteristics noted by Bond may be stated. In reminiscences of "Euphues" it comes first; in single balance and transverse alliteration, first; in alliteration of a balanced sequence, third to "Endimion" and "Sapho"; in Latin quotations, fourth to "Midas," "Love's Metamorphosis," and "Mother Bombie"; in classical allusions, first; in fabulous natural history, third to "Sapho" and "Gallathea"; in rhyme, second to "Sapho"; in repetition, first; in consonance (that is to say, with identity in vowels and consonants confined to portion or portions of words), fifth to "Gallathea," "Love's Metamorphosis," "Endimion," and "Sapho"; and in annomination (consonantal and vowel similarity), first with "Sapho."

The source of the story of Alexander's renunciation in favor of Apelles is the "Natural History" of Pliny. The story of the relations of Alexander to Hephestion, Timoclea, and others is got from Plutarch's Life of Alexander, in North's translation. These portions must belong to the presumed revision of 1583, since the dedication of North's book is dated January 1579–80, unless we are to assume that Lyly had seen it in manuscript, as is not unlikely. Plutarch, by the way, does not mention Campaspe. The Diogenes story is taken from Diogenes Laertius' "Vitae Philosophorum." It must not be overlooked that there was entered in the Stationers' Register, 1565–6, "a Ballett entitled an history of Alexander, Campaspe, and Apelles." This may or may not have been a play; but, if so, and if Lyly made any use of it, he must have entirely rewritten it.

Two features of the play which the student can scarcely miss are the not unattractive artificiality of the style—of which perhaps the most obvious marked characteristic is the frequent use of "Ay, but," as, for example, in that speech of Hephestion's in which he keeps answering the questions he himself raises—and the brilliance of the wit

and repartee, much of which would seem to be Lyly's own, though some of it is certainly lifted from his sources. There is too much of Diogenes; and the lack of passion is a flaw, the dramatist having made nothing of his opportunity of exhibiting a conflict in Alexander's breast between love and duty. There is a very nice touch in the suggestion that Hephestion loves Campaspe and plays the lapwing's part towards Alexander; but the idea is not followed up. Of plot there is almost a minimum. It may be reduced to a dozen words: Alexander loves Campaspe; Campaspe and Apelles love one another; Alexander gives way: that is all. Lyly allowed himself great license in the matter of scene-transference, as also did Marlowe. Such license is not uncommon in the plays of the pre-Shakespearean era.

It may be worth while to inform the student that, though there are references to the world-wide nature of Alexander's fame, the incidents narrated are supposed to have occurred prior to his world-conquering career.

CHARACTERS

ALEXANDER, *King of Macedon.*
HEPHESTION, *his General.*
CLYTUS, PARMENIO, MILECTUS, PHRYGIUS — *Warriors.*
MELIPPUS, *Chamberlain to Alexander.*
ARISTOTLE, DIOGENES, PLATO, CHRYSIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS, CRYSUS — *Philosophers.*

APELLES, *a Painter.*
SOLINUS, SYLVIUS — *Citizens of Athens.*
PERIM, MILO, TRICO — *Sons of Sylvius.*
GRANICUS, *Servant to Plato.*
MANES, *Servant to Diogenes.*
PSYLLUS, *Servant to Apelles.*
PAGE *to Alexander.*
CAMPASPE, TIMOCLEA — *Theban Captives.*
LAIS, *a Courtezan.*
Citizens of Athens, Soldiers, Populace.

PLACE: *Athens.*

TIME: *4th Century* B.C.

CAMPASPE

THE PROLOGUE AT THE BLACKFRIARS

They that fear the stinging of wasps make fans of peacocks' tails, whose spots are like eyes; and Lepidus, which could not sleep for the chattering of birds, set up a beast whose head was like a dragon; and we, which stand in awe of report, are compelled to set before our owl Pallas' shield, thinking by her virtue to cover the other's deformity. It was a sign of famine to Egypt when Nilus flowed less than twelve cubits or more than eighteen; and it may threaten despair unto us if we be less curious than you look or more cumbersome. But, as Theseus, being promised to be brought to an eagle's nest, and, travailing all the day, found but a wren in a hedge, yet said, "This is a bird," so, we hope, if the shower of our swelling mountain seem to bring forth some elephant, perform but a mouse, you will gently say, "This is a beast." Basil, softly touched, yieldeth a sweet scent; but, chafed in the hand, a rank savor. We fear, even so, that our labors, slily glanced on, will breed some content, but, examined to the proof, small commendation. The haste in performing shall be our excuse. There went two nights to the begetting of Hercules; feathers appear not on the Phœnix under seven months; and the mulberry is twelve in budding; but our travails are like the hare's, who at one time bringeth forth, nourisheth, and engend'reth again, or like the brood of Trochilus, whose eggs in the same moment that they are laid become birds. But, howsoever we finish our word, we crave pardon if we offend in matter, and patience if we transgress in manners. We have mixed mirth with counsel, and discipline with delight, thinking it not amiss in the same garden to sow pot-herbs that we set flowers; but we hope, as harts that cast their horns, snakes their skins, eagles their bills, become more fresh for any other labor, so, our charge being shaken off, we shall be fit for greater matters. But, lest, like the Myndians, we make our gates greater than our town, and that our play runs out at the preface, we here conclude, wishing that, although there be in your precise judgments an universal mislike, yet we may enjoy by your wonted courtesies a general silence.

THE PROLOGUE AT THE COURT

We are ashamed that our bird, which fluttered by twilight, seeming a swan, should be proved a bat, set against the sun; but, as Jupiter placed Silenus' ass among the stars, and Alcibiades covered his pictures, being owls and apes, with a curtain embroidered with lions and eagles, so are we enforced upon a rough discourse to draw on a smooth excuse, resembling lapidaries who think to hide the crack in a stone by setting it deep in gold. The gods supped once with poor Baucis; the Persian kings sometimes shaved sticks; our hope is, Your Highness will at this time lend an ear to an idle pastime. Appion, raising Homer from Hell, demanded only who was his father; and we, calling Alexander from his grave, seek only who was his love. Whatsoever we present, we wish it may be thought the dancing of Agrippa his shadows, who, in the moment they were seen, were of any shape one would conceive; or lynces [1] who, having a quick sight to discern, have a short memory to forget. With us it is like to fare as with these torches, which, giving light to others, consume themselves; and we, shewing delight to others, shame ourselves.

[1] lynxes.

ACT ONE

Scene I

Alexander's *forces have overcome Thebes. Two of his officers,* Clytus *and* Parmenio, *outside the walls of Athens, are discussing his warlike achievements.*

Cly. Parmenio, I cannot tell whether I should more commend in Alexander's victories courage or courtesy, in the one being a resolution without fear, in the other a liberality above custom. Thebes is razed, the people not racked: [10 towers thrown down, bodies not thrust aside; a conquest without conflict, and a cruel war in a mild peace.

Par. Clytus, it becometh the son of Philip to be none other than Alexander is; therefore, seeing in the father a full perfection, who could have doubted in the son an excellency? For, as the moon can borrow nothing else of the sun but light, so, of a sire in whom nothing [20 but virtue was, what could the child receive but singular? It is for turkies[2] to stain[3] each other, not for diamonds; in the one to be made a difference in goodness, in the other no comparison.

Cly. You mistake me, Parmenio, if, whilest I commend Alexander, you imagine I call Philip into question; unless, happily you conjecture (which none of judgment will conceive) that, because [30 I like the fruit, therefore I heave at the tree, or, coveting to kiss the child, I therefore go about to poison the teat.

Par. Ay, but, Clytus, I perceive you are born in the east, and never laugh but at the sun rising; which argueth, though a duty where you ought, yet no great devotion where you might.

Cly. We will make no controversy of that [of] which there ought to be no [40 question; only this shall be the opinion of us both, that none was worthy to be the father of Alexander but Philip, nor any meet to be the son of Philip but Alexander.

Soldiers enter, bringing in Timoclea, Campaspe, *and other captives, and carrying spoils.* Timoclea *bears herself proudly and bravely, while* Campaspe *is dejected and terror-stricken.* [50

Par. Soft, Clytus, behold the spoils and prisoners: a pleasant sight to us, because profit is joined with honor; not much painful to them, because their captivity is eased by mercy.

Timo. Fortune, thou didst never deceive virtue, because virtue never yet did trust fortune: sword and fire will never get spoil where wisdom and fortitude bears sway. O Thebes, thy walls were [60 raised by the sweetness of the harp, but razed by the shrillness of the trumpet! Alexander had never come so near the walls, had Epaminondas walked about the walls; and yet might the Thebans have been merry in their streets, if he had been to watch their towers. But destiny is seldom foreseen, never prevented. We are here now captives, whose necks are yoked by force, but whose hearts can- [70 not yield by death.—Come, Campaspe and the rest, let us not be ashamed to cast our eyes on him on whom we feared not to cast our darts.

Par. Madame, you need not doubt; it is Alexander that is the conqueror.

Timo. Alexander has overcome, not conquered.

Par. To bring all under his subjection is to conquer. [80

Timo. He cannot subdue that which is divine.

Par. Thebes was not.

Timo. Virtue is.

Cly. Alexander, as he tend'reth virtue, so he will you. He drinketh not blood, but thirsteth after honor; he is greedy of victory, but never satisfied with mercy; in fight terrible, as becometh a captain; in conquest mild, as be- [90 seemeth a king; in all things than which nothing can be greater he is Alexander.

Cam. Then, if it be such a thing to be Alexander, I hope it shall be no miserable thing to be a virgin. For, if he save our honors, it is more than to restore our goods; and rather do I wish to preserve our fame than our lives; which if he do,

[2] turquoises. [3] excel.

we will confess there can be no greater thing than to be Alexander. [100

ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION *enter.*

ALEX. Clytus, are these prisoners? of whence these spoils?

CLY. Like[4] your majesty, they are prisoners and of Thebes.

ALEX. Of what calling or reputation?[5]

CLY. I know not, but they seem to be ladies of honor.

ALEX. I will know. [*To* TIMOCLEA.] Madam, of whence you are I know, [110 but who, I cannot tell.

TIMO. Alexander, I am the sister of Theagines, who fought a battle with thy father before the city of Chieronie, where he died, I say (which none can gainsay) valiantly.

ALEX. Lady, there seem in your words sparks of your brother's deeds, but worser fortune in your life than his death. But fear not, for you shall live [120 without violence, enemies, or necessity.[6] —But what are you, fair lady—another sister to Theagines?

CAM. No sister to Theagines, but a humble handmaid to Alexander, born of a mean parentage, but to extreme fortune.

ALEX. Well, ladies (for so your virtues show you), whatsoever your birth be, you shall be honorably entreated.[7] Athens shall be your Thebes, and [130 you shall not be as abjects[8] of war, but as subjects to Alexander.—Parmenio, conduct these honorable ladies into the city, charge the soldiers not so much as in words to offer them any offence, and let all wants be supplied so far forth as shall be necessary for such persons and my prisoners. [*Exeunt* PARMENIO *and captives.*] Hephestion, it resteth now that we have as great care to govern in peace [140 as conquer in war; that, whilst arms cease, arts may flourish, and, joining letters with lances, we endeavor to be as good philosophers as soldiers, knowing it is no less praise to be wise than commendable to be valiant.

HEPH. Your majesty therein showeth that you have as great desire to rule as to subdue; and needs must that commonwealth be fortune whose cap- [150 tain is a philosopher, and whose philosopher is a captain.

4 If it please. 5 rank. 6 want.
7 treated. 8 outcasts.

SCENE II

GRANICHUS, PSYLLUS, *and* MANES *are met in a public place.*

MANES, *miserably.* I serve, instead of a master, a mouse, whose house is a tub, whose dinner is a crust, and whose bed is a board.

PSYL. Then art thou in a state of life which philosophers commend. [*In the grave voice of wisdom*] A crumb for thy supper, an hand for thy cup, and [10 thy clothes for thy sheets. For *natura paucis contenta.*[9]

GRAN. Manes, it is pity so proper[10] a man should be cast away upon a philosopher; but that Diogenes, that dog, should have Manes, that dog-bolt, it grieveth nature and spiteth art; the one having found thee so dissolute—absolute, I would say—in body; the other so single—irregular—in mind. [20

MANES. Are you merry? It is a sign by the trip of your tongue, and the toss of your head, that you have done that to-day which I have not done these three days.

PSYL. What's that?

MANES, *sadly.* Dined.

GRAN. I think Diogenes keeps but cold cheer.

MANES. I would it were so, but he keepeth neither hot nor cold. [31

GRAN. What then, lukewarm? That made Manes run from his master last day.[11]

PSYL. Manes had reason, for his name foretold as much.

MANES. My name? How so, sir boy?

PSYL. You know that it is called *mons a movenda,*[12] because it stands still.

MANES. Good! [40

PSYL. And thou art named Manes *a manendo,*[13] because thou runnest away.

9 Nature is content with little.
10 handsome. 11 yesterday.
12 "mountain" from "moving."
13 from "standing still."

MANES. Passing[14] reasons! I did not run away, but retire.

PSYL. To a prison, because thou wouldst have leisure to contemplate.

MANES. I will prove that my body was immortal because it was in prison.

GRAN. As how?

MANES. Did your masters never teach you that the soul is immortal? [51

GRAN. Yes.

MANES. And the body is the prison of the soul?

GRAN. True.

MANES. Why then, thus: to make my body immortal, I put it in prison.

GRAN. Oh, bad!

PSYL. Excellent ill! [59

MANES. You may see how dull a fasting wit is: therefore, Psyllus, let us go to supper with Granichus. Plato is the best fellow of all philosophers: give me him that reads[15] in the morning in the school, and at noon in the kitchen.

PSYL. And me!

GRAN. Ah, sirs, my master is a king in his parlor for the body, and a god in his study for the soul. Among all his men he commendeth one that is an excellent [70 musician; then stand I by and clap another on the shoulder and say, "This is a passing good cook."

MANES. It is well done, Granichus; for give me pleasure that goes in at the mouth, not the ear; I had rather fill my guts than my brains.

PSYL. I serve Apelles, who feedeth me as Diogenes doth Manes; for at dinner the one preacheth abstinence, the other [80 commendeth counterfeiting[16]; when I would eat meat, he paints a spit; and when I thirst, "O," saith he, "is not this a fair pot?" and points to a table[17] which contains the banquet of the gods, where are many dishes to feed the eye, but not to fill the gut.

GRAN. What doest thou then?

PSYL. This doeth he then: bring in many examples that some have lived [90 by savors, and proveth that much easier it is to fat by colors, and tells of birds that have been fatted by painted grapes in winter, and how many have so fed their eyes with their mistress' picture that they never desired to take food, being glutted with the delight in their favors.[18] Then doth he show me counterfeits, such as have surfeited with their filthy and loathsome vomits, and the [100 riotous bacchanals of the god Bacchus and his disorderly crew which are painted all to the life in his shop. To conclude, I fare hardly, though I go richly, which maketh me, when I should begin to shadow[19] a lady's face, to draw a lamb's head, and sometime to set to the body of a maid a shoulder of mutton; for *semper animus meus est in patinis*.[20]

MANES. Thou art a god to[21] me; [110 for, could I see but a cook's shop painted, I would make mine eyes fat as butter. For I have nought but sentences[22] to fill my maw—as *plures occidit crapula quam gladius*[23]; *musa jejunantibus amica*[24]; repletion killeth delicately; and an old saw of abstinence [by] Socrates, the belly is the head's grave. Thus with sayings, not with meat, he maketh a gallimaufry. [120

GRAN. But how dost thou then live?

MANES. With fine jests, sweet air, and the dog's alms.

GRAN. Well, for this time I will staunch thy gut, and among pots and platters thou shalt see—[*striking an attitude*]—what it is to serve Plato.

PSYL. For joy of it, Granichus, let's sing.

MANES. My voice is as clear in the evening as in the morning. [131

GRAN. Another commodity[25] of emptiness.

GRAN.

O for a bowl of fat canary,
Rich Palermo, sparkling sherry,

[14] surpassing.
[15] teaches.
[16] painting.
[17] picture.
[18] beauties.
[19] paint.
[20] My mind is always in the dishes.
[21] compared to.
[22] aphorisms.
[23] Excess kills more than the sword.
[24] The muse is friendly to those who fast.
[25] profit.

Some nectar else from Juno's dairy;
O these draughts would make us merry!

PSYL.

O for a wench! I deal in faces
And in other daintier things:
Tickled am I with her embraces—
Fine dancing in such fairy rings.

MANES.

O for a plump fat leg of mutton,
Veal, lamb, capon, pig, and coney;
None is happy but a glutton,
None an ass but who wants money.

CHORUS.

Wines, indeed, and girls are good,
But brave victuals feast the blood;
For wenches, wine, and lusty cheer
Jove would leap down to surfeit here.

[They go off merrily arm in arm.

SCENE III

MELIPPUS *approaches the front of the palace. He has been on a mission for* ALEXANDER, *summoning philosophers to the* KING'S *presence. The stage represents the market-place; and at the far side of it (supposed to be a great distance away) is* DIOGENES' *tub.*

MEL. I had never such ado to warn scholars to come before a king. First I came to Chrysippus, a tall, lean, old, [10 mad man, willing him presently to appear before Alexander. He stood staring on my face, neither moving his eyes nor his body. I urging him to give some answer, he took up a book, sate down, and said nothing. Melissa, his maid, told me it was his manner, and that oftentimes she was fain to thrust meat into his mouth, for that he would rather starve than cease study. Well, thought I, see- [20 ing bookish men are so blockish, and great clerks[26] such simple courtiers, I will neither be partaker of their commons nor their commendations. From thence I came to Plato and to Aristotle and to diverse other; none refusing to come having an old obscure fellow who, sitting in a tub turned toward the sun, read Greek to a young boy. Him when I willed to appear before Alexander, he [30 answered, "If Alexander would fain see me, let him come to me; if learn of me, let him come to me; whatsoever it be, let him come to me." "Why," said I, "he is a king." He answered, "Why, I am a philosopher." "Why, but he is Alexander." "Ay, but I am Diogenes." I was half angry to see one so crooked in his shape to be so crabbed in his sayings. So, going my way, I said, "Thou shalt re- [40 pent it, if thou comest not to Alexander." "Nay," smiling, answered he, "Alexander may repent it if he come not to Diogenes: virtue must be sought, not offered." And so, turning himself in his cell, he grunted I know not what, like a pig under a tub. But I must be gone, the philosophers are coming. [48

[Exit into the palace.

Enter the philosophers—ARISTOTLE, PLATO, CHRYSIPPUS, CRATES, CLEANTHES, ANAXARCHUS.

PLATO. It is a difficult controversy, Aristotle, and rather to be wondered at than believed, how natural causes should work supernatural effects.

ARIS. I do not so much stand upon the apparition as seen in the moon, neither the Demonium of Socrates, as that I cannot by natural reason give any rea- [60 son of the ebbing and flowing of the sea; which makes me, in the depth of my studies, to cry out, *O Ens entium miserere mei.*[27]

PLATO. Cleanthes and you attribute so much to nature, by searching for things that are not to be found, that, whilst you study a cause of your own, you omit the occasion itself. There is no man so savage in whom resteth not this divine [70 particle, that there is an omnipotent, eternal, and divine mover, which may be called God.

CLE. I am of this mind, that that First Mover, which you term God, is the instrument of all the movings which we attribute to nature. The earth, which is mass, swimmeth on the sea, seasons divided in themselves, fruits growing in themselves, the majesty of the sky, [80 the whole firmament of the world, and

[26] scholars.

[27] O, Being of beings, have mercy upon me.

whatsoever else appeareth miraculous, what man, almost of mean capacity, but can prove it natural?

Anax. These causes shall be debated at our philosophers' feast, in which controversy I will take part with Aristotle that there is *Natura naturans*,[28] and yet not God. [89

Cra. And I with Plato that there is *Deus optimus maximus*[29] and not nature.

Aris. Here cometh Alexander.

Alexander *comes forth from the palace, with* Hephestion.

Alex. I see, Hephestion, that these philosophers are here attending for us.

Heph. They are not philosophers if they know not their duties.

Alex. But I much marvel Diogenes should be so dogged. [100

Heph. I do not think but his excuse will be better than Melippus' message.

Alex. I will go see him, Hephestion, because I long to see him that would command Alexander to come, to whom all the world is like to come.—Aristotle and the rest, sithence my coming from Thebes to Athens, from a place of conquest to a palace of quiet, I have resolved with myself in my court to have as many [110 philosophers as I had in my camp soldiers. My court shall be a school, wherein I will have used as great doctrine in peace as I did in war discipline.

Aris. We are all here ready to be commanded, and glad we are that we are commanded, for that nothing better becometh kings than literature, which maketh them come as near to the gods in wisdom as they do in dignity. [120

Alex. It is so, Aristotle, but yet there is among you, yea and of your bringing up, that sought to destroy Alexander—Calistenes, Aristotle, whose treasons against his prince shall not be borne out with the reasons of his philosophy.

Aris. If ever mischief entered into the heart of Calistenes, let Calistenes suffer for it; but that Aristotle ever imagined any such thing of Calistenes Aris- [130 totle doth deny.

[28] The creative power of nature.
[29] The God best and greatest.

Alex. Well, Aristotle, kindred may blind thee, and affection me; but in kings' causes I will not stand to scholars' arguments. This meeting shall be for a commandment that you all frequent my court, instruct the young with rules, confirm the old with reasons: let your lives be answerable to your learnings, lest my proceedings be contrary to my prom- [140 ises.

Heph. You said you would ask every one of them a question which yesternight none of us could answer.

Alex. I will. Plato, of all beasts which is the subtlest?

Plato. That which man hitherto never knew.

Alex. Aristotle, how should a man be thought a god? [150

Aris. In doing a thing impossible for a man.

Alex. Chrysippus, which was first, the day or the night?

Chry. The day, by a day.

Alex. Indeed, strange questions must have strange answers.—Cleanthes, what say you, is life or death the stronger?

Cle. Life, that suffereth so many troubles. [160

Alex. Crates, how long should a man live?

Cra. Till he think it better to die than to live.

Alex. Anaxarchus, whether doth the sea or the earth bring forth most creatures?

Anax. The earth, for the sea is but a part of the earth.

Alex. Hephestion, methinks they have answered all well, and in such questions I mean often to try them. [170

Heph. It is better to have in your court a wise man than in your ground a golden mine. Therefore would I leave war to study wisdom, were I Alexander.

Alex. So would I, were I Hephestion. But come, let us go and give release, as I promised, to our Theban thralls.

[*Exeunt* Alexander *and* Hephestion.

Plato, *as the Philosophers betake* [180 *themselves across the market-place.* Thou art fortunate, Aristotle, that Alexander is thy scholar.

ARIS. And all you happy, that he is your sovereign.

CHRY. I could like the man well, if he could be contented to be a man.

ARIS. He seeketh to draw near to the gods in knowledge; not to be a god. [189

[*They have by now reached* DIOGENES' *tub, where its owner is seen sitting.*

PLATO. Let us question a little with Diogenes why he went not with us to Alexander. Diogenes, thou didst forget thy duty, that thou went'st not with us to the king.

DIOG. And you your profession, that you went to the king.

PLATO. Thou takest as great pride to be peevish as others do glory to be virtuous. [201

DIOG. And thou as great honor, being a philosopher, to be thought courtlike, as others shame that be courtiers to be accounted philosophers.

ARIS. These austere manners set aside, it is well known that thou didst counterfeit money.

DIOG. And thou thy manners, in that thou didst not counterfeit money. [210

ARIS. Thou hast reason to contemn the court, being, both in body and mind, too crooked for a courtier.

DIOG. As good be crooked and endeavor to make myself straight from the court as be straight and learn to be crooked at the court.

CHRY. Thou thinkest it a grace to be opposite against Alexander.

DIOG. And thou to be jump[30] with Alexander. [221

ANAX. Let us go; for, in contemning him, we shall better please him than in wondering at him.

ARIS. Plato, what doest thou think of Diogenes?

PLATO. To be Socrates furious.[31] Let us go. [*The others depart, leaving* DIOGENES *alone.*

[30] agree.
[31] mad.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

PSYLLUS, MANES *and* GRANICHUS *enter.* DIOGENES *comes forth from his tub, holding a lighted lantern, though it is daylight.*

PSYL. Behold, Manes, where thy master is, seeking either for bones for his dinner or pins for his sleeves. I will go salute him.

MANES. Do so; but mum, not a word that you saw Manes! [10

GRAN. Then stay thou behind, and I will go with Psyllus.

[MANES *stands apart, while the others go to* DIOGENES.

PSYL. All hail, Diogenes, to your proper person.

DIOG. All hate to thy peevish conditions!

GRAN. O dog!

PSYL. What doest thou seek for [20 here?

DIOG. For a man and a beast.

GRAN. That is easy, without thy light, to be found: be not all these men?

DIOG. Called men.

GRAN. What beast is it thou lookest for?

DIOG. The beast my man, Manes.

PSYL. He is a beast indeed that will serve thee. [30

DIOG. So is he that begat thee.

GRAN. What wouldst thou do, if thou shouldst find Manes?

DIOG. Give him leave to do as he hath done before.

GRAN. What's that?

DIOG. To run away.

PSYL. Why, hast thou no need of Manes?

DIOG. It were a shame for Diogenes [40 to have need of Manes and for Manes to have no need of Diogenes.

GRAN. But, put the case he were gone, wouldst thou entertain any of us two?

DIOG. Upon condition.

PSYL. What?

DIOG. That you should tell me wherefore any of you both were good.

GRAN. Why, I am a scholar and well seen[1] in philosophy. [50

PSYL. And I a prentice and well seen in painting.

DIOG. Well then, Granichus, be thou a

[1] studied.

painter to amend thine ill face; and thou, Psyllus, a philosopher to correct thine evil manners.—But who is that? Manes?

MANES, *coming forward slowly*. I care not who I were, so I were not Manes.

GRAN. You are taken tardy. [59

PSYL. <Let us slip aside, Granichus, to see the salutation between Manes and his master.> [*They step aside.*

DIOG. Manes, thou knowest the last day I threw away my dish, to drink in my hand, because it was superfluous; now I am determined to put away my man and serve myself, *quia non egeo tui vel te*.[2]

MANES. Master, you know a while ago I ran away; so do I mean to do again, *quia scio tibi non esse argentum*.[3] [70

DIOG. I know I have no money, neither will I have ever a man, for I was resolved long sithence to put away both my slaves—money and Manes.

MANES. So was I determined to shake off both my dogs—hunger and Diogenes.

PSYL. <O sweet consent[4] between a crowd[5] and a Jew's-harp!

GRAN. Come, let us reconcile them.

PSYL. It shall not need, for this is [80 their use: now do they dine one upon another.> [DIOGENES *goes into his tub.*

GRAN., *coming forward with* PSYLLUS. How now, Manes, art thou gone from thy master?

MANES. No, I did but now bind myself to him.

PSYL. Why, you were at mortal jars!

MANES. In faith, no; we brake a bitter jest [illegible] upon another. [90

GRAN. Why, thou art as dogged as he.

PSYL. My father knew them both little whelps.

MANES. Well, I will hie me after my master.

GRAN. Why, is it supper time with Diogenes?

MANES. Ay, with him at all times when [illegible] hath meat.

PSYL. Why then, every man to his [illegible]; and let us steal out again anon. [101

GRAN. Where shall we meet?

[illegible]ave no need of thee (given in two con[illegible]ual forms).
[illegible]ause I know you are without money.
[illegible]mony.
[illegible]e.

PSYL. Why at *Alœ vendibili suspensa hædera non est opus*.[6]

MANES. O Psyllus, *habeo te loco parentis;*[7] thou blessest me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

It is again the market-place in front of the palace; with DIOGENES *in the distance sitting in front of his tub.*

Enter ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION, *followed by a* PAGE.

ALEX. Stand aside, sir boy, till you be called.—Hephestion, how do you like the sweet face of Campaspe?

HEPH. I cannot but commend the stout courage of Timoclea. [10

ALEX. Without doubt Campaspe had some great man to her father.

HEPH. You know Timoclea had Theagines to her brother.

ALEX. Timoclea still in thy mouth! Art thou not in love?

HEPH. Not I.

ALEX. Not with Timoclea, you mean; wherein you resemble the lapwing, who crieth most where her nest is not; [20 and, so you[8] lead me from espying your love with Campaspe, you cry Timoclea.

HEPH. Could I as well subdue kingdoms as I can my thoughts, or were I as far from ambition as I am from love, all the world would account me as valiant in arms as I know myself moderate in affection.

ALEX. Is love a vice?

HEPH. It is no virtue. [30

ALEX. Well, now shalt thou see what small difference I make between Alexander and Hephestion. And, since thou hast been always partaker of my triumphs, thou shalt be partaker of my torments. I love, Hephestion, I love! I love Campaspe—a thing far unfit for a Macedonian, for a king, for Alexander. Why hangest thou down thy head, Hephestion, blushing to hear that which [40 I am not ashamed to tell?

HEPH. Might my words crave pardon and my counsel credit, I would both discharge the duty of a subject, for so I am,

[6] Good ale needs no bush.
[7] I have thee as a parent.
[8] that you may.

and the office of a friend, for so I will.

Alex. Speak, Hephestion; for, whatsoever is spoken, Hephestion speaketh to Alexander.

Heph. I cannot tell, Alexander, whether the report be more shameful to [50 be heard or the cause sorrowful to be believed. What, is the son of Philip, king of Macedon, become the subject of Campaspe, the captive of Thebes? Is that mind whose greatness the world could not contain drawn within the compass of an idle alluring eye? Will you handle the spindle with Hercules when you should shake the spear with Achilles? Is the warlike sound of drum and trump [60 turned to the soft noise of lyre and lute, the neighing of barbed[9] steeds, whose loudness filled the air with terror and whose breaths dimmed the sun with smoke, converted to delicate tunes and amorous glances? O Alexander, that soft and yielding mind should not be in him whose hard and unconquered heart hath made so many yield. But you love! Ah grief! But whom? Campaspe. Ah [70 shame! A maid, forsooth, unknown, unnoble, and who can tell whether immodest? whose eyes are framed by art to enamor, and whose heart was made by nature to enchant.—Ay, but she is beautiful.—Yea, but not therefore chaste.—Ay, but she is comely in all parts of the body.—Yea, but she may be crooked in some part of the mind.—Ay, but she is wise.—Yea, but she is a woman. [80 Beauty is like the blackberry, which seemeth red when it is not ripe, resembling precious stones that are polished with honey, which, the smoother they look, the sooner they break. It is thought wonderful among the seamen, that mugil, of all fishes the swiftest, is found in the belly of the bret, of all the slowest: and shall it not seem monstrous to wise men that the heart of the greatest con- [90 queror of the world should be found in the hands of the weakest creature of nature, of a woman, of a captive? Hermyns[10] have fair skins, but foul livers; sepulchres, fresh colors, but rotten bones; women, fair faces, but foul hearts. Remember, Alexander, thou hast a camp to govern, not a chamber. Fall not from the armor of Mars to the arms of Venus, from the fiery assaults of war to the [100 maidenly skirmishes of love, from displaying the eagle in thine ensign to set down the sparrow. I sigh, Alexander, that, where fortune could not conquer, folly should overcome. But behold all the perfection that may be in Campaspe: a hair curling by nature, not art; sweet alluring eyes; a fair face made in despite of Venus; and a stately port in disdain of Juno; a wit apt to conceive and [110 quick to answer; a skin as soft as silk and as smooth as jet; a long white hand; a fine little foot—to conclude, all parts answerable to the best part. What of this? Though she have heavenly gifts, virtue, and beauty, is she not earthly metal, flesh and blood? You, Alexander, that would be a god, shew yourself in this worse than a man, so soon to be both overseen and overtaken in a woman, whose false [120 tears know their true times, whose smooth words wound deeper than sharp swords. There is no surfeit so dangerous as that of honey, nor any poison so deadly as that of love: in the one, physic cannot prevail; nor, in the other, counsel.

Alex. My case were light, Hephestion, and not worthy to be called love, if reason were a remedy, or sentences could salve that sense cannot conceive. Lit- [130 tle do you know and therefore slightly do you regard the dead embers in a private person or live coals in a great prince, whose passions and thoughts do as far exceed others in extremity as their callings do in majesty. An eclipse in the sun is more than the falling of a star: none can conceive the torments of a king, unless he be a king, whose desires are not inferior to their dignities. And then [140 judge, Hephestion, if the agonies of love be dangerous in a subject, whether they be not more than deadly unto Alexander, whose deep and not-to-be-conceived sighs cleave the heart in shivers, whose wounded thoughts can neither be expressed nor endured. Cease then, Hephes-

[9] armored.
[10] ermines.

tion, with argument to seek to refell [11] that which with their deity the gods cannot resist ; and let this suffice to answer [150 thee; that it is a king that loveth, and Alexander, whose affections are not to be measured by reason, being mortal, nor, I fear me, to be borne, being intolerable.

HEPH. I must needs yield, when neither reason nor counsel can be heard.

ALEX. Yield, Hephestion, for Alexander doth love, and therefore must obtain.

HEPH. Suppose she loves not you? Affection cometh not by appoint- [160 ment or birth; and then as good hated as enforced.

ALEX. I am a king, and will command.

HEPH. You may, to yield to lust by force, but to consent to love by fear you cannot.

ALEX. Why? What is that which Alexander may not conquer as he list?

HEPH. Why, that which you say the gods cannot resist, love. [170

ALEX. I am a conqueror, she a captive; I as fortunate as she fair, my greatness may answer her wants, and the gifts of my mind the modesty of hers. Is it not likely, then, that she should love? Is it not reasonable?

HEPH. You say that in love there is no reason; and, therefore, there can be no likelihood.

ALEX. No more, Hephestion; in [180 this case I will use mine own counsel, and in all other thine advice: thou mayst be a good soldier, but never good lover. Call my page. [HEPHETIAN *beckons to the* PAGE, *who comes forward.*] Sirrah, go presently to Apelles and will him to come to me without either delay or excuse.

PAGE. I go. [*Exit.*

ALEX. In the mean season, to recreate my spirits, being so near, we will go [190 see Diogenes. And see where his tub is! [*They cross over to it.*] Diogenes!

DIOG., *without looking round.* Who calleth?

ALEX. Alexander. How happened it that you would not come out of your tub to my palace?

DIOG. Because it was as far from my tub to your palace as from your palace to my tub. [200

ALEX. Why, then, dost thou owe no reverence to kings?

DIOG. No.

ALEX. Why so?

DIOG. Because they be no gods.

ALEX. They be gods of the earth.

DIOG. Yea, gods of earth.

ALEX. Plato is not of thy mind.

DIOG. I am glad of it.

ALEX. Why? [210

DIOG. Because I would have none of Diogenes' mind but Diogenes.

ALEX., *seeking to impress him.* If Alexander have anything that may pleasure Diogenes, let me know, and take it.

DIOG. Then take not from me that you cannot give me—the light of the world.

ALEX What dost thou want?

DIOG. Nothing that you have.

ALEX. I have the world at command. [221

DIOG. And I in contempt.

ALEX. Thou shalt live no longer than I will.

DIOG. But I shall die whether you will or no.

ALEX. How should one learn to be content?

DIOG. Unlearn to covet.

ALEX. Hephestion, were I not Alexander, I would wish to be Diogenes! [231

HEPH. He is dogged, but discreet; I cannot tell how sharp, with a kind of sweetness; full of wit, yet too—too wayward.

ALEX. Diogenes, when I come this way again, I will both see thee and confer with thee.

DIOG. Do.

ALEX. But here cometh Apelles. [240

Enter APELLES.

How now, Apelles, is Venus' face yet finished?

APEL. Not yet; beauty is not so soon shadowed whose perfection cometh not within the compass either of cunning or of color.

ALEX. Well, let it rest unperfect; and

[11] refute.

come you with me where I will shew you what finished by nature that you have been trifling about by art. [251

Exeunt ALEXANDER, HEPHESTION, *and* APELLES.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

APELLES *is with* CAMPASPE *in a room in his house.* PSYLLUS *is present in the background.*

APEL. Lady, I doubt whether there be any color so fresh that may shadow a countenance so fair.

CAMP. Sir, I had thought you had been commanded to paint with your hand, not to glose[12] with your tongue; but, as I have heard, it is the hardest [10 thing in painting to set down a hard favor, which maketh you to despair of my face; and then shall you have as great thanks to spare your labor as to discredit your art.

APEL. Mistress, you neither differ from yourself nor your sex; for, knowing your own perfection, you seem to dispraise that which men most commend, drawing them by that mean into an admiration,[13] [20 where, feeding themselves, they fall into an ecstasy;[14] your modesty being the cause of the one, and of the other your affections.[15]

CAMP. I am too young to understand your speech, though old enough to withstand your devise. You have been so long used to colors you can do nothing but color.

APEL. Indeed, the colors, I see, I fear [30 will alter the color I have. But come, madam, will you draw near? for Alexander will be here anon.—Psyllus, stay you here at the window. If any inquire for me, answer, *Non lubet esse domi.*[16]

Exeunt APELLES *and* CAMPASPE *go into the studio.*

PSYL. It is always my master's fashion when any fair gentlewoman is to be drawn within to make me to stay without. But if he should paint Jupiter like a bull, like a swan, like an eagle, then must Psyllus with one hand grind colors and with the other hold the candle. But let him alone! The better he shadows her face, the more will he burn his own heart. And now, if a man could meet with Manes, who, I dare say, looks as lean as if Diogenes dropped out of his nose— [40 [50

Enter MANES.

MANES. And here comes Manes, who hath as much meat in his maw as thou hast honesty in thy head.

PSYL. Then I hope thou art very hungry.

MANES. They that know thee know that.

PSYL. But doest thou not remember that we have certain liquor to confer withal? [60

MANES. Ay, but I have business: I must go cry a thing.

PSYL. Why, what hast thou lost?

MANES. That which I never had—my dinner!

PSYL. Foul lubber, wilt thou cry for thy dinner?

MANES. I mean, I must cry; not as one would say cry, but cry: that is, [70 make a noise.

PSYL. Why, fool, that is all one; for, if thou cry, thou must needs make a noise.

MANES, *imitating the tone of a philosopher.* Boy, thou art deceived: "cry" hath divers significations, and may be alluded to many things; "knave" but one, and can be applied to thee.

PSYL., *also playing his part.* Profound Manes! [80

MANES. We cynics are mad fellows; didst thou not find I did quip thee?

PSYL. No, verily; why, what's a quip?

MANES. We great girders call it a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.

PSYL. How! canst thou thus divine, divide, define, dispute, and all on the sudden?

[12] flatter.
[13] wonder.
[14] madness.
[15] feelings.
[16] He does not choose to be at home.

MANES. Wit will have his swing; I [90 am bewitched, inspired, inflamed, infected.

PSYL. Well, then, will not I tempt thy gibing spirit.

MANES. Do not, Psyllus; for thy dull head will be but a grindstone for my quick wit, which, if thou whet with overthwarts[17]—*periisti, actum est de te*.[18] I have drawn blood at one's brains with a bitter bob.[19]

PSYL. Let me cross myself, for I [100 die if I cross thee.

MANES. Let me do my business; I myself am afraid lest my wit should wax warm, and then must it needs consume some hard head with fine and pretty jests. I am sometimes in such a vein that, for want of some dull pate to work on, I begin to gird myself.

PSYL. The gods shield me from such a fine fellow, whose words melt wits [110 like wax!

MANES. Well, then, let us to the matter. In faith, my master meaneth tomorrow to fly.

PSYL. It is a jest.

MANES. Is it a jest to fly? should'st thou fly so soon, thou should'st repent it in earnest.

PSYL. Well, I will be the crier.

MANES *and* PSYL., *one after the* [120 *other*. Oyez, Oyez, Oyez! All manner of men, women, or children, that will come to-morrow into the market-place between the hours of nine and ten shall see Diogenes, the cynic, fly.

[PSYLLUS *refrains from uttering the word "fly."*

PSYL. I do not think he will fly.

MANES. Tush, say "Fly"!

PSYL. Fly. [130

MANES. Now let us go; for I will not see him again till midnight. I have a back way into his tub.

PSYL. Which way callest thou the back way, when every way is open?

MANES. I mean to come in at his back.

PSYL. Well, let us go away, that we may return speedily. [*Exeunt.*

[17] mocking repartee.
[18] Thou diest: it is all over with thee.
[19] retort.

SCENE II

APELLES *and* CAMPASPE *are seen in the studio.*

APEL. I shall never draw your eyes well, because they blind mine.

CAMP. Why then, paint me without eyes, for I am blind.

APEL. Were you ever shadowed before of any?

CAMP. No; and would you could so now shadow me that I might not be [10 perceived of any.

APEL. It were pity but that so absolute a face should furnish Venus' temple amongst these pictures.

CAMP. What are these pictures?

[APELLES *shows her his sketches.*

APEL. This is Læda, whom Jove deceived in likeness of a swan.

CAMP. A fair woman; but a foul deceit. [20

APEL. This is Alcmena, unto whom Jupiter came in shape of Amphitrion, her husband, and begat Hercules.

CAMP. A famous son; but an infamous fact.

APEL. He might do it, because he was a god.

CAMP. Nay, therefore it was evil done because he was a god.

APEL. This is Danaë, into whose [30 prison Jupiter drizzled a golden shower, and obtained his desire.

CAMP. What gold can make one yield to desire?

APEL. This is Europa, whom Jupiter ravished; this Antiopa.

CAMP. Were *all* the gods like this Jupiter?

APEL. There were many gods in this like Jupiter. [40

CAMP. I think in those days love was well ratified among men on earth, when lust was so full authorized by the gods in Heaven.

APEL. Nay, you may imagine there were women passing amiable when there were gods exceeding amorous.

CAMP. Were women never so fair, men would be false.

APEL. Were women never so false, [50 men would be fond.

CAMP., *taking up a sketch.* What counterfeit is this, Apelles?

APEL. This is Venus, the goddess of love.

CAMP. What! be there also loving goddesses?

APEL. This is she that hath power to command the very affections of the heart.

CAMP. How is she hired? by [60 prayer, by sacrifice, or bribes?

APEL. By prayer, sacrifice, and bribes.

CAMP. What prayer?

APEL. Vows irrevocable.

CAMP. What sacrifice?

APEL. Hearts ever sighing, never dissembling.

CAMP. What bribes?

APEL. Roses and kisses. But were you never in love? [70

CAMP. No; nor love in me.

APEL. Then have you injured many.

CAMP. How so?

APEL. Because you have been loved by many.

CAMP. Flattered, perchance, by some.

APEL. It is not possible that a face so fair and a wit so sharp, both without comparison, should not be apt to love.

CAMP. If you begin to tip your [80 tongue with cunning, I pray dip your pencil in colors and fall to that you must do, not that you would do.

SCENE III

We again see DIOGENES *on the far side of the market-place.* CLYTUS *and* PARMENIO *enter, in conversation.*

CLY. Parmenio, I cannot tell how it cometh to pass that in Alexander now-a-days there groweth an impatient kind of life: in the morning he is melancholy, at noon solemn, at all times either more sour or severe than he was accustomed.

PAR. In kings' causes I rather love [10 to doubt than conjecture, and think it better to be ignorant than inquisitive: they have long ears and stretched arms; in whose heads suspicion is proof, and to be accused is to be condemned.

CLY. Yet between us there can be no danger to find out the cause, for that there is no malice to withstand it. It may be an unquenchable thirst of conquering maketh him unquiet; it is not un- [20 likely his long ease hath altered his humor; that he should be in love, it is not impossible.

PAR. In love, Clytus? No, no; it is as far from his thought as treason in ours. He, whose ever-waking eye, whose never-tired heart, whose body patient of labor, whose mind unsatiable of victory, hath always been noted, cannot so soon be melted into the weak conceits of [30 love. Aristotle told him there were many worlds; and that he hath not conquered one that gapeth for all galleth Alexander. But here he cometh.

Enter ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION.

ALEX. Parmenio and Clytus, I would have you both ready to go into Persia about an ambassage no less profitable to me than to yourselves honorable.

CLY. We are ready at all com- [40 mands, wishing nothing else but continually to be commanded.

ALEX. Well, then, withdraw yourselves till I have further considered of this matter. [*Exeunt* CLYTUS *and* PARMENIO.] Now we will see how Apelles goeth forward. I doubt me that nature hath overcome art, and her countenance his cunning.

HEPH. You love, and therefore [50 think anything.

ALEX. But not so far in love with Campaspe as with Bucephalus, if occasion serve either of conflict or conquest.

HEPH. Occasion cannot want if will do not. Behold all Persia swelling in the pride of their own power, the Scythians careless what courage or fortune can do, the Egyptians dreaming in the soothsayings of their augurs and gaping over [60 the smoke of their beasts' entrails. All these, Alexander, are to be subdued, if that world be not slipped out of your head which you have sworn to conquer with that hand.

Enter CRYSUS *to* DIOGENES.

ALEX. I confess the labor's fit for Alexander, and yet recreation necessary among so many assaults, bloody wounds, intolerable troubles. Give me leave [70 a little, if not to sit, yet to breathe; and doubt not but Alexander can, when he will, throw affections as far from him as he can cowardice.—But behold Diogenes talking with one at his tub.

CRY. One penny, Diogenes; I am a Cynic.

DIOG. He made thee a beggar that first gave thee anything.

CRY. Why, if thou wilt give noth- [80 ing, nobody will give thee.

DIOG. I want nothing till the springs dry and the earth perish.

CRY. I gather for the gods.

DIOG. And I care not for those gods which want money.

CRY. Thou art a right Cynic, that wilt give nothing.

DIOG. Thou art not, that wilt beg anything. [90

CRY., *coming to* ALEXANDER. Alexander! King Alexander! Give a poor Cynic a groat.[20]

ALEX. It is not for a king to give a groat.

CRY. Then give me a talent.[21]

ALEX. It is not for a beggar to ask a talent. Away!

[*Exit* CRYSUS. ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION *pass on their way to* [100 APELLES' *house.*

SCENE IV

APELLES *is in his studio (on the rear stage) painting* CAMPASPE. *Enter* ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION.

ALEX. Apelles!

APEL. Here.

ALEX. Now, gentlewoman, doeth not your beauty put the painter to his trump?

CAMP. Yes, my lord, seeing so disordered a countenance, he feareth he [10 shall shadow a deformed counterfeit.

ALEX. Would he could color the life with the feature! And me thinketh, Apelles, were you as cunning as report saith you are, you may paint flowers as well with sweet smells as fresh colors, observing in your mixture such things as should draw near to their savors.

APEL. Your Majesty must know, it is no less hard to paint savors than [20 virtues; colors can neither speak nor think.

ALEX. Where do you first begin when you draw any picture?

APEL. The proportion of the face in just compass as I can.

ALEX. I would begin with the eye, as a light to all the rest.

APEL. If you will paint, as you are a king, Your Majesty may begin where you please; but, as you would be a [30 painter, you must begin with the face.

ALEX. Aurelius would in one hour color four faces.

APEL. I marvel in half an hour he did not four.

ALEX. Why, is it so easy?

APEL. No; but he doth it so homely.

ALEX. When will you finish Campaspe?

APEL. Never finish; for always in absolute beauty there is somewhat [40 above art.

ALEX. Why should not I by labor be as cunning as Apelles?

APEL. God shield you should have cause to be so cunning as Apelles!

ALEX. Me thinketh four colors are sufficient to shadow any countenance; and so it was in the time of Phydias.

APEL. Then had men fewer fancies and women not so many favors. For now, [50 if the hair of her eyebrow be black, yet must the hair of her head be yellow; the attire of her head must be different from the habit of her body, else must the picture seem like the blazon of ancient armory, not like the sweet delight of new-found amiableness; for, as, in garden knots,[22] diversity of odors make a more sweet savor, or, as in music, divers strings cause a more delicate consent, so, [60 in painting, the more colors, the better

[20] eight cents.
[21] about $1,000.
[22] flower beds.

counterfeit, observing black for a ground, and the rest for grace.

ALEX. Lend me thy pencil, Apelles; I will paint, and thou shalt judge.

APEL., *giving him a piece of charcoal.* Here.

ALEX., *sketching.* The coal breaks.

APEL. You lean too hard.

ALEX. Now it blacks not. [70

APEL. You lean too soft.

ALEX. This is awry.

APEL. Your eye goeth not with your hand.

ALEX. Now it is worse.

APEL. Your hand goeth not with your mind.

ALEX. Nay, if all be too hard or soft, so many rules and regards, that one's hand, one's eye, one's mind must all [80 draw together, I had rather be setting of a battle than blotting of a board. But how have I done here?

[*Shows* APELLES *his sketch.*

APEL., *cautiously.* Like a king.

ALEX. I think so; but nothing more unlike a painter. [*Looking at the portrait.*] Well, Apelles, Campaspe is finished as I wish; dismiss her, and bring presently [23] her counterfeit after me. [90

APEL. I will.

ALEX. <Now, Hephestion, doth not this matter cotton [24] as I would? Campaspe looketh pleasantly; liberty will increase her beauty, and my love shall advance her honor.

HEPH. I will not contrary your Majesty; for time must wear out that love hath wrought, and reason wean what appetite nursed.> [100

[CAMPASPE *passes out into and through the anteroom.*

ALEX. How stately she passeth by, yet how soberly, a sweet consent in her countenance, with a chaste disdain, desire mingled with coyness, and—I cannot tell how to term it—a curst, yielding modesty!

HEPH. Let her pass.

ALEX. So she shall, for the fairest [110 on the earth!

[23] at once. [24] thrive.

[*Exeunt* ALEXANDER *and* HEPHESTION *to the street. A moment after they have passed out,* PSYLLUS *and* MANES *re-enter the anteroom from the street.*

PSYL. I shall be hanged for tarrying so long.

MANES. I pray God my master be not flown before I come! [120

PSYL. Away, Manes, my master doth come.

[*As* MANES *departs,* APELLES *comes from the studio with* CAMPASPE'S *portrait and a painting representing Venus.*

APEL. Where have you been all this while?

PSYL. Nowhere but here.

APEL. Who was here since my coming?

PSYL. Nobody. [131

APEL. Ungracious wag, I perceive you have been a-loitering! Was Alexander nobody?

PSYL. He was a king! I meant no mean body.

APEL. I will cudgel your body for it, and then will I say it was nobody, because it was no honest body. Away, in!

[*Exit* PSYLLUS *into another part of* [140 *the house.*

Unfortunate Apelles, and therefore unfortunate because Apelles! Hast thou by drawing her beauty brought to pass that thou canst scarce draw thine own breath? And, by so much the more hast thou increased thy care, by how much the more hast thou shewed thy cunning? Was it not sufficient to behold the fire and warm thee, but, with Satyrus, thou must [150 kiss the fire and burn thee? O Campaspe, Campaspe! Art must yield to nature, reason to appetite, wisdom to affection! Could Pygmalion entreat by prayer to have his ivory turned into flesh, and cannot Apelles obtain by plaints to have the picture of his love changed to life? Is painting so far inferior to carving? Or dost thou, Venus, more delight to be hewed with chisels than shadowed with [160 colors? What Pigmalion, or what Pyro-

teles, or what Lysippus is he, that ever made thy face so fair or spread thy fame so far as I? Unless, Venus, in this thou enviest mine art, that in coloring my sweet Campaspe I have left no place by cunning to make thee so amiable. But, alas, she is the paramour to a prince! Alexander, the monarch of the earth, hath both her body and affection. For [170 what is it that kings cannot obtain by prayers, threats, and promises? Will not she think it better to sit under a cloth of estate[25] like a queen than in a poor shop like a huswife, and esteem it sweeter to be the concubine of the lord of the world than spouse to a painter in Athens? Yes, yes, Apelles, thou mayst swim against the stream with the crab, and feed against the wind with the deer, and peck against [180 the steel with the cockatrice: stars are to be looked at, not reached at; princes to be yielded unto, not contended with; Campaspe to be honored, not obtained; to be painted, not possessed of thee. O fair face! O unhappy hand! And why didst thou draw it, so fair a face? O beautiful countenance, the express image of Venus, but somewhat fresher, the only pattern of that eternity which Jupi- [190 ter, dreaming, asleep, could not conceive again, waking! Blush, Venus, for I am ashamed to end thee! [*Lays the picture of Venus aside.*] Now must I paint things impossible for mine art, but agreeable with my affections—deep and hollow sighs, sad and melancholy thoughts, wounds and slaughters of conceits, a life posting to death, a death galloping from life, a wavering constancy, an unset- [200 tled resolution, and what not, Apelles. And what but Apelles? But, as they are shaken with a fever are to be warmed with clothes, not groans, and, as he that melteth in a consumption is to be recured by colices,[26] not conceits, so the feeding canker of my care, the never-dying worm of my heart, is to be killed by counsel, not cries, by applying of remedies, not by replying of reasons; [210 and, sith in cases desperate there must be used medicines that are extreme, I will hazard that little life that is left, to restore that greater part that is lost; and this shall be my first practise, for wit must work where authority is not: as soon as Alexander hath viewed this portraiture, I will by devise give it a blemish, that by that means she may come again to my shop; and then as good it were to utter my [220 love and die with denial as conceal it and live in despair.

[25] canopy.
[26] cullises.

SONG.

Cupid and my Campaspe played
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);
With these the crystal of his brow, [230
And then the dimple of his chin:
All these did my Campaspe win.
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O love, has she done this to thee?
What shall, alas! become of me?

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

It is the market-place, with DIOGENES' *tub in the foreground.* PSYLLUS, GRANICHUS, *and* SOLINUS *are met.* DIOGENES *is seen in his tub.*

SOL. This is the place, the day, the time that Diogenes hath appointed to fly.

PSYL. I will not lose the flight of so fair a fowl as Diogenes, though my master cudgel my nobody as he threatened.

GRAN. What, Psyllus, will the [10 beast wag his wings to-day?

PSYL. We shall hear; for here cometh Manes.

Enter MANES.

Manes, will it be?

MANES. Be? He were best be as cunning as a bee, or else shortly he will not be at all.

GRAN. How is he furnished to fly? Hath he feathers? [20

MANES. Thou art an ass! Capons, geese, and owls have feathers. He hath found Dedalus' old waxen wings, and

hath been piecing them this month, he is so broad in the shoulders. O, you shall see him cut the air even like a tortoise!

Sol. Methinks so wise a man should not be so mad; his body must needs be too heavy.

Manes. Why, he hath eaten noth- [30 ing this seven night but cork and feathers.

Pysl. <Touch him, Manes.>

Manes. He is so light that he can scarce keep him from flying at midnight.

Citizens *enter, and* Diogenes *comes forth.*

Manes. See, they begin to flock, and, behold, my master bustles himself to fly.

Diog. You wicked and bewitched Athenians, whose bodies make the earth [40 to groan, and whose breaths infect the air with stench, come ye to see Diogenes fly? Diogenes cometh to see you sink. Yea, call me dog! So I am, for I long to gnaw the bones in your skins. Ye term me an hater of men! No, I am a hater of your manners. Your lives, dissolute, not fearing death, will prove your deaths desperate, not hoping for life. What do you else in Athens but sleep in the day [50 and surfeit in the night; back-gods in the morning with pride, in the evening belly-gods with gluttony! You flatter kings, and call them gods. Speak truth of yourselves and confess you are devils! From the bee you have taken, not the honey, but the wax, to make your religion, framing it to the time, not to the truth. Your filthy lust you color under a courtly color of love, injuries abroad [60 under the title of policies at home; and secret malice creepeth under the name of public justice. You have caused Alexander to dry up springs and plant vines, to sow rocket and weed endill, to shear sheep, and shrine foxes. All conscience is sealed at Athens: swearing cometh of a hot mettle; lying of a quick wit; flattery, of a flowing tongue; undecent talk, of a merry disposition. All things are [70 lawful at Athens: either you think there are no gods, or I must think ye are no men. You build as though you should live for ever, and surfeit as though you should die to-morrow. None teacheth true philosophy but Aristotle, because he was the king's school-master! O times! O men! O corruption in manners! Remember that green grass must turn to dry hay. When you sleep, you are not [80 sure to wake; and, when you rise, not certain to lie down. Look you never so high, your heads must lie level with your feet. Thus have I flown over your disordered lives; and, if you will not amend your manners, I will study to fly further from you, that I may be nearer to honesty.

Sol. Thou ravest, Diogenes, for thy life is different from thy words. Did not [90 I see thee come out of a brothel house? Was it not a shame?

Diog. It was no shame to go out, but a shame to go in.

Gran. It were a good deed, Manes, to beat thy master.

Manes. You were as good eat my master.

One of the People. Hast thou made us all fools, and wilt thou not fly? [100

Diog. I tell thee, unless thou be honest, I will fly.

People. Dog, dog, take a bone!

Diog. Thy father need fear no dogs; but dogs, thy father.

People. We will tell Alexander that thou reprovest him behind his back.

Diog. And I will tell him that you flatter him before his face.

People. We will cause all the [110 boys in the street to hiss at thee.

Diog. Indeed, I think the Athenians have their children ready for any vice, because they be Athenians.

[*Exeunt Populus and* Solinus.

Manes. Why, master, mean you not to fly?

Diog. No, Manes, not without wings.

Manes. Everybody will account you a liar. [120

Diog. No, I warrant you, for I will always say the Athenians are mischievous.

Pysl. I care not; it was sport enough for me to see these old huddles hit home.

GRAN. Nor I.

PSYL. Come, let us go; and hereafter when I mean to rail upon anybody openly, it shall be given out I will fly.

[DIOGENES *retires into his tub, and the others depart.* [130

SCENE II

CAMPASPE, *about to enter into the studio of* APELLES, *stops to deliver herself of her views.*

CAMP. Campaspe, it is hard to judge whether thy choice be more unwise or thy change unfortunate. Doest thou prefer—but stay, utter not that in words which maketh thine ears to glow with thoughts. Tush! better thy tongue wag than thy heart break! Hath a painter crept [10 further into thy mind than a prince—Apelles than Alexander? Fond wench, the baseness of thy mind betrays the meanness of thy birth. But, alas! affection is a fire which kindleth as well in the brambles as in the oak, and catcheth hold where it first lighteth, not where it may best burn. Larks, that mount aloft in the air, build their nests below in the earth; and women that cast their eyes upon [20 kings may place their hearts upon vassals. A needle will become thy fingers better than a lute; and a distaff is fitter for thy hand than a sceptre. Ants live safely till they have gotten wings; and juniper is not blown up till it hath gotten an high top: the mean estate is without care as long as it continueth without pride.

Enter APELLES *from his studio.*

But here cometh Apelles, in whom [30 I would there were the like affection.

APEL. Gentlewoman, the misfortune I had with your picture will put you to some pains to sit again to be painted.

CAMP. It is small pains for me to sit still, but infinite for you to draw still.

APEL. No, madame; to paint Venus was a pleasure, but to shadow the sweet face of Campaspe, it is a heaven!

CAMP. If your tongue were made [40 of the same flesh that your heart is, your words would be as your thoughts are; but, such a common thing it is amongst you to commend that oftentimes for fashion sake you call them beautiful whom you know black.

APEL. What might men do to be believed?

CAMP. Whet their tongues on their hearts. [50

APEL. So they do, and speak as they think.

CAMP. I would they did!

APEL. I would they did not!

CAMP. Why, would you have them dissemble?

APEL. Not in love, but their love. But will you give me leave to ask you a question without offence?

CAMP. So that you will answer [60 me another without excuse.

APEL. Whom do you love best in the world?

CAMP. He that made me last in the world.

APEL. That was a god.

CAMP. I thought it had been a man. But whom do you honor most, Apelles?

APEL. The thing that is likest you, Campaspe. [70

CAMP. My picture?

APEL. I dare not venture upon your person. But come, let us go in; for Alexander will think it long till we return.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

CLYTUS *and* PARMENIO *meet in front of the palace.*

CLY. We hear nothing of your embassage, a color belike to blear our eyes or tickle our ears or inflame our hearts. But what doth Alexander in the mean season but use for "tantara", "sol, fa, la"; for his hard couch, downy beds; for his handful of water, his standing-cup of wine? [10

PAR. Clytus, I mislike this new delicacy and pleasing peace; for what else do we see now than a kind of softness in every man's mind; bees to make their hives in soldiers' helmets; our steeds furnished with footeloths of gold, instead of

saddles of steel; more time to be required to scour the rust of our weapons than there was wont to be in subduing the countries of our enemies. Sithence [20 Alexander fell from his hard armor to his soft robes, behold the face of his court: youths that were wont to carry devises of victory in their shields, engrave now poesies of love in their rings; they that were accustomed on trotting horses to charge the enemy with a lance, now in easy coaches ride up and down to court ladies; instead of sword and target to hazard their lives, use pen and paper to [30 paint their loves; yea, such a fear and faintness is grown in court that they wish rather to hear the blowing of a horn to hunt than the sound of a trumpet to fight. O Philip, wert thou alive to see this alteration—thy men turned to women, thy soldiers to lovers, gloves worn in velvet caps, instead of plumes in graven helmets—thou wouldest either die among them for sorrow or confound [40 them for anger.

Cly. Cease, Parmenio, lest in speaking what becometh thee not, thou feel what liketh thee not; truth is never without a scratched face; whose tongue, although it cannot be cut out, yet must it be tied up.

Par. It grieveth me not a little for Hephestion, who thirsteth for honor, not ease; but such is his fortune and [50 nearness in friendship to Alexander that he must lay a pillow under his head when he would put a target in his hand. But let us draw in, to see how well it becomes them to tread the measures in a dance that were wont to set the order for a march. [*They go into the palace.*

Scene IV

Apelles *and* Campaspe *are in the former's studio. He is at work on her portrait.*

Apel. I have now, Campaspe, almost made an end.

Camp. You told me, Apelles, you would never end.

Apel. Never end my love, for it shall be eternal.

Camp. That is, neither to have be- [10 ginning nor ending.

Apel. You are disposed to mistake; I hope you do not mistrust.

Camp. What will you say if Alexander perceive your love?

Apel. I will say it is no treason to love.

Camp. But how if he will not suffer thee to see my person?

Apel. Then will I gaze continually [20 on thy picture.

Camp. That will not feed thy heart.

Apel. Yet shall it fill mine eye. Besides, the sweet thoughts, the sure hopes, thy protested faith will cause me to embrace thy shadow continually in mine arms, of the which by strong imagination I will make a substance.

Camp. Well, I must be gone. But this assure yourself, that I had rather be [30 in thy shop grinding colors than in Alexander's court following higher fortunes. <Foolish wench, what hast thou done? That, alas, which cannot be undone; and therefore I fear me undone. But content is such a life. I care not for abundance. O, Apelles, thy love cometh from the heart, but Alexander's from the mouth! The love of kings is like the blowing of winds, which whistle sometimes gently [40 among the leaves and straightways turn the trees up by the roots; or fire, which warmeth afar off and burneth near hand; or the sea, which maketh men hoist their sails in a flattering calm and to cut their masts in a rough storm. They place affection by times, by policy, by appointment. If they frown, who dares call them unconstant; if bewray secrets, who will term them untrue; if fall to [50 other loves, who trembles not, if he call them unfaithful? In kings there can be no love but to queens; for as near must they meet in majesty as they do in affection. It is requisite to stand aloof from kings' love, Jove, and lightning.> [*Exit.*

Apel. Now, Apelles, gather thy wits together. Campaspe is no less wise than

fair; thyself must be no less cunning than faithful. It is no small matter to be [60 rival with Alexander.

Enter PAGE *of* ALEXANDER

PAGE. Apelles, you must come away quickly with the picture: the king thinketh that, now you have painted it, you play with it.

APEL. If I would play with pictures, I have enough at home.

PAGE. None, perhaps, you like so well.

APEL. It may be I have painted [70 none so well.

PAGE. I have known many fairer faces.

APEL. And I many better boys.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

We have again the market-place, with DIOGENES *in his tub, and* MANES *near by. Enter* SYLVIUS, PERIM, MILO, *and* TRICO.

SYL. I have brought my sons, Diogenes, to be taught of thee.

DIOG. What can thy sons do?

SYL. You shall see their qualities.—Dance, sirrah! [PERIM *dances.*] How like you this? Doth he well?

DIOG. The better, the worser. [10

SYL. The music is very good.

DIOG. The musicians, very bad, who only study to have their strings in tune, never framing their manners to order.

SYL. Now shall you see the other.—Tumble, sirrah! [MILO *tumbles.*] How like you this? Why do you laugh?

DIOG. To see a wag that was born to break his neck by destiny to practise it by art. [20

MILO. This dog will bite me; I will not be with him.

DIOG. Fear not, boy; dogs eat no thistles.

PERIM. I marvel what dog thou art, if thou be a dog.

DIOG. When I am hungry, a mastiff; and, when my belly is full, a spaniel.

SYL. Doest thou believe that there are any gods, that thou art so dogged? [30

DIOG. I must needs believe there are gods, for I think thee an enemy to them.

SYL. Why so?

DIOG. Because thou hast taught one of thy sons to rule his legs, and not to follow learning; the other to bend his body every way, and his mind no way.

PER. Thou doest nothing but snarl and bark, like a dog.

DIOG. It is the next way to drive [40 away a thief.

SYL. Now shall you hear the third, who sings like a nightingale.

DIOG. I care not; for I have heard a nightingale to sing herself.

SYL. Sing, sirrah! [TRICO *sings.*

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravished nightingale!
"Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu," she cries;
And still her woes at midnight rise. [50
Brave pricksong! Who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear.
How at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings!
Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
Poor Robin Red-breast tunes his note!
Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring;
"Cuckoo," to welcome in the spring.

SYL. Lo, Diogenes! I am sure thou [60 canst not do so much.

DIOG. But there is never a thrush but can.

SYL. What hast thou taught Manes, thy man?

DIOG. To be as unlike as may be thy sons.

MANES. He hath taught me to fast, lie hard, and run away.

SYL. How sayest thou, Perim, wilt [70 thou be with him?

PERIM. Ay, so he will teach me first to run away.

DIOG. Thou needest not be taught, thy legs are so nimble.

SYL. How sayst thou, Milo, wilt thou be with him?

DIOG. Nay, hold your peace; he shall not.

SYL. Why? [80

DIOG. There is not room enough for him and me to tumble both in one tub.

Syl. Well, Diogenes, I perceive my sons brook not thy manners.

Diog. I thought no less, when they knew my virtues.

Syl. Farewell, Diogenes; thou needest not have scraped roots, if thou wouldst have followed Alexander.

Diog. Nor thou have followed Alex- [90
ander, if thou hadst scraped roots.

[*Exeunt all except* Diogenes.

Apelles *enters on the side of the market-place.*

Apel. <I fear me, Apelles, that thine eyes have blabbed that which thy tongue durst not! What little regard hadst thou! Whilst Alexander viewed the counterfeit of Campaspe, thou stoodest gazing on her countenance. If he espy [100
or but suspect, thou must needs twice perish—with his hate and thine own love. Thy pale looks when he blushed, thy sad countenance when he smiled, thy sighs when he questioned, may breed in him a jealousy, perchance a frenzy. O love! I never before knew what thou wert, and now hast thou made me that I know not what myself am. Only this I know, that I must endure intolerable passions [110
for unknown pleasures. Dispute not the cause, wretch, but yield to it; for better it is to melt with desire than wrastle with love. Cast thyself on thy careful bed; be content to live unknown, and die unfound. O, Campaspe, I have painted thee in my heart! Painted? nay, contrary to mine art, imprinted; and that in such deep characters that nothing can raze it out, unless it rub my heart out.> [120

[*Exit.*

Milectus, Phrygius, *and* Lais *come in on the side of the market-place in which* Diogenes *has his tub, which he now stands behind.*

Mil. It shall go hard but this peace shall bring us some pleasure.

Phry. Down with arms, and up with legs! This is a world for the nonce! [1]

Lais. Sweet youths, if you knew [130
what it were to save your sweet blood, you would not so foolishly go about to spend it. What delight can there be in gashing, to make foul scars in fair faces, and crooked maims in straight legs, as though men, being born goodly by nature, would of purpose become deformed by folly, and all, forsooth, for a new-found term, called "valiant," a word which breedeth more quarrels than the sense can [140
commendation?

Mil. It is true, Lais, a feather bed hath no fellow. Good drink makes good blood; and shall pelting words spill it?

Phry. I mean to enjoy the world, and to draw out life at the wire-drawer's; not to curtal it off at the cutler's.

Lais. You may talk of war, speak big, conquer worlds with great words; but stay at home, where, instead of alarms, [150
you shall have dances, for hot battles with fierce men, gentle skirmishes with fair women. These pewter coats can never sit so well as satin doublets. Believe me, you cannot conceive the pleasure of peace unless you despise the rudeness of war.

Mil. It is so. But see Diogenes prying over his tub.—Diogenes, [*pointing to* Lais] what sayest thou to such a morsel? [160

Diog. I say I would spit it out of my mouth, because it should not poison my stomach.

Phry. Thou speakest as thou art; it is no meat for dogs.

Diog. I am a dog, and philosophy rates me from carrion.

Lais. Uncivil wretch, whose manners are answerable to thy calling, the time was thou wouldst have had my company, [170
had it not been, as thou saidst, too dear.

Diog. I remember there was a thing that I repented me of; and now thou hast told it. Indeed, it was too dear of nothing, and thou dear to nobody.

Lais. Down, villain, or I will have thy head broken!

[Diogenes *goes into his tub.*

Mil. Will you couch?

Phry. Avaunt, cur!—Come, sweet [180
Lais, let us go to some place and possess

[1] purpose.

peace. But first let us sing; there is more pleasure in tuning of a voice than in a volley of shot. [*They sing.*

Mil. Now let us make haste, lest Alexander find us here!

[*Exeunt all except* Diogenes.

From the palace enter Alexander, Hephestion, *and* Page.

Alex. Methinketh, Hephestion, [190 you are more melancholy than you were accustomed; but I perceive it is all for Alexander. You can neither brook this peace nor my pleasure. Be of good cheer; though I wink, I sleep not.

Heph. Melancholy I am not, nor well content; for, I know not how, there is such a rust crept into my bones with this long ease that I fear I shall not scour it out with infinite labors. [200

Alex. Yes, yes, if all the travails of conquering the world will set either thy body or mine in tune, we will undertake them. But what think you of Apelles? Did ye ever see any so perplexed? He neither answered directly to any question nor looked steadfastly upon anything. I hold my life the painter is in love.

Heph. It may be; for commonly we see it incident in artificers to be enam- [210 ored of their own works, as Archidamus of his wooden dove, Pygmalion of his ivory image, Arachne of her swan—especially painters, who, playing with their own conceits, now coveting to draw a glancing eye, then a rolling, now a winking, still mending it, never ending it, till they be caught with it, and then, poor souls! they kiss the colors with their lips, with which before they were loth to taint their fingers. [221

Alex. I will find it out. Page, go speedily for Apelles. Will him to come hither; and, when you see us earnestly in talk, suddenly cry out, "Apelles' shop is on fire!"

Page. It shall be done.

Alex. Forget not your lesson.

[*Exit* Page.

Heph. I marvel what your device shall be. [230

Alex. The event shall prove.

Heph. I pity the poor painter, if he be in love.

Alex. Pity him not, I pray thee. That severe gravity set aside, what do you think of love?

Heph. As the Macedonians do of their herb beet, which, looking yellow in the ground and black in the hand, think it better seen than touched. [240

Alex. But what do you imagine it to be?

Heph. A word, by superstition thought a god, by use turned to an humor, by self-will made a flattering madness.

Alex. You are too hard-hearted to think so of love. Let us go to Diogenes. [*They cross the stage.*] Diogenes, thou mayest think it somewhat that Alexander cometh to thee again so soon. [250

Diog. If you come to learn, you could not come soon enough; if to laugh, you be come too soon.

Heph. It would better become thee to be more courteous and frame thyself to please.

Diog. And you better to be less, if you durst displease.

Alex. What doest thou think of the time we have here? [260

Diog. That we have little and lose much.

Alex. If one be sick, what wouldst thou have him do?

Diog. Be sure that he make not his physician his heir.

Alex. If thou mightest have thy will how much ground would content thee?

Diog. As much as you in the end must be contented withal. [270

Alex. What, a world?

Diog. No, the length of my body.

Alex. <Hephestion, shall I be a little pleasant with him?

Heph. You may; but he will be very perverse with you.

Alex. It skilleth not; I cannot be angry with him.> Diogenes, I pray thee what doest thou think of love?

Diog. A little worser than I can [280 of hate.

ALEX. And why?

DIOG. Because it is better to hate the things which make to love than to love the things which give occasion of hate.

ALEX. Why, be not women the best creatures in the world?

DIOG. Next men and bees.

ALEX. What doest thou dislike chiefly in a woman? [290

DIOG. One thing.

ALEX. What?

DIOG. That she is a woman.

ALEX. In mine opinion, thou wert never born of a woman, that thou thinkest so hardly of women. But now cometh Apelles, who, I am sure, is as far from thy thoughts as thou art from his cunning. Diogenes, I will have thy cabin removed nearer to my court, be- [300 cause I will be a philosopher.

DIOG. And, when you have done so, I pray you remove your court further from my cabin, because I will not be a courtier.

ALEX. But here cometh Apelles.

[*He and* HEPHESTION *move away from the tub.*

Enter APELLES.

Apelles, what piece of work have [310 you now in hand?

APEL. None in hand, if it like your majesty; but I am devising a platform[2] in my head.

ALEX. I think your hand put it in your head. Is it nothing about Venus?

APEL. No; but something above Venus.

PAGE, *rushing in in simulated excitement.* Apelles! Apelles! look about you, your shop is on fire! [320

APEL, *distracted.* Ay me! if the picture of Campaspe be burnt, I am undone.

[*Is about to rush away, but is detained by* ALEXANDER.

ALEX. Stay, Apelles, no haste; it is your heart is on fire, not your shop; and, if Campaspe hang there, I would she were burnt. But have you the picture of Campaspe? Belike you love her well, that you care not though all be lost [330 so she be safe.

[2] plan.

APEL. Not love her; but your majesty knows that painters in their last works are said to excel themselves; and in this I have so much pleased myself, that the shadow as much delighteth me, being an artificer, as the substance doth others that are amorous.

ALEX. You lay your colors grossly. Though I could not paint in your [340 shop, I can spy into your excuse. Be not ashamed, Apelles; it is a gentleman's sport to be in love. [*To the* PAGE] Call hither Campaspe. [*Exit* PAGE.] Methinks I might have been made privy to your affection: though my counsel had not been necessary, yet my countenance[3] might have been thought requisite. But, Apelles, forsooth, loveth underhand; yea, and under Alexander's nose, and— [350 but I say no more!

APEL. Apelles loveth not so; but he liveth to do as Alexander will.

Re-enter PAGE *with* CAMPASPE.

ALEX. Campaspe, here is news: Apelles is in love with you.

CAMP. It pleaseth your Majesty to say so.

ALEX. <Hephestion, I will try her too.> Campaspe, for the good qualities I [360 know in Apelles and the virtue I see in you, I am determined you shall enjoy one another. How say you, Campaspe? Would you say, "Ay"?

CAMP. Your handmaid must obey if you command.

ALEX. Think you not, Hephestion, that she would feign be commanded?

HEPH. I am no thought-catcher; but I guess unhappily. [370

ALEX. I will not enforce marriage where I cannot compel love.

CAMP. But your Majesty may move a question where you be willing to have a match.

ALEX. <Believe me, Hephestion, these parties are agreed; they would have me both priest and witness.> Apelles, take Campaspe!—Why move ye not?—Campaspe, take Apelles!—Will it not [380 be?—If you be ashamed one of the other,

[3] approval.

by my consent you shall never come together.—But dissemble not, Campaspe: do you love Apelles?

CAMP. Pardon, my lord; I love Apelles.

ALEX. Apelles, it were a shame for you, being loved so openly of so fair a virgin, to say the contrary. Do you love Campaspe?

APEL. Only Campaspe! [390

ALEX. Two loving worms, Hephestion! I perceive Alexander cannot subdue the affections of men, though he conquer their countries. Love falleth, like a dew, as well upon the low grass as upon the high cedar. Sparks have their heat, ants their gall, flies their spleen.—Well, enjoy one another.—I give her thee frankly, Apelles. Thou shalt see that Alexander maketh but a toy of love and leadeth af- [400 fection in fetters, using fancy as a fool to make him sport or a minstrel to make him merry. It is not the amorous glance of an eye can settle an idle thought in the heart. No, no: it is children's game, a life for seamsters and scholars; the one, pricking in clouts, have nothing else to think on; the other, picking fancies out of books, have little else to marvel at. Go, Apelles, take with you your Cam- [410 paspe; Alexander is cloyed with looking on that which thou wond'rest at.

APEL. Thanks to your Majesty on bended knee: you have honored Apelles.

CAMP. Thanks with bowed heart: you have blessed Campaspe.

[*Exeunt* APELLES *and* CAMPASPE.

ALEX. Page, go warn Clytus and Parmenio and the other lords to be in a readiness; let the trumpet sound; [420 strike up the drum; and I will presently into Persia.—How now, Hephestion, is Alexander able to resist love as he list?

[*Exit* PAGE.

HEPH. The conquering of Thebes was not so honorable as the subduing of these thoughts.

ALEX. It were a shame Alexander should desire to command the world, if he could not command himself. But [430 come, let us go. I will try whether I can better bear my hand with my heart than I could with mine eye. And, good Hephestion, when all the world is won and every country is thine and mine, either find me out another to subdue, or, of my word, I will fall in love. [*Exeunt.*

THE EPILOGUE AT THE BLACKFRIARS

Where the rainbow toucheth the tree, no caterpillars will hang on the leaves; where the glowworm creepeth in the night, no adder will go in the day: we hope in the ears where our travails be lodged no carping shall harbor in those tongues. Our exercises must be as your judgment is, resembling water, which is always of the same color into what it runneth. In the Trojan horse lay couched soldiers with children;[4] and in heaps of many words we fear divers unfit among some allowable; but, as Demosthenes with often breathing up the hill amended his stammering, so we hope with sundry labors against the hair to correct our studies. If the tree be blasted that blossoms, the fault is in the wind and not in the root; and, if our pastimes be misliked that have been allowed,[5] you must impute it to the malice of others and not our endeavor. And so we rest in good case, if you rest well content.

THE EPILOGUE AT THE COURT

We cannot tell whether we are fallen among Diomedes' birds or his horses: the one received some men with sweet notes; the other bit all men with sharp teeth. But, as Homer's gods conveyed them into clouds whom they would have kept from curses, and, as Venus, lest Adonis should be pricked with the stings of adders, covered his face with the wings of swans, so we hope, being shielded with your Highness' countenance,

[4] knights.
[5] by the master of the Revels

we shall, though hear the neighing, yet not feel the kicking, of those jades, and receive, though no praise—which we cannot deserve—yet a pardon, which in all humility we desire. As yet we cannot tell what we should term our labors, iron or bullion; only it belongeth to your Majesty to make them fit either for the forge or the mint, current by the stamp or counterfeit by the anvil. For, as nothing is to be called white unless it had been named white by the first creator, so can there be nothing thought good in the opinion of others unless it be christened good by the judgment of yourself. For ourselves, again, we are like those torches, wax, of which, being in your Highness' hands, you may make doves or vultures, roses or nettles, laurel for a garland or elder for a disgrace.

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

BY

THOMAS KYD

INTRODUCTION

The earliest extant edition of this epoch-making play is either an ndated one describing it as "The Spanish Tragedy, containing the amentable end of Don Horatio and Bel-imperia, with the pitiful death f old Hieronimo," printed by Edward Allde for Edward White, or one ated 1594, with the same title, printed by Abel Jeffes and sold by Edward White. As both claim to be "newly corrected and amended of uch gross faults as passed in the first impression," there was certainly n earlier edition, which unfortunately has not come down to us. It vas probably the one licensed for printing to Abel Jeffes, October 6, 592, under the title of "The Spanish Tragedy of Don Horatio and Bellimpeia" (*sic*); but it may have been the piratical edition which we now to have been issued by Edward White prior to December 18 of he same year. There are nine early editions of the play extant, a fact vhich certifies to its enormous popularity. All are anonymous, and it s only thanks to a quotation in Heywood's "Apology for Actors" and is attribution of the lines quoted to Kyd that we are able to determine he authorship.

The fourth extant edition—that of 1602—and all subsequent editions incorporated in the text added passages the authorship of which s unknown. One or two of these five additions are amongst the most vildly beautiful pieces of romantic verse to be found throughout the ntire range of Elizabethan drama. They are so utterly different from he other parts of the play that no modern critic has dared to suggest hat they can be the work of Kyd, although the phrase, "and things alled whips," in the third, is quite Kydian.[1] Of recent years objection as been taken to them by admirers of Kyd on the ground that, fine s they are in themselves, they destroy the artistic harmony of the riginal dramatist's work, and that they have prevented the merits of Kyd's work from receiving due recognition. There is no little truth in his criticism. This unknown writer was one of the very finest of the oets of his time, whereas Kyd was scarcely a poet at all; but the dditions scarcely harmonize with the rest of the play.

[1] Another curious resemblance between the old Kyd play and the third addition is found in the as you think, nor as you think, nor as you think" of the latter and the "As yours, or yours, or yours" f the final scene.

Any scholar who will throw light upon the authorship of thes magnificent passages will be doing a great service. The only write for whom a claim of any weight can be advanced is Ben Jonson, who in September, 1601, was, as we learn from Henslowe's Diary, lent fort shillings "upon his writtinge of his adicians in geronymo." In th following June he was lent £10 "in earneste of a Boocke called Richar Crockbacke, & for new adicyons for Jeronymo." Whether these tw payments were for the one set of additions or for two different sets i a matter of doubt. In the year of the second payment, 1602, Pavie issued the play, as "newly corrected, amended, and enlarged with new additions of the Painter's part, and others, as it hath of late been diver times acted." The objection to recognizing the new work in this editio as Jonson's is ordinarily that it does not accord with such of his wor as has come down to us. That is a fallacious argument. In his earl days as a dramatic writer Jonson seems to have written romantic drama but, when he began collecting his work for publication, he rejected al those early efforts, giving to the press only such plays as had bee written in accordance with his rules of true dramatic conception an composition. We have thus no means of determining what was hi early romantic manner; and there is absolutely no reason for saying because we have nothing from him in that romantic vein, that he wa incapable of it.

But, if his claims are not to be rejected on that score, Greg, in hi edition of the play for the M[illegible]e Society, and Herford and Simpson in their Jonson, have shown strong reasons why they are not to be ac cepted. Their combined arguments may be summarized thus:

1. It is very unlikely that important additions would have been al lowed to reach the press immediately after production.

2. It would be in accord with Pavier's habits for him to pass off ol matter as new, instead of securing the latest theatrical novelty.

3. Jonson would not have been paid so highly for additions amount ing to so little in bulk as these.

4. In "Cynthia's Revels," 1600 (that is to say, before his own ad ditions were made), Jonson speaks of "the old Hieronimo, as it wa first acted," showing that it had already been revised.

5. In "Bartholomew Fair" he refers to the play as being in existence 25 or 30 years, without any suggestion that he had written additions the inference being that the printed additions are not his.

6. A production of "Jeronimo" (that is to say, "The Spanish Tragedy") by the Admiral's men at the Rose in January, 1596–7, wa marked as "new" by Henslowe. Alterations must have been exten sive to justify such a description. Those published in the edition of 1602 would hardly warrant it. Yet the Pavier additions may have

been these of 1596–7 or perhaps some dating between 1597 and 1602.

On the whole it may be said that the argument against is rather stronger than the argument for Jonson's authorship; but the matter is by no means definitely settled. We may, however, cast aside as valueless the suggestion by Herford and Simpson that, though Jonson undertook the work of supplying the additions, the work was really done by another.

There are two portions of the original version of the play to which special attention may be directed. Lines 3–6 and 9, 10 of Act II are taken almost verbatim from the 47th sonnet of the "Hekatompathia" of Thomas Watson, a famous dramatist of the time, none of whose plays is known to have come down to us. It is for another reason that notice may be demanded for the prose in III 6. The scene begins with ten speeches in verse, and ends with another eight in verse. The intermediate prose piece is not without a very marked resemblance to early Shakespearean prose. That Shakespeare in his capacity as company poet must have done a great deal of play-patching can hardly be questioned, and there is no impossibility that he may have substituted this (perhaps when it was acted for Strange's men in 1591–2) for what had been originally written. There is scarcely enough of it for the expression of a definite opinion; but assuredly, if that prose appeared in any play having a place in the folio, its genuineness would never be questioned. The simplest thing, however, is to regard it as showing that Kyd was not incapable of attaining something of the Shakespearean prose manner, though it is hard to point to any other non-Shakespearean play in which the prose approximates to that of Shakespeare. It may perhaps not be without significance that it is the only prose in the entire play (according to the original version) save for the closely connected scenes immediately preceding and succeeding.

"The Spanish Tragedy" has manifest faults and failings that will prejudice against it the reader who does not bear in mind its place in the drama. It marked the substitution of popular melodrama for Senecan tragedy, with all its stale conventions. If only for the absurd laws that he threw into the limbo of the irrecoverable, Kyd is deserving of our everlasting thanks. The horror of bloody murder upon the stage may be a source of evil; but, if it gives us death, it also gives us life—a life that the pre-Kydian drama had not known.

Kyd's verse has many of the artifices of the time. Note the Lylyan use of "Ay, but" in the second speech of II, the employment in the second last speech of the same scene of one opening word for consecutive lines, the game of "the house that Jack built" that he plays in the same speech, the frequent repetition of line-endings, the Senecan stichomythia into which he drops whenever he thinks the occasion fa-

vorable—as, for example, in the dialogue between Bel-imperia and Balthazar in I 3. He shows now and then a bitter wit and a strong ironic sense; but it is to be feared, nevertheless, that the catalogue of accomplished horrors with which he closes is characteristic of his mental attitude. His technique is remarkable for his time, but crude enough in places, as, *e.g.*, when Villuppo, at the end of I 2, enlightens the audience as to his action. He does not show much art in ending his sub-plot in the first scene of III; but his management of the main plot is masterly. This is probably the first example of the play within the play; but it is more than that: it is doubly framed: the play of Soliman and Perseda is witnessed by the Court of Spain and the Viceroy of Portugal, and the play of which they, in turn, form a part is witnessed by Andrea's ghost and Revenge.

More important is it to note that here we have the first psychological study that our theatre affords. The madness of Hieronimo is only occasional. In the original it is only in the additions that the element of madness is so stressed as to complicate his character. (And here let it be remarked that the play should be read twice—once without the additions, and once with them. It is only in that way that a fair idea can be got both of the play and of Kyd's dramatic character.) Kyd's hero is rather cunning, hesitant, and expectant than mad; but Isabella "runs lunatic"; and very unimpressive her lunacy is, utterly destitute of any preparation that might have made it credible. It is only when we come to the 1602 edition, with the addition of the mad scenes, that we have the sub-title, "Hieronimo is mad again."

It may be well, in this connection, to consider the purpose of the various additions. The first seems to be introduced entirely for the purpose of showing Hieronimo demented, whereas in the original his madness comes later. The second is to strengthen the reason for Lorenzo's suspicion. Kyd thought Hieronimo's "sly inquiry" for Bel-imperia sufficient; the reviser did not. The third is for the heightening of the effect. The fourth is clearly meant for a new version of part of the following scene, Bazulto being changed to Bazardo and made a painter, to give opportunities for imaginative work and for the study of dementia. The fifth is to improve the dialogue. The fourth is quite inconsistent with the previous scene in the old play showing Isabella mad, which, it is to be presumed, was omitted when the revised version was given.

The old quartos give the play as in four acts, instead of the almost invariable five. Schick, adopting such a division, pointed out that the Elizabethan versions of Seneca's "Thebais" and "Octavia" had only four acts. It is in favor of such a division also that the play is divided into four parts by the choruses. As against these strong arguments

is to be considered this, that the third act is, in the original version, very nearly as long as the other three acts put together, and, in the revised version, is actually longer than the other three. In the face of that fact, it seems likely that one chorus was missing when the play was first set up, and that the printer divided it into only four acts on the basis of the choruses. The play is therefore marked here as being in the usual five acts.

If we suppose a division into five acts, it is a matter for doubt whether III should end with scene 7 or with scene 8. Hawkins chose the former, and the same division is made here, though just as much is to be said in favor of the alternative.

It may be remarked that "that old disgrace which "Bel-imperia" for Don Andrea had endured" (IV 3) is not mentioned in the existing "First Part of Jeronimo," one of many proofs that that play is not the original first part, written by Kyd.

CHARACTERS

GHOST OF ANDREA, *A Spanish Nobleman*, REVENGE } CHORUS.
KING OF SPAIN.
DON CYPRIAN, DUKE OF CASTILE, *his brother.*
LORENZO, *the Duke's son.*
BEL-IMPERIA, *Lorenzo's sister.*
VICEROY OF PORTUGAL.
BALTHAZAR, *his son.*
DON PEDRO, *the Viceroy's brother.*
HIERONIMO, *Marshal of Spain.*
ISABELLA, his wife.
HORATIO, *their son.*
THE SPANISH GENERAL.
A DEPUTY.
DON BAZULTO, *an old man.*
THE PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR.

ALEXANDRO, VILLUPPO } *Portuguese Noblemen.*
PEDRINGANO, *Bel-imperia's servant.*
CHRISTOPHIL, *Bel-imperia's custodian.*
PAGE *to Lorenzo.*
SERBERINE, *Balthazar's servant.*
MAID *to Isabella.*
A MESSENGER.
A HANGMAN.
BAZARDO, *a Painter.*
PEDRO, JAQUES } *Hieronimo's servants, in the additions to the play:*
Army, Royal Suites, Noblemen, Halberdiers, Officers, Two Portuguese, Three Citizens, Three Watchmen, Servants, etc.

PLACE: *Spain and Portugal.*
TIME: *the latter part of the 16th Century.*

THE SPANISH TRAGEDY

OR

HIERONIMO IS MAD AGAIN

INDUCTION

ANDREA, *a Spanish nobleman, has been slain in battle by* BALTHAZAR. *His spirit, showing an unsoldierly desire for vengeance upon the author of his death, comes from Hell with* REVENGE, *to see the tables turned upon* BALTHAZAR, *and to act as Chorus in the tragedy.*

GHOST. When this eternal substance of my soul
Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh,
Each in their function serving other's need,
I was a courtier in the Spanish Court.
My name was Don Andrea; my descent,
Though not ignoble, yet inferior far
To gracious fortunes of my tender youth;
For there in prime and pride of all my years,
By duteous service and deserving love,
In secret I possessed a worthy dame,
Which hight sweet Bel-imperia by name;
But in the harvest of my summer joys
Death's winter nipped the blossoms of my bliss,
Forcing divorce betwixt my love and me.
For in the late conflict with Portingale
My valor drew me into danger's mouth
Till life to death made passage through my wounds.
When I was slain, my soul descended straight
To pass the flowing stream of Acheron;
But churlish Charon, only boatman there,
Said that, my rites of burial not performed,
I might not sit amongst his passengers.
Ere Sol had slept three nights in Thetis' lap
And slaked his smoking chariot in her flood,
By Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
My funerals and obsequies were done.
Then was the ferryman of hell content
To pass me over to the slimy strand
That leads to fell Avernus' ugly waves.
There, pleasing Cerberus with honeyed speech,
I passed the perils of the foremost porch.
Not far from hence, amidst ten thousand souls,
Sat Minos, Aeacus, and Rhadamanth;
To whom no sooner 'gan I make approach,
To crave a passport for my wand'ring ghost,
But Minos, in graven leaves of lottery,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
"This knight," quoth he, "both lived and died in love,
And, for his love, tried fortune of the wars,
And by war's fortune lost both love and life."
"Why then," said Aeacus, "convey him hence,
To walk with lovers in our fields of love,
And spend the course of everlasting time
Under green myrtle-trees and cypress shades."
"No, no," said Rhadamanth, "it were not well,
With loving souls to place a martialist.
He died in war, and must to martial fields,
Where wounded Hector lives in lasting pain,
And Achilles' Myrmidons do scour the plain."

Then Minos, mildest censor of the three,
Made this device to end the difference:
"Send him," quoth he, "to our infernal king,
To doom him as best seems his majesty."
To this effect my passport straight was drawn.
In keeping on my way to Pluto's court,
Through dreadful shades of ever-glooming night,
I saw more sights than thousand [90
tongues can tell,
Or pens can write, or mortal hearts can think.
Three ways there were: that on the right-hand side
Was ready way unto the 'foresaid fields,
Where lovers live and bloody martialists,
But either sort contained within his bounds.
The left-hand path, declining fear- [100
fully,
Was ready downfall to the deepest hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steel,
And poor Ixion turns an endless wheel;
Where usurers are choked with melting gold,
And wantons are embraced with ugly snakes,
And murderers groan with never-killing wounds, [111
And perjured wights scalded in boiling lead,
And all foul sins with torments overwhelmed.
'Twixt these two ways I trod the middle path,
Which brought me to the fair Elysian green,
In midst whereof there stands a [120
stately tower,
The walls of brass, the gates of adamant.
Here, finding Pluto with his Proserpine,
I showed my passport, humbled on my knee;
Whereat fair Proserpine began to smile,
And begged that only she might give my doom.
Pluto was pleased, and sealed it with a kiss. [130
Forthwith, Revenge, she rounded thee in th' ear,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of horn,
Where dreams have passage in the silent night.
No sooner had she spoke, but we were here—
I wot not how—in twinkling of an eye.
REVENGE. Then know, Andrea, that thou art arrived [141
Where thou shalt see the author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the prince of Portingale,
Deprived of life by Bel-imperia.
Here sit we down to see the mystery,
And serve for Chorus in this tragedy.

ACT ONE

SCENE I

The GENERAL *of the Spanish forces that have been fighting the Portuguese has arrived at the court of his* KING *with the tidings of his victory. Besides the* KING, *his brother* (CASTILE), *and* HIERONIMO *are also present.*

KING. Now say, lord General, how fares our camp?
GEN. All well, my sovereign liege, except some few [10
That are deceased by fortune of the war.
KING. But what portends thy cheerful countenance,
And posting to our presence thus in haste?
Speak, man, hath fortune given us victory?
GEN. Victory, my liege, and that with little loss.
KING. Our Portingals will pay us [20
tribute then?
GEN. Tribute and wonted homage therewithal.
KING. Then blest be heaven and guider of the heavens,
From whose fair influence such justice flows.

CAST. *O multum dilecte Deo, tibi militat aether,*
Et conjuratae curvato poplite gentes
Succumbunt: recti soror est victoria juris.

KING. Thanks to my loving brother of Castile.
But, General, unfold in brief discourse
Your form of battle and your war's success,
That, adding all the pleasure of thy news
Unto the height of former happiness,
With deeper wage and greater dignity
We may reward thy blissful chivalry.
GEN. Where Spain and Portingale do jointly knit
Their frontiers, leaning on each other's bound,
There met our armies in their proud array;
Both furnished well, both full of hope and fear,
Both menacing alike with daring shows,
Both vaunting sundry colors of device,
Both cheerly sounding trumpets, drums, and fifes,
Both raising dreadful clamors to the sky,
That valleys, hills, and rivers made rebound,
And heav'n itself was frighted with the sound.
Our battles both were pitched in squadron form,
Each corner strongly fenced with wings of shots;
But, ere we joined and came to push of pike,
I brought a squadron of our readiest shot
From out our rearward to begin the fight:
They brought another wing to encounter us.
Meanwhile our ordnance played on either side.
And captains strove to have their valors tried.
Don Pedro, their chief horsemen's colönel,
Did with his cornet bravely make attempt
To break the order of our battle ranks;
But Don Rogero, worthy man of war,
Marched forth against him with our musketeers,
And stopped the malice of his fell approach.
While they maintain hot skirmish to and fro,
Both battles join, and fall to handy-blows,
Their violent shot resembling th' ocean's rage,
When, roaring loud, and with a swelling tide,
It beats upon the rampiers of huge rocks,
And gapes to swallow neighbor-bounding lands.
Now, while Bellona rageth here and there,
Thick storms of bullets ran like winter's hail,
And shivered lances dark the troubled air.
Pede pes et cuspide cuspis;
Arma sonant armis, vir petiturque viro.
On every side drop captains to the ground,
And soldiers, some ill-maimed, some slain outright:
Here falls a body sundered from his head,
There legs and arms lie bleeding on the grass,
Mingled with weapons and unbowelled steeds,
That scattering overspread the purple plain.
In all this turmoil, three long hours and more,
The victory to neither part inclined;
Till Don Andrea, with his brave launciers,
In their main battle made so great a breach
That, half dismayed, the multitude retired;
But Balthazar, the Portingals' young prince,
Brought rescue, and encouraged them to stay.
Here-hence the fight was eagerly renewed,
And in that conflict was Andrea slain,
Brave man at arms, but weak to Balthazar.
Yet, while the prince, insulting over him,
Breathed out proud vaunts, sounding to our reproach,

Friendship and hardy valor joined in one
Pricked forth Horatio, our knight marshal's son,
To challenge forth that prince in single fight.
Not long between these twain the fight endured,
But straight the prince was beaten from his horse,
And forced to yield him prisoner to his foe.
When he was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our carbines pursued them to the death,
Till, Phoebus waving to the western deep,
Our trumpeters were charged to sound retreat.

KING. Thanks, good lord General, for these good news;
And, for some argument of more to come,
Take this and wear it for thy sovereign's sake.

[*Takes a chain off his neck, and gives it to the* GENERAL.

But tell me now, hast thou confirmed a peace?

GEN. No peace, my liege, but peace conditional,
That, if with homage tribute be well paid,
The fury of your forces will be stayed:
And to this peace their viceroy hath subscribed,
And made a solemn vow that, during life,
His tribute shall be truly paid to Spain.

[*Gives the* KING *a paper.*

KING. These words, these deeds, become thy person well.
But now, knight marshal, frolic with thy king,
For 'tis thy son that wins this battle's prize.

HIER. Long may he live to serve my sovereign liege,
And soon decay unless he serve my liege.

KING. Nor thou nor he shall die without reward. [*A tucket*[1] *afar off.*
What means this warning of this trumpet's sound?

GEN. This tells me that your grace's men of war,
Such as war's fortune hath reserved from death,
Come marching on towards your royal seat,
To show themselves before your majesty;
For so I gave in charge at my depart.
Whereby by demonstration shall appear
That all, except three hundred or few more,
Are safe returned, and by their foes enriched.

The conquering army passes before the KING, *with* BALTHAZAR *as a captive between* LORENZO *and* HORATIO.

KING. A gladsome sight! I long to see them here.
Was that the warlike prince of Portingale,
That by our nephew was in triumph led?

GEN. It was, my liege, the prince of Portingale.

KING. But what was he that on the other side
Held him by th' arm, as partner of the prize?

HIER. That was my son, my gracious sovereign;
Of whom, though from his tender infancy
My loving thoughts did never hope but well,
He never pleased his father's eyes till now,
Nor filled my heart with overcloying joys.

KING. Go, let them march once more about these walls,
That, staying them, we may confer and talk
With our brave prisoner and his double guard.—
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth us
That in our victory thou have a share,
By virtue of thy worthy son's exploit.

[*The army again passes before the* KING.]

Bring hither the young prince of Portingale:
The rest march on; but, ere they be dismissed,

[1] Flourish of trumpets.

We will bestow on every soldiër
Two ducats, and on every leader ten,
That they may know our largess wel-
comes them.— [230

[*Exeunt all but the* King, Hieronimo, Balthazar, Lorenzo *and* Horatio.

Welcome, Don Balthazar!—Welcome,
nephew!—
And thou, Horatio, thou art welcome too.
Young prince, although thy father's hard
misdeeds,
In keeping back the tribute that he owes,
Deserve but evil measure at our hands,
Yet shalt thou know that Spain is honor-
able. [241

Bal. The trespass that my father made
in peace
Is now controlled by fortune of the wars;
And, cards once dealt, it boots not ask
why so.
His men are slain, a weakening to his
realm;
His colors seized, a blot unto his name;
His son distressed, a corsive to his [250
heart:
These punishments may clear his late of-
fence.

King. Ay, Balthazar, if he observe this
truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for
these wars.
Meanwhile live thou, though not in lib-
erty, [259
Yet free from bearing any servile yoke;
For in our hearing thy deserts were
great,
And in our sight thyself art gracious.

Bal. And I shall study to deserve this
grace.

King. But tell me—for their holding
makes me doubt—
To which of these twain art thou pris-
oner?

Lor. To me, my liege. [270

Hor. To me, my sovereign.

Lor. This hand first took his courser
by the reins.

Hor. But first my lance did put him
from his horse.

Lor. I seized his weapon, and enjoyed
it first.

Hor. But first I forced him lay his
weapons down. [279

King. Let go his arm, upon our privi-
lege. [*They let him go.*

Say, worthy prince, to whether did'st
thou yield?

Bal. To him in courtesy, to this per-
force.
He spake me fair, this other gave me
strokes;
He promised life, this other threatened
death; [289
He won my love, this other conquered me.
And, truth to say, I yield myself to both.

Hier. But that I know your grace for
just and wise,
And might seem partial in this difference,
Enforced by nature and by law of arms,
My tongue should plead for young Hora-
tio's right.
He hunted well that was a lion's death,
Not he that in a garment wore his skin;
So hares may pull dead lions by the [300
beard.

King. Content thee, marshal, thou
shalt have no wrong;
And, for thy sake, thy son shall want no
right.—
Will both abide the censure of my doom?

Lor. I crave no better than your grace
awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my
right. [310

King. Then, by my judgment, thus
your strife shall end;
You both deserve, and both shall have
reward.
Nephew, thou took'st his weapon and his
horse:
His weapons and his horse are thy re-
ward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to
yield: [320
His ransom therefore is thy valor's fee;
Appoint the sum, as you shall both agree.
But, nephew, thou shalt have the prince
in guard,

For thine estate best fitteth such a guest:
Horatio's house were small for all his train.
Yet, in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that just guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yield the armor of the prince.—
How likes Don Balthazar of this device?

BAL. Right well, my liege, if this proviso were,
That Don Horatio bear us company,
Whom I admire and love for chivalry.

KING. Horatio, leave him not that loves thee so.—
Now let us hence to see our soldiers paid,
And feast our prisoner as our friendly guest. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

We are now in the Portuguese Court, where the VICEROY *(who might better be described as a monarch tributary to Spain) laments the loss of his son. Among the courtiers present are* ALEXANDRO *and* VILLUPPO.

VIC. Is our ambassador despatched for Spain?

ALEX. Two days, my liege, are past since his depart.

VIC. And tribute-payment gone along with him?

ALEX. Ay, my good lord.

VIC. Then rest we here awhile in our unrest,
And feed our sorrows with some inward sighs,
For deepest cares break never into tears.
But wherefore sit I in a regal throne?
[*Falls to the ground.*
This better fits a wretch's endless moan.
Yet this is higher than my fortunes reach,
And therefore better than my state deserves.
Ay, ay, this earth, image of melancholy,
Seeks him whom fates adjudge to misery.
Here let me lie; now am I at the lowest.
Qui jacet in terra, non habet unde cadat.
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo;
Nil superest ut jam possit obesse magis.
Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my crown:
Here, take it now: let Fortune do her worst,
She will not rob me of this sable weed.
O no, she envies none but pleasant things
Such is the folly of despiteful chance!
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deaf, and hears not my laments
And, could she hear, yet is she wilful-mad
And therefore will not pity my distress
Suppose that she could pity me, what then?
What help can be expected at her hands
Whose foot [is] standing on a rolling stone,
And mind more mutable than fickle winds?
Why wail I, then, where's hope of no redress?
O yes, complaining makes my grief seem less.
My late ambition hath distained my faith;
My breach of faith occasioned bloody wars;
Those bloody wars have spent my treasure,[2]
And with my treasure [2] my people's blood;
And with their blood, my joy and best beloved,
My best beloved, my sweet and only son.
O, wherefore went I not to war myself?
The cause was mine; I might have died for both.
My years were mellow, his but young and green;
My death were natural, but his was forced.

ALEX. No doubt, my liege, but still the prince survives.

VIC. Survives! Ay, where?

ALEX. In Spain, a prisoner by mischance of war.

VIC. Then they have slain him for his father's fault.

ALEX. That were a breach to common law of arms.

[2] trisyllabic.

Vic. They reck no laws that meditate revenge.
Alex. His ransom's worth will stay from foul revenge.
Vic. No; if he lived, the news would soon be here.
Alex. Nay, evil news fly faster still than good.
Vic. Tell me no more of news, for he is dead.
Vil. My sovereign, pardon the author of ill news,
And I'll bewray[3] the fortune of thy son.
Vic. Speak on, I'll guerdon thee, whate'er it be.
Mine ear is ready to receive ill news;
My heart grown hard 'gainst mischief's battery.
Stand up, I say, and tell thy tale at large.
Vil. Then hear that truth which these mine eyes have seen.
When both the armies were in battle joined,
Don Balthazar, amidst the thickest troops,
To win renown did wondrous feats of arms.
Amongst the rest, I saw him, hand to hand,
In single fight with their lord-general;
Till Alexandro, that here counterfeits
Under the color of a duteous friend,
Discharged his pistol at the prince's back
As though he would have slain their general:
But therewithal Don Balthazar fell down;
And, when he fell, then we began to fly;
But, had he lived, the day had sure been ours.
Alex. O wicked forgery! O traitorous miscreant!
Vic. Hold thou thy peace! But now, Villuppo, say,
Where then became the carcase of my son?
Vil. I saw them drag it to the Spanish tents.

[3] reveal.

Vic. Ay, ay, my nightly dreams have told me this.—
Thou false, unkind, unthankful, traitorous beast,
Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,
That thou shouldst thus betray him to our foes?
Was 't Spanish gold that blearëd so thine eyes
That thou couldst see no part of our deserts?
Perchance, because thou art Terceira's lord,
Thou hadst some hope to wear this diadem,
If first my son and then myself were slain;
But thy ambitious thought shall break thy neck.
Ay, this was it that made thee spill his blood;
[*Takes off the crown and puts it on again.*
But I'll now wear it till thy blood be spilt.
Alex. Vouchsafe, dread sovereign, to hear me speak.
Vic. Away with him! His sight is second hell.
Keep him till we determine of his death.—
[Alexandro *is led off.*
If Balthazar be dead, he shall not live.—
Villuppo, follow us for thy reward.
[*The* Viceroy *goes out; but* Villuppo *stays a moment, to make it clear to the audience that he is a villain.*
Vil. Thus have I with an envious, forgëd tale
Deceived the king, betrayed mine enemy,
And hope for guerdon of my villany.
[*Exit.*

Scene III

The scene is the banqueting-hall in the court of Spain. Bel-imperia, *who is now being pestered with the attentions of* Don Balthazar, *has sent for* Horatio, *that he may give her details of the death of her secret lover,* Andrea.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place and hour,
Wherein I must entreat thee to relate
The circumstance of Don Andrea's death,

Who, living, was my garland's sweetest flower,
And in his death hath buried my delights.
HOR. For love of him and service to yourself,
I nill refuse this heavy doleful charge;
Yet tears and sighs, I fear, will hinder me.
When both our armies were enjoined in fight,
Your worthy chevalier amidst the thick'st,
For glorious cause still aiming at the fairest,
Was at the last by young Don Balthazar
Encountered hand to hand. Their fight was long.
Their hearts were great, their clamors menacing,
Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous;
But wrathful Nemesis, that wicked power,
Envying at Andrea's praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth.
She, she herself, disguised in armor's mask—
As Pallas was before proud Pergamus—
Brought in a fresh supply of halberdiers,
Which paunched[4] his horse, and dinged him to the ground.
Then young Don Balthazar with ruthless rage,
Taking advantage of his foe's distress,
Did finish what his halberdiers begun,
And left not, till Andrea's life was done.
Then, though too late, incensed with just remorse,[5]
I with my band set forth against the prince,
And brought him prisoner from his halberdiers.
BEL. Would thou hadst slain him that so slew my love!
But then was Don Andrea's carcase lost?
HOR. No, that was it for which I chiefly strove,
Nor stepped I back till I recovered him.
I took him up, and wound him in mine arms,
And, wielding him unto my private tent,
There laid him down, and dewed him with my tears,
And sighed and sorrowed as became a friend.
But neither friendly sorrow, sighs, nor tears
Could win pale Death from his usurpëd right.
Yet this I did, and less I could not do:
I saw him honored with due funeral.
This scarf I plucked from off his lifeless arm,
And wear it in remembrance of my friend.
BEL. I know the scarf: would he had kept it still!
For had he lived, he would have kept it still,
And worn it for his Bel-imperia's sake;
For 'twas my favor at his last depart.
But now wear thou it both for him and me;
For, after him, thou hast deserved it best.
But, for thy kindness in his life and death,
Be sure, while Bel-imperia's life endures,
She will be Don Horatio's thankful friend.
HOR. And, madam, Don Horatio will not slack
Humbly to serve fair Bel-imperia.
But now, if your good liking stand thereto,
I'll crave your pardon to go seek the prince;
For so the duke, your father, gave me charge. [*Exit* HORATIO.
BEL. Ay, go, Horatio, leave me here alone;
For solitude best fits my cheerless mood.
Yet what avails to wail Andrea's death,
From whence Horatio proves my second love?
Had he not loved Andrea as he did,
He could not sit in Bel-imperia's thoughts.
But how can love find harbor in my breast
Till I revenge the death of my beloved?
Yes, second love shall further my revenge:
I'll love Horatio, my Andrea's friend,
The more to spite the prince that wrought his end;

[4] disembowelled.
[5] regret.

And, where Don Balthazar, that slew my love,
Himself now pleads for favor at my hands,
He shall, in rigor of my just disdain,
Reap long repentance for his murderous deed:
For what was 't else but murderous cowardice,
So many to oppress one valiant knight,
Without respect of honor in the fight? [120
And here he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR.

LOR. Sister, what means this melancholy walk?
BEL. That for a while I wish no company.
LOR. But here the prince is come to visit you. [129
BEL. That argues that he lives in liberty.
BAL. No, madam, but in pleasing servitude.
BEL. Your prison then, belike, is your conceit.
BAL. Ay, by conceit my freedom is enthralled.
BEL. Then with conceit enlarge yourself again. [139
BAL. What, if conceit have laid my heart to gage?
BEL. Pay that you borrowed, and recover it.
BAL. I die, if it return from whence it lies.
BEL. A heartless man, and live? A miracle!
BAL. Ay, lady, love can work such miracles.
LOR. Tush, tush, my lord! let go [150 these ambages,[6]
And in plain terms acquaint her with your love.
BEL. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy?
BAL. Yes, to your gracious self must I complain,
In whose fair answer lies my remedy,
On whose perfection all my thoughts attend, [160
On whose aspéct mine eyes find beauty's bower,
In whose translucent breast my heart is lodged.
BEL. Alas, my lord, these are but words of course,[7]
And but devised to drive me from this place.

[*In departing, she drops her glove, which* HORATIO, *entering, picks up.* [170

HOR. Madam, your glove.
BEL. Thanks, good Horatio; take it for thy pains. [*Exit.*
BAL. Signior Horatio stooped in happy time!
HOR. I reaped more grace than I deserved or hoped.
LOR. My lord, be not dismayed for what is past: [179
You know that women oft are humorous,[8]
These clouds will overblow with little wind;
Let me alone, I'll scatter them myself.
Meanwhile, let us devise to spend the time
In some delightful sports and revelling.
HOR. The king, my lords, is coming hither straight,
To feast the Portingal ambassador; [189
Things were in readiness before I came.
BAL. Then here it fits us to attend the king,
To welcome hither our ambassador,
And learn my father and my country's health.

The banquet is brought in. Trumpeters follow, to announce the approach of the KING; *and then the monarch appears in the company of the Portuguese* AMBASSADOR *and lords of his own Court.* [200

KING. See, lord Ambassador, how Spain entreats
Their prisoner Balthazar, thy viceroy's son.
We pleasure more in kindness than in wars.

[6] circumlocutions.
[7] formal phrases.
[8] capricious.

Amb. Sad is our king, and Portingale laments,
Supposing that Don Balthazar is slain.
Bal. So am I—slain by beauty's tyranny. [211
You see, my lord, how Balthazar is slain:
I frolic with the Duke of Castile's son,
Wrapped every hour in pleasures of the court,
And graced with favors of his majesty.
King. Put off your greetings, till our feast be done;
Now come and sit with us, and taste our cheer.— [220
Sit down, young prince, you are our second guest.—
Brother, sit down.—And, nephew, take your place.—
[*They sit to the banquet.*
Signior Horatio, wait thou upon our cup;
For well thou hast deservëd to be honored.—
Now, lordings, fall to; Spain is Portugal,
And Portugal is Spain: we both are friends; [231
Tribute is paid; and we enjoy our right.
But where is old Hieronimo, our marshal?
He promised us, in honor of our guest,
To grace our banquet with some pompous jest.—

Hieronimo *comes in with those who are to make up his entertainment. These consist of a drummer, who is doing* [240 *his noisy duty, and three knights, each with a scutcheon. Then* Hieronimo *goes out and returns with three Kings. The knights take the Kings captives, and possess themselves of their crowns. They then hang their scutcheons on the wall.*

Hieronimo, this masque contents mine eye,
Although I sound not well the mystery.
Hier. The first armed knight, that hung his scutcheon up, [251
[*He takes the scutcheon and gives it to the* King.
Was English Robert, Earl of Gloster,[9]
Who, when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,
Arrived with five and twenty thousand men
In Portingale, and by success of war [259
Enforced the king, then but a Saracen,
To bear the yoke of the English monarchy.
King. My lord of Portingale, by this you see
That which may comfort both your king and you,
And make your late discomfort seem the less.—
But say, Hieronimo, what was the next?
Hier. The second knight, that hung his scutcheon up, [271
[*He doth as he did before.*
Was Edmund, Earl of Kent in Albion,
When English Richard wore the diadem.
He came likewise, and razëd Lisbon walls,
And took the King of Portingale in fight;
For which and other such-like service done
He after was created Duke of York.
King. This is another special argu- [280
ment,
That Portingale may deign to bear our yoke,
When it by little England hath been yoked.—
But now, Hieronimo, what were the last?
Hier., *doing as before.* The third and last, not least, in our account,
Was, as the rest, a valiant Englishman,
Brave John of Gaunt, the Duke of Lancaster, [291
As by his scutcheon plainly may appear.
He with a puissant army came to Spain,
And took our King of Castile prisoner.
Amb. This is an argument for our viceróy
That Spain may not insult for her success,
Since English warriors likewise conquered Spain. [300
And made them bow their knees to Albion.
King. Hieronimo, I drink to thee for this device,

[9] The verse seems to require "Gloucester," as a 3-syllable word.

Which hath pleased both the ambassador and me:
Pledge me, Hieronimo, if thou love the king.
My lord, I fear we sit but over-long, [309
Unless our dainties were more delicate;
But welcome are you to the best we have.
Now let us in, that you may be despatched:
I think our council is already set.
[*Exeunt.*

CHORUS.

ANDREA *is, not unnaturally, very discontented with the way things have gone thus far.*

ANDREA. Come we for this from depth of underground, [321
To see him feast that gave me my death's wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soul:
Nothing but league, and love, and banqueting?
REVENGE. Be still, Andrea; ere we go from hence, [329
I'll turn their friendship into fell despite,
Their love to mortal hate, their day to night,
Their hope into despair, their peace to war,
Their joys to pain, their bliss to misery.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

In a room in the palace of DON CYPRIAN, LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR *are discussing the attitude of* BEL-IMPERIA.

LOR. My lord, though Bel-imperia seem thus coy,
Let reason hold you in your wonted joy.
In time the savage bull sustains the yoke,
In time all haggard[1] hawks will stoop to lure, [9
In time small wedges cleave the hardest oak,
In time the flint is pierced with softest shower,
And she in time will fall from her disdain,
And rue the sufferance of your friendly pain.
BAL. No, she is wilder, and more hard withal, [19
Than beast, or bird, or tree, or stony wall.
But wherefore blot I Bel-imperia's name?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight,
My words are rude and work her no delight.
The lines I send her are but harsh and ill,
Such as do drop from Pan and Marsyas' quill.
My presents are not of sufficient cost, [30
And, being worthless, all my labor's lost.
Yet might she love me for my valiancy:
Ay, but that's slandered by captivity.
Yet might she love me to content her sire:
Ay, but her reason masters his desire.
Yet might she love me as her brother's friend:
Ay, but her hopes aim at some other end.
Yet might she love me to uprear her state: [40
Ay, but perhaps she hopes some nobler mate.
Yet might she love me as her beauty's thrall:
Ay, but I fear she cannot love at all.
LOR. My lord, for my sake leave this ecstasy,
And doubt not but we'll find some remedy.
Some cause there is that lets you not be loved; [50
First that must needs be known, and then removed.
What if my sister love some other knight?
BAL. My summer's day will turn to winter's night.
LOR. I have already found a stratagem
To sound the bottom of this doubtful theme.
My lord, for once you shall be ruled by me; [60
Hinder me not, whate'er you hear or see.
By force or fair means will I cast about
To find the truth of all this question out.
[*Calling.*] Ho, Pedringano!
PED. *Signior!*

[1] wayward.

LOR. *Vien qui presto.*[2]

Enter PEDRINGANO.

PED. Hath your lordship any service to command me?

LOR. Ay, Pedringano, service of import;

And—not to spend the time in trifling words—

Thus stands the case: it is not long, thou know'st,

Since I did shield thee from my father's wrath,

For thy conveyance[3] in Andrea's love,

For which thou wert adjudged to punishment.

I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment,

And since, thou knowest how I have favored thee,

Now to these favors will I add reward.

Not with fair words, but store of golden coin,

And lands and living joined with dignities,

If thou but satisfy my just demand.

Tell truth, and have me for thy lasting friend.

PED. Whate'er it be your lordship shall demand,

My bounden duty bids me tell the truth,

If case it lie in me to tell the truth.

LOR. Then, Pedringano, this is my demand:

Whom loves my sister Bel-imperia?

For she reposeth all her trust in thee.

Speak, man, and gain both friendship and reward.

I mean, whom loves she in Andrea's place?

PED. Alas, my lord, since Don Andrea's death

I have no credit with her as before,

And therefore know not, if she love or no.

LOR., *drawing his sword.* Nay, if thou dally, then I am thy foe,

And fear shall force what friendship cannot win.

Thy death shall bury what thy life conceals;

Thou diest for more esteeming her than me.

PED. O, stay, my lord!

LOR. Yet speak the truth, and I will guerdon thee,

And shield thee from whatever can ensue,

And will conceal whate'er proceeds from thee;

But, if thou dally once again, thou diest.

PED. If madam Bel-imperia be in love—

LOR. What, villain! Ifs and ands?

[*Offers to kill him. Thus threatened,* PEDRINGANO *hastens to save his skin.*

PED. O, stay, my lord! She loves Horatio.

[*This news is a heavy blow to* BALTHAZAR, *who manifests his surprise and chagrin.*

LOR. What, Don Horatio, our knight marshal's son?

PED. Even him, my lord.

LOR. Now say but how knowest thou he is her love,

And thou shalt find me kind and liberal.

Stand up, I say, and fearless tell the truth.

PED. She sent him letters, which myself perused,

Full-fraught with lines and arguments of love,

Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

LOR. Swear on this cross[4] that what thou say'st is true,

And that thou wilt conceal what thou hast told.

PED. I swear to both, by Him that made us all.

LOR. In hope thine oath is true, here's thy reward; [*Gives him money.*

But if I prove thee perjured and unjust,

This very sword whereon thou tookest thine oath

Shall be the worker of thy tragedy.

PED. What I have said is true, and shall, for me,

Be still concealed from Bel-imperia.

Besides, your honor's liberality

Deserves my duteous service, even till death.

LOR. Let this be all that thou shalt do for me:

[2] Come hither quickly.
[3] playing the part of a go-between.
[4] his sword-hilt.

Be watchful when and where these lovers meet,
And give me notice in some secret sort.
PED. I will, my lord.
LOR. Then shalt thou find that I am liberal. [170
Thou know'st that I can more advance thy state
Than she; be therefore wise, and fail me not.
Go, and attend her, as thy custom is,
Lest absence make her think thou dost amiss. [*Exit* PEDRINGANO.
Why so: *"tam armis quam ingenio:"*
Where words prevail not, violence prevails; [180
But gold doth more than either of them both.
How likes Prince Balthazar this stratagem?
BAL. Both well and ill; it makes me glad and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my love;
Sad, that I fear she hates me whom I love: [190
Glad, that I know on whom to be revenged;
Sad, that she'll fly me, if I take revenge;
Yet must I take revenge or die myself,
For love resisted grows impatiënt.
I think Horatio be my destined plague:
First, in his hand he brandishëd a sword,
And with that sword he fiercely wagëd war,
And in that war he gave me dangerous wounds, [201
And by those wounds he forcëd me to yield,
And by my yielding I became his slave.
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words do harbor sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits are limed with sly deceits, [210
Which sly deceits smooth Bel-imperia's ears,
And through her ears dive down into her heart,
And in her heart set him where I should stand.
Thus hath he ta'en my body by his force,
And now by sleight would captivate my soul; [219
But in his fall I'll tempt the destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my love.
LOR. Let's go, my lord; your staying stays revenge.
Do you but follow me, and gain your love:
Her favor must be won by his remove. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

HORATIO *and* BEL-IMPERIA *have made some progress in their love-affair, and have already "vowed a mutual amity." They meet now in an apartment in her father's palace.*

HOR. Now, madam, since by favor of your love
Our hidden smoke is turned to open flame,
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts [10
(Two chief contents, where more cannot be had);
Thus, in the midst of love's fair blandishments,
Why show you sign of inward languishments?

PEDRINGANO *brings* BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO *into the gallery which overlooks the chamber, and then leaves them.* [19

BEL. My heart, sweet friend, is like a ship at sea:
She wisheth port, where, riding all at ease,
She may repair what stormy times have worn,
And, leaning on the shore, may sing with joy
That pleasure follows pain, and bliss annoy.
Possession of thy love is th' only port,
Wherein my heart, with fears and hopes long tossed, [31
Each hour doth wish and long to make resort,
There to repair the joys that it hath lost,
And, sitting safe, to sing in Cupid's choir

That sweetest bliss is crown of love's desire.
BAL. <O sleep, mine eyes, see not my love profaned; [39
Be deaf, my ears, hear not my discontent;
Die, heart: another joys what thou deserv'st.
LOR., *parodying this lamentation, to show his different mettle.* Watch still, mine eyes, to see this love disjoined;
Hear still, mine ears, to hear them both lament;
Live, heart, to joy at fond Horatio's fall.> [50
BEL. Why stands Horatio speechless all this while?
HOR. The less I speak, the more I meditate.
BEL. But whereon dost thou chiefly meditate?
HOR. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.
BAL. <On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.> [60
BEL. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou mean?
HOR. Dangers of war, and pleasures of our love.
LOR. <Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.>
BEL. Let dangers go, thy war shall be with me;
But such a war as breaks no bond of peace. [70
Speak thou fair words, I'll cross them with fair words;
Send thou sweet looks, I'll meet them with sweet looks;
Write loving lines, I'll answer loving lines;
Give me a kiss, I'll countercheck thy kiss:
Be this our warring peace, or peaceful war. [80
HOR. But, gracious madam, then appoint the field
Where trial of this war shall first be made.
BAL. <Ambitious villain, how his boldness grows!>
BEL. Then be thy father's pleasant bower the field,
Where first we vowed a mutual amity:
The court were dangerous; that place is safe. [91
Our hour shall be, when Vesper 'gins to rise,
That summons home distressful travellers.
There none shall hear us but the harmless birds;
Haply the gentle nightingale
Shall carol us asleep, ere we be 'ware,
And, singing with the prickle at her breast, [101
Tell our delight and mirthful dalliance.
Till then each hour will seem a year and more.
HOR. But, honey-sweet and honorable love,
Return we now into your father's sight;
Dangerous suspicion waits on our delight.
LOR. <Ay, danger mixed with jealous[5] despite [110
Shall send thy soul into eternal night.>
[HORATIO *and* BEL-IMPERIA *go out.*

SCENE III

In the Court the KING *and* DON CYPRIAN *also discuss* BEL-IMPERIA; *and the Portuguese* AMBASSADOR *is authorized to propose to his sovereign that a marriage be arranged between her and* BALTHAZAR. *Several courtiers are present.*

KING. Brother of Castile, to the prince's love
What says your daughter Bel-imperia?
CYP. Although she coy it, as becomes her kind, [11
And yet dissemble that she loves the prince,
I doubt not, I, but she will stoop in time.
And were she froward, which she will not be,
Yet herein shall she follow my advice,
Which is to love him or forgo my love.
KING. Then, lord Ambassador of Portingale, [20
Advise thy king to make this marriage up,
For strengthening of our late-confirmëd league;

[5] pronounced "jealious."

know no better means to make us friends.
Her dowry shall be large and liberal:
Besides that she is daughter and half-heir
Unto our brother here, Don Cyprian, [29
And shall enjoy the moiety of his land,
I'll grace her marriage with an uncle's gift;
And this it is, in case the match go forward:
The tribute which you pay shall be released;
And, if by Balthazar she have a son,
He shall enjoy the kingdom after us.

AMB. I'll make the motion to my sovereign liege, [40
And work it, if my counsel may prevail.

KING. Do so, my lord, and, if he give consent,
I hope his presence here will honor us,
In celebration of the nuptial day;
And let himself determine of the time.

AMB. Will 't please your grace command me aught beside?

KING. Commend me to the king; and so farewell!— [50
But where's Prince Balthazar, to take his leave?

AMB. That is performed already, my good lord.

KING. Amongst the rest of what you have in charge,
The prince's ransom must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that took him prisoner; [60
And well his forwardness deserves reward.
It was Horatio, our knight marshal's son.

AMB. Between us there's a price already pitched,
And shall be sent with all convenient speed.

KING. Then once again farewell, my lord.

AMB. Farewell, my lord of Castile, and the rest. [*Exit.*

KING. Now, brother, you must take [71
some little pains
To win fair Bel-imperia from her will.
Young virgins must be rulëd by their friends.
The prince is amiable, and loves her well;
If she neglect him and forgo his love,
She both will wrong her own estate and ours.
Therefore, whiles I do entertain the prince [81
With greatest pleasure that our court affords,
Endeavor you to win your daughter's thought:
If she give back,[6] all this will come to naught.

SCENE IV

HORATIO *and* BEL-IMPERIA *meet at night in* HIERONIMO'S *garden. A prominent feature of the garden is an arbor dominated by a big tree. In the garden wall is a door.* PEDRINGANO *is with the lovers, having escorted* BEL-IMPERIA *to the rendezvous.*

HOR. Now that the night begins with sable wings [9
To overcloud the brightness of the sun,
And that in darkness pleasures may be done,
Come, Bel-imperia, let us to the bower,
And there in safety pass a pleasant hour.

BEL. I follow thee, my love, and will not back,
Although my fainting heart controls my soul.

HOR. <Why, make you doubt of Pedringano's faith? [20

BEL. No, he is as trusty as my second self.>
Go, Pedringano, watch without the gate,
And let us know if any make approach.

PED. <Instead of watching, I'll deserve more gold
By fetching Don Lorenzo to this match.>
[*Exit* PEDRINGANO *through the door in the wall.*

HOR. What means my love? [30

BEL. I know not what myself;
And yet my heart foretells me some mischance.

HOR. Sweet, say not so; fair fortune is our friend,

[6] decline.

And heavens have shut up day, to pleasure us.
The stars, thou see'st, hold back their twinkling shine, [39
And Luna hides herself to pleasure us.
BEL. Thou hast prevailed; I'll conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy love and counsel drown my fear.
I fear no more; love now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.
HOR. The more thou sitt'st within these leafy bowers,
The more will Flora deck it with her [50 flowers.
BEL. Ay, but if Flora spy Horatio here,
Her jealous eye will think I sit too near.
HOR. Hark, madam, how the birds record[7] by night,
For joy that Bel-imperia sits in sight.
BEL. No, Cupid counterfeits the nightingale,
To frame sweet music to Horatio's tale.
HOR. If Cupid sing, then Venus is not far: [61
Ay, thou art Venus, or some fairer star.
BEL. If I be Venus, thou must needs be Mars;
And where Mars reigneth, there must needs be wars.
HOR. Then thus begin our wars: put forth thy hand,
That it may combat with my ruder hand.
BEL. Set forth thy foot, to try the [70 push of mine.
HOR. But first my looks shall combat against thine.
BEL. Then ward thyself: I dart this kiss at thee.
HOR. Thus I retort the dart thou threw'st at me.
BEL. Nay, then to gain the glory of the field,
My twining arms shall yoke and make thee yield. [81
HOR. Nay, then my arms are large and strong withal:
Thus elms by vines are compassed, till they fall.

[7] sing.

BEL. O, let me go; for in my troubled eyes
Now may'st thou read that life in passion dies.
HOR. O, stay a while, and I will die with thee; [91
So shalt thou yield, and yet have conquered me.
BEL. Who's there? Pedringano? We are betrayed!

LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, SERBERINE, *and* PEDRINGANO *rush in, the last-named being in disguise.*

LOR. My lord, away with her, take her aside.— [100
O, sir, forbear: your valor is already tried.—
Quickly despatch, my masters.
[SERBERINE *and* PEDRINGANO *hang* HORATIO *in the arbor.*
HOR. What, will you murder me?
LOR. Ay, thus, and thus: these are the fruits of love. [*Stabs him.*
BEL. O, save his life, and let me die for him!— [110
O, save him, brother; save him, Balthazar:
I loved Horatio; but he loved not me.
BAL. But Balthazar loves Bel-imperia.
LOR. Although his life were still ambitious-proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.
BEL., *screaming.* Murder! Murder! Help, Hieronimo, help!
LOR. Come, stop her mouth; away with her. [121
[*A hand is clapped over her mouth, and she is borne off, struggling.*

A few moments later HIERONIMO *enters "in his shirt"—that is to say, as roused from bed.*

HIER. What outcries pluck me from my naked bed,
And chill my throbbing heart with trembling fear, [130
Which never danger yet could daunt before?
Who calls Hieronimo? Speak, here I am.
I did not slumber; therefore 'twas no dream.

No, no, it was some woman cried for help,
And here within this garden did she cry,
And in this garden must I rescue her.—
But stay, what murd'rous spectacle is this?
A man hanged up and all the murderers gone!
And in my bower, to lay the guilt on me!
This place was made for pleasure, not for death. [*He cuts the body down.*
Those garments that he wears I oft have seen.—
Alas, it is Horatio, my sweet son!
O no, but he that whilom was my son!
O, was it thou that call'dst me from my bed?
O speak, if any spark of life remain:
I am thy father. Who hath slain my son?
What savage monster, not of human kind,
Hath here been glutted with thy harmless blood,
And left thy bloody corpse dishonored here,
For me, amidst these dark and deathful shades,
To drown thee with an ocean of my tears?
O heavens, why made you night to cover sin?
By day this deed of darkness had not been.
O earth, why didst thou not in time devour
The vild[8] profaner of this sacred bower?
O poor Horatio, what hadst thou misdone,
To leese[9] thy life, ere life was new begun?
O wicked butcher, whatsoe'er thou wert,
How could thou strangle virtue and desert?
Ay me most wretched, that have lost my joy,
In leesing my Horatio, my sweet boy!

Enter Isabella.

Isab. My husband's absence makes my heart to throb.—
Hieronimo!
Hier. Here, Isabella, help me to lament;
For sighs are stopped, and all my tears are spent.
Isab. What world of grief! my son Horatio!
O, where's the author of this endless woe?
Hier. To know the author were some ease of grief,
For in revenge my heart would find relief.
Isab. Then is he gone? and is my son gone too?
O, gush out, tears, fountains and floods of tears;
Blow, sighs, and raise an everlasting storm;
For outrage fits our cursëd wretchedness.

[Here begins the first of the additions.]

Ay me, Hieronimo, sweet husband, speak!
Hier. *He supped with us to-night, frolic and merry,*
And said he would go visit Balthazar
At the duke's palace; there the prince doth lodge.
He had no custom to stay out so late:
He may be in his chamber; some go see.—
[Calling.] *Roderigo, ho!*

Enter Pedro *and* Jaques.

Isab. <*Ay me, he raves!*> *Sweet Hieronimo!*
Hier. *True, all Spain takes note of it.*
Besides, he is so generally beloved;
His majesty the other day did grace him
With waiting on his cup: these be favors,
Which do assure me he cannot be short-lived.
Isab. *Sweet Hieronimo!*
Hier. *I wonder how this fellow got his clothes!—*
Sirrah, sirrah, I'll know the truth of all.—
Jaques, run to the Duke of Castile's presently,
And bid my son Horatio to come home:
I and his mother have had strange dreams to-night.
Do ye hear me, sir?
Jaques. *Ay, sir.*
Hier. *Well, sir, be gone.—*
Pedro, come hither; know'st thou who this is?
Ped. *Too well, sir.*

[8] vile. [9] lose.

HIER. *Too well! Who, who is it? Peace, Isabella!*
Nay, blush not, man.
PED. *It is my lord Horatio.*
HIER. *Ha, ha, St. James! but this doth make me laugh,* [239
That there are more deluded than myself.
PED. *Deluded?*
HIER. *Ay:*
I would have sworn myself, within this hour,
That this had been my son Horatio:
His garments are so like.
Ha! are they not great persuasions?
ISAB. *O, would to God it were not so!*
HIER. *Were not, Isabella? Dost thou dream it is?* [250
Can thy soft bosom entertain a thought
That such a black deed of mischief should be done
On one so pure and spotless as our son?
Away, I am ashamed.
ISAB. *Dear Hieronimo,*
Cast a more serious eye upon thy grief;
Weak apprehension gives but weak belief.
HIER. *It was a man, sure, that was hanged up here;* [260
A youth, as I remember: I cut him down.
If it should prove my son now after all—
Say you? say you?—Light! lend me a taper;
Let me look again.—O God!
Confusion, mischief, torment, death and hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosom,
That now is stiff with horror: kill me quickly! [271
Be gracious to me, thou infective night,
And drop this deed of murder down on me;
Gird in my waste of grief with thy large darkness,
And let me not survive to see the light
May put me in the mind I had a son.
ISAB. *O sweet Horatio! O my dearest son!* [280
HIER. *How strangely had I lost my way to grief!*

[Here ends the first addition.]

Sweet, lovely rose, ill-plucked before thy time,
Fair, worthy son, not conquered, but betrayed,
I'll kiss thee now, for words with tears are stayed.
ISAB. And I'll close up the glasses [290 of his sight;
For once these eyes were only my delight.
HIER. See'st thou this handkercher besmeared with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take revenge.
See'st thou those wounds that yet are bleeding fresh?
I'll not entomb them, till I have revenged.
Then will I joy amidst my discontent;
Till then my sorrow never shall be spent.
ISAB. The heavens are just; mur- [301 der cannot be hid:
Time is the author both of truth and right,
And time will bring this treachery to light.
HIER. Meanwhile, good Isabella, cease thy plaints,
Or, at the least, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner find the prac- [310 tice out,
And learn by whom all this was brought about.
Come, Isabel, now let us take him up,
And bear him in from out this cursëd place.
I'll say his dirge; singing fits not this case. [*Sets his breast unto his sword.*
"O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas, [320
Misceat, et nostro detur medicina dolori;
Aut, si qui faciunt annorum oblivia, succos
Praebeat; ipse metam magnum quaecunque per orbem
Gramina Sol pulchras effert in luminis oras;
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid et herbarum vi caeca nenia nectit:" [330
Omnia perpetiar, lethum quoque, dum semel omnis
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus.

Ergo tuos oculos nunquam, mea vita, videbo,
Et tua perpetuus sepelivit lumina somnus?
Emoriar tecum: sic, juvat ire sub umbras.
At tamen absistam properato cedere letho, [341
Ne mortem vindicta tuam tam nulla sequatur."

He throws the sword from him, and, with Isabella, *bears the body away. In the revised version* Pedro *and* Jaques *were, presumably, the carriers.*

Chorus.

Andrea. Brought'st thou me hither to increase my pain? [350
I looked that Balthazar should have been slain;
But 'tis my friend Horatio that is slain;
And they abuse fair Bel-imperia,
On whom I doted more than all the world,
Because she loved me more than all the world.
Revenge. Thou talkest of harvest, when the corn is green:
The end is crown of every work well done; [361
The sickle comes not, till the corn be ripe.
Be still; and ere I lead thee from this place,
I'll show thee Balthazar in heavy case.

ACT THREE

Scene I

Again we are in the Portuguese Court, with the Viceroy *surrounded by his nobles, among whom is* Villuppo.

Vice. Infortunate conditiön of kings,
Seated amidst so many helpless doubts!
First we are placed upon extremest height,
And oft supplanted with exceeding hate,
But ever subject to the wheel of chance;
And at our highest never joy we so
As we both doubt and dread our overthrow. [11
So striveth not the waves with sundry winds
As Fortune toileth in the affairs of kings,
That would be feared, yet feared to be beloved,
Sith fear or love to kings is flattery.
For instance, lordings, look upon your king,
By hate deprivëd of his dearest son,
The only hope of our successive line. [21
Nob. I had not thought that Alexandro's heart
Had been envenomed with such extreme hate;
But now I see that words have several works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.
Vil. No; for, my lord, had you beheld the train[1] [30
That feignëd love had colored in his looks,
When he in camp consorted Balthazar,
Far more inconstant had you thought the sun,
That hourly coasts the centre of the earth,
Than Alexandro's purpose to the prince.
Vice. No more, Villuppo, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words thou slayest our wounded thoughts. [41
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating Alexandro's death.
Go, some of you, and fetch the traitor forth,
That, as he is condemnëd, he may die.

Alexandro *is brought in by a* Noble *and by halberdiers. The* Noble *is endeavoring to console him.*

Nob. In such extremes will nought but patience serve. [51
Alex. But in extremes what patience shall I use?
Nor discontents it me to leave the world,
With whom there nothing can prevail but wrong.
Nob. Yet hope the best.
Alex. 'Tis heaven is my hope.
As for the earth, it is too much infect
To yield me hope of any of her mould. [60
Vice. Why linger ye? Bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursëd deed.

[1] guile.

ALEX. Not that I fear the extremity of death
(For nobles cannot stoop to servile fear)
Do I, O king, thus discontented live;
But this, O this, torments my laboring soul,
That thus I die suspected of a sin
Whereof, as heav'ns have known my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestiön.
VICE. No more, I say! to the tortures! When?
Bind him, and burn his body in those flames,
That shall prefigure those unquenchëd fires
Of Phlegethon, preparëd for his soul.
[*He is bound to a stake.*
ALEX. My guiltless death will be avenged on thee,
On thee, Villuppo, that hath maliced thus,
Or for thy meed hast falsely me accused.
VIL. Nay, Alexandro, if thou menace me,
I'll lend a hand to send thee to the lake
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works.
Injurious traitor! monstrous homicide!

Very opportunely the AMBASSADOR *to the Spanish Court arrives on the scene, with his train.*

AMB. Stay, hold a while;
And here—with pardon of his majesty—
Lay hands upon Villuppo.
VICE. Ambassador,
What news hath urged this sudden entrance?
AMB. Know, sovereign lord, that Balthazar doth live.
VICE. What say'st thou? Liveth Balthazar our son?
AMB. Your highness' son, Lord Balthazar, doth live;
And, well entreated in the court of Spain,
Humbly commends him to your majesty.
These eyes beheld; and these my followers,
With these [*handing the* VICEROY *letters*] the letters of the king's commends,
Are happy witnesses of his highness' health.
VICE. "Thy son doth live, your tribute is received;
Thy peace is made, and we are satisfied.
The rest resolve upon as things proposed
For both our honors and thy benefit."
AMB. These are his highness' farther articles.
[*He gives him more letters.*
VICE. Accursëd wretch, to intimate these ills
Against the life and reputatiön
Of noble Alexandro! Come, my lord, unbind him.—
Let him unbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quital for thy discontent.
[VILLUPPO *and others unbind* ALEXANDRO.
ALEX. Dread lord, in kindness[2] you could do no less
Upon report of such a damnëd fact.—
But thus we see our innocence hath saved
The hopeless life which thou, Villuppo, sought
By thy suggestions to have massacred.
VICE. Say, false Villuppo, wherefore didst thou thus
Falsely betray Lord Alexandro's life?
Him whom thou knowest that no unkindness else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest son,
Could once have moved us to have misconceived.
ALEX. Say, treacherous Villuppo, tell the king:
Wherein[3] hath Alexandro used thee ill?
VIL. Rent with remembrance of so foul a deed,
My guilty soul submits me to thy doom;
For not for Alexandro's injuries,
But for reward and hope to be preferred,
Thus have I shamelessly hazarded his life.
VICE. Which, villain, shall be ransomed with thy death;
And not so mean[4] a torment as we here
Devised for him who, thou saidst, slew our son,

[2] nature.
[3] Qq., Or wherein.
[4] moderate.

But with the bitterest torments and extremes
That may be yet invented for thine end.—
[ALEXANDRO *makes a gesture of entreaty.*
Entreat me not. Go, take the traitor hence. [*Exit* VILLUPPO, *guarded.*
And, Alexandro, let us honor thee
With public notice of thy loyalty.—
To end those things articulated here [170
By our great lord, the mighty King of Spain,
We with our council will deliberate.—
Come, Alexandro, keep us company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Outside the palace of DON CYPRIAN. HIERONIMO *enters.*

HIER. O eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears;
O life! no life, but lively form of death;
O world! no world, but mass of public wrongs,
Confused and filled with murder and misdeeds! [9
O sacred heav'ns! if this unhallowed deed,
If this inhuman and barbarous attempt,
If this incomparable murder thus
Of mine, but now no more my son,
Shall unrevealed and unrevengëd pass,
How should we term your dealings to be just,
If you unjustly deal with those that in your justice trust?
The night, sad secretary to my moans,
With direful visions wake my vexëd [20 soul,
And with the wounds of my distressful son
Solicit me for notice of his death.
The ugly fiends do sally forth of hell,
And frame my steps to unfrequented paths,
And fear my heart with fierce inflamëd thoughts.
The cloudy day my discontents records,
Early begins to register my dreams, [30
And drive me forth to seek the murderer.
Eyes, life, world, heav'ns, hell, night, and day,
See, search, shew, send some man, some mean, that may—
[*A letter in red falls at his feet from* BEL-IMPERIA'S *window.*
What's here? a letter? Tush! it is not so!—
A letter written to Hieronimo! [40
"For want of ink, receive this bloody writ.
Me hath my hapless brother hid from thee;
Revenge thyself on Balthazar and him:
For these were they that murderëd thy son.
Hieronimo, revenge Horatio's death,
And better fare than Bel-imperia doth."
What means this unexpected miracle? [50
My son slain by Lorenzo and the prince!
What cause had they Horatio to malign?
Or what might move thee, Bel-imperia,
To accuse thy brother, had be been the mean?
Hieronimo, beware!—thou art betrayed,
And to entrap thy life this train is laid.
Advise thee therefore, be not credulous:
This is devisëd to endanger thee,
That thou, by this, Lorenzo shouldst accuse; [61
And he, for thy dishonor done, should draw
Thy life in question and thy name in hate.
Dear was the life of my belovëd son,
And of his death behoves me be revenged;
Then hazard not thine own, Hieronimo,
But live t' effect thy resolutiön. [70
I therefore will by circumstances[5] try,
What I can gather to confirm this writ;
And, heark'ning near the Duke of Castile's house,
Close, if I can, with Bel-imperia,
To listen more, but nothing to bewray.

Enter PEDRINGANO.

Now, Pedringano!
PED. Now, Hieronimo!
HIER. Where's thy lady? [80
PED. I know not; here's my lord.

[5] indirect means.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. How now, who's this? Hieronimo?
HIER. My lord.
PED. He asketh for my lady Belimperia.
LOR. What to do, Hieronimo? The duke, my father, hath
Upon some disgrace awhile removed her hence;
But, if it be ought I may inform her of,
Tell me, Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.
HIER. Nay, nay, my lord, I thank you; it shall not need.
I had a suit unto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.
LOR. Why so, Hieronimo? Use me.

[Here begins the second of the additions.[6]]

HIER. *Who? You, my lord?*
I reserve your favor for a greater honor;
This is a very toy, my lord, a toy.
LOR. *All's one, Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.*
HIER. *I' faith, my lord, it is an idle thing;*
I must confess I ha' been too slack, too tardy,
Too remiss unto your honor.
LOR. *How now, Hieronimo?*
HIER. *In troth, my lord, it is a thing of nothing:*
The murder of a son, or so—
A thing of nothing, my lord!

[Here ends the second addition.]

LOR. Why then, farewell.
HIER. My grief no heart, my thoughts no tongue can tell. [*Exit.*
LOR. Come hither, Pedringano, see'st thou this?
PED. My lord, I see it, and suspect it too.
LOR. This is that damnëd villain Serberine
That hath, I fear, revealed Horatio's death.
PED. My lord, he could not, 'twas so lately done;
And since he hath not left my company.
LOR. Admit he have not, his condition's such,
As fear or flattering words may make him false.
I know his humor, and therewith repent
That e'er I used him in this enterprise.
But, Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And 'cause I know thee secret as my soul,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thou this, [*Gives him money.*
And hearken to me; thus it is devised:
This night thou must (and, prithee, so resolve)
Meet Serberine at Saint Luigi's Park
(Thou know'st 'tis here hard by behind the house).
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure,
For die he must, if we do mean to live.
PED. But how shall Serberine be there, my lord?
LOR. Let me alone; I'll send to him to meet
The prince and me, where thou must do this deed.
PED. It shall be done, my lord, it shall be done;
And I'll go arm myself to meet him there.
LOR. When things shall alter, as I hope they will,
Then shalt thou mount for this; thou know'st my mind.
[*Exit* PEDRINGANO, *little recking the equivocation in* LORENZO'S *words.*
Che le Ieron![7]

Enter PAGE.

PAGE. My lord?
LOR. Go, sirrah, to Serberine,
And bid him forthwith meet the prince and me
At Saint Luigi's Park behind the house
This evening, boy.
PAGE. I go, my lord.
LOR. But, sirrah, let the hour be eight o'clock:
Bid him not fail.
PAGE. I fly, my lord. [*Exit.*
LOR. Now, to confirm the complot thou hast cast

[6] In place of this speech by Hieronimo: Oh no, my lord: I dare not: it must not be. I humbly thank your lordship.

[7] Probably a corruption of a call to the Page, whose name may have been Ieron.

Of all these practices, I'll spread the watch,
Upon precise commandment from the king,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder hapless Serberine.
Thus must we work that will avoid distrust;
Thus must we practise to prevent mishap;
And thus one ill another must expulse.
This sly enquiry of Hieronimo
For Bel-imperia breeds suspiciön,
And this suspicion bodes a further ill.
As for myself, I know my secret fault;
And so do they; but I have dealt for them:
They that for coin their souls endangerëd,
To save my life, for coin shall venture theirs;
And better it's that base companions die
Than by their life to hazard our good haps.
Nor shall they live, for me to fear their faith:
I'll trust myself; myself shall be my friend;
For die they shall:
Slaves are ordainëd to no other end.

Scene III

It is night in Saint Luigi's Park. Pedringano *enters with a pistol.*

Ped. Now, Pedringano, bid thy pistol hold;
And hold on, Fortune! once more favor me;
Give but success to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine aim.
Here is the gold: this is the gold proposed;
It is no dream that I adventure for,
But Pedringano is possessed thereof.
And he that would not strain his consciènce
For him that thus his liberal purse hath stretched,
Unworthy such a favor, may he fail,
And, wishing, want, when such as I prevail.
As for the fear of apprehensiön,
I know, if need should be, my noble lord
Will stand between me and ensuing harms;
Besides, this place is free from all suspect:
Here therefore will I stay and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

1 Watch. I wonder much to what intent it is
That we are thus expressly charged to watch.
2 Watch. 'Tis by commandment in the king's own name.
3 Watch. But we were never wont to watch and ward
So near the duke his brother's house before.
2 Watch. Content yourself, stand close, there's somewhat in 't.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Here, Serberine, attend and stay thy pace;
For here did Don Lorenzo's page appoint
That thou by his command shouldst meet with him.
How fit a place—if one were so disposed—
Methinks this corner is to close with one.
Ped. <Here comes the bird that I must seize upon.
Now, Pedringano, or never, play the man!>
Ser. I wonder that his lordship stays so long,
Or wherefore should he send for me so late?
Ped. For this, Serberine!—and thou shalt ha't. [Serberine *falls.*
So, there he lies; my promise is performed.
1 Watch. Hark, gentlemen, this is a pistol shot.
2 Watch. And here's one slain. Stay the murderer.
[Pedringano *is seized. He struggles with the Watch.*

PED. Now by the sorrows of the souls in hell,
Who first lays hands on me, I'll be his priest.
3 WATCH. Sirrah, confess, and therein play the priest,
Why hast thou thus unkindly[8] killed the man?
PED. Why? Because he walked abroad so late.
3 WATCH. Come, sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Than have committed this misdeed so late.
2 WATCH. Come, to the marshal's with the murderer!
1 WATCH. On to Hieronimo's! help me here
To bring the murdered body with us too.
PED. Hieronimo? Carry me before whom you will.
Whate'er he be, I'll answer him and you;
And do your worst, for I defy you all.
[*They go out, two guarding* PEDRINGANO, *and two bearing the body of* SERBERINE.

SCENE IV

LORENZO *and* BALTHAZAR *meet the next morning in one of the rooms in* DON CYPRIAN'S *palace.* LORENZO, *Machiavellian as ever, prepares* BALTHAZAR *for news of the murder of* SERBERINE.

BAL. How now, my lord, what makes you rise so soon?
LOR. Fear of preventing our mishaps too late.
BAL. What mischief is it that we not mistrust?
LOR. Our greatest ills we least mistrust, my lord,
And inexpected harms do hurt us most.
BAL. Why, tell me, Don Lorenzo, tell me, man,
If ought concerns our honor and your own.
LOR. Nor you, nor me, my lord, but both in one;
For I suspect—and the presumption's great—

[8] unnaturally.

That by those base confederates in our fault,
Touching the death of Don Horatio,
We are betrayed to old Hieronimo.
BAL. Betrayed, Lorenzo? Tush! it cannot be.
LOR. A guilty conscience, urgëd with the thought
Of former evils, easily cannot err.
I am persuaded—and dissuade me not—
That all's revealed to Hieronimo.
And therefore know that I have cast it thus:—

Enter PAGE.

But here's the page. How now? what news with thee?
PAGE. My lord, Serberine is slain.
BAL. Who? Serberine
My man?
PAGE. Your highness' man, my lord.
LOR. Speak, page:
Who murdered him?
PAGE. He that is apprehended for the fact.
LOR. Who?
PAGE. Pedringano.
BAL. Is Serberine slain, that loved his lord so well?
Injurious villain, murderer of his friend!
LOR. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberine?
My lord, let me entreat you to take the pains
To exasperate and hasten his revenge
With your complaints unto my lord the king.
This their dissension breeds a greater doubt.
BAL. Assure thee, Don Lorenzo, he shall die,
Or else his highness hardly shall deny.
Meanwhile I'll haste the marshal-sessiöns,
For die he shall for this his damnëd deed.
[*Exit* BALTHAZAR.
LOR. <Why so, this fits our former policy,
And thus experience bids the wise to deal.
I lay the plot; he prosecutes the point:

I set the trap; he breaks the worthless twigs,
And sees not that wherewith the bird was limed.[9]
Thus hopeful men, that mean to hold their own,
Must look like fowlers to their dearest friends.
He runs to kill whom I have holp to catch,
And no man knows it was my reaching fetch.
'Tis hard to trust unto a multitude,
Or any one, in mine opiniön,
When men themselves their secrets will reveal.>

Enter a Messenger *with a letter.*

Boy!

Page. My lord.

Lor. What's he?

Mes. I have a letter to your lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano that's imprisoned.

Lor. So he is in prison then?

Mes. Ay, my good lord.

Lor. What would he with us?—He writes us here,
To stand good lord, and help him in distress.—
Tell him I have his letters, know his mind;
And what we may let him assure him of.
Fellow, begone; my boy shall follow thee.
[*Exit* Messenger.
<This works like wax; yet once more try thy wits.>
Boy, go, convey this purse to Pedringano;
Thou knowest the prison, closely give it him,
And be advised that none be there about.
Bid him be merry still, but secret;
And though the marshal-sessions be today,
Bid him not doubt of his delivery.
Tell him his pardon is already signed,
And thereon bid him boldly be resolved:
For, were he ready to be turnëd off[10]—
As 'tis my will the uttermost be tried—
Thou with his pardon shalt attend him still.
Show him this box; tell him his pardon's in 't;
But open 't not, an if thou lov'st thy life;
But let him wisely keep his hopes unknown.
He shall not want while Don Lorenzo lives.
Away!

Page. I go, my lord, I run.

Lor. But, sirrah, see that this be cleanly done. [*Exit* Page.
Now stands our fortune on a tickle point,
And now or never ends Lorenzo's doubts.
One only thing is uneffected yet,
And that's to see the executioner.
But to what end? I list not trust the air
With utterance of our pretence[11] therein,
For fear the privy whisp'ring of the wind
Convey our words amongst unfriendly ears,
That lie too open to advantages.
E quel che voglio io, nessun lo sa;
Intendo io: quel mi basterà.

Scene V

Somewhere on his way to the Court of Justice, the Page *stops to look in the box that* Lorenzo *has entrusted to him.*

Boy. My master hath forbidden me to look in this box; and, by my troth, 'tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not have had so much idle time; for we men's-kind in our minority are like women in their uncertainty: that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. [*He opens the box.*] By my bare honesty, here's nothing but the bare empty box! Were it not sin against secrecy, I would say it were a piece of gentlemanlike knavery. I must go to Pedringano, and tell him his pardon is in this box; nay, I would have sworn it, had I not seen the contrary. I cannot choose but smile to think how the villain will flout the gallows, scorn the audience, and descant on the hangman,

[9] snared. [10] hanged. [11] intention.

and all presuming of his pardon from hence. Will 't not be an odd jest for me to stand and grace every jest he makes, pointing my finger at this box, as who would say, "Mock on, here's thy warrant"? Is 't not a scurvy jest that a man should jest himself to death? Alas! poor Pedringano, I am in a sort sorry for thee; but, if I should be hanged with thee, I cannot weep. [*Exit.*

Scene VI

Hieronimo *and the* Deputy *are in the Court of Justice, ready to conduct the marshal-sessions. The Court is provided with a convenient hangman's drop.*

Hier. Thus must we toil in other men's extremes,
That know not how to remedy our own;
And do them justice, when unjustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compass no redress.
But shall I never live to see the day,
That I may come, by justice of the heavens,
To know the cause that may my cares allay?
This toils my body, this consumeth age,
That only I to all men just must be,
And neither gods nor men be just to me.

Dep. Worthy Hieronimo, your office asks
A care to punish such as do transgress.

Hier. So is 't my duty to regard his death
Who, when he lived, deserved my dearest blood.
But come, for that we came for: let's begin,
For here lies that which bids me to be gone.

Dep. Bring forth the prisoner, for the court is set.

The officers, accompanied by the Hangman, *bring in* Pedringano, *who is bound, but has a letter in his hand. The* Page, *who comes in with them, is whispering to* Pedringano.

Ped. Gramercy, boy, but it was time to come;
For I had written to my lord anew
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For fear his lordship had forgotten me.
But, sith he hath remembered me so well—
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this gear?[12]

Hier. Stand forth, thou monster, murderer of men,
And here, for satisfaction of the world,
Confess thy folly, and repent thy fault;
For there's thy place of execution.

Ped. This is short work. Well, to your marshalship
First I confess—nor fear I death therefore—
I am the man, 'twas I slew Serberine.
But, sir, then you think this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfy you for this gear?

Dep. Ay, Pedringano.

Ped. Now I think not so.

Hier. Peace, impudent; for thou shalt find it so;
For blood with blood shall, while I sit as judge,
Be satisfied, and the law discharged;
And, though myself cannot receive the like,
Yet will I see that others have their right.—
Despatch: the fault's approved[13] and confessed,
And by our law he is condemned to die.

Hangm. Come on, sir, are you ready?

Ped. To do what, my fine, officious knave?

Hangm. To go to this gear.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward: thou wouldst fain furnish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my habit.[14] So I should go out of this gear, my raiment, into that gear, the rope. But, hangman, now I spy your knavery, I'll not change without boot;[15] that's flat.

Hangm. Come, sir.

Ped. So, then, I must up?

Hangm. No remedy.

[12] business.
[13] proved.
[14] The clothes of those he executed were one of the hangman's perquisites.
[15] advantage.

PED. Yes, but there shall be for my coming down.

HANGM. Indeed, here's a remedy for that. [90

PED. How? Be turned off?

HANGM. Ay, truly. Come, are you ready? I pray, sir, despatch; the day goes away.

PED. What, do you hang by the hour? If you do, I may chance to break your old custom.

HANGM. Faith, you have reason; for I am like to break your young neck. [99

PED. Dost thou mock me, hangman? Pray God, I be not preserved to break your knave's pate for this.

HANGM. Alas, sir! you are a foot too low to reach it; and I hope you will never grow so high while I am in the office.

PED. Sirrah, dost see yonder boy with the box in his hand?

HANGM. What, he that points to it with his finger? [110

PED. Ay, that companion.

HANGM. I know him not; but what of him?

PED. Dost thou think to live till his old doublet will make thee a new truss?

HANGM. Ay, and many a fair year after, to truss up many an honester man than either thou or he.

PED. What hath he in his box, as thou think'st? [120

HANGM. Faith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly; methinks you should rather hearken to your soul's health.

PED. Why, sirrah hangman, I take it that that is good for the body is likewise good for the soul: and, it may be, in that box is balm for both.

HANGM. Well, thou art even the merriest piece of man's flesh that e'er groaned at my office door! [130

PED. Is your roguery become an office with a knave's name?

HANGM. Ay, and that shall all they witness that see you seal it with a thief's name.

PED. I prithee, request this good company to pray with me.

HANGM. Ay, marry, sir, this is a good motion. My masters, you see here's a good fellow. [140

PED. Nay, nay, now I remember me, let them alone till some other time; for now I have no great need.

HIER. I have not seen a wretch so impudent.
O monstrous times, where murder's set so light,
And where the soul, that should be shrined in heaven, [149
Solely delights in interdicted things,
Still wand'ring in the thorny passages,
That intercepts itself of happiness.
Murder! O bloody monster! God forbid
A fault so foul should 'scape unpunishëd.—
Despatch, and see this execution done!—
This makes me to remember thee, my son.
[*Exit* HIERONIMO.

PED. Nay, soft, no haste. [160

DEP. Why, wherefore stay you? Have you hope of life?

PED. Why, ay!

HANGM. As how?

PED. Why, rascal, by my pardon from the king.

HANGM. Stand you on that? Then you shall off with this.
[*He turns him off.*

DEP. So, executioner, convey him hence;
But let his body be unburiëd: [171
Let not the earth be chokëd or infect
With that which heav'n contemns, and men neglect.

SCENE VII

HIERONIMO *is alone in a room in his house.*

HIER. Where shall I run to breathe abroad my woes—
My woes, whose weight hath weariëd the earth?
Or mine exclaims, that have surcharged the air
With ceaseless plaints for my deceasëd son? [10
The blust'ring winds, conspiring with my words,

At my lament have moved the leafless trees,
Disrobed the meadows of their flowered green,
Made mountains marsh with spring-tides of my tears,
And broken through the brazen gates of hell.
Yet still tormented is my tortured soul
With broken sighs and restless passiöns,
That, winged, mount, and, hovering in the air,
Beat at the windows of the brightest heavens,
Soliciting for justice and revenge;
But they are placed in those imperial[16] heights,
Where, countermured with walls of diamond,
I find the place impregnable; and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter HANGMAN *with a letter.*

HANGM. O lord, sir! God bless you, sir! the man, sir, Petergade, sir, he that was so full of merry conceits—

HIER. Well, what of him?

HANGM. O lord, sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had a fair commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his passport; I pray you, sir, we have done him wrong.

HIER. I warrant thee; give it me.

HANGM. You will stand between the gallows and me?

HIER. Ay, ay.

HANGM. I thank your lord worship. [*Exit.*

HIER. And yet, though somewhat nearer me concerns,
I will, to ease the grief that I sustain,
Take truce with sorrow while I read on this.
"My lord, I wrote,[17] as mine extremes required,
That you would labor my delivery.
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death I shall reveal the troth.
You know, my lord, I slew him for your sake,
And was confed'rate with the prince and you.
Won by rewards and hopeful promises,
I holp to murder Don Horatio too."—
Holp he to murder mine Horatio?
And actors in th' accursed tragedy
Wast thou, Lorenzo, Balthazar and thou,
Of whom my son, my son deserved so well?
What have I heard, what have mine eyes beheld?
O sacred heavens, may it come to pass
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smothered, and so long concealed,
Shall thus by this be vengëd or revealed?
Now see I what I durst not then suspect,
That Bel-imperia's letter was not feigned.
Nor feignëd she, though falsely they have wronged
Both her, myself, Horatio, and themselves.
Now may I make compare 'twixt hers and this,
Of every accident I ne'er could find
Till now; and now I feelingly perceive
They did what heav'n unpunished would not leave.
O false Lorenzo! are these thy flattering looks?
Is this the honor that thou didst my son?
And Balthazar—bane to thy soul and me!—
Was this the ransom he reserved thee for?
Woe to the cause of these constrainëd wars!
Woe to thy baseness and captivity,
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soul,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered self!
And banned with bitter execrations be
The day and place where he did pity thee!
But wherefore waste I mine unfruitful words,
When nought but blood will satisfy my woes?
I will go 'plain me to my lord the king,
And cry aloud for justice through the court,

[16] Schick suggests "empyreal."
[17] Qq. write.

Wearing the flints with these my withered feet;
And either purchase justice by entreats,
Or tire them all with my revenging threats. [*Exit.*

ACT FOUR

Scene I

In another room in Hieronimo's *house,* Isabella, *her mind affected by her sufferings, is talking to her* Maid.

Isab. So that you say this herb will purge the eye;
And this, the head?—
Ah! but none of them will purge the heart!
No, there's no medicine left for my disease, [10
Nor any physic to recure the dead.
[*She runs lunatic.*
Horatio! O, where's Horatio?

Maid. Good madam, affright not thus yourself
With outrage[1] for your son Horatio:
He sleeps in quiet in the Elysian fields.

Isab. Why, did I not give you gowns and goodly things,
Bought you a whistle and a whipstalk too, [21
To be revengëd on their villanies?

Maid. Madam, these humors do torment my soul.

Isab. My soul—poor soul, thou talk'st of things
Thou know'st not what—my soul hath silver wings,
That mounts me up unto the highest heavens; [30
To heaven? Ay, there sits my Horatio,
Backed with a troop of fiery Cherubins,
Dancing about his newly healëd wounds,
Singing sweet hymns and chanting heav'nly notes,
Rare harmony to greet his innocence,
That died, ay died, a mirror in our days.
But say, where shall I find the men, the murderers,
That slew Horatio? Whether[2] shall I run [41
To find them out that murderëd my son?

[1] outcry.
[2] whither.

Scene II

Bel-imperia *is at a window in the room in her father's house to which her brother has confined her.*

Bel. What means this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus sequestered from the court?
No notice! Shall I not know the cause
Of these my secret and suspicious ills?
Accursëd brother, unkind murderer, [10
Why bends thou thus thy mind to martyr me?
Hieronimo, why writ I of thy wrongs,
Or why art thou so slack in thy revenge?
Andrea, O Andrea! that thou sawest
Me for thy friend Horatio handled thus,
And him for me thus causeless murderëd!
Well, force perforce, I must constrain myself [19
To patience, and apply me[3] to the time,
Till heaven, as I have hoped, shall set me free.

Enter Christophil.

Chris. Come, madam Bel-imperia, this may not be.

Scene III

In another room in the same palace. The Page *has just told* Lorenzo *of* Pedringano's *execution.* Balthazar *is also present.*

Lor. Boy, talk no further; thus far things go well.
Thou art assured that thou sawest him dead?

Page. Or else, my lord, I live not. [9

Lor. That's enough.
As for his resolution in his end,
Leave that to him with whom he sojourns now.
Here, take my ring and give it Christophil,
And bid him let my sister be enlarged,
And bring her hither straight.—
[*Exit* Page.
This that I did was for a policy, [19
To smooth and keep the murder secret,

[3] adapt myself.

Which, as a nine-days' wonder, being o'erblown,
My gentle sister will I now enlarge.
BAL. And time, Lorenzo: for my lord the duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.
LOR. Why, and my lord, I hope you heard me say
Sufficient reason why she kept away;
But that's all one. My lord, you love her? [31
BAL. Ay.
LOR. Then in your love beware; deal cunningly:
Salve all suspicions, only soothe[4] me up;
And, if she hap to stand on terms with us
As for her sweetheart and concealment so,
Jest with her gently: under feignëd jest
Are things concealed that else would breed unrest. [41
But here she comes.

Enter BEL-IMPERIA.

Now, sister,—
BEL. Sister? No!
Thou art no brother, but an enemy;
Else wouldst thou not have used thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawn, [50
And with extremes abuse my company;[5]
And then to hurry me, like whirlwind's rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clap me up where none might come at me,
Nor I at any to reveal my wrongs.
What madding fury did possess thy wits?
Or wherein is 't that I offended thee? [59
LOR. Advise you better, Bel-imperia,
For I have done you no disparagement,
Unless, by more discretion than deserved,
I sought to save your honor and mine own.
BEL. Mine honor? Why, Lorenzo, wherein is 't
That I neglect my reputation so
As you, or any, need to rescue it?

[4] back. [5] companion.

LOR. His highness and my father were resolved [70
To come confer with old Hieronimo
Concerning certain matters of estate
That by the viceroy was determined.
BEL. And wherein was mine honor touched in that?
BAL. Have patience, Bel-imperia; hear the rest.
LOR. Me, next in sight, as messenger they sent [79
To give him notice that they were so nigh:
Now when I came, consorted with the prince,
And, unexpected, in an arbor there
Found Bel-imperia with Horatio,—
BEL. How then?
LOR. Why, then, remembering that old disgrace, [88
Which you for Don Andrea had endured,
And now were likely longer to sustain,
By being found so meanly accompanied,
Thought rather—for I knew no readier mean—
To thrust Horatio forth my father's way.
BAL. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his highness should have found you there.
BEL. Ev'n so, my lord? And you are witness [100
That this is true which he entreateth of?
You, gentle brother, forged this for my sake,
And you, my lord, were made his instrument?
A work of worth, worthy the noting too!
But what's the cause that you concealed me since?
LOR. Your melancholy, sister, since the news [110
Of your first favorite Don Andrea's death,
My father's old wrath hath exasperate.
BAL. And better was 't for you, being in disgrace,
To absent yourself, and give his fury place.
BEL. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to add more fuel to your fire,
Who burnt like Aetna for Andrea's loss.
Bel. Hath not my father then enquired for me?
Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee. [*He whispereth in her ear.*
But, Bel-imperia, see the gentle prince;
Look on thy love, behold young Balthazar,
Whose passions by thy presence are increased;
And in whose melancholy thou mayst see
Thy hate, his love; thy flight, his following thee.
Bel. Brother, you are become an orator—
I know not, I, by what experience—
Too politic for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you; but content yourself:
The prince is meditating higher things.
Bal. 'Tis of thy beauty, then, that conquers kings;
Of those thy tresses, Ariadne's twines,
Wherewith my liberty thou hast surprised;
Of that thine ivory front, my sorrow's map,
Wherein I see no haven to rest my hope.
Bel. To love and fear, and both at once, my lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import
Than women's wits are to be busied with.
Bal. 'Tis I that love.
Bel. Whom?
Bal. Bel-imperia.
Bel. But I that fear.
Bal. Whom?
Bel. Bel-imperia.
Lor. Fear yourself?
Bel. Ay, brother.
Lor. How?
Bel. As those
That what they love are loth and fear to lose.
Bal. Then, fair, let Balthazar your keeper be.
Bel. No, Balthazar doth fear as well as we:
Et[6] *tremulo metui pavidum junxere timorem—*
Et vanum stolidae proditionis opus.
Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
We'll go continue this discourse at court.
Bal. <Led by the loadstar of her heavenly looks,
Wends poor oppressèd Balthazar,
As o'er the mountains walks the wanderer,
Incertain to effect his pilgrimage.>
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Two Portuguese[7] *meet* Hieronimo *in the street, and stop him to inquire the way to the* Duke's *palace.*

1 Port. By your leave, sir.

[Here begins the third addition.]

Hier. *'Tis neither as you think, nor as you think,*
Nor as you think; you're wide all.
These slippers are not mine, they were my son Horatio's.
My son? and what's a son? A thing begot
Within a pair of minutes—thereabout;
A lump bred up in darkness, and doth serve
To ballace[8] *these light creatures we call women;*
And, at nine months' end, creeps forth to light.
What is there yet in a son,
To make a father dote, rave, or run mad?
Being born, it pouts, cries, and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a son? He must be fed,
Be taught to go, and speak. Ay, or yet,
Why might not a man love a calf as well,
Or melt in passion o'er a frisking kid,
As for a son? Methinks, a young bacon
Or a fine little smooth horse colt
Should move a man as much as doth a son;
For one of these, in very little time,

[6] Qq. Est.
[7] Or, to judge by the text of the addition, three.
[8] ballast.

Will grow to some good use; whereas a son,
The more he grows in stature and in years,
The more unsquared, unbevelled,[9] *he appears,*
Reckons his parents among the rank of fools, [41
Strikes care upon their heads with his mad riots,
Makes them look old before they meet with age.
This is a son!—And what a loss were this,
Considered truly?——O, but my Horatio
Grew out of reach of these insatiate humors:
He loved his loving parents; [50
He was my comfort, and his mother's joy,
The very arm that did hold up our house:
Our hopes were stored up in him,
None but a damnëd murderer could hate him.
He had not seen the back of nineteen year,
When his strong arm unhorsed
The proud Prince Balthazar, and his great mind, [60
Too full of honor, took him unto[10] *mercy,*
That valiant, but ignoble Portingale!
Well, heaven is heaven still!
And there is Nemesis, and Furies,
And things called whips,
And they sometimes do meet with murderers:
They do not always scape, that is some comfort. [69
Ay, ay, ay; and then time steals on,
And steals, and steals, till violence leaps forth
Like thunder wrapped in a ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.

[Here ends the third addition.]

HIER. Good leave have you: nay, I pray you go,
For I'll leave you, if you can leave me so.
2 PORT. Pray you, which is the next way to my lord the duke's? [80
HIER. The next way from me.
1 PORT. To his house, we mean.
HIER. O hard by: 'tis yon house that you see.
2 PORT. You could not tell us if his son were there?
HIER. Who, my Lord Lorenzo?
1 PORT. Ay, sir. [88

[*Exit* HIERONIMO, *leaving the Portuguese staring at one another in amazement. Almost immediately he returns.*

HIER. O, forbear!
For other talk for us far fitter were.
But if you be importunate to know
The way to him, and where to find him out,
Then list to me, and I'll resolve your doubt. [99
There is a path upon your left-hand side
That leadeth from a guilty conscience
Unto a forest of distrust and fear—
A darksome place, and dangerous to pass.
There shall you meet with melancholy thoughts,
Whose baleful humors if you but uphold,
It will conduct you to despair and death—
Whose rocky cliffs when you have once beheld, [110
Within a hugy dale of lasting night,
That, kindled with the world's iniquities,
Doth cast up filthy and detested fumes:—
Not far from thence, where murderers have built
A habitation for their cursëd souls,
There, in a brazen cauldron, fixed by Jove, [118
In his fell wrath, upon a sulphur flame,
Yourselves shall find Lorenzo bathing him
In boiling lead and blood of innocents.
1 PORT. Ha, ha, ha!
HIER. Ha, ha, ha! Why, ha, ha, ha! Farewell, good ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*
2 PORT. Doubtless this man is passing lunatic,
Or imperfection of his age doth make him dote.
Come, let's away to seek my lord the [129
duke. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

HIERONIMO *enters a chamber of the*

[9] unpolished.
[10] Qq. as to.

Court. He has a poniard in one hand and a rope in the other.

HIER. Now, sir, perhaps I come and see the king;
The king sees me, and fain would hear my suit:
Why, is not this a strange and seld-seen thing,
That standers-by with toys should strike me mute? [11
Go to, I see their shifts, and say no more.
Hieronimo, 'tis time for thee to trudge.
Down by the dale that flows with purple gore
Standeth a fiery tower; there sits a judge
Upon a seat of steel and molten brass,
And 'twixt his teeth he holds a fire-brand,
That leads unto the lake where hell doth stand. [20
Away, Hieronimo! to him be gone;
He'll do thee justice for Horatio's death.
Turn down this path: thou shalt be with him straight;
Or this, and then thou need'st not take thy breath:
This way or that way?—Soft and fair, not so:
For, if I hang or kill myself, let's know [29
Who will revenge Horatio's murder then?
No, no! fie, no! pardon me, I'll none of that.
[*He flings away the dagger and halter.*
This way I'll take, and this way comes the king:
[*He takes them up again.*
And here I'll have a fling at him, that's flat;
And, Balthazar, I'll be with thee to bring,
And thee, Lorenzo! Here's the king—nay, stay; [41
And here, ay here—there goes the hare away.[11]

The KING, CASTILE *and* LORENZO *enter with the Portuguese* AMBASSADOR, *who has returned to the Spanish Court.*

KING. Now show, ambassador, what our viceroy saith:
Hath he received the articles we sent? [49
HIER. Justice, O justice to Hieronimo.
LOR. Back! see'st thou not the king is busy?
HIER. O, Is he so?
KING. Who is he that interrupts our business?
HIER. Not I. <Hieronimo, beware! go by, go by!>
AMB. Renownëd King, he hath received and read [60
Thy kingly proffers, and thy promised league;
And, as a man extremely over-joyed
To hear his son so princely entertained,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewailed,
This, for thy further satisfaction
And kingly love, he kindly lets thee know:
First, for the marriage of his princely son
With Bel-imperia, thy beloved niece, [70
The news are more delightful to his soul
Than myrrh or incense to the offended heavens.
In person, therefore, will he come himself,
To see the marriage rites solemnized,
And, in the presence of the court of Spain,
To knit a sure inexplicable[12] band
Of kingly love and everlasting league
Betwixt the crowns of Spain and Portingale. [81
There will he give his crown to Balthazar,
And make a queen of Bel-imperia.
KING. Brother, how like you this our viceroy's love?
CAST. No doubt, my lord, it is an argument
Of honorable care to keep his friend,
And wondrous zeal to Balthazar his son;
Nor am I least indebted to his grace, [90
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.
AMB. Now last, dread lord, here hath his highness sent
(Although he send not that his son return)
His ransom due to Don Horatio.
HIER. Horatio! who calls Horatio?
KING. And well remembered: thank his majesty. [100
Here, see it given to Horatio.

[11] that is all there is to it.

[12] inextricable.

HIER. Justice, O, justice, justice, gentle king!
KING. Who is that? Hieronimo?
HIER. Justice, O, justice! O my son, my son!
My son, whom nought can ransom or redeem!
LOR. Hieronimo, you are not well-advised.
HIER. Away, Lorenzo, hinder me no more;
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my bliss.
Give me my son! you shall not ransom him!
Away! I'll rip the bowels of the earth,
[He diggeth with his dagger.
And ferry over to th' Elysian plains,
And bring my son to show his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me!
I'll make a pickaxe of my poniärd,
And here surrender up my marshalship;
For I'll go marshal up the fiends in hell,
To be avengëd on you all for this.
KING. What means this outrage?
Will none of you restrain his fury?
HIER. Nay, soft and fair! you shall not need to strive.
Needs must he go that the devils drive.
[Exit.
KING. What accident hath happed Hieronimo?
I have not seen him to demean him so.
LOR. My gracious lord, he is, with extreme pride,
Conceived of young Horatio his son
And covetous of having to himself
The ransom of the young prince Balthazar,
Distract, and in a manner lunatic.
KING. Believe me, nephew, we are sorry for 't:
This is the love that fathers bear their sons.
But, gentle brother, go give to him this gold,
The prince's ransom; let him have his due.
For what he hath Horatio shall not want;
Haply Hieronimo hath need thereof.
LOR. But, if he be thus helplessly distract,
'Tis requisite his office be resigned,
And giv'n to one of more discretiön.
KING. We shall increase his melancholy so.
'Tis best that we see further in it first;
Till when, ourself will exempt [him] the place.—
And, brother, now bring in the ambassador,
That he may be a witness of the match
'Twixt Balthazar and Bel-imperia,
And that we may prefix a certain time,
Wherein the marriage shall be solemnized,
That we may have thy lord, the viceroy, here.
AMB. Therein your highness highly shall content
His majesty, that longs to hear from hence.
KING. On, then; and hear you, lord ambassador—
[The KING *is still talking as they pass out.*

SCENE VI

It is midnight in HIERONIMO'S *garden.*

[Here begins the fourth of the additions.]

JAQUES *and* PEDRO *enter with torches.*

JAQ. *I wonder, Pedro, why our master thus*
At midnight sends us with our torches light,
When man and bird and beast are all at rest,
Save those that watch for rape and bloody murder.
PED. *O Jaques, know thou that our master's mind*
Is much distraught, since his Horatio died,
And—now his aged years should sleep in rest,
His heart in quiet—like a desperate man,
Grows lunatic and childish for his son,
Sometimes, as he doth at his table sit,
He speaks as if Horatio stood by him;
Then, starting in a rage, falls on the earth,

Cries out, "Horatio, where is my Horatio?"
So that with extreme grief and cutting sorrow
There is not left in him one inch of man:
See where he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. *I pry through every crevice of each wall,* [31
Look on each tree, and search through every brake,
Beat at the bushes, stamp our grandam earth,
Dive in the water, and stare up to heaven,
Yet cannot I behold my son Horatio.—
How now, who's there? Spirits, spirits?
Ped. *We are your servants that attend you, sir.* [40
Hier. *What make you with your torches in the dark?*
Ped. *You bid us light them, and attend you here.*
Hier. *No, no, you are deceived! not I;—you are deceived!*
Was I so mad to bid you light your torches now?
Light me your torches at the mid of noon,
Whenas the sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your torches then. [51
Ped. *Then we burn daylight.*
Hier. *Let it be burnt; Night is a murderous slut,*
That would not have her treasons to be seen;
And yonder pale-faced Hecate there, the moon,
Doth give consent to that is done in darkness; [60
And all those stars that gaze upon her face,
Are aglets on her sleeve, pins on her train;
And those that should be powerful and divine,
Do sleep in darkness when they most should shine.
Ped. *Provoke them not, fair sir, with tempting words:* [70
The heav'ns are gracious; and your miseries
And sorrow makes you speak you know not what.
Hier. *Villain, thou liest! and thou do[e]st nought*
But tell me I am mad. Thou liest, I am not mad!
I know thee to be Pedro, and he Jaques.
I'll prove it to thee; and, were I mad, how could I? [81
Where was she that same night when my Horatio
Was murdered? She should have shone: search thou the book.
Had the moon shone,
In my boy's face there was a kind of grace,
That I know—nay, I do know—had the murderer seen him, [90
His weapon would have fall'n and cut the earth,
Had he been framed of naught but blood and death.
Alack! when mischief doth it knows not what,
What shall we say to mischief?

Enter Isabella.

Isab. *Dear Hieronimo, come in a-doors;*
O, seek not means so to increase thy sorrow. [101
Hier. *Indeed, Isabella, we do nothing here;*
I do not cry: ask Pedro, and ask Jaques;
Not I indeed; we are very merry, very merry.
Isab. *How? be merry here, be merry here?*
Is not this the place, and this the very tree, [110
Where my Horatio died, where he was murdered?
Hier. *Was—do not say what: let her weep it out.*
This was the tree; I set it of a kernel;
And, when our hot Spain could not let it grow,
But that the infant and the human sap
Began to wither, duly twice a morning
Would I be sprinkling it with fountain-water. [121

At last it grew and grew, and bore and bore,
Till at the length
It grew a gallows, and did bear our son;
It bore thy fruit and mine—O wicked, wicked plant!

[One knocks within at the door.

See who knocks there.

[PEDRO goes to the door, and opens it.

PED. *It is a Painter, sir.*

HIER. *Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,*
For surely there's none lives but painted comfort.
Let him come in!—One knows not what may chance.
God's will that I should set this tree; but even so
Masters ungrateful servants rear from nought,
And then they hate them that did bring them up.

Enter the PAINTER.

PAINT. *God bless you, sir.*

HIER. *Wherefore? Why, thou scornful villain?*
How, where, or by what means should I be blessed?

ISAB. *What wouldst thou have, good fellow?*

PAINT. *Justice, madam.*

HIER. *O ambitious beggar!*
Wouldst thou have that that lives not in the world?
Why, all the undelved mines cannot buy
An ounce of justice,
'Tis a jewel so inestimable. I tell thee,
God hath engrossed all justice in his hands,
And there is none but what comes from him.

PAINT. *O, then I see*
That God must right me for my murdered son.

HIER. *How, was thy son murdered?*

PAINT. *Ay, sir; no man did hold a son so dear.*

HIER. *What, not as thine? That's a lie,*
As massy as the earth. I had a son
Whose least unvalued hair did weigh
A thousand of thy sons: and he was murdered.

PAINT. *Alas, sir, I had no more but he.*

HIER. *Nor I, nor I: but this same one of mine*
Was worth a legion. But all is one.
Pedro, Jaques, go in a-doors; Isabella, go,
And this good fellow here and I
Will range this hideous orchard up and down,
Like to two lions reavëd of their young.
Go in a-doors, I say.

[The others go out. The PAINTER and he sit down.

Come, let's talk wisely now.
Was thy son murdered?

PAINT. *Ay, sir.*

HIER. *So was mine.*
How dost take it? Art thou not sometimes mad?
Is there no tricks[13] *that come before thine eyes?*

PAINT. *O Lord, yes, sir.*

HIER. *Art a painter? Canst paint me a tear, or a wound, a groan, or a sigh? Canst paint me such a tree as this?*

PAINT. *Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting: my name's Bazardo.*

HIER. *Bazardo! Afore God, an excellent fellow. Look you, sir, do you see? I'd have you paint me* [*for*] *my gallery, in your oil-colors matted, and draw me five years younger than I am—do ye see, sir, let five years go; let them go like the marshal of Spain—my wife Isabella standing by me, with a speaking look to my son Horatio, which should intend to this or some such-like purpose: "God* [210 *bless thee, my sweet son," and my hand leaning upon his head, thus, sir; do you see? May it be done?*

PAINT. *Very well, sir.*

HIER. *Nay, I pray, mark me, sir. Then, sir, would I have you paint me this tree, this very tree. Canst paint a doleful cry?*

PAINT. *Seemingly, sir.*

HIER. *Nay, it should cry; but all is one. Well, sir, paint me a youth run*

[13] illusions.

through and through with villains' swords, hanging upon this tree. Canst thou draw a murderer?

PAINT. *I'll warrant you, sir; I have the pattern of the most notorious villains that ever lived in all Spain.*

HIER. *O, let them be worse, worse: stretch thine art, and let their beards be of Judas his own color; and let their* [230 *eyebrows jutty over: in any case observe that. Then, sir, after some violent noise, bring me forth in my shirt, and my gown under mine arm, with my torch in my hand, and my sword reared up, thus:—and with these words: "What noise is this? Who calls Hieronimo?" May it be done?*

PAINT. *Yea, sir.* [239

HIER. *Well, sir; then bring me forth, bring me through alley and alley, still with a distracted countenance going along, and let my hair heave up my night-cap. Let the clouds scowl, make the moon dark, the stars extinct, the winds blowing, the bells tolling, the owls shrieking, the toads croaking, the minutes jarring,*[14] *and the clock striking twelve. And then at last, sir, starting,* [249 *behold a man hanging, and tottering and tottering, as you know the wind will wave a man, and I with a trice to cut him down. And looking upon him by the advantage of my torch, find it to be my son Horatio. There you may* [*show*] *a passion, there you may show a passion! Draw me like old Priam of Troy, crying, "The house is a-fire, the house is a-fire, as the torch over my head!" Make me curse, make me rave, make me cry,* [260 *make me mad, make me well again, make me curse hell, invocate heaven, and in the end leave me in a trance—and so forth.*

PAINT. *And is this the end?*

HIER. *O no, there is no end; the end is death and madness! As I am never better than when I am mad; then methinks I am a brave fellow, then I do wonders; but reason abuseth me, and there's the torment, there's the hell. At the last,* [270 *sir, bring me to one of the murderers: were he as strong as Hector, thus would I tear and drag him up and down.*

[He beats the PAINTER in, then comes out again, with a book in his hand.

[Here ends the fourth addition.]

HIER. *Vindicta mihi!*

Ay, heaven will be revenged of every ill;
Nor will they suffer murder unrepaid. [279
Then stay, Hieronimo, attend their will;
For mortal men may not appoint their time!
"Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter:"
Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee;
For evils unto ills conductors be,
And death's the worst of resolutiön.
For he that thinks with patience to contend [290
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.
"Fata si miseros juvant, habes salutem:
Fata si vitam negant, habes sepulchrum":
If destiny thy miseries do ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be;
If destiny deny thee life, Hieronimo,
Yet shalt thou be assured of a tomb; [298
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be:
Heaven covereth him that hath no burial.
And to conclude, I will revenge his death!
But how? Not as the vulgar wits of men,
With open, but inevitable, ills,
As by a secret, yet a certain, mean,
Which under kindship[15] will be cloakëd best.
Wise men will take their opportunity, [308
Closely and safely fitting things to time.
But in extremes advantage hath no time;
And therefore all times fit not for revenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in unrest,
Dissembling quiet in unquietness,
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicity may make them think
That ignorantly I will let all slip;
For ignorance, I wot, and well they know,
"Remedium malorum iners est." [320
Nor aught avails it me to menace them,

[14] ticking.

[15] kindness.

Who, as a wintry storm upon a plain,
Will bear me down with their nobility.
No, no, Hieronimo, thou must enjoin
Thine eyes to observation, and thy tongue
To milder speeches than thy spirit affords,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest,
Thy cap to courtesy, and thy knee to bow,
Till to revenge thou know when, where, and how.
How now, what noise? What coil is that you keep?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Here are a sort[16] of poor petitioners
That are importunate, and[17] it shall please you, sir,
That you should plead their cases to the king.

Hier. That I should plead their several actiöns?
Why, let them enter, and let me see them.

Enter three Citizens *and an old man* (Bazulto). *As they enter, the first* Citizen *is holding forth upon the virtues of* Hieronimo.

1 Cit. So, I tell you this: for learning and for law
There is not any advocate in Spain
That can prevail or will take half the pain
That he will in pursuit of equity.

Hier. Come near, you men, that thus importune me.—
<Now must I bear a face of gravity;
For thus I used, before my marshalship,
To plead in causes as corregidor.[18]
Come on, sirs, what's the matter?

2 Cit. Sir, an action.

Hier. Of battery?

1 Cit. Mine of debt.

Hier. Give place.

2 Cit. No, sir, mine is an action of the case.[19]

3 Cit. Mine an *ejectione firmae*[20] by a lease.

Hier. Content you, sirs; are you determinëd
That I should plead your several actiöns?

1 Cit. Ay, sir, and here's my declaratiön.

2 Cit. And here's my band.

3 Cit. And here's my lease.

[*They give him papers.*

Hier., *looking at the old man.* But wherefore stands yon silly man so mute,
With mournful eyes and hands to heaven upreared?
Come hither, father, let me know thy cause.

Baz. O worthy sir, my cause, but slightly known,
May move the hearts of warlike Myrmidons,
And melt the Corsic rocks with ruthful tears.

Hier. Say, father, tell me, what's thy suit?

Baz. No, sir, could my woes
Give way unto my most distressful words,
Then should I not in paper, as you see,
With ink bewray what blood began in me.

[Much of the rest of the scene should presumably have been dropped out when the scene with the painter was added.]

Hier. What's here? "The humble supplicatiön
Of Don Bazulto for his murdered son."

Baz. Ay, sir.

Hier. No, sir, it was *my* murdered son.—
O my son, my son, O my son Horatio!—
But mine, or thine, Bazulto, be content.
Here, take my handkercher and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I in thy mishaps may see
The lively portrait of my dying self.—

[*He draweth out a bloody napkin.*

O no, not this; Horatio, this was thine;
And, when I dyed it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token 'twixt thy soul and me,

[16] number.
[17] if.
[18] Actually, a corregidor is a magistrate.
[19] A universal remedy given for all personal wrongs.
[20] A writ to eject a tenant.

That of thy death revengëd I should be.—
But here, take this, and this—what, my purse?— [420
Ay, this, and that, and all of them are thine;
For all as one are our extremities.
1 Cit. O, see the kindness of Hieronimo!
2 Cit. This gentleness shows him a gentleman.
Hier. See, see, O see thy shame, Hieronimo!
See here a loving father to his son! [430
Behold the sorrows and the sad laments,
That he delivereth for his son's decease!
If love's effects so strives in lesser things,
If love enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If love express such power in poor estates,
Hieronimo, whenas a raging sea,
Tossed with the wind and tide, o'erturnest then [440
The upper billows, course of waves to keep,
Whilst lesser waters labor in the deep,
Then shamest thou not, Hieronimo, to neglect
The sweet revenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this earth justice will not be found,
I'll down to hell, and in this passiön
Knock at the dismal gates of Pluto's court, [451
Getting by force, as once Alcides did,
A troop of Furies and tormenting hags
To torture Don Lorenzo and the rest.
Yet, lest the triple-headed porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy strand,
The Thracian poet thou shalt counterfeit.
Come on, old father, be my Orpheus,
And, if thou canst no notes upon the harp, [460
Then sound the burden of thy sore heart's grief,
Till we do gain that Proserpine may grant
Revenge on them that murderëd my son.
Then will I rent and tear them, thus and thus,
Shivering their limbs in pieces with my teeth. [*Tears the citizens' papers.*
1 Cit. O sir, my declaration!
[*Exit* Hieronimo *and the* Citizens *after him.* [471
2 Cit. Save my bond.
Hieronimo *re-enters, the others still pursuing him.*
2 Cit. Save my bond!
3 Cit. Alas, my lease! It cost me
Ten pound! and you, my lord, have torn the same!
Hier. That cannot be, I gave it never a wound. [480
Show me one drop of blood fall from the same!
How is it possible I should slay it, then?
Tush, no; run after; catch me, if you can.
[*He runs out, followed by the* Citizens. *He re-enters, and stares the old man in the face.*
Hier. And art thou come, Horatio, from the depth, [490
To ask for justice in this upper earth,
To tell thy father thou art unrevenged,
To wring more tears from Isabella's eyes,
Whose lights are dimmed with over-long laments?
Go back, my son, complain to Aeacus,
For here's no justice; gentle boy, begone,
For justice is exilëd from the earth:
Hieronimo will bear thee company. [500
Thy mother cries on righteous Rhadamanth
For just revenge against the murderers.
Baz. Alas, my lord, whence springs this troubled speech?
Hier. But let me look on my Horatio.
Sweet boy, how art thou changed in death's black shade!
Had Proserpine no pity on thy youth,
But suffered thy fair crimson-colored spring [511
With withered winter to be blasted thus?
Horatio, thou art older than thy father.
Ah, ruthless fate,[21] that favor thus transforms!
Baz. Ah, my good lord, I am not your young son.

[21] Qq. fäther.

HIER. What, not my son? Thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the empty kingdom of black night [521
To summon me to make appearance
Before grim Minos and just Rhadamanth,
To plague Hieronimo, that is remiss
And seeks not vengeance for Horatio's death.
BAZ. I am a grievëd man, and not a ghost,
That came for justice for my murdered son. [530
HIER. Ay, now I know thee, now thou namest thy son.
Thou art the lively image of my grief;
Within thy face my sorrows I may see.
Thy eyes are gummed with tears, thy cheeks are wan,
Thy forehead troubled, and thy mutt'ring lips
Murmur sad words abruptly broken off
By force of windy sighs thy spirit breathes; [541
And all this sorrow riseth for thy son;
And selfsame sorrow feel I for my son.
Come in, old man, thou shalt to Isabel.
Lean on my arm: I thee, thou me, shalt stay;
And thou and I and she will sing a song,
Three parts in one, but all of discords framed.
Talk not of chords, but let us now be gone, [551
For with a cord Horatio was slain.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

It is the Spanish Court. Enter on the one side the KING, CASTILE, LORENZO, BALTHAZAR, BEL-IMPERIA, *and attendants; on the other, the* VICEROY, *and* DON PEDRO, *who have come (though not by sea, as the Spanish monarch, who ought to know better, supposes), to celebrate* BALTHAZAR'S *marriage to* BEL-IMPERIA. [9
KING. Go, brother, it is the Duke of Castile's cause;
Salute the Viceroy in our name.
CAST. I go.
VICE. Go forth, Don Pedro, for thy nephew's sake,
And greet the Duke of Castile.
PED. It shall be so
KING. <And now to meet these Portingales;
For as we now are, so sometimes were these, [2
Kings and commanders of the western Indies.>
Welcome, brave Viceroy, to the court of Spain,
And welcome all his honorable train!
'Tis not unknown to us for why you come
Or have so kingly crossed the seas: [29
Sufficeth it, in this we note the troth
And more than common love you lend to us.
So is it that mine honorable niece
(For it beseems us now that it be known)
Already is betrothed to Balthazar;
And by appointment and our condescent [22]
To-morrow are they to be marriëd.
To this intent we entertain thyself,
Thy followers, their pleasure, and our peace. [40
Speak, men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If ay, say so; if not, say flatly no.
VICE. Renowmëd King, I come not, as thou think'st,
With doubtful followers, unresolved men
But such as have upon thine articles
Confirmed thy motion, and contented me
Know, sovereign, I come to solemnize
The marriäge of thy belovëd niece, [49
Fair Bel-imperia, with my Balthazar,—
With thee, my son; whom sith I live to see,
Here take my crown, I give it her and thee;
And let me live a solitary life,
In ceaseless prayers,
To think how strangely heaven hath thee preserved.
KING. See, brother, see, how nature strives in him! [60
Come, worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend with thine extremities; [23]

[22] consent.
[23] extreme feeling.

A place more private fits this princely mood.
VICE. Or here, or where your highness thinks it good.
The KING *and the* VICEROY *go out, followed by all the others save* CASTILE, LORENZO, *and two or three attendants, the* DUKE *staying his son as the latter is about to depart.*
CAST. Nay, stay, Lorenzo, let me talk with you.
See'st thou this entertainment of these kings?
LOR. I do, my lord, and joy to see the same.
CAST. And know'st thou why this meeting is?
LOR. For her, my lord, whom Balthazar doth love,
And to confirm their promised marriäge.
CAST. She is thy sister.
LOR. Who, Bel-imperia? Ay,
My gracious lord, and this is the day,
That I have longed so happily to see.
CAST. Thou wouldst be loth that any fault of thine
Should intercept her in her happiness?
LOR. Heavens will not let Lorenzo err so much.
CAST. Why then, Lorenzo, listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou, Lorenzo, wrong'st Hieronimo,
And in his suits towards his majesty
Still keep'st him back, and seeks[t] to cross his suit.
LOR. That I, my lord—?
CAST. I tell thee, son, myself have heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I have been ashamed
To answer for thee, though thou art my son.
Lorenzo, know'st thou not the common love
And kindness that Hieronimo hath won
By his deserts within the court of Spain?
Or see'st thou not the king my brother's care
In his behalf, and to procure his health?
Lorenzo, shouldst thou thwart his passiöns,
And he exclaim against thee to the king,
What honor were 't in this assembly,
Or what a scandal were 't among the kings,
To hear Hieronimo exclaim on thee?
Tell me—and look thou tell me truly too—
Whence grows the ground of this report in court?
LOR. My lord, it lies not in Lorenzo's power
To stop the vulgar, liberal of their tongues.
A small advantage makes a water-breach,
And no man lives that long contenteth all.
CAST. Myself have seen thee busy to keep back
Him and his supplications from the king.
LOR. Yourself, my lord, hath seen his passiöns,
That ill beseemed the presence of a king;
And, for I pitied him in his distress,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words
As free from malice to Hieronimo
As to my soul, my lord.
CAST. Hieronimo, my son, mistakes thee then.
LOR. My gracious father, believe me, so he doth.
But what's a silly man, distract in mind
To think upon the murder of his son?
Alas! how easy is it for him to err!
But, for his satisfaction and the world's,
'Twere good, my lord, that Hieronimo and I
Were reconciled, if he misconster me.
CAST. Lorenzo, thou hast said; it shall be so.
Go one of you, and call Hieronimo.
[*Exit a* SERVANT.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* BEL-IMPERIA.

BAL. Come, Bel-imperia, Balthazar's content,
My sorrow's ease and sovereign of my bliss,

Sith heaven hath ordained thee to be mine:
Disperse those clouds and melancholy looks,
And clear them up with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heaven's fair beauty lies.
BEL. My looks, my lord, are fitting for my love,
Which, new-begun, can show no brighter yet.
BAL. New-kindled flames should burn as morning sun.
BEL. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my lord my father.
BAL. Truce, my love;
I will go salute him.
CAST. Welcome, Balthazar;
Welcome, brave prince, the pledge of Castile's peace!—
And welcome, Bel-imperia!—How now, girl?
Why com'st thou sadly to salute us thus?
Content thyself, for I am satisfied:
It is not now as when Andrea lived;
We have forgotten and forgiven that,
And thou art gracëd with a happier love.—
But, Balthazar, here comes Hieronimo;
I'll have a word with him.

Enter HIERONIMO *and a* SERVANT.

HIER. And where's the duke?
SERV. Yonder.
HIER. Even so.
What new device have they devisëd, trow?[24]
Pocas palabras![25] mild as the lamb!
Is't I will be revenged? No, I am not the man.
CAST. Welcome, Hieronimo.
LOR. Welcome, Hieronimo.
BAL. Welcome, Hieronimo.
HIER. My lords, I thank you for Horatio.
CAST. Hieronimo, the reason that I sent
To speak with you is this.

[24] Think you.
[25] Few words.

HIER. What, so short?
Then I'll be gone, I thank you for 't.
CAST. Nay, stay, Hieronimo!—go call him, son.
LOR. Hieronimo, my father craves a word with you.
HIER. With me, sir? Why, my lord, I thought you had done.
LOR. No. <Would he had!>
CAST. Hieronimo, I hear
You find yourself aggrievëd at my son
Because you have not access unto the king;
And say 'tis he that intercepts your suits.
HIER. Why, is not this a miserable thing, my lord?
CAST. Hieronimo, I hope you have no cause,
And would be loth that one of your deserts
Should once have reason to suspect my son,
Considering how I think of you myself.
HIER. Your son Lorenzo! Whom, my noble lord?
The hope of Spain, mine honorable friend?
Grant me the combat of them, if they dare. [*Draws out his sword.*
I'll meet him face to face, to tell me so!
These be the scandalous reports of such
As love not me, and hate my lord too much.
Should I suspect Lorenzo would prevent
Or cross my suit, that loved my son so well?
My lord, I am ashamed it should be said.
LOR. Hieronimo, I never gave you cause.
HIER. My good lord, I know you did not.
CAST. There then pause;
And, for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, Cyprian's ancient seat;
And, when thou wilt, use me, my son, and it;
But here, before Prince Balthazar and me,

Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.
HIER. Ay, marry, my lord, and shall.
Friends, quoth he? See, I'll be friends with you all:
Especially with you, my lovely lord;
For divers causes it is fit for us
That we be friends: the world's suspiciöus, [270
And men may think what we imagine not.
BAL. Why, this is friendly done, Hieronimo.
LOR. And that I hope old grudges are forgot.
HIER. What else? It were a shame it should not be so.
CAST. Come on, Hieronimo, at my request; [279
Let us entreat your company to-day.
HIER. Your lordship's to command.—
[*Exeunt all but* HIERONIMO.
Pah! keep your way:
Chi mi fa più carezze che non suole,
Tradito mi ha, o tradir mi vuole.

CHORUS.

ANDREA *is naturally annoyed to find that* REVENGE *has fallen asleep.*

GHOST. Awake, Erichtho! Cerberus, awake! [290
Solicit Pluto, gentle Proserpine!
To combat, Acheron and Erebus
For ne'er, by Styx and Phlegethon in hell,
Nor ferried Charon to the fiery lakes
Such fearful sights, as poor Andrea see[s].[26]
Revenge, awake!
REVENGE. Awake? For why?
GHOST. Awake, Revenge; for thou art ill-advised [300
To sleep away what thou art warned to watch!
REVENGE. Content thyself, and do not trouble me.
GHOST. Awake, Revenge, if love—as love hath had—
Have yet the power or prevalence in hell!
Hieronimo with Lorenzo is joined in league, [309
And intercepts our passage to revenge.
Awake, Revenge, or we are woe-begone!

[26] This passage is obviously corrupt.

REVENGE. Thus worldlings ground what they have dreamed upon.[27]
Content thyself, Andrea: though I sleep,
Yet is my mood soliciting their souls.
Sufficeth thee that poor Hieronimo
Cannot forget his son Horatio.
Nor dies Revenge, although he sleep awhile;
For, in unquiet, quietness is feigned, [320
And slumb'ring is a common worldly wile.
Behold, Andrea, for an instance, how
Revenge hath slept; and then imagine thou,
What 'tis to be subject to destiny.

Enter a DUMB-SHOW.

GHOST. Awake, Revenge; reveal this mystery.
REVENGE. The two first the nuptial torches bore [331
As brightly burning as the mid-day's sun;
But after them doth Hymen hie as fast,
Clothëd in sable and a saffron robe,
And blows them out and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.
GHOST. Sufficeth me; thy meaning's understood,
And thanks to thee and those infernal powers [341
That will not tolerate a lover's woe,
Rest thee, for I will sit to see the rest.
REVENGE. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

BEL-IMPERIA *is impatient at the procrastination of* HIERONIMO *in securing vengeance. The scene is probably a room in the Spanish Court.*

BEL. Is this the love thou bear'st Horatio?
Is this the kindness that thou counterfeits?
Are these the fruits of thine incessant tears? [10
Hieronimo, are these thy passiöns,
Thy protestations and thy deep laments,

[27] rely upon their dreams.

That thou wert wont to weary men withal?
O unkind father! O deceitful world!
With what excuses canst thou show thyself
From this dishonor and the hate of men,
Thus to neglect the loss and life of him
Whom both my letters and thine own belief [21
Assures thee to be causeless slaughterëd?
Hieronimo, for shame, Hieronimo,
Be not a history to after-times
Of such ingratitude unto thy son.
Unhappy mothers of such children then!
But monstrous fathers to forget so soon
The death of those whom they with care and cost [29
Have tendered so thus careless should be lost.
Myself, a stranger in respect of thee,
So loved his life, as still I wish their deaths.
Nor shall his death be unrevenged by me,
Although I bear it out for fashion's sake;
For here I swear, in sight of heaven and earth,
Shouldst thou neglect the love thou shouldst retain, [40
And give it over and devise no more,
Myself should send their hateful souls to hell
That wrought his downfall with extremest death.

HIER. But may it be that Bel-imperia
Vows such revenge as she hath deigned to say?
Why, then I see that heaven applies[1] our drift, [50
And all the saints do sit soliciting
For vengeance on those cursëd murtherers.
Madam, 'tis true, and now I find it so,
I found a letter, written in your name,
And in that letter, how Horatio died.
Pardon, O pardon, Bel-imperia,
My fear and care in not believing it;
Nor think I thoughtless think upon a mean, [60
To let his death be unrevenged at full;

[1] approves.

And here I vow—so you but give consent,
And will conceal my resolutiön—
I will ere long determine of their deaths
That causeless thus have murderëd my son.

BEL. Hieronimo, I will consent, conceal, [69
And aught that may effect for thine avail
Join with thee, to revenge Horatio's death.

HIER. On, then; [and,] whatsoever I devise,
Let me entreat you, grace my practices,
For why the plot's already in mine head.
Heŕe they are.

Enter BALTHAZAR *and* LORENZO

BAL. How now, Hieronimo? [80
What, courting Bel-imperia?
HIER. Ay, my lord;
Such courting as, I promise you,
She hath my heart; but you, my lord, have hers.

LOR. But now, Hieronimo, or never,
We are to entreat your help.
HIER. My help? [90
Why, my good lords, assure yourselves of me;
For you have giv'n me cause.
Ay, by my faith have you.

BAL. It pleased you, at
The entertainment of the ambassador,
To grace the king so much as with a show.
Now, were your study so well furnishëd,
As, for the passing of the first night's sport,
To entertain my father with the like,
Or any such-like pleasing motiön, [100
Assure yourself, it would content them well.

HIER. Is this all?
BAL. Ay, this is all.
HIER. Why then, I'll fit you.
Say no more. When I was young, I gave my mind
And plied myself to fruitless poetry;
Which though it profit the professor naught, [110
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that?
Hier. Marry, my good lord, thus
(And yet methinks, you are too quick with us):
When in Toledo there I studiëd,
It was my chance to write a tragedy.
See here, my lords—
[*He shows them a book.*
Which, long forgot, I found this other day.
Now would your lordships favor me so much
As but to grace me with your acting it—
I mean each one of you to play a part—
Assure you it will prove most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible[2] to that assembly.
Bal. What, would you have us play a tragedy?
Hier. Why, Nero thought it no disparagement,
And kings and emperors have ta'en delight
To make experience of their wits in plays.
Lor. Nay, be not angry, good Hieronimo;
The prince but asked a question.
Bal. In faith, Hieronimo, an you be in earnest,
I'll make one.
Lor. And I another.
Hier. Now, my good lord, could you entreat
Your sister Bel-imperia to make one?
For what's a play without a woman in it?
Bel. Little entreaty shall serve me, Hieronimo;
For I must needs be employëd in your play.
Hier. Why, this is well. I tell you, lordings,
It was determinëd to have been acted
By gentlemen and scholars too,
Such as could tell what to speak.
Bal. And now
It shall be played by princes and courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speak,
If, as it is our country manner,
You will but let us know the argument.
Hier. That shall I roundly: the chronicles of Spain
Record this written of a knight of Rhodes:
He was betrothed, and wedded at the length,
To one Perseda, an Italian dame,
Whose beauty ravished all that her beheld,
Especially the soul of Soliman,
Who at the marriage was the chiefest guest.
By sundry means sought Soliman to win
Perseda's love, and could not gain the same.
Then 'gan he break his passions to a friend,
One of his bashaws, whom he held full dear.
Her had this bashaw long solicited,
And saw she was not otherwise to be won,
But by her husband's death, this knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by treachery he slew.
She, stirred with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this slew Soliman,
And, to escape the bashaw's tyranny,
Did stab herself: and this the tragedy.
Lor. O, excellent!
Bel. But say, Hieronimo,
What then became of him that was the bashaw?
Hier. Marry, thus: moved with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountain-top, and hung himself.
Bal. But which of us is to perform that part?
Hier. O, that will I, my lords; make no doubt of it.
I'll play the murderer, I warrant you;
For I already have conceited that.
Bal. And what shall I?
Hier. Great Soliman, the Turkish emperor.
Lor. And I?
Hier. Erastus, the knight of Rhodes.
Bel. And I?
Hier. Perseda, chaste and resolute.

[2] pleasing.

And here, my lords, are several abstracts drawn,
For each of you to note your parts,
And act it, as occasion's offered you.
You must provide a Turkish cap,
A black mustachio, and a falchion;
[*Gives a paper to* Balthazar.
You with a cross, like to a knight of Rhodes; [220
[*Gives another to* Lorenzo.
And, madam, you must attire yourself
[*He giveth* Bel-imperia *another.*
Like Phoebe, Flora, or the huntress,[3]
Which to your discretion shall seem best.
And, as for me, my lords, I'll look to one,
And, with the ransom that the viceroy sent,
So furnish and perform this tragedy,
As all the world shall say Hieronimo
Was liberal in gracing of it so. [231

Bal. Hieronimo, methinks a comedy were better.

Hier. A comedy?
Fie! comedies are fit for common wits;
But to present a kingly troop withal,
Give me a stately-written tragedy;
Tragoedia cothurnata, fitting kings,
Containing matter, and not common things. [240
My lords, all this must be performed,
As fitting for the first night's revelling.
The Italian tragedians were so sharp of wit,
That in one hour's meditatiön
They would perform anything in action.

Lor. And well it may; for I have seen the like
In Paris 'mongst the French tragedians.

Hier. In Paris? mass! and well remembered! [251
There's one thing more that rests for us to do.

Bal. What's that, Hieronimo? Forget not anything.

Hier. Each one of us
Must act his part in unknown languages,
That it may breed the more variety:
As you, my lord, in Latin, I in Greek, [259
You in Italian; and, for because I know
That Bel-imperia hath practised the French,

[3] Diana.

In courtly French shall all her phrases be.

Bel. You mean to try my cunning then, Hieronimo?

Bal. But this will be a mere confusiön
And hardly shall we all be understood.

Hier. It must be so; for the conclusiön
Shall prove the inventiön and all was good; [270
And I myself in an oratiön,
And with a strange and wondrous show besides,
That I will have there behind a curtain,
Assure yourself, shall make the matter known;
And all shall be concluded in one scene,
For there's no pleasure ta'en in tediousness.

Bal. <How like you this? [280

Lor. Why, thus my lord:
We must resolve to soothe his humors up.>

Bal. On then, Hieronimo; farewell till soon.

Hier. You'll ply this gear?

Lor. I warrant you.
[*Exeunt all but* Hieronimo.

Hier. Why so:
Now shall I see the fall of Babylon, [290
Wrought by the heavens in this confusiön,
And, if the world like not this tragedy,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Isabella *enters the fatal garden "with a weapon," which, to judge by the use made of it, must have been an axe.*

Isab. Tell me no more!—O monstrous homicides!
Since neither piety nor pity moves
The king to justice or compassiön,
I will revenge myself upon this place,
Where thus they murdered my belovëd son. [*She cuts down the arbor.*
Down with these branches and these [11
loathsome boughs
Of this unfortunate and fatal pine!
Down with them, Isabella; rent them up,
And burn the roots from whence the rest is sprung!
I will not leave a root, a stalk, a tree,

A bough, a branch, a blossom, nor a leaf,
No, not an herb within this garden-plot,—
Accursëd complot of my misery! [20
Fruitless for ever may this garden be,
Barren the earth, and blissless whosoever
Imagines not to keep it unmanured!
An eastern wind, commixed with noisome airs,
Shall blast the plants and the young saplings;
The earth with serpents shall be pesterëd,
And passengers, for fear to be infect, [30
Shall stand aloof, and, looking at it, tell:
"There, murdered, died the son of Isabel."
Ay, here he died, and here I him embrace.
See, where his ghost solicits with his wounds
Revenge on her that should revenge his death. [38
Hieronimo, make haste to see thy son;
For sorrow and despair hath cited me
To hear Horatio plead with Rhadamanth.
Make haste, Hieronimo, to hold excused
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths
Whose hateful wrath bereaved him of his breath.
Ah, nay, thou dost delay their deaths,
Forgives the murderers of thy noble son,
And none but I bestir me—to no end!
And, as I curse this tree from further fruit, [51
So shall my womb be cursëd for his sake;
And with this weapon will I wound the breast,
The hapless breast, that gave Horatio suck. [*She stabs herself.*

Scene III

It is the hall in which Hieronimo's *show is to be given.* Hieronimo *enters and "knocks up" the curtain.* Castile *enters to him.*

Cast. How now, Hieronimo, where's your fellows,
That you take all this pain?
Hier. O sir, it is for the author's credit,
To look that all things may go well. [10
But, good my lord, let me entreat your grace,
To give the king the copy of the play:
[*Hands the* Duke *a book.*
This is the argument of what we show.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo.
Hier. One thing more, my good lord.
Cast. What's that?
Hier. Let me entreat your grace
That, when the train are passed into the gallery, [21
You should vouchsafe to throw me down the key.
Cast. I will, Hieronimo. [*Exit* Castile.
Hier., *calling.* What, are you ready, Balthazar?
Bring a chair and a cushion for the king.

Enter Balthazar, *with a chair and a cushion.* [29

Well done, Balthazar! hang up the title:
Our scene is Rhodes. What, is your beard on?
Bal. Half on; the other is in my hand.
Hier. Despatch, for shame; are you so long? [*Exit* Balthazar.
Bethink thyself, Hieronimo,
Recall thy wits; recount thy former wrongs [39
Thou hast received by murder of thy son;
And lastly, not least! how Isabel,
Once his mother and thy dearest wife,
All woe-begone for him, hath slain herself.
Behoves thee then, Hieronimo, to be revenged!
The plot is laid of dire revenge: [47
On, then, Hieronimo, pursue revenge;
For nothing wants but acting of revenge!
[*Exit* Hieronimo.

The King, *the* Viceroy, Castile, *and their train enter the gallery.*

King. Now. Viceroy, shall we see the tragedy
Of Soliman, the Turkish emperor,
Performed of pleasure by your son the prince,
My nephew Don Lorenzo, and my niece.
Vice. Who? Bel-imperia? [59

KING. Ay, and Hieronimo, our marshal,
At whose request they deign to do 't themselves.
These be our pastimes in the court of Spain.
Here, brother, you shall be the book-keeper:
This is the argument of that they show.
[*He giveth him a book.*
[*Here the early quartos have this quaint note:* "Gentlemen, this play [71 of Hieronimo, in sundry languages, was thought good to be set down in English, more largely, for the easier understanding to every public reader."]

Enter BALTHAZAR *(as Soliman)*, BEL-IMPERIA *(as Perseda), and* HIERONIMO *(as the bashaw).*

BAL. *Bashaw, that Rhodes is ours, yield heavens the honor,* [81
And holy Mahomet, our sacred prophet!
And be thou graced with every excellence
That Soliman can give, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is less
Than in reserving this fair Christian nymph,
Perseda, blissful lamp of excellence,
Whose eyes compel, like powerful adamant, [91
The warlike heart of Soliman to wait.
KING. See, Viceroy, that is Balthazar, your son,
That represents the emperor Soliman:
How well he acts his amorous passiön!
VICE. Ay, Bel-imperia hath taught him that.
CAST. That's because his mind runs all on Bel-imperia. [100
HIER. *Whatever joy earth yields, betide your majesty.*
BAL. *Earth yields no joy without Perseda's love.*
HIER. *Let then Perseda on your grace attend.*
BAL. *She shall not wait on me; but I on her:*
Drawn by the influence of her lights, I yield. [110
But let my friend, the Rhodian knight come forth,
Erasto, dearer than my life to me,
That he may see Perseda, my beloved.

Enter LORENZO *(as Erasto).*

KING. Here comes Lorenzo: look upon the plot,
And tell me, brother, what part play[ë] he?
BEL. *Ah, my Erasto, welcome to Perseda.* [12
LOR. *Thrice happy is Erasto that thou livest;*
Rhodes' loss is nothing to Erasto's joy;
Sith his Perseda lives, his life survives
BAL. *Ah, bashaw, here is love between Erasto*
And fair Perseda, sovereign of my soul
HIER. *Remove Erasto, mighty Soliman*
And then Perseda will be quickly won. [130
BAL. *Erasto is my friend; and, while he lives,*
Perseda never will remove her love.
HIER. *Let not Erasto live to grieve great Soliman.*
BAL. *Dear is Erasto in our princely eye.*
HIER. *But, if he be your rival, let him die.*
BAL. *Why, let him die!—so love commandeth me.* [140
Yet grieve I that Erasto should so die.
HIER. *Erasto, Soliman saluteth thee*
And lets thee wit by me his highness' will
Which is, thou shouldst be thus employed. [Stabs him
BEL. *Ay me!*
Erasto! See, Soliman, Erasto's slain!
BAL. *Yet liveth Soliman to comfort thee.*
Fair queen of beauty, let not favor [150
die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grief
That with Perseda's beauty is increased,
If by Perseda his grief be not released.
BEL. *Tyrant, desist soliciting vain suits;*
Relentless are mine ears to thy laments,
As thy butcher is pitiless and base,
Which seized on my Erasto, harmless knight. [160

Yet by thy power thou thinkest to command,
And to thy power Perseda doth obey;
But, were she able, thus she would revenge
Thy treacheries on thee, ignoble prince:
[Stabs him.
And on herself she would be thus revenged. [Stabs herself.

KING. Well said!—Old marshal, this was bravely done! [171

HIER. But Bel-imperia plays Perseda well!

VICE. Were this in earnest, Bel-imperia,
You would be better to my son than so.

KING. But now what follows for Hieronimo?

HIER. Marry, this follows for Hieronimo: [180
Here break we off our sundry languages,
And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.
Haply you think—but bootless are your thoughts—
That this is fabulously counterfeit,
And that we do as all tragedians do—
To die to-day, for fashioning our scene,
The death of Ajax or some Roman peer,
And in a minute, starting up again, [189
Revive to please to-morrow's audience.
No, princes; now I am Hieronimo,
The hopeless father of a hapless son,
Whose tongue is tuned to tell his latest tale,
Not to excuse gross errors in the play.
I see, your looks urge instance of these words;
Behold the reason urging me to this!
[*Draws a curtain, and displays the body of* HORATIO. [200
See here my show; look on this spectacle!
Here lay my hope, and here my hope hath end;
Here lay my heart, and here my heart was slain;
Here lay my treasure, here my treasure lost; [4]
Here lay my bliss, and here my bliss bereft: [210
But hope, heart, treasure, joy, and bliss,
All fled, failed, died, yea, all decayed with this.
From forth these wounds came breath that gave me life;
They murdered me that made these fatal marks.
The cause was love, whence grew this mortal hate; [219
The hate, Lorenzo and young Balthazar;
The love, my son to Bel-imperia.
But night, the coverer of accursed crimes,
With pitchy silence hushed these traitors' harms,
And lent them leave, for they had sorted [5] leisure
To take advantage in my garden-plot
Upon my son, my dear Horatio.
There merciless they butchered up my boy, [230
In black, dark night, to pale, dim, cruel death.
He shrieks: I heard—and yet, methinks, I hear—
His dismal outcry echo in the air.
With soonest speed I hasted to the noise,
Where hanging on a tree I found my son,
Through-girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see.
And grieved I, think you, at this spectacle? [241
Speak, Portuguese, whose loss resembles mine:
If thou canst weep upon thy Balthazar,
'Tis like I wailed for my Horatio.
And you, my lord, whose reconcilëd son
Marched in a net, and thought himself unseen,
And rated me for brainsick lunacy,
With "God amend that mad Hieronimo!"— [251
How can you brook our play's catastrophe?
And here behold this bloody handkercher,
Which at Horatio's death I weeping dipped
Within the river of his bleeding wounds:
It as propitious, see, I have reserved,
And never hath it left my bloody heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow [260

[4] A line would seem to have dropped out beginning "Here lay my joy."

[5] chosen.

With these, O, these accursëd murderers;
Which now performed, my heart is satisfied.
And to this end the bashaw I became
That might revenge me on Lorenzo's life,
Who therefore was appointed to the part,
And was to represent the knight of Rhodes,
That I might kill him more conveniently.
So, Viceroy, was this Balthazar, thy son,
That Soliman which Bel-imperia,
In person of Perseda, murderëd;
Solely appointed to that tragic part
That she might slay him that offended her.
Poor Bel-imperia missed her part in this;
For though the story saith she should have died,
Yet I, of kindness and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end;
But love of him whom they did hate too much
Did urge her resolution to be such.
And, princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Author and actor in this tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the actors gone before.
And, gentles, thus I end my play;
Urge no more words: I have no more to say. [*He runs to hang himself.*

KING. O hearken, Viceroy! Hold, Hieronimo!
Brother, my nephew and thy son are slain!

VICE. We are betrayed; my Balthazar is slain!
Break ope the doors; run, save Hieronimo.

[*They break in and hold* HIERONIMO.

Hieronimo, do but inform the king of these events;
Upon mine honor, thou shalt have no harm.

HIER. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day have offered to my son.
Accursed wretch!
Why stay'st thou him that was resolved to die?

KING. Speak, traitor! damnëd, bloody murderer, speak!
For now I have thee, I will make thee speak.
Why hast thou done this undeserving deed?

VICE. Why hast thou murderëd my Balthazar?

CAST. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus?

[What follows, in small type, was displaced by the fifth addition.]

HIER. O, good words!
As dear to me was my Horatio
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you.
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengëd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet avenged
With greater far than these afflictiöns.

CAST. But who were thy confederates in this?

VICE. That was thy daughter Bel-imperia;
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.

KING. Why speakest thou not?

HIER. What lesser liberty can kings afford
Than harmless silence? Then afford it me.
Sufficeth, I may not nor I will not tell thee.

KING. Fetch forth the tortures: traitor as thou art,
I'll make thee tell.

HIER. Indeed,
Thou may'st torment me as his wretched son
Hath done in murdering my Horatio;
But never shalt thou force me to reveal
The thing which I have vowed inviolate.
And therefore, in despite of all thy threats,
Pleased with their deaths, and eased with their revenge,
First take my tongue, and afterwards my heart.

[Here begins the fifth addition, incorporating much of the above.]

HIER. *But are you sure they are dead?*

CAST. *Ay, slave, too sure.*

HIER. *What, and yours too?*

VICE. *Ay, all are dead; not one of them survive.*

HIER. *Nay, then I care not; come, and we shall be friends;*

Let us lay our heads together:
See, here's a goodly noose will hold them all.
VICE. *O damnëd devil, how secure he is!*
HIER. *Secure? Why, dost thou wonder at it?* [371
I tell thee, Viceroy, this day I have seen revenge,
And in that sight am grown a prouder monarch,
Than ever sat under the crown of Spain.
Had I as many lives as there be stars,
As many heavens to go to as those lives,
I'd give them all, ay, and my soul to boot, [380
But I would see thee ride in this red pool.
CAST. *Who were thy confederates in this?*
VICE. *That was thy daughter Belimperia;*
For by her hand my Balthazar was slain:
I saw her stab him.
HIER. *O, good words!*
As dear to me was my Horatio,
As yours, or yours, or yours, my lord, to you. [391
My guiltless son was by Lorenzo slain,
And by Lorenzo and that Balthazar
Am I at last revengëd thoroughly,
Upon whose souls may heavens be yet revenged
With greater far than these afflictiöns.
Methinks, since I grew inward with revenge, [399
I cannot look with scorn enough on death.
KING. *What, dost thou mock us, slave?—Bring tortures forth.*
HIER. *Do, do, do: and meantime I'll torture you.*
You had a son, as I take it; and your son
Should ha' been married to your daughter:
Ha, was it not so?—You had a son too,
He was my liege's nephew; he was proud
And politic; had he lived, he might ha' come [411
To wear the crown of Spain. I think 'twas so:—
'Twas I that killed him; look you, this same hand,
'Twas it that stabbed his heart—do ye see? this hand—
For one Horatio, if you ever knew him: a youth,
One that they hanged up in his father's garden; [421
One that did force your valiant son to yield,
While your more valiant son did take him prisoner.
VICE. *Be deaf, my senses; I can hear no more.*
KING. *Fall, heaven, and cover us with thy sad ruins.*
CAST. *Roll all the world within thy pitchy cloud.* [431
HIER. *Now do I applaud what I have acted.*
Nunc iners cadat manus!
Now to express the rupture of my part,—
First take my tongue, and afterward my heart. [Bites out his tongue.

[Here ends the fifth addition.]

KING. O monstrous resolution of a wretch! [440
See, Viceroy, he hath bitten forth his tongue,
Rather than to reveal what we required.
CAST. Yet can he write.
KING. And, if in this he satisfy us not,
We will devise th' extremest kind of death
That ever was invented for a wretch.
[HIERONIMO *makes signs for a knife to mend his pen.* [450
CAST. O, he would have a knife to mend his pen.
VICE. Here, and advise thee that thou write the troth.—
Look to my brother! save Hieronimo!
[HIERONIMO *stabs the* DUKE *and himself.*
KING. What age hath ever heard such monstrous deeds?
My brother, and the whole succeeding hope [460
That Spain expected after my decease!
Go, bear his body hence, that we may mourn
The loss of our beloved brother's death.

That he may be entombed whate'er befall.
I am the next, the nearest, last of all.
VICE. And thou, Don Pedro, do the like for us:
Take up our hapless son, untimely slain;
Set me with him, and he with woeful me,
Upon the main-mast of a ship unmanned,
And let the wind and tide haul me along
To Scylla's barking and untamëd gulf,
Or to the loathsome pool of Acheron,
To weep my want for my sweet Balthazar.
Spain hath no refuge for a Portingale.
[*The trumpets sound a dead march; the* KING OF SPAIN *mourning after his brother's body, and the* KING OF PORTINGALE *bearing the body of his son.*

CHORUS.

Enter GHOST *and* REVENGE.

GHOST. Ay, now my hopes have end in their effects,
When blood and sorrow finish my desires:
Horatio murdered in his father's bower;
Vild Serberine by Pedringano slain;
False Pedringano hanged by quaint device;
Fair Isabella by herself misdone;
Prince Balthazar by Bel-imperia stabbed;
The Duke of Castile and his wicked son
Both done to death by old Hieronimo;
My Bel-imperia fall'n as Dido fell,
And good Hieronimo slain by himself:
Ay, these were spectacles to please my soul!
Now will I beg at lovely Proserpine
That, by the virtue of her princely doom,
I may consort[6] my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes work just and sharp revenge.
I'll lead my friend Horatio through those fields,
Where never-dying wars are still inured;[7]
I'll lead fair Isabella to that train
Where pity weeps, but never feeleth pain;
I'll lead my Bel-imperia to those joys
That vestal virgins and fair queens possess;
I'll lead Hieronimo where Orpheus plays,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternal days.
But say, Revenge, for thou must help, or none,
Against the rest how shall my hate be shown?
REV. This hand shall hale them down to deepest hell,
Where none but Furies, bugs,[8] and tortures dwell.
GHOST. Then, sweet Revenge, do this at my request:
Let me be judge, and doom them to unrest.
Let loose poor Tityus from the vulture's gripe,
And let Don Cyprian supply his room;
Place Don Lorenzo on Ixion's wheel,
And let the lover's endless pain surcease
(Juno forgets old wrath, and grants him ease);
Hang Balthazar about Chimaera's neck,
And let him there bewail his bloody love,
Repining at our joys that are above;
Let Serberine go roll the fatal stone,
And take from Sisyphus his endless moan;
False Pedringano, for his treachery,
Let him be dragged through boiling Acheron,
And there live, dying still in endless flames,
Blaspheming gods and all their holy names.
REV. Then haste we down to meet thy friends and foes:
To place thy friends in ease, the rest in woes;
For here, though death hath end their misery,
I'll there begin their endless tragedy.

[6] choose.
[7] carried on.
[8] bugbears.

FAUSTUS

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

INTRODUCTION

It is matter for regret that we do not possess Marlowe's first great play in the form in which he wrote it. We have it in three several forms; and none of them is pure Marlowe. The first is the version of the first quarto, that of 1604, and the two succeeding ones; the second is the version of the fourth quarto, that of 1616, and the ones immediately following; the third, which may be ignored, is that of the quarto of 1663. It is quite likely that there was a quarto earlier than any of these, for the play was entered for printing in January, 1600–1. Even this, it will be noted, was nearly eight years after the death of Marlowe, giving ample time for the introduction of clowning scenes and supposed improvements. To settle the question of the extent to which Marlowe's text has been altered, it is necessary first to consider the history of the play.

The chances are that it was produced in 1588; a ballad on the subject of the play was licensed February, 1588–9; and it seems likely that it followed, rather than preceded, the theatrical performance. There are three allusions in the play that have some bearing on the date: the first is the reference to Antwerp Bridge, which means nothing more than that it was subsequent to 1585; the second is the mention of the Prince of Parma, who did not die till 1592, but who was created Duke in 1586; and the third is an allusion to Dr. Lopez, of which more in a moment. The naming of the Prince of Parma implies a date not later than 1586; but it may be that Marlowe did not know of his later title before 1587, and may possibly have reverted carelessly to his earlier title even in 1588. One is the more ready to adopt that view, because it is out of the question to regard "Faustus" as preceding or even as coming close on the heels of "Tamburlaine." We may, then, grant a date of 1588 for Marlowe's work; but that the work of another too is contained in the first quarto is evidenced by the allusion to Dr. Lopez. The form of the reference makes it quite clear that it was penned after the disgrace of the Queen's physician and his trial in 1594; and Marlowe was then dead. It is obvious, then, whether or not Marlowe had had a collaborator, that the play was, after his death, submitted to re-handling. The collaboration theory is destroyed by the use of "auctor" at the close of the play; but anyway the theory of

revision is the likelier, both because of the drama's popularity, and because of the opportunities it afforded for the manufacture of scenes of horseplay. It is highly probable that, if, by a stroke of good fortune, a copy of the version referred to in the Stationers' Register of January, 1600–1, were to be discovered, it would be found to be as different from any of the extant versions as they are from one another. To be sure of getting Marlowe's text, we would need a version coming down from Marlowe's own lifetime.

The popularity of the play is shown by the fact that Henslowe records a couple of dozen productions of it between September, 1594, and January, 1596–7. The allusion to Dr. Lopez probably dates from then. In November, 1602, William Birde and Samuel Rowley were paid for additions which may be presumed to be incorporated in the quarto of 1616. The interpolated matter in that edition shows signs of being from two different hands, and one of them bears fairly distinct resemblances to work of Samuel Rowley; but the problem is not so easily settled as all that. Some of the added work seems to be from Marlowe's pen; so that we may assume the repairers to have worked on another prompt copy than that incorporated in the 1604 quarto. If the closing scene be not Marlowe's, all that can be said is that it is extraordinarily like him. Also the version contains, in a quite Marlovian speech, a line which is, like a number of other Marlovian lines, copied in "The Taming of a Shrew," which was published 1594 and written much earlier. This affords proof positive that there is matter in the 1616 quarto, not in the 1604 quarto, going back to Marlowe's day. At the same time we have in the reference to Giordano Bruno an allusion to an event later than Marlowe's death.

What is given here is the version of 1604. There was a temptation to construct a patchwork version containing all that seemed genuine Marlowe from both versions, and excluding what did not seem genuine; but there were manifest objections to the adoption of such a course, especially as we cannot be certain that some of the clowning scenes are not from Marlowe's own pen. The added horseplay in the 1616 version may certainly be given to Samuel Rowley; but we cannot be so sure regarding similar scenes in the earliest version. The argument against Marlowe's authorship is that in no other of the plays he wrote alone did he descend to this sort of thing; but theatrical pressure may have been too strong for him, and he may have yielded to the making of this concession to the poor taste of the public rather than have had any other meddle with his play.

The 1616 version, altering, adding, and subtracting, provides six scenes that are not in the earlier version. Two of these are certainly, and two others almost certainly, not Marlowe's, and for a fifth also he

is probably not wholly responsible; but the remaining one, the closing scene, does seem distinctly Marlovian. The expansion in the chorus preceding Scene 7 also seems to be authentic; but the other additions may be reckoned to be not his. In the version taken here (which has not been divided into acts because the play is in so disjointed and corrupt a state that no satisfactory division can be made), it may be well to point out what portions are not Marlowe's or are only doubtfully his. The portion of Scene 2 preceding Wagner's exit and Scenes 8 and 9 have nothing to do with the story and are not drawn from the "Faustbuch," and are quite likely to be scenes interpolated for clowning purposes after Marlowe's death. Scene 9 contains a speech by Mephistophilis which contradicts the Marlovian conception by the subjection of the spirits of evil to conjurers; but the style of the passage might well pass current as his. We cannot therefore say more regarding this scene and the others than that they are doubtful. The interlude of the seven deadly sins and the matter referring to it in Scene 6 is quite likely to be a later interpolation, but cannot be definitely so pronounced. Scenes 4 and 13 are probably not authentic, though it is possible that the latter may originally have been in Marlovian verse. The Pope and Friars portion of Scene 7 and the whole of Scenes 10, 11, and 12 no lover of Marlowe will wish to claim for him; yet the half-dozen lines that begin Scene 12 have all the appearance of being his. As what follows contains the Lopez allusion and certainly cannot be Marlowe's, it looks as if an interpolated scene has taken the place of some Marlovian matter, leaving only the half-dozen lines referred to. With the bulk of 12 must go the bulk of 11, the opening of that scene also being perhaps a remnant of the authentic work, though it is not easy to speak positively about this passage. As regards 10, one is inclined to doubt Marlowe's introduction of Alexander's paramour when such magnificent use is made of Helen in another scene.

The source is the "Faustbuch" of 1587, which exists in an English translation of 1592. There is known to have been an earlier edition, and this must have been used by Marlowe, since the existing edition is very close to the text of the play. The two angels are Marlowe's own invention.

The broad, philosophical sweep, the lofty imagination, the pathos of the closing scene, and the magnificence of the poetry combine to make this a notable work, with or without the somewhat deplorable comic scenes, for which, as indicated, Marlowe may not be wholly—perhaps not even in any degree—responsible. There is no characterization, no attempt at real dramatic construction; but to say so much is scarcely to find fault, since the author made no attempt at either the one or the other; and it is necessary to judge a play by what it aims

at being, and not by what it makes no pretence of giving us. We may regret that the great ideas with which Faustus starts out resolve themselves into a lot of horseplay; but we cannot be sure that Marlowe is to be blamed. We can, however, hold him responsible for the childishness of making Faustus begin repenting as soon as he is committed to his fate. That might have been made psychologically true and wonderfully effective; but the repentance is merely verbal and incidental; and yet again we must remember that the play is but a magnificent torso. We may be sure that scenes have been dropped out, as, for example, between 5 and 6, where we have the scene continuous after a long lapse of time. The only alternative is that a new act begins at 7, which must mean heavy omissions elsewhere, because, as the play stands, it is scarcely possible to start an act there.

CHARACTERS

THE POPE.
CARDINAL OF LORRAIN.
EMPEROR OF GERMANY.
DUKE OF VANHOLT.
FAUSTUS
VALDES } *Friends to Faustus.*
CORNELIUS }
WAGNER, *Servant to Faustus.*
CLOWN.
ROBIN.
RALPH.
VINTNER.
HORSE-COURSER.
KNIGHT.
OLD MAN.
SCHOLARS, FRIARS, *and* ATTENDANTS.
DUCHESS OF VANHOLT.
LUCIFER.
BELZEBUB.
MEPHISTOPHILIS.
GOOD ANGEL.
EVIL ANGEL.
THE SEVEN DEADLY SINS.
DEVILS.
Spirits in the shape of ALEXANDER TH
GREAT, of his Paramour, and o
HELEN OF TROY.
CHORUS.

PLACE: *Germany and Rome.*
TIME: *Early* 16*th Century.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. Not marching now in fields of Thrasimene,
Where Mars did mate[1] the Carthaginians;
Nor sporting in the dalliance of love,
In courts of kings where state is overturned;
Nor in the pomp of proud audacious deeds,
Intends our Muse to vaunt his heavenly verse.
Only this, gentlemen: we must perform
The form[2] of Faustus' fortunes, good or bad.
To patient judgments we appeal our plaud,
And speak for Faustus in his infancy.
Now is he born, his parents base of stock,
In Germany, within a town called Rhodes;[3]
Of riper years to Wittenberg he went,
Whereas his kinsmen chiefly brought him up.
So soon he profits in divinity,
The fruitful plot of scholarism graced,
That shortly he was graced with doctor's name,
Excelling all whose sweet delight disputes
In heavenly matters of theology;
Till, swollen with cunning,[4] of a self-conceit,
His waxen wings did mount above his reach,
And, melting, Heavens conspired his overthrow;
For, falling to a devilish exercise,
And glutted [now] with learning's golden gifts,
He surfeits upon cursëd necromancy.
Nothing so sweet as magic is to him,
Which he prefers before his chiefest bliss.
And this the man that in his study sits!

[*Draws the curtain hiding the rear stage, discovering* FAUSTUS *sitting in his study. with a book in his hands. Exit* CHORUS.

SCENE I

FAUST. Settle thy studies, Faustus, and begin
To sound the depth of that thou wilt profess;
Having commenced, be a divine in show;
Yet level[5] and at the end of every art,
And live and die in Aristotle's works.
Sweet Analytics, 'tis thou hast ravished me,
[*Reading*] *"Bene disserere est finis logices."*
Is to dispute well logic's chiefest end?
Affords this art no greater miracle?
Then read no more, thou hast attained the end;
A greater subject fitteth Faustus' wit.
Bid ὂν καὶ μὴ ὂν[6] farewell. [*Throws the volume of Aristotle aside and takes up another book.*] Galen, come,
Seeing *"Ubi desinit Philosophus, ibi incipit Medicus."*[7]
Be a physician, Faustus, heap up gold,
And be eternized for some wondrous cure.
"Summum bonum medicinæ sanitas,"
"The end of physic is our body's health."
Why, Faustus, hast thou not attained that end?
Is not thy common talk sound aphorisms?

[1] Take the side of.
[2] outline.
[3] Roda, near Jena.
[4] knowledge.
[5] aim.
[6] Being and not being.
[7] "Where the philosopher leaves off, the physician begins."

Are not thy bills[8] hung up as monuments,
Whereby whole cities have escaped the plague,
And thousand desperate maladies been eased?
Yet art thou still but Faustus and a man.
Wouldst thou make men to live eternally,
Or, being dead, raise them to life again?
Then this profession were to be esteemed.
Physic, farewell.—Where is Justinian? [40
[*Throws Galen aside, and takes up another book.*
"*Si una eademque res legatur duobus, alter rem, alter valorem rei, &c.*"[9]
A pretty case of paltry legacies!
"*Exhæreditare filium non potest pater nisi, &c.*"[10]
Such is the subject of the Institute[11]
And universal body of the Law.[12]
His[13] study fits a mercenary drudge [50
Who aims at nothing but external trash;
Too servile and illiberal for me.
[*Throws aside Justinian, and takes up a Bible.*
When all is done, divinity is best;
Jerome's Bible,[14] Faustus, view it well.
"*Stipendium peccati mors est.*" Ha! "*Stipendium, &c.*"
"The reward of sin is death." That's hard. [60
"*Si peccasse negamus, fallimur, et nulla est in nobis veritas.*"
"If we say that we have no sin we deceive ourselves, and there's no truth in us." Why then, belike we must sin and so consequently die.
Ay, we must die an everlasting death.
What doctrine call you this, "*Che sara, sara,*" [69
"What will be shall be?" Divinity, adieu!
[*Throws the Bible aside, and takes up a book on necromancy.*
These metaphysics of magiciäns
And necromantic books are heavenly;
Lines, circles, scenes, letters, and characters:
Ay, these are those that Faustus most desires.
O what a world of profit and delight,
Of power, of honor, of omnipotence [80
Is promised to the studious artisan!
All things that move between the quiet poles
Shall be at my command. Emperors and kings
Are but obeyed in their several provinces;
Nor can they raise the wind or rend the clouds;
But his dominion that exceeds in this
Stretcheth as far as doth the mind of man.
A sound magician is a mighty god: [91
Here, Faustus, try thy brains to gain a deity.
[*Calling.*] Wagner!

Enter WAGNER.

Commend me to my dearest friends
The German Valdes and Cornelius;
Request them earnestly to visit me.
WAG. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
FAUST. Their conference will be a greater help to me [101
Than all my labors, plod I ne'er so fast.

The GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL *appear.*

G. ANG. O Faustus! lay that damnëd book aside,
And gaze not on it lest it tempt thy soul
And heap God's heavy wrath upon thy head.
Read, read the Scripture: that is blasphemy. [111
E. ANG. Go forward, Faustus, in that famous art,
Wherein all Nature's treasure is contained:
Be thou on earth as Jove is in the sky,
Lord and commander of these elements.
[*The two* ANGELS *vanish.*
FAUST. How am I glutted with conceit[15] of this! [120
Shall I make spirits fetch me what I please,

[8] announcements of prescriptions.
[9] If one and the same thing be willed to two persons, one gets the thing and the other the value of the thing.
[10] A father cannot disinherit the son, unless, etc.
[11] of Justinian.
[12] Q1, church.
[13] its.
[14] the Vulgate.
[15] the thought.

Resolve me of all ambiguities,
Perform what desperate enterprise I will?
I'll have them fly to India for gold,
Ransack the oceän for orient pearl,
And search all corners of the new-found world [129
For pleasant fruits and princely delicates;
I'll have them read me strange philosophy
And tell the secrets of all foreign kings;
I'll have them wall all Germany with brass,
And make swift Rhine circle fair Wittenberg;
I'll have them fill the public schools with silk [16]
Wherewith the students shall be bravely [17] clad; [140
I'll levy soldiers with the coin they bring,
And chase the Prince of Parma from our land,
And reign sole king of all the provinces;
Yea, stranger engines for the brunt of war
Than was the fiery keel at Antwerp's bridge
I'll make my servile spirits to invent.

Enter VALDES *and* CORNELIUS.

Come, German Valdes and Cornelius, [150
And make me blest with your sage conference.
Valdes, sweet Valdes, and Cornelius,
Know that your words have won me at the last
To practise magic and concealëd arts:
Yet not your words only, but mine own fantasy,
That will receive no object,[18] for my head [160
But ruminates on necromantic skill.
Philosophy is odious and obscure;
Both law and physic are for petty wits;
Divinity is basest of the three,
Unpleasant, harsh, contemptible, and vile:
'Tis magic, magic, that hath ravished me.
Then, gentle friends, aid me in this attempt; [169
And I, that have with concise syllogisms
Gravelled the pastors of the German church,
And made the flowering pride of Wittenberg
Swarm to my problems, as the infernal spirits
On sweet Musæus, when he came to hell,
Will be as cunning as Agrippa was,
Whose shadows [19] made all Europe honor him. [180
VALD. Faustus, these books, thy wit, and our experience
Shall make all nations to canónize us.
As Indian Moors [20] obey their Spanish lords,
So shall the subjects of every element
Be always serviceable to us three;
Like lions shall they guard us when we please;
Like Almain rutters [21] with their horsemen's staves, [191
Or Lapland giants, trotting by our sides;
Sometimes like women or unwedded maids,
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the queen of love:
From Venice shall they drag huge argosies, [200
And from America the golden fleece
That yearly stuffs old Philip's treasury,
If learnëd Faustus will be resolute.
FAUST. Valdes, as resolute am I in this
As thou to live; therefore object it not.
CORN. The miracles that magic will perform
Will make thee vow to study nothing else.
He that is grounded in astrology,
Enriched with tongues, well seen [22] in minerals, [211
Hath all the principles magic doth require.
Then doubt not, Faustus, but to be renowmed
And more frequented for this mystery
Than heretofore the Delphian Oracle.
The spirits tell me they can dry the sea,

16 B, skill.
17 handsomely.
18 brook no objection.
19 raising of infernal spirits.
20 American Indians.
21 German troopers.
22 versed.

And fetch the treasure of all foreign wracks, [219
Ay, all the wealth that our forefathers hid
Within the massy entrails of the earth;
Then tell me, Faustus, what shall we three want?

FAUST. Nothing, Cornelius! O this cheers my soul!
Come show me some demonstrations magical,
That I may conjure in some lusty grove,
And have these joys in full possessiön.

VALD. Then haste thee to some solitary grove, [231
And bear wise Bacon's and Albanus' works,
The Hebrew Psalter and New Testament;
And whatsoever else is requisite
We will inform thee ere our conference cease.

CORN. Valdes, first let him know the words of art; [239
And then, all other ceremonies learned,
Faustus may try his cunning by himself.

VALD. First I'll instruct thee in the rudiments,
And then wilt thou be perfecter than I.

FAUST. Then come and dine with me, and, after meat,
We'll canvass every quiddity [23] thereof;
For ere I sleep I'll try what I can do:
This night I'll conjure, though I die therefor. [*Exeunt.* [250

SCENE II

Before FAUSTUS' *house* SCHOLARS *are wondering what has become of him of late.*

1 SCHOL. I wonder what's become of Faustus, that was wont to make our schools ring with *sic probo?* [24]

2 SCHOL. That shall we know, for, see, here comes his boy.

Enter WAGNER.

1 SCHOL. How now, sirrah! Where's thy master? [11

WAG. God in heaven knows!

2 SCHOL. Why, dost not thou know?

WAG. Yes, I know. But that follows not.

1 SCHOL. Go to, sirrah! Leave your jesting, and tell us where he is.

WAG. That follows not necessary by force of argument, that you, being licentiate, should stand upon 't: [20 therefore, acknowledge your error and be attentive.

2. SCHOL. Why, didst thou not say thou knew'st?

WAG. Have you any witness on 't?

1 SCHOL. Yes, sirrah, I heard you.

WAG. Ask my fellow if I be a thief.

2 SCHOL. Well, you will not tell us?

WAG. Yes, sir, I will tell you; yet if you were not dunces, you would never ask [30 me such a question; for is not he *corpus naturale?* and is not that *mobile?* Then wherefore should you ask me such a question? But that I am by nature phlegmatic, slow to wrath, and prone to lechery (to love, I would say), it were not for you to come within forty foot of the place of execution, although I do not doubt to see you both hanged the next sessions. Thus having triumphed over you, I [40 will set my countenance like a precisian,[25] and begin to speak thus: Truly, my dear brethren, my master is within at dinner with Valdes and Cornelius, as this wine if it could speak, would inform your worships; and so the Lord bless you, preserve you, and keep you, my dear brethren, my dear brethren. [*Exit*

1 SCHOL. Nay, then, I fear he has fallen into that damned Art, for which they two are infamous through the world. [51

2 SCHOL. Were he a stranger, and not allied to me, yet should I grieve for him. But come, let us go and inform the Rector, and see if he by his grave counsel can reclaim him.

1 SCHOL. O, I fear me nothing can reclaim him.

2 SCHOL. Yet let us try what we can do. [*Exeunt.* [60

SCENE III

As night draws on, FAUSTUS *enters a grove where he has made up his mind to*

[23] detail.
[24] "Thus I prove it."
[25] Puritan.

make the attempt to raise infernal spirits.

FAUST. Now that the gloomy shadow of the earth,
Longing to view Orion's drizzling look,
Leaps from th' antarctic world unto the sky
And dims the welkin with her pitchy breath,
Faustus, begin thine incantatiöns,
And try if devils will obey thy hest
Seeing thou hast prayed and sacrificed to them.
Within this circle is Jehovah's name,
Forward and backward anagrammatized,
The breviated names of holy saints,
Figures of every adjunct to the Heavens,
And characters of signs and erring stars,[26]
By which the spirits are enforced to rise:
Then fear not, Faustus, but be resolute,
And try the uttermost magic can perform.
Sint mihi Dei Acherontis propitii! Valeat numen triplex Jehovae! Ignei, aerii, aquatani spiritus, salvete! Orientis princeps Belzebub, inferni ardentis monarcha, et Demogorgon, propitiamus vos, ut appareat et surgat Mephistophilis.—Quid tu moraris? Per Jehovam, Gehennam, et consecratam aquam quam nunc spargo, signumque crucis quod nunc facio, et per vota nostra, ipse nunc surgat nobis dicatus Mephistophilis![27]

MEPHISTOPHILIS *appears before him.*

I charge thee to return and change thy shape;
Thou art too ugly to attend on me.
Go, and return an old Franciscan friar;
That holy shape becomes a devil best.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *vanishes.*
I see there's virtue in my heavenly words;
Who would not be proficient in this art?
How pliant is this Mephistophilis,
Full of obedience and humility!
Such is the force of magic and my spells.
Faustus, thou art conjuror laureate,
Thou canst command great Mephistophilis:
Quin regis Mephistophilis fratris imagine.[28]

MEPHISTOPHILIS *again appears, this time like a Franciscan* FRIAR.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, what would'st thou have me do?
FAUST. I charge thee wait upon me whilst I live,
To do whatever Faustus shall command,
Be it to make the moon drop from her sphere,
Or the oceän to overwhelm the world.
MEPH. I am a servant to great Lucifer,
And may not follow thee without his leave;
No more than he commands must we perform.
FAUST. Did not he charge thee to appear to me?
MEPH. No, I came hither of mine own accord.
FAUST. Did not my conjuring speeches raise thee? Speak:
MEPH. That was the cause, but yet *per accidens;*
For when we hear one rack[29] the name of God,
Abjure the Scriptures and his Saviour Christ,
We fly in hope to get his glorious soul;
Nor will we come, unless he use such means
Whereby he is in danger to be damned:
Therefore the shortest cut for conjuring
Is stoutly to abjure the Trinity
And pray devoutly to the Prince of Hell.
FAUST. So Faustus hath
Already done; and holds this principle:
There is no chief but only Belzebub,
To whom Faustus doth dedicate himself.
This word "damnation" terrifies not him,
For he confounds hell in Elysium.[30]
His ghost be with the old philosophers!

[26] planets.

[27] Ye gods of Acheron, look on me with favor. May Jehovah's threefold might prevail! Hail spirits of fire, air, water! Belzebub, Prince of the East, ruler of blazing Hell, and Demogorgon, we honor you, that Mephistophilis may rise and appear.—Why delayest thou? By Jehovah, Gehenna, and the holy water I now sprinkle, by the sign of the cross I now make, and by our prayer, let Mephistophilis now come at our summons.

[28] "For indeed thou rulest in the image of thy brother Mephistophilis."

[29] misuse.

[30] makes no distinction between hell and Elysium.

But, leaving these vain trifles of men's souls,
Tell me what is that Lucifer, thy Lord?
MEPH. Arch-regent and commander of all spirits.
FAUST. Was not that Lucifer an angel once?
MEPH. Yes, Faustus, and most dearly loved of God. [101
FAUST. How comes it then that he is Prince of devils?
MEPH. O, by aspiring pride and insolence,
For which God threw him from the face of Heaven.
FAUST. And what are you that live with Lucifer?
MEPH. Unhappy spirits that fell with Lucifer, [111
Conspired against our God with Lucifer,
And are for ever damned with Lucifer.
FAUST. Where are you damned?
MEPH. In hell.
FAUST. How comes it then that thou art out of hell?
MEPH. Why, this is hell, nor am I out of it.
Think'st thou that I who saw the face of God, [121
And tasted the eternal joys of Heaven,
Am not tormented with ten thousand hells,
In being deprived of everlasting bliss?
O Faustus! leave these frivolous demands,
Which strike a terror to my fainting soul.
FAUST. What, is great Mephistophilis so passionate [130
For being deprivëd of the joys of Heaven?
Learn thou of Faustus manly fortitude,
And scorn those joys thou never shalt possess.
Go bear these tidings to great Lucifer:
Seeing Faustus hath incurred eternal death
By desperate thoughts against Jove's deity, [139
Say he surrenders up to him his soul,
So he will spare him four and twenty years,
Letting him live in all voluptuousness;
Having thee ever to attend on me;
To give me whatsoever I shall ask,
To tell me whatsoever I demand,
To slay mine enemies, and aid my friends,
And always be obedient to my will.
Go and return to mighty Lucifer, [14
And meet me in my study at midnight,
And then resolve[31] me of thy master's mind.
MEPH. I will, Faustus. [*Vanishes*
FAUST. Had I as many souls as there be stars,
I'd give them all for Mephistophilis.
By him I'll be great Emperor of the world,
And make a bridge thorough the moving air, [16
To pass the ocean with a band of men
I'll join the hills that bind the Afric shore,
And make that [country] continent to Spain,
And both contributory to my crown.
The Emperor shall not live but by my leave,
Nor any potentate of Germany. [16
Now that I have obtained what I desire
I'll live in speculation[32] of this art
Till Mephistophilis return again. [*Exit*

SCENE IV

WAGNER *and the* CLOWN *meet in a field*

WAG. Sirrah, boy, come hither.
CLOWN. How, boy! Swowns, boy! I hope you have seen many boys with such pickadevaunts[33] as I have. Boy, quotha!
WAG. Tell me, sirrah, hast thou any comings in?
CLOWN. Ay, and goings out too. You may see else. [
WAG. Alas, poor slave! See how poverty jesteth in his nakedness! The villain is bare and out of service, and so hungry that I know he would give his soul to the devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw.
CLOWN. How? My soul to the Devil for a shoulder of mutton, though 'twere blood-raw! Not so, good friend. By

[31] inform.
[32] study.
[33] a pointed beard.

ady, I had need have it well roasted and ood sauce to it, if I pay so dear. [20

WAG. Well, wilt thou serve me, and I'll ake thee go like *Qui mihi discipulus?*

CLOWN. How, in verse?

WAG. No, sirrah; in beaten silk and tavesacre.[34]

CLOWN. How, how, Knave's acre! Ay, thought that was all the land his father eft him. Do you hear? I would be orry to rob you of your living.

WAG. Sirrah, I say in stavesacre. [30

CLOWN. Oho! Oho! stavesacre! Why, hen, belike if I were your man I should e full of vermin.

WAG. So thou shalt, whether thou eest with me or no. But, sirrah, leave our jesting, and bind yourself presently nto me for seven years, or I'll turn all he lice about thee into familiars[35] and ney shall tear thee in pieces. [39

CLOWN. Do you hear, sir? You may ave that labor; they are too familiar ith me already. Swowns! they are as old with my flesh as if they had paid or [their] meat and drink.

WAG. Well, do you hear, sirrah? Hold, take these guilders. [*Gives money.*

CLOWN. Gridirons! what be they?

WAG. Why, French crowns.

CLOWN. Mass, but for the name of rench crowns, a man were as good [50 ave as many English counters. And hat should I do with these?

WAG. Why, now, sirrah, thou art at an our's warning, whensoever and wheresoever the Devil shall fetch thee.

CLOWN. No, no. Here, take your ridirons again.

WAG. Truly I'll none of them.

CLOWN. Truly but you shall.

WAG. Bear witness I gave them him. [60

CLOWN. Bear witness I give them you gain.

WAG. Well, I will cause two devils resently to fetch thee away—Baliol and Belcher.

CLOWN. Let your Baliol and your Belcher come here, and I'll knock them; hey were never so knocked since they were devils. Say I should kill one of them, what would folks say? "Do [70 you see yonder tall fellow in the round slop?[36]—he has killed the devil." So I should be called Kill-devil all the parish over.

Enter two DEVILS: *the* CLOWN *runs up and down crying.*

WAG. Baliol and Belcher! Spirits, away! [*Exeunt* DEVILS.

CLOWN. What, are they gone? A vengeance on them, they have vile long nails! There was a he-devil, and a [81 she-devil! I'll tell you how you shall know them: all he-devils has horns, and all she-devils has clifts and cloven feet.

WAG. Well, sirrah, follow me.

CLOWN. But, do you hear—if I should serve you, would you teach me to raise up Banios and Belcheos?

WAG. I will teach thee to turn thyself to anything; to a dog, or a cat, or a mouse, or a rat, or anything. [91

CLOWN. How! a Christian fellow to a dog or a cat, a mouse or a rat! No, no, sir. If you turn me into anything, let it be in the likeness of a little pretty frisking flea, that I may be here and there and everywhere. Oh, I'll tickle the pretty wenches' plackets; I'll be amongst them, i' faith.

WAG. Well, sirrah, come. [100

CLOWN. But, do you hear, Wagner?

WAG. How!—Baliol and Belcher!

CLOWN. O Lord! I pray, sir, let Banio and Belcher go sleep.

WAG. Villain, call me Master Wagner, and let thy left eye be diametarily fixed upon my right heel, with *quasi vestigiis nostris insistere.*[37] [*Exit.*

CLOWN. God forgive me, he speaks Dutch fustian. Well, I'll follow him, [110 I'll serve him, that's flat. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

FAUSTUS, *in his study, is still doubtful whether he has done well, and whether it is too late for him to repent.*

FAUST. Now, Faustus, must

[34] a lice destroyer.
[35] familiar spirits.
[36] wide breeches.
[37] "As if to tread in my tracks."

Thou needs be damned, and canst thou not be saved:
What boots it then to think of God or Heaven?
Away with such vain fancies, and despair:
Despair in God, and trust in Belzebub.
Now go not backward: no, Faustus, be resolute.
Why waver'st thou? O, something soundeth in mine ears
"Abjure this magic, turn to God again!"
Ay, and Faustus will turn to God again.
To God? He loves thee not:
The God thou serv'st is thine own appetite,
Wherein is fixed the love of Belzebub;
To him I'll build an altar and a church,
And offer lukewarm blood of new-born babes.

The Good *and* Evil Angels *appear.*

G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, leave that execrable art.
Faust. Contrition, prayer, repentance! What of them?
G. Ang. O, they are means to bring thee unto Heaven.
E. Ang. Rather illusions, fruits of lunacy,
That makes men foolish that do trust them most.
G. Ang. Sweet Faustus, think of Heaven, and heavenly things.
E. Ang. No, Faustus, think of honor and of wealth.

[*The* Angels *vanish.*

Faust. Of wealth!
Why, the signiory of Emden shall be mine.
When Mephistophilis shall stand by me,
What God can hurt thee, Faustus? Thou art safe;
Cast no more doubts.—Come, Mephistophilis,
And bring glad tidings from great Lucifer.
Is't not midnight? Come, Mephistophilis;
Veni, veni, Mephistophile!

Mephistophilis *arises before him.*

Now tell me, what says Lucifer thy lord?
Meph. That I shall wait on Faustus whilst he lives,
So he will buy my service with his soul.
Faust. Already Faustus hath hazarded that for thee.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must bequeath it solemnly,
And write a deed of gift with thine own blood,
For that security craves great Lucifer.
If thou deny it, I will back to hell.
Faust. Stay, Mephistophilis! and tell me what good
Will my soul do thy lord.
Meph. Enlarge his kingdom.
Faust. Is that the reason why he tempts us thus?
Meph. *Solamen miseris socios habuisse doloris.*[38]
Faust. Why, have you any pain that torture others?
Meph. As great as have the human souls of men.
But tell me, Faustus, shall I have thy soul?
And I will be thy slave, and wait on thee,
And give thee more than thou hast wit to ask.
Faust. Ay, Mephistophilis, I give it thee.
Meph. Then Faustus, stab thine arm courageously!
And bind thy soul that at some certain day
Great Lucifer may claim it as his own;
And then be thou as great as Lucifer.
Faust., *stabbing his arm.* Lo, Mephistophilis, for love of thee,
I cut mine arm, and with my proper[39] blood
Assure my soul to be great Lucifer's,
Chief lord and regent of perpetual night!
View here the blood that trickles from mine arm.
And let it be propitious for my wish.
Meph. But, Faustus, thou must

[38] It is a solace to have company in one's misery.
[39] own.

Write it in manner of a deed of gift.

FAUST. Ay, so I will. [*Writes.*] But, Mephistophilis,
My blood congeals, and I can write no more.

MEPH. I'll fetch thee fire to dissolve it straight. [*Vanishes.*

FAUST. What might the staying of my blood portend? [111
Is it unwilling I should write this bill?
Why streams it not that I may write afresh?
"Faustus gives to thee his soul." Ah, there it stayed.
Why should'st thou not? Is not thy soul thine own?
Then write again, "Faustus gives to thee his soul." [120

MEPHISTOPHILIS *comes into sight again, this time with a chafer of coals.*

MEPH. Here's fire. Come, Faustus, set it on.

FAUST. So, now the blood begins to clear again;
Now will I make an end immediately. [*Writes.*

MEPH. <O what will not I do to obtain his soul!> [130

FAUST. *Consummatum est:* this bill is ended,
And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
But what is this inscription on mine arm?
Homo, fuge! Whither should I fly?
If unto God, he'll throw me down to hell.
My senses are deceived; here's nothing writ.— [140
I see it plain; here in this place is writ
Homo, fuge! Yet shall not Faustus fly.

MEPH. I'll fetch him somewhat to delight his mind.

[*Disappears, but appears again immediately with Devils, who give crowns and rich apparel to* FAUSTUS, *dance, and then vanish.*

FAUST. Speak, Mephistophilis: what means this show? [150

MEPH. Nothing, Faustus, but to delight thy mind withal,
And to show thee what magic can perform.

FAUST. But may I raise up spirits when I please?

MEPH. Ay, Faustus, and do greater things than these.

FAUST. Then there's enough for a thousand souls. [160
Here, Mephistophilis, receive this scroll,
A deed of gift of body and of soul;
But yet conditionally that thou perform
All articles prescribed between us both.

MEPH. Faustus, I swear by hell and Lucifer
To effect all promises between us made.

FAUST. Then hear me read them: "On these conditions following: First, that Faustus may be a spirit in form and [170 substance; secondly, that Mephistophilis shall be his servant, and at his command; thirdly, that Mephistophilis shall do for him and bring him whatsoever [he desires]; fourthly, that he shall be in his chamber or house invisible; lastly, that he shall appear to the said John Faustus, at all times, in what form or shape soever he please: I, John Faustus, of Wittenberg, Doctor, by these presents, [180 do give both body and soul to Lucifer, Prince of the East, and his minister, Mephistophilis; and furthermore grant unto them, that, twenty-four years being expired, the articles above written inviolate, full power to fetch or carry the said John Faustus, body and soul, flesh, blood, or goods, into their habitation wheresoever. By me, John Faustus."

MEPH. Speak, Faustus, do you deliver this as your deed? [191

FAUST. Ay, take it, and the Devil give thee good on 't.

MEPH. Now, Faustus, ask what thou wilt.

FAUST. First will I question with thee about hell.
Tell me where is the place that men call hell?

MEPH. Under the heavens. [200

FAUST. Ay, but whereabout?

MEPH. Within the bowels of these elements,

Where we are tortured and remain for ever;
Hell hath no limits, nor is circumscribed
In one self place; for where we are is hell,
And where hell is there must we ever be;
And, to conclude, when all the world dissolves, [211
And every creature shall be purified,
All places shall be hell that is not Heaven.

FAUST. Come, I think hell's a fable.

MEPH. Ay, think so still, till experience change thy mind.

FAUST. Why, think'st thou then that Faustus shall be damned?

MEPH. Ay, of necessity, for here's the scroll [221
Wherein thou hast given thy soul to Lucifer.

FAUST. Ay, and body too; but what of that?
Think'st thou that Faustus is so fond[40] to imagine
That, after this life, there is any pain?
Tush, these are trifles, and mere old wives' tales.

MEPH. But, Faustus, [231
I am an instance to prove the contrary,
For I am damnëd, and am now in hell.

FAUST. How! now in hell!
Nay, an this be hell, I'll willingly be damned here;
What? walking, disputing, &c.?[41]
But, leaving off this, let me have a wife,
The fairest maid in Germany;
For I am wanton and lascivious, [240
And cannot live without a wife.

MEPH. How! a wife?
I prithee, Faustus, talk not of a wife.

FAUST. Nay, sweet Mephistophilis, fetch me one, for I will have one.

MEPH. Well—thou wilt have one. Sit there till I come:
I'll fetch thee a wife in the Devil's name.
[*Again* MEPHISTOPHILIS *vanishes, and soon reappears with a Devil* [250
dressed like a woman, with fireworks.

MEPH. Tell [me,] Faustus, how dos thou like thy wife?

FAUST. A plague on her for a ho whore!

MEPH. Tut, Faustus,
Marriage is but a ceremonial toy;
And if thou lovest me, think no mor of it. [26
I'll cull thee out the fairest courtesans,
And bring them every morning to th bed.
She whom thine eye shall like, thy hear shall have,
Be she as chaste as was Penelope,
As wise as Saba[42] or as beautiful
As was bright Lucifer before his fall.
Here, take this book, peruse it thor oughly: [27
[*Gives a book, turns over its leaves, an points to a certain passage.*
The iterating of these lines brings gold
[*Turns to another page of the book*
The framing of this circle on the groun
Brings whirlwinds, tempests, thunder an lightning; [*Turns over more leaves*
Pronounce this thrice devoutly to thy self,
And men in armor shall appear to [28 thee,
Ready to execute what thou desir'st.

FAUST. Thanks, Mephistophilis; ye fain would I have a book wherein I migh behold all spells and incantations, that might raise up spirits when I please.

MEPH. Here they are, in this book.
[*Points them out*

FAUST. Now would I have a book where I might see all characters and [29 planets of the heavens, that I migh know their motions and dispositions.

MEPH. Here they are too.
[*Points to them*

FAUST. Nay, let me have one book more,—and then I have done,—wherein I might see all plants, herbs, and trees that grow upon the earth.

MEPH. Here they be.

FAUST. O, thou art deceived. [30

MEPH. Tut, I warrant thee.
[*Turns over some leaves*

[40] foolish.
[41] The actor was allowed to gag here.
[42] the Queen of Sheba.

Scene VI

Mephistophilis *is with* Faustus *in the latter's study.* Faustus *is still inclined to repine and to curse his folly.*

Faust. When I behold the heavens, then I repent,
And curse thee, wicked Mephistophilis,
Because thou hast deprived me of those joys.

Meph. Why, Faustus,
Thinkest thou Heaven is such a glorious thing? [11
I tell thee 'tis not half so fair as thou,
Or any man that breathes on earth.

Faust. How prov'st thou that?

Meph. 'Twas made for man, therefore is man more excellent.

Faust. If it were made for man, 'twas made for me;
I will renounce this magic and repent. [19

Enter Good Angel *and* Evil Angel.

G. Ang. Faustus, repent; yet God will pity thee.

E. Ang. Thou art a spirit; God cannot pity thee.

Faust. Who buzzeth in mine ears I am a spirit?
Be I a devil, yet God may pity me;
Ay, God will pity me if I repent.

E. Ang. Ay, but Faustus never shall repent. [*Exeunt* Angels. [30

Faust. My heart's so hardened I cannot repent.
Scarce can I name salvation, faith, or heaven,
But fearful echoes thunder in mine ears
"Faustus, thou are damned!" Then swords and knives,
Poison, gun, halters, and envenomed steel
Are laid before me to despatch myself,
And long ere this I should have slain myself, [41
Had not sweet pleasure conquered deep despair.
Have not I made blind Homer sing to me
Of Alexander's love and Œnon's death?
And hath not he that built the walls of Thebes
With ravishing sound of his melodious harp, [49
Made music with my Mephistophilis?
Why should I die then or basely despair?
I am resolved: Faustus shall ne'er repent.
Come, Mephistophilis, let us dispute again,
And argue of divine astrology.
Tell me, are there many heavens above the moon?
Are all celestial bodies but one globe, [59
As is the substance of this centric earth?

Meph. As are the elements, such are the spheres
Mutually folded in each other's orb,
And, Faustus,
All jointly move upon one axletree
Whose terminine is termed the world's wide pole;
Nor are the names of Saturn, Mars, or Jupiter
Feigned, but are erring stars. [70

Faust. But tell me, have they all one motion, both *situ et tempore?* [43]

Meph. All jointly move from east to west in twenty-four hours upon the poles of the world, but differ in their motion upon the poles of the zodiac.

Faust. Tush!
These slender trifles Wagner can decide;
Hath Mephistophilis no greater skill?
Who knows not the double motion of the planets? [81
The first is finished in a natural day;
The second thus: as Saturn in thirty years; Jupiter in twelve; Mars in four; the Sun, Venus, and Mercury in a year; the moon in twenty-eight days. Tush, these are freshmen's suppositions. But tell me, hath every sphere a dominion or *intelligentia?*

Meph. Ay. [90

Faust. How many heavens or spheres are there?

Meph. Nine: the seven planets, the firmament, and the empyreal heaven.

Faust. Well, resolve me in this question: Why have we not conjunctions, oppositions, aspects, eclipses, all at one time, but in some years we have more, in some less?

[43] In direction and in time?

MEPH. *Per inæqualem motum respectu totius.*[44]

FAUST. Well, I am answered. Tell me who made the world.

MEPH. I will not.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, tell me.

MEPH. Move me not, for I will not tell thee.

FAUST. Villain, have I not bound thee to tell me anything?

MEPH. Ay, that is not against our kingdom; but this is. Think thou on hell, Faustus; for thou art damned.

FAUST. Think, Faustus, upon God that made the world.

MEPH. Remember this. [*Disappears.*

FAUST. Ay, go, accursëd spirit, to ugly hell. 'Tis thou hast damned distressëd Faustus' soul. Is't not too late?

Re-enter GOOD ANGEL *and* EVIL ANGEL.

E. ANG. Too late.

G. ANG. Never too late, if Faustus can repent.

E. ANG. If thou repent, devils shall tear thee in pieces.

G. ANG. Repent, and they shall never raze thy skin. [*Exeunt* ANGELS.

FAUST. Ah, Christ, my Saviour, Seek to save distressëd Faustus' soul.

LUCIFER, BELZEBUB, *and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *all rise before him.*

LUC. Christ cannot save thy soul, for he is just; There's none but I have interest in the same.

FAUST. O, who art thou that look'st so terrible?

LUC. I am Lucifer, And this is my companion-prince in hell.

FAUST. O Faustus! they are come to fetch away thy soul!

LUC. We come to tell thee thou dost injure us; Thou talk'st of Christ, contrary to thy promise; Thou should'st not think of God: think of the Devil, And of his dam, too.

FAUST. Nor will I henceforth: pardon me in this; And Faustus vows never to look to Heaven, Never to name God, or to pray to him, To burn his Scriptures, slay his ministers, And make my spirits pull his churches down.

LUC. Do so, and we will highly gratify thee. Faustus, we are come from hell to show thee some pastime. Sit down, and thou shalt see all the Seven Deadly Sins appear in their proper shapes.

FAUST. That sight will be pleasing unto me, As Paradise was to Adam the first day Of his creation.

LUC. Talk not of Paradise nor creation, but mark this show: talk of the Devil, and nothing else.—Come away!

Enter the SEVEN DEADLY SINS.

Now, Faustus, examine them of their several names and dispositions.

FAUST. What art thou, the first?

PRIDE. I am Pride, I disdain to have any parents. I am like to Ovid's flea: I can creep into every corner of a wench; sometimes, like a periwig, I sit upon her brow; or like a fan of feathers, I kiss her lips; indeed I do—what do I not? But, fie, what a scent is here! I 'll not speak another word, except the ground were perfumed, and covered with cloth of arras.

FAUST. What art thou, the second?

COVET. I am Covetousness, begotten of an old churl in an old leathern bag; and might I have my wish I would desire that this house and all the people in it were turned to gold, that I might lock you up in my good chest. O, my sweet gold!

FAUST. What art thou, the third?

WRATH. I am Wrath. I had neither father nor mother: I leapt out of a lion's mouth when I was scarce half an hour old; and ever since I have run up

[44] Because of their unequal motion in regard to the whole.

and down the world with this case[45] of rapiers wounding myself when I had nobody to fight withal. I was born in [200 hell; and look to it, for some of you shall be my father.

FAUST. What art thou, the fourth?

ENVY. I am Envy, begotten of a chimney sweeper and an oyster-wife. I cannot read, and therefore wish all books were burnt. I am lean with seeing others eat. O that there would come a famine through all the world, that all might die, and I live alone! then thou should'st [210 see how fat I would be. But must thou sit, and I stand! Come down, with a vengeance!

FAUST. Away, envious rascal!—What art thou, the fifth?

GLUT. Who, I, sir? I am Gluttony. My parents are all dead, and the devil a penny they have left me, but a bare pension, and that is thirty meals a day and ten bevers[46]—a small trifle to suffice nature. O, I come of a royal parentage! [221 My grandfather was a Gammon of Bacon, my grandmother a Hogshead of Claret-wine; my godfathers were these, Peter Pickleherring, and Martin Martlemas-beef. O, but my godmother, she was a jolly gentlewoman, and well beloved in every good town and city; her name was Mistress Margery March-beer. Now, Faustus, thou hast heard all my progeny, wilt thou bid me to supper? [231

FAUST. No, I'll see thee hanged: thou wilt eat up all my victuals.

GLUT. Then the Devil choke thee!

FAUST. Choke thyself, glutton!—Who art thou, the sixth?

SLOTH. I am Sloth. I was begotten on a sunny bank, where I have lain ever since; and you have done me great injury to bring me from thence: let [240 me be carried thither again by Gluttony and Lechery. I'll not speak another word for a king's ransom.

FAUST. What are you, Mistress Minx, the seventh and last?

LECH. Who, I, sir? I am one that loves an inch of raw mutton better than an ell of fried stockfish; and the first letter of my name begins with Lechery.

LUC. Away to hell, to hell! [250

[*Exeunt the* SINS.

Now, Faustus,
How dost thou like this?

FAUST. O, this feeds my soul!

LUC. Tut, Faustus, in hell is all manner of delight.

FAUST. O might I see hell, and return again.
How happy were I then!

LUC. Thou shalt; I will send for thee at midnight. [261
In meantime take this book; peruse it thoroughly,
And thou shalt turn thyself into what shape thou wilt.

FAUST. Great thanks, mighty Lucifer!
This will I keep as chary as my life.

LUC. Farewell, Faustus, and think on the Devil. [269

FAUST. Farewell, great Lucifer! Come, Mephistophilis. [*Exeunt omnes.*

WAGNER *appears as a Chorus to introduce the next act.*

WAGNER. Learnëd Faustus,
To know the secrets of astronomy,
Graven in the book of Jove's high firmament,
Did mount himself to scale Olympus' top,
Being seated in a chariot burning bright,
Drawn by the strength of yoky dragons' necks. [281
He now is gone to prove cosmography,
And, as I guess, will first arrive at Rome,
To see the Pope and manner of his court,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast,
That to this day is highly solemnized.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VII

MEPHISTOPHILIS *has flown with* FAUSTUS *over France and Germany and Italy, and the pair have now arrived in Rome, having landed in the* POPE'S *privy-chamber, where a banquet is set out.*

FAUST. Having now, my good Mephistophilis,

[45] pair.
[46] refreshments between meals.

Passed with delight the stately town of Trier, [9
Environed round with airy mountain-tops,
With walls of flint, and deep entrenchëd lakes,
Not to be won by any conquering prince;
From Paris next, coasting the realm of France,
We saw the river Main fall into Rhine,
Whose banks are set with groves of fruitful vines;
Then up to Naples, rich Campania,
Whose buildings, fair and gorgeous to the eye, [21
The streets straight forth, and paved with finest brick,
Quarter the town in four equivalents.
There saw we learned Maro's golden tomb;
The way he cut, an English mile in length,
Thorough a rock of stone in one night's space; [30
From thence to Venice, Padua, and the rest,
In one of which a sumptuous temple stands,
That threats the stars with her aspiring top:
Thus hitherto has Faustus spent his time.
But tell me, now, what resting-place is this? [39
Hast thou, as erst I did command,
Conducted me within the walls of Rome?

MEPH. Faustus, I have; and because We will not be unprovided, I have taken up his Holiness' privy-chamber for our use.

FAUST. I hope his Holiness will bid us welcome.

MEPH. Tut, 'tis no matter, man, we'll be bold with his good cheer.

And now, my Faustus, that thou may'st perceive [51
What Rome containeth to delight thee with,
Know that this city stands upon seven hills
That underprop the groundwork of the same.
Just through the midst runs flowin Tiber's stream,
With winding banks that cut it in tw parts, [6
Over the which four stately bridges lear
That make safe passage to each part o Rome:
Upon the bridge called Ponte Angelo
Erected is a castle passing strong,
Within whose walls such store of ord nance are,
And double cannons framed of carvë brass, [7
As match the days within one cómplet year;
Besides the gates and high pyramidës,
Which Julius Cæsar brought from Africa

FAUST. Now by the kingdoms of infer nal rule,
Of Styx, of Acheron, and the fiery lak
Of ever-burning Phlegethon, I swear
That I do long to see the monuments
And situation of bright-splendent Rome
Come therefore, let's away. [8

MEPH. Nay, Faustus, stay; I knov you'd fain see the Pope,
And take some part of holy Peter's feast
Where thou shalt see a troop of bald pate friars,
Whose *summum bonum* is in belly-cheer

FAUST. Well, I'm content to compas then some sport, [8
And by their folly make us merriment.
Then charm me, Mephistophilis, that I
May be invisible, to do what I please
Unseen of any whilst I stay in Rome.
[MEPHISTOPHILIS *makes some magi passes.*

MEPH. So, Faustus, now
Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not b discerned.

A sennet is sounded. The POPE *and th* CARDINAL *of* LORRAIN *enter to the ban quet, with* FRIARS *attending.* [10

POPE. My Lord of Lorrain, wilt pleas you draw near?

FAUST. Fall to, and the devil chok you an you spare!

POPE. How now! Who's that whic spake?—Friars, look about.

1 FRIAR. Here's nobody, if it like your Holiness.

POPE. My lord, here is a dainty dish was sent me from the Bishop of Milan.

FAUST. I thank you, sir. [*Snatches it.*

POPE. How now! Who's that which snatched the meat from me? Will no man look? My Lord, this dish was sent me from the Cardinal of Florence.

FAUST. You say true; I'll ha't. [*Snatches it.*

POPE. What, again! My lord, I'll drink to your Grace.

FAUST. I'll pledge your Grace. [*Snatches the cup.*

C. OF LOR. My Lord, it may be some ghost newly crept out of purgatory, come to beg a pardon of your Holiness.

POPE. It may be so. Friars, prepare a dirge to lay the fury of this ghost. Once again, my lord, fall to.

[*The* POPE *crosseth himself.*

FAUST. What, are you crossing of yourself?

Well, use that trick no more, I would advise you.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again.*

Well, there's the second time. Aware the third, I give you fair warning.

[*The* POPE *crosses himself again, and* FAUSTUS *hits him a box of the ear; and the* POPE, *the* CARDINAL, *and the* FRIARS, *all run away in affright.*

Come on, Mephistophilis, what shall we do?

MEPH. Nay, I know not. We shall be cursed with bell, book, and candle.

FAUST. How! bell, book, and candle, —candle, book, and bell,

Forward and backward to curse Faustus to hell!

Anon you shall hear a hog grunt, a calf bleat, and an ass bray,

Because it is Saint Peter's holiday.

Re-enter all the FRIARS *to sing the Dirge.*

1 FRIAR. Come, brethren, let's about our business with good devotion.

[*They chant*:

Cursed be he that stole away his Holiness' meat from the table! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that struck his Holiness a blow on the face! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took Friar Sandelo a blow on the pate! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that disturbeth our holy dirge! *Maledicat Dominus!*

Cursed be he that took away his Holiness' wine! *Maledicat Dominus! Et omnes sancti! Amen!*

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *and* FAUSTUS *beat the* FRIARS, *and fling fireworks among them. They rush out, their unseen tormentors following.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHORUS. When Faustus had with pleasure ta'en the view
Of rarest things, and royal courts of kings,
He stayed his course, and so returnëd home;
Where such as bear his absence but with grief,
I mean his friends and near'st companiöns,
Did gratulate his safety with kind words,
And in their conference of what befell,
Touching his journey through the world and air,
They put forth questions of astrology,
Which Faustus answered with such learnëd skill
As they admired and wondered at his wit.
Now is his fame spread forth in every land.
Amongst the rest the Emperor is one,
Carolus the Fifth, at whose palace now
Faustus is feasted 'mongst his noblemen.
What there he did in trial of his art,
I leave untold—your eyes shall see performed. [*Exit.*

SCENE VIII

ROBIN *has stolen one of* FAUSTUS' *conjuring books, and thinks he will have much fun from the use of it. He is in his inn-yard.*

ROBIN. O, this is admirable! here I ha' stolen one of Dr. Faustus' conjuring books, and, i' faith, I mean to search some circles for my own use. Now will I make all the maidens in our parish dance at my pleasure, stark naked before [10 me; and so by that means I shall see more than e'er I felt or saw yet.

Enter RALPH, *calling* ROBIN.

RALPH. Robin, prithee come away; there's a gentleman tarries to have his horse, and he would have his things rubbed and made clean. He keeps such a chafing with my mistress about it; and she has sent me to look thee out. Prithee come away. [20

ROBIN. Keep out, keep out, or else you are blown up; you are dismembered, Ralph: keep out; for I am about a roaring piece of work.

RALPH. Come, what dost thou with that same book? Thou canst not read.

ROBIN. Yes, my master and mistress shall find that I can read, he for his forehead, she for her private study; she's born to bear with me, or else my art fails. [30

RALPH. Why, Robin, what book is that?

ROBIN. What book! Why, the most intolerable book for conjuring that e'er was invented by any brimstone devil.

RALPH. Canst thou conjure with it?

ROBIN. I can do all these things easily with it: first, I can make thee drunk with ippocras at any tabern in Europe for nothing; that's one of my conjuring [40 works.

RALPH. Our Master Parson says that's nothing.

ROBIN. True, Ralph; and more, Ralph, if thou hast any mind to Nan Spit, our kitchenmaid, then turn her and wind her to thy own use as often as thou wilt, and at midnight.

RALPH. O brave Robin, shall I have Nan Spit, and to mine own use? On [50 that condition I'll feed thy devil with horsebread as long as he lives, of free cost.

ROBIN. No more, sweet Ralph: let's go and make clean our boots, which foul upon our hands, and then to o conjuring in the Devil's name. [*Exeu*

SCENE IX

A little later the same two worthi are inside the inn. ROBIN *is carrying silver goblet, which he has stolen from t* VINTNER. *Probably this scene and t preceding one were originally separat by a* FAUSTUS *scene.*

ROBIN. Come, Ralph, did not I t thee we were for ever made by this Do tor Faustus' book. *Ecce signum,* here a simple purchase[47] for horsekeepers; [our horses shall eat no hay as long this lasts.

RALPH. But, Robin, here comes t vintner.

Enter the VINTNER.

ROBIN. Hush! <I'll gull him s pernaturally.> Drawer, I hope all paid: God be with you. Com Ralph. [

VINT. Soft, sir; a word with you. must yet have a goblet paid from yo ere you go.

ROBIN. I, a goblet, Ralph; I, a goblet I scorn you, and you are but a &c.[48] a goblet! search me.

VINT. I mean so, sir, with your favo [*Searches hi*

ROBIN. How say you now?

VINT. I must say somewhat to yo fellow. You, sir! [

RALPH. Me, sir! me, sir! search yo fill. [VINTNER *searches him, and, as h does so,* RALPH *shifts the goblet to h companion.*] Now, sir, you may b ashamed to burden honest men with matter of truth.

VINT. Well, t'one of you hath th goblet about you.

ROBIN. <You lie, drawer, 'tis afo me.>. [4

Sirrah you, I'll teach ye to impeach hon est men; stand by.

I'll scour you for a goblet!

[47] gain.
[48] The actor was trusted to extemporize.

Stand aside you had best, I charge you in the name of Belzebub.
<Look to the goblet, Ralph.>

VINT. What mean you, sirrah?

ROBIN. I'll tell you what I mean. [*Reading from a book.*] *"Sanctobulorum, Periphrasticon"*—Nay, I'll tickle you, [50 vintner. <Look to the goblet, Ralph.> *"Polypragmos Belseborams framanto pacostiphos tostu, Mephistophilis, &c."*

MEPHISTOPHILIS *appears, sets squibs at their backs, and vanishes. They run about.*

VINT. *O nomine Domini!* [49] what meanest thou, Robin? Thou hast no goblet.

RALPH. *Peccatum peccatorum!* [50] Here's thy goblet, good vintner. [60

[*Gives the goblet to* VINTNER, *who goes out.*

ROBIN. *Misericordia pro nobis!* [51] What shall I do?—Good Devil, forgive me now, and I'll never rob thy library more.

MEPHISTOPHILIS *re-appears.*

MEPH. Monarch of hell, under whose black survey
Great potentates do kneel with awful fear, [70
Upon whose altars thousand souls do lie,
How am I vexëd with these villains' charms?
From Constantinople am I hither come
Only for pleasure of these damnëd slaves.

ROBIN. How, from Constantinople? You have had a great journey. Will you take sixpence in your purse, to pay for your supper, and begone. [79

MEPH. Well, villains, for your presumption, I transform thee into an ape, and thee into a dog; and so begone.

ROBIN. How, into an ape? That's brave! I'll have fine sport with the boys. I'll get nuts and apples enow.

RALPH. And I must be a dog.

ROBIN. I' faith, thy head will never be out of the pottage pot. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE X

FAUSTUS *is now in the Court of the* EMPEROR, *who is anxious to have proof of his power of devil-raising. A* KNIGHT *and attendants wait on the* EMPEROR, *and* FAUSTUS *is waited on by* MEPHISTOPHILIS, *who is invisible to all but him.*

EMP. Master Doctor Faustus, I have heard strange report of thy knowledge in the black art, how that none in my empire nor in the whole world can compare [10 with thee for the rare effects of magic; they say thou hast a familiar spirit, by whom thou canst accomplish what thou list. This, therefore, is my request, that thou let me see some proof of thy skill, that mine eyes may be witnesses to confirm what mine ears have heard reported; and here I swear to thee, by the honor of mine imperial crown, that, whatever thou doest, thou shalt be no ways prejudiced or endamaged. [21

KNIGHT. <I' faith, he looks much like a conjurer.>

FAUST. My gracious sovereign, though I must confess myself far inferior to the report men have published, and nothing answerable [52] to the honor of your imperial majesty, yet, for that love and duty binds me thereunto, I am content to do whatsoever your majesty shall command me. [31

EMP. Then, Doctor Faustus, mark what I shall say.
As I was sometime solitary set
Within my closet, sundry thoughts arose
About the honor of mine ancestors,
How they had won by prowess such exploits,
Got such riches, subdued so many kingdoms, [40
As we that do succeed, or they that shall
Hereafter possess our throne, shall
(I fear me) ne'er attain to that degree
Of high renown and great authority;
Amongst which kings is Alexander the Great,
Chief spectacle of the world's pre-eminence,
The bright shining of whose glorious acts
Lightens the world with his reflecting beams, [51

49 In the Lord's name.
50 "Sin of sins."
51 Mercy upon us.
52 comparable.

As, when I heard but motion[53] made of him,
It grieves my soul I never saw the man.
If, therefore, thou by cunning of thine art
Canst raise this man from hollow vaults below,
Where lies entombed this famous conqueror, [60
And bring with him his beauteous paramour,
Both in their right shapes, gesture, and attire
They used to wear during their time of life,
Thou shalt both satisfy my just desire,
And give me cause to praise thee whilst I live. [69

FAUST. My gracious lord, I am ready to accomplish your request so far forth as by art, and power of my Spirit, I am able to perform.

KNIGHT. <I' faith, that's just nothing at all.>

FAUST. But, if it like your Grace, it is not in my ability to present before your eyes the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes, which long since are consumed to dust. [80

KNIGHT. <Ay, marry, Master Doctor, now there's a sign of grace in you, when you will confess the truth.>

FAUST. But such spirits as can lively resemble Alexander and his paramour shall appear before your Grace in that manner that they best lived in, in their most flourishing estate; which I doubt not shall sufficiently content your imperial majesty. [90

EMP. Go to, Master Doctor, let me see them presently.

KNIGHT. Do you hear, Master Doctor? You bring Alexander and his paramour before the Emperor!

FAUST. How then, sir?

KNIGHT. I' faith, that's as true as Diana turned me to a stag! [98

FAUST. No, sir, but when Actæon died, he left the horns for you. <Mephistophilis, begone.> [*Exit* MEPHISTOPHILIS.

[53] mention.

KNIGHT. Nay, an you go to conjuring I'll begone. [*Exit*

FAUST. I'll meet with you anon, for interrupting me so. Here they are, my gracious lord.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with* SPIRITS *in the shape of* ALEXANDER *and his* PARAMOUR. [109

EMP. Master Doctor, I heard this lady while she lived had a wart or mole in her neck: how shall I know whether it be so or no?

FAUST. Your Highness may boldly go and see.

EMP. Sure these are no spirits, but the true substantial bodies of those two deceased princes. [*The* SPIRITS *vanish.*

FAUST. Will't please your Highness now to send for the knight that was so pleasant with me here of late? [121

EMP. One of you call him forth.

[*Exit Attendant.*

Re-enter the KNIGHT *with a pair of horns on his head.*

How now, sir knight! why I had thought thou had'st been a bachelor; but now I see thou hast a wife, that not only gives thee horns, but makes thee wear them. Feel on thy head. [130

KNIGHT. Thou damnëd wretch and execrable dog,
Bred in the concave of some monstrous rock,
How darest thou thus abuse a gentleman?
Villain, I say, undo what thou hast done!

FAUST. O, not so fast, sir; there's no haste; but, good, are you remembered how you crossed me in my conference with the Emperor? I think I have met with you for it. [141

EMP. Good Master Doctor, at my entreaty, release him; he hath done penance sufficient.

FAUST. My gracious lord, not so much for the injury he offered me here in your presence as to delight you with some mirth hath Faustus worthily requited this injurious knight; which, being all I desire, I am content to release him of [150

is horns: and, sir knight, hereafter
peak well of scholars. <Mephistophilis,
ransform him straight.> [Mephisto-
HILIS *removes the horns.*] Now, my
ood lord, having done my duty, I
umbly take my leave.

EMP. Farewell, Master Doctor; yet,
re you go, expect from me a bounteous
eward. [160

SCENE XI

As the time of FAUSTUS' *stay is run-
ing short, he is anxious to return to Wit-
enberg. He and* MEPHISTOPHILIS *are
n a green.*

FAUST. Now, Mephistophilis, the rest-
less course
'hat Time doth run with calm and silent
foot,
hort'ning my days and thread of vital
life, [10
'alls for the payment of my latest years;
'herefore, sweet Mephistophilis, let us
Iake haste to Wittenberg.

MEPH. What, will you go on horse-
back or on foot?

FAUST. Nay, till I'm past this fair
and pleasant green,
'll walk on foot.

Enter a HORSE-COURSER. [19

HORSE-C. I have been all this day seek-
ng one Master Fustian: mass, see where
e is! God save you, Master Doctor!

FAUST. What, horse-courser! You are
ell met.

HORSE-C. Do you hear, sir? I have
rought you forty dollars for your horse.

FAUST. I cannot sell him so: if thou
kest him for fifty, take him.

HORSE-C. Alas, sir, I have no more.—I
ray you speak for me. [30

MEPH. I pray you let him have him:
e is an honest fellow, and he has a great
harge, neither wife nor child.

FAUST. Well, come, give me your
noney. [HORSE-COURSER *gives* FAUSTUS
he money.] My boy will deliver him to
ou. But I must tell you one thing be-
ore you have him; ride him not into the
vater at any hand.[54]

[54] in any circumstance.

HORSE-C. Why, sir, will he not drink
of all waters? [41

FAUST. O, yes, he will drink of all
waters, but ride him not into the water:
ride him over hedge or ditch, or where
thou wilt, but not into the water.

HORSE.-C. Well, sir. <Now am I made
man for ever. I'll not leave my horse
for twice forty. If he had but the quality
of hey-ding-ding, hey-ding-ding, I 'd make
a brave living on him: he has a but- [50
tock as slick as an eel.> Well, God b' wi'
ye, sir, your boy will deliver him me; but,
hark ye, sir; if my horse be sick or ill at
ease, if I bring his water to you, you'll
tell me what it is?

FAUST. Away, you villain; what, dost
think
I am a horse-doctor?

[*Exit* HORSE-COURSER.

SCENE XII

The scene changes to an interior.
FAUSTUS *is sitting very wearily in a
chair.* MEPHISTOPHILIS *is with him.*

FAUST. What art thou, Faustus but a
man condemned to die?
Thy fatal time doth draw to final end;
Despair doth drive distrust unto my
thoughts.
Confound these passions with a quiet
sleep. [10
Tush, Christ did call the thief upon the
cross;
Then rest thee, Faustus, quiet in con-
ceit. [*Sleeps in his chair.*

Re-enter HORSE-COURSER, *all wet, crying.*

HORSE-C. Alas, alas! Doctor Fustian,
quotha? Mass, Doctor Lopus was never
such a doctor. Has given me a purga-
tion has purged me of forty dollars; I
shall never see them more. But yet, [20
like an ass as I was, I would not be ruled
by him, for he bade me I should ride him
into no water. Now I, thinking my
horse had had some rare quality that he
would not have had me known of, I, like
a venturous youth, rid him into the deep
pond at the town's end. I was no sooner
in the middle of the pond, but my horse

vanished away, and I sat upon a bottle [55] of hay, never so near drowning in my [30 life. But I'll seek out my Doctor, and have my forty dollars again, or I'll make it the dearest horse!—O, yonder is his snipper-snapper.—Do you hear, you hey-pass, where's your master?

MEPH. Why, sir, what would you? You cannot speak with him.

HORSE-C. But I will speak with him.

MEPH. Why, he's fast asleep. Come some other time. [40

HORSE-C. I'll speak with him now, or I'll break his glass windows about his ears.

MEPH. I tell thee he has not slept this eight nights.

HORSE-C. An he have not slept this eight weeks, I'll speak with him.

MEPH. See where he is, fast asleep.

HORSE-C. Ay, this is he. God save you, Master Doctor! Master Doctor, [50 Master Doctor Fustian!—Forty dollars, forty dollars for a bottle of hay!

MEPH. Why, thou seest he hears thee not.

HORSE-C. So ho, ho!—so ho, ho! [*Hollas in his ear.*] No, will you not wake? I'll make you wake ere I go. [*Pulls* FAUSTUS *by the leg, and pulls it away.*] Alas, I am undone! What shall I do? [60

FAUST. O my leg, my leg! Help, Mephistophilis! call the officers. My leg, my leg!

MEPH. Come, villain, to the constable.

HORSE-C. O lord, sir, let me go, and I'll give you forty dollars more.

MEPH. Where be they?

HORSE-C. I have none about me. Come to my ostry [56] and I'll give them you. [70

MEPH. Begone quickly.

[HORSE-COURSER *runs away.*

FAUST. What, is he gone? Farewell he! Faustus has his leg again, and the horse-courser, I take it, a bottle of hay for his labor. Well, this trick shall cost him forty dollars more.

[55] bundle.
[56] inn.

Enter WAGNER.

How now, Wagner, what's the news wit thee? [8

WAG. Sir, the Duke of Vanholt dot earnestly entreat your company.

FAUST. The Duke of Vanholt! an hor orable gentleman, to whom I must be n niggard of my cunning. Come, Mephis tophilis, let's away to him. [*Exeun*

SCENE XIII

FAUSTUS *has been showing some of h tricks to the* DUKE *and* DUCHESS VANHOLT, *at whose court he now is.* ME PHISTOPHILIS *is present, invisible.*

DUKE. Believe me, Master Docto this merriment hath much pleased me.

FAUST. My gracious lord, I am glad i contents you so well.—But it may b madam, you take no delight in this. I hav heard that great-bellied women do [1 long for some dainties or other. Wha is it, madam? Tell me, and you sha have it.

DUCHESS. Thanks, good Master Doc tor; and for I see your courteous inten to pleasure me, I will not hide from yo the thing my heart desires; and, were i now summer, as it is January and th dead time of the winter, I would desir no better meat than a dish of rip grapes. [2

FAUST. Alas, madam, that's nothing <Mephistophilis, begone.> [*Exit* ME PHISTOPHILIS.] Were it a greater thin than this, so it would content you, yo should have it.

Re-enter MEPHISTOPHILIS *with the grapes.*

Here they be, madam; wilt please yo taste on them? [3

DUKE. Believe me, Master Doctor, thi makes me wonder above the rest, that being in the dead time of winter and i the month of January, how you shoul come by these grapes.

FAUST. If it like your Grace, the yea is divided into two circles over the whol world, that, when it is here winter wit us, in the contrary circle it is summer wit

them, as in India, Saba, and farther [40
countries in the East; and, by means of
a swift spirit that I have, I had them
brought hither, as ye see.—How do you
like them, madam; be they good?

DUCHESS. Believe me, Master Doctor,
they be the best grapes that I e'er tasted
in my life before.

FAUST. I am glad they content you so,
madam. [49

DUKE. Come, madam, let us in, where
you must well reward this learned man
for the great kindness he hath showed
to you.

DUCHESS. And so I will, my lord, and,
whilst I live, rest beholding for his
courtesy.

FAUST. I humbly thank your Grace.

DUKE. Come, Master Doctor, follow
us, and receive your reward. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIV

FAUSTUS *is in his house in Wittenberg.*
In a room in the house WAGNER *is alone*
while FAUSTUS *and his guests are supping*
in another room.

WAG. I think my master means to die
shortly,
For he hath given to me all his goods;
And yet, methinks, if that death were
near,
He would not banquet and carouse and
swill [11
Amongst the students, as even now he
doth,
Who are at supper with such belly-cheer
As Wagner ne'er beheld in all his life.
See where they come! Belike the feast
is ended.

Enter FAUSTUS, *with three* SCHOLARS.

1 SCHOL. Master Doctor Faustus, since
our conference about fair ladies, [20
which was the beautifullest in all the
world, we have determined with ourselves
that Helen of Greece was the admirablest
lady that ever lived: therefore, Master
Doctor, if you will do us that favor as
to let us see that peerless dame of
Greece, whom all the world admires for
majesty, we should think ourselves much
beholding unto you.

FAUST. Gentlemen,
For that I know your friendship is un-
feigned,
And Faustus' custom is not to deny
The just requests of those that wish him
well,
You shall behold that peerless dame of
Greece,
No otherways for pomp and majesty
Than when Sir Paris crossed the seas
with her, [40
And brought the spoils to rich Dardania.
Be silent, then, for danger is in words.
[*Music sounds, and* HELEN *passes over*
the stage.

2 SCHOL. Too simple is my wit to tell
her praise,
Whom all the world admires for majesty.

3 SCHOL. No marvel though the angry
Greeks pursued
With ten years' war the rape of such a
queen, [51
Whose heavenly beauty passeth all com-
pare.

1 SCHOL. Since we have seen the pride
of Nature's works
And only paragon of excellence

Enter an OLD MAN

Let us depart; and, for this glorious
deed, [59
Happy and blest be Faustus evermore.

FAUST. Gentlemen, farewell: the same
I wish to you.

[*Exeunt* SCHOLARS *and* WAGNER.

OLD MAN. Ah, Doctor Faustus, that I
might prevail
To guide thy steps unto the way of life,
By which sweet path thou may'st attain
the goal
That shall conduct thee to celestial rest!
Break heart, drop blood, and mingle it
with tears, [71
Tears falling from repentant heaviness
Of thy most vile and loathsome filthiness,
The stench whereof corrupts the inward
soul
With such flagitious crimes of heinous
sins
As no commiseration may expel,
But mercy, Faustus, of thy Saviour sweet,

Whose blood alone must wash away thy guilt. [81

FAUST. Where art thou, Faustus? Wretch, what hast thou done?

Damned art thou, Faustus, damned; despair and die!

Hell calls for right, and with a roaring voice

Says "Faustus! come! thine hour is [almost] come!"

And Faustus [now] will come to do thee right. [91

[MEPHISTOPHILIS *appears and gives him a dagger.*

OLD MAN. Ah stay, good Faustus, stay thy desperate steps!

I see an angel hovers o'er thy head,

And, with a vial full of precious grace,

Offers to pour the same into thy soul:

Then call for mercy, and avoid despair.

FAUST. Ah, my sweet friend, I feel [100

Thy words do comfort my distressëd soul.

Leave me a while to ponder on my sins.

OLD MAN. I go, sweet Faustus, but with heavy cheer,

Fearing the ruin of thy hopeless soul.

[*Exit.*

FAUST. Accursëd Faustus, where is mercy now?

I do repent; and yet I do despair;

Hell strives with grace for conquest in my breast: [111

What shall I do to shun the snares of death?

MEPH. Thou traitor, Faustus, I arrest thy soul

For disobedience to my sovereign lord;

Revolt,[57] or I'll in piecemeal tear thy flesh.

FAUST. Sweet Mephistophilis, entreat thy lord [120

To pardon my unjust presumptiön,

And with my blood again I will confirm

My former vow I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Do it then quickly, with unfeignëd heart,

Lest greater danger do attend thy drift.

[FAUSTUS *stabs his arm and writes on a paper with his blood.*

[57] abandon penitence.

FAUST. Torment, sweet friend, that base and crooked age,[58] [13

That durst dissuade me from th Lucifer,

With greatest torments that our he affords.

MEPH. His faith is great, I cannc touch his soul;

But what I may afflict his body with

I will attempt, which is but little wortl

FAUST. One thing, good servant, let m crave of thee, [14

To glut the longing of my heart desire,—

That I might have unto my paramou

That heavenly Helen, which I saw of lat

Whose sweet embracings may extinguis clean

These thoughts that do dissuade me fro my vow,

And keep mine oath I made to Lucifer.

MEPH. Faustus, this or what else tho shalt desire [15

Shall be performed in twinkling of an ey

Re-enter HELEN.

FAUST. Was this the face that launche a thousand ships,

And burnt the topless towers of Ilium?

Sweet Helen, make me immortal with kiss. [*Kisses he*

Her lips suck[59] forth my soul; see wher it flies!— [16

Come, Helen, come, give me my sou again.

Here will I dwell, for Heaven be in thes lips,

And all is dross that is not Helena.

Enter OLD MAN.

I will be Paris, and for love of thee,

Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg b sacked; [16

And I will combat with weak Menelaus

And wear thy colors on my plumëd crest

Yea, I will wound Achilles in the heel,

And then return to Helen for a kiss.

Oh, thou art fairer than the evening ai

Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars

Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter

[58] old man.

[59] B, sucks.

When he appeared to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azured arms: [179
And none but thou shalt be my paramour.

[*Exeunt.*

Old Man. Accursëd Faustus, miserable man,
That from thy soul exclud'st the grace of Heaven,
And fly'st the throne of his tribunal seat!

Enter Devils.

Satan begins to sift me with his pride:
As in this furnace God shall try my faith, [190
My faith, vile hell, shall triumph over thee.
Ambitious fiends! see how the heavens smiles
At your repulse, and laughs your state to scorn!
Hence, hell; for hence I fly unto my God.

Scene XV

The twenty-four-year term is on the point of ending. Faustus *is in his study with the three* Scholars.

Faust. Ah, gentlemen!

1 Schol. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still! but now I die eternally. Look, comes he not, comes he not?

2 Schol. What means Faustus? [10

3 Schol. Belike he is grown into some sickness by being over-solitary.

1 Schol. If it be so, we'll have physicians to cure him. 'Tis but a surfeit. Never fear, man.

Faust. A surfeit of deadly sin that hath damned both body and soul.

2 Schol. Yet, Faustus, look up to Heaven; remember God's mercies are infinite. [20

Faust. But Faustus' offences can ne'er be pardoned: the serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Ah, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches! Though my heart pants and quivers to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, oh, would I had never seen Wittenberg, never read book! And what wonders I have done all Germany can [30 witness, yea, all the world; for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world, yea, Heaven itself, Heaven, the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy; and must remain in hell for ever, hell, ah, hell, for ever! Sweet friends! what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

3 Schol. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath [40 abjured! on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed! Ah, my God, I would weep, but the Devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears! Yea, life and soul! Oh, he stays my tongue! I would lift up my hands; but see: they hold them, they hold them!

All. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Lucifer and Mephistophilis. Ah, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning! [51

All. God forbid!

Faust. God forbade it indeed; but Faustus hath done it. For vain pleasure of twenty-four years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood: the date is expired; the time will come; and he will fetch me. [59

1 Schol. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the Devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch both body and soul, if I once gave ear to divinity: and now 'tis too late. Gentlemen, away! lest you perish with me.

2 Schol. Oh, what shall we do to save Faustus? [70

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

3 Schol. God will strengthen me. I will stay with Faustus.

1 Schol. Tempt not God, sweet friend; but let us into the next room, and there pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me!

and what noise soever ye hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me. [80

2 Schol. Pray thou, and we will pray that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell! If I live till morning I'll visit you: if not—Faustus is gone to hell.

All. Faustus, farewell!

[*Exeunt* Scholars. *The clock strikes eleven.*

Faust. Ah, Faustus, [89

Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damned perpetually!
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of Heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come;
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural [100
day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul!
O lente, lente currite, noctis equi![60]
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The Devil will come, and Faustus must be damned.
O, I'll leap up to my God! Who pulls me down? [110
See, see where Christ's blood streams in the firmament!
One drop would save my soul—half a drop: ah, my Christ!—
Rend[61] not my heart for naming of my Christ!
Yet I will call on him: O spare me, Lucifer!—
Where is it now? 'Tis gone; and see where God [120
Stretcheth out his arm, and bends his ireful brows!—
Mountain and hills, come, come and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of God!—
No! No!—
Then will I headlong run into the earth.—
Earth gape!—O no, it will not harbo
me!— [13
You stars that reigned at my nativity,
Whose influence hath allotted death an
hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mis
Into the entrails of yon laboring clouds
That when they vomit forth into the ai
My limbs may issue from their smok
mouths,
So that my soul may but ascend t
Heaven. [14
[*The clock strikes the half hou*
Ah, half the hour is past! 'Twill all b
past anon!
O God!
If thou wilt not have mercy on my soul
Yet, for Christ's sake, whose blood hat
ransomed me,
Impose some end to my incessant pain
Let Faustus live in hell a thousan
years— [15
A hundred thousand—and at last b
saved!
O, no end is limited to damnëd souls!
Why wert thou not a creature wantin
soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast
Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis! were
that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I b
changed [16
Unto some brutish beast! All beasts ar
happy,
For, when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolved in ele
ments;
But mine must live, still to be plagued
in hell.
Curst be the parents that engendered
me!— [169
No, Faustus: curse thyself: curse Lucifer
That hath deprived thee of the joys o
Heaven.
[*The clock strikes twelve.*
O, it strikes, it strikes! Now, body, turn
to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick[62] to hell.
[*Thunder and lightning.*

[60] O slowly, slowly run, ye horses of the night!
[61] B, Ah, rend.
[62] living.

O soul, be changed into little water-
drops, [179
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found.—

DEVILS *appear.*

My God! my God! look not so fierce
on me!
Adders and serpents, let me breathe
awhile!
Ugly hell, gape not! come not, Lucifer!
I'll burn my books!—Ah, Mephistophilis!
[*There is a dazzling blaze of lightning.*
When it clears away, FAUSTUS *and*
the DEVILS *have disappeared.* [190

Enter CHORUS.

CHO. Cut is the branch that might
have grown full straight,
And burnëd is Apollo's laurel bough,
That sometime grew within this learnëd
man.
Faustus is gone; regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the
wise [199
Only to wonder at unlawful things,
Whose deepness doth entice such forward
wits
To practice more than heavenly power
permits. [*Exit.*

Terminat hora diem, terminat auctor
opus.

FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

BY

ROBERT GREENE

INTRODUCTION

Incomparably the best of Greene's plays is "Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay," though an occasional voice has been raised in favor of "James IV." It first appeared in print in 1594, two years after the author's death, and other editions followed, in 1599, in 1630, and in 1655. We do not know when it was first staged. In February, 1591–2, it was acted by Strange's men; but it was not then a new play. Its original production was probably not later than 1589. It is usually supposed to have followed Marlowe's "Faustus," and to be a rival play to that masterpiece. That is more than probable, and, if so, it may be dated 1588–9 or thereabouts. That it has undergone some alteration or abbreviation seems to be indicated by the fact that in two scenes we find the Emperor accompanied by a Duke of Saxony, who is mute on the occasion of his only appearances. He may be presumed to have at first played some part in the drama. The title may perhaps point in the same direction; for Bungay's part is so insignificant that one wonders whether he may not originally have played a larger part. As the play stands, the name of Vandermast would have been more appropriately used. Yet again one is inclined to think that a scene must have dropped out in which Lacy decides to try Margaret, or one in which he is ordered to marry another. The post (IV 1) states that Lacy's affections have been determined by the King; but there is no other reference to such an occurrence. Unless we are to regard Greene as a very inefficient playwright, the natural inference is that either a scene has dropped out or the play has undergone alteration.

It must, however, be admitted that Greene has not shown much ability in the management of his plots. Though there are 16 scenes, the love interest ends in the eighth, and the story of the brazen head in the eleventh. In scene 10 a new story is introduced, that of Serlsby and Lambert; and this ends in 13. In that scene Bacon is really finished with, though he is dragged into the final scene to utter a prophecy. An endeavor is made to stretch out the play after the early ending of Margaret's love-story by a sham abandonment of the heroine by her lover; but this is very poorly managed. Throughout we are whizzed from one scene to another, without any being developed sufficiently. The penultimate scene is wretched stuff, introduced to please the groundlings.

The supreme attraction of the play is the character of Margaret. She is not a colorless damsel, depending upon her purity for our appreciation. She is coy not merely because she has a sense of the proprieties, but also because coyness is good business. She is sweet, lovable, loyal; but she knows what she wants and how best to attain her ends. She is altogether real, save only for one thing, her indulgence in rhetorical speeches and classical allusions. Here we feel that it is rather the dramatist who is speaking than Peggy herself, and our appreciation of the girl is not greatly affected—not nearly so much as our appreciation of her creator. When she is made, in a speech imitative of Marlowe, to give utterance to such a piece of absurd vanity as:

> As I am Helen in my matchless hue
> And set rich Suffolk with my face afire,

we realize that it is not Margaret herself speaking, but Greene. She might have thought that; she would never have said it, even to herself. (That passage, by the way, serves to show that the play followed "Faustus.")

It must not be overlooked that the introduction of Bacon's "prospective" glass enabled Greene to create a novel piece of stage technique, the projection into a scene of another, a distant, scene.

When one reaches the fourth scene (II 2), one may contrast its pompous rhetoric with the sweetness and comparative simplicity of much of what has preceded, where even the classical allusions are not stilted. There is no finer passage in the play than lines 85 to 144 of the opening scene. In IV 1, the euphuism of Lacy's letter is to be noted; and towards the close of the succeeding scene we have illustrated one of the artifices of the early verse-makers, five consecutive lines concluding with the word "end." Greene's literary affectations are, however, much less marked in his plays than in his prose stories.

The source is "The Famous History of Friar Bacon."

CHARACTERS

King Henry the Third.
Edward, Prince of Wales, *his son.*
The Emperor Frederick.
King of Castile.
Lacy, *Earl of Lincoln.*
Warren, *Earl of Sussex.*
Ermsby, *a gentleman.*
Ralph Simnell, *the King's Fool.*
Friar Bacon.
Miles, *Friar Bacon's poor scholar.*
Friar Bungay.
Jaques Vandermast, *a German.*
Burden, Mason, Clement — *Doctors of Oxford.*
Lambert, Serlsby — *gentlemen.*
Two Scholars, *their sons.*
The Keeper of Fressingfield.
A Friend of His.
Thomas, Richard — *farmers' sons.*
Constable.
A Post.
Elinor, *daughter to the King of Castil*
Margaret, *the Keeper's daughter Fressingfield.*
Joan, *a country wench.*
Hostess *of the Bell at Henley.*
A Devil.
Spirit *in the shape of* Hercules.
The Brazen Head.
Lords, Country Clowns, &c.

Scene: *England.*
Time: 13*th Century.*

THE HONORABLE HISTORY OF FRIAR BACON AND FRIAR BUNGAY

ACT ONE

Scene I

The scene is Framlingham. Prince Edward *(who, as* Edward I, *was destined to be one of* England's *very greatest Kings) is in a melancholy mood, having taken a violent fancy to the daughter of the keeper of his sire's estate of Fressingfield. With him are his comrades* Lacy, Warren, *and* Ermsby, *and the* King's *fool,* Ralph Simnell.

Lacy. Why looks my lord like to a troubled sky [11
When heaven's bright shine is shadowed with a fog?
Alate we ran the deer, and through the lawns
Stripped[1] with our nags the lofty frolic bucks
That scudded 'fore the teasers[2] like the wind. [19
Ne'er was the deer of merry Fressingfield
So lustily pulled down by jolly mates,
Nor shared the farmers such fat venison,
So frankly dealt, this hundred years before;
Nor have I seen my lord more frolic in the chase,
And now—changed to a melancholy dump.

War. After the prince got to the Keeper's lodge, [30
And had been jocund in the house awhile,
Tossing of ale and milk in country cans,
Whether it was the country's sweet content,
Or else the bonny damsel filled us drink,
That seemed so stately in her stammel[3] red,
Or that a qualm did cross his stomach then,— [39
But straight he fell into his passiöns.

Erms. Sirrah Ralph, what say you to your master?
Shall he thus, all amort, live malcontent?

Ralph. Hearest thou, Ned?—Nay, look if he will speak to me!

P. Edw. What say'st thou to me, fool?

Ralph. I prithee, tell me, Ned, art thou in love with the Keeper's daughter?

P. Edw. How if I be? what then? [49

Ralph. Why, then, sirrah, I'll teach thee how to deceive Love.

P. Edw. How, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, Sirrah Ned, thou shalt put on my cap and my coat and my dagger, and I will put on thy clothes and thy sword; and so thou shalt be my fool.

P. Edw. And what of this?

Ralph. Why, so thou shalt beguile Love; for Love is such a proud scab, that he will never meddle with fools nor [60 children. Is not Ralph's counsel good, Ned?

P. Edw. Tell me, Ned Lacy, didst thou mark the maid,
How lively in her country-weeds she looked?
A bonnier wench all Suffolk cannot yield—
All Suffolk! nay, all England holds none such. [70

Ralph. Sirrah Will Ermsby, Ned is deceived.

Erms. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. He says all England hath no such, and I say, and I'll stand to it, there is one better in Warwickshire.

War. How provest thou that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, is not the abbot a learned man, and hath read many books, and

[1] outstripped.
[2] dogs that roused the game.
[3] a woollen cloth.

thinkest thou he hath not more learn- [80
ing than thou to choose a bonny wench?
Yes, I warrant thee, by his whole gram-
mar.

ERMS. A good reason, Ralph.

P. EDW. I tell thee, Lacy, that her
sparkling eyes
Do lighten forth sweet love's alluring fire;
And in her tresses she doth fold the looks
Of such as gaze upon her golden hair;
Her bashful white, mixed with the morn-
ing's red, [91
Luna doth boast upon her lovely cheeks;
Her front is beauty's table, where she
paints
The glories of her gorgeous excellence;
Her teeth are shelves of precious mar-
garites,[4]
Richly enclosed with ruddy coral cliffs.
Tush, Lacy, she is Beauty's over-match,
If thou survey'st her curious imagery.[5]

LACY. I grant, my lord, the dam- [101
sel is as fair
As simple Suffolk's homely towns can
yield;
But in the court be quainter dames than
she,
Whose faces are enriched with honor's
taint,[6]
Whose beauties stand upon the stage of
Fame, [110
And vaunt their trophies in the Courts of
Love.

P. EDW. Ah, Ned, but hadst thou
watched her as myself,
And seen the secret beauties of the maid,
Their courtly coyness were but foolery.

ERMS. Why, how watched you her, my
lord?

P. EDW. Whenas she swept like Venus
through the house, [120
And in her shape fast folded up my
thoughts,
Into the milk-house went I with the maid,
And there amongst the cream-bowls she
did shine
As Pallas 'mongst her princely huswifery.
She turned her smock over her lily arms,
And dived them into milk to run her
cheese;
But, whiter than the milk, her crystal
skin, [131
Checked with lines of azure, made her
blush[7]
That art or nature durst bring for
compare.
Ermsby, if thou hadst seen, as I did note
it well,
How Beauty played the huswife, how this
girl,
Like Lucrece, laid her fingers to the [140
work,
Thou wouldst, with Tarquin, hazard
Rome and all
To win the lovely maid of Fressingfield.

RALPH. Sirrah Ned, wouldst fain have
her?

P. EDW. Ay, Ralph.

RALPH. Why, Ned, I have laid the plot
in my head; thou shalt have her already.

P. EDW. I'll give thee a new coat, [150
an learn me that.

RALPH. Why, Sirrah Ned, we'll ride to
Oxford to Friar Bacon. O, he is a brave
scholar, sirrah; they say he is a brave
nigromancer, that he can make women
of devils; and he can juggle cats into
costermongers.

P. EDW. And how then, Ralph?

RALPH. Marry, sirrah, thou shalt go to
him: and, because thy father Harry shall
not miss thee, he shall turn me into [161
thee; and I'll to the court, and I'll prince
it out; and he shall make thee either a
silken purse full of gold, or else a fine
wrought smock.

P. EDW. But how shall I have the maid?

RALPH. Marry, sirrah, if thou be'st a
silken purse full of gold, then on Sundays
she 'll hang thee by her side, and you
must not say a word. Now, sir, when she
comes into a great press of people, [171
for fear of the cutpurse, on a sudden
she'll swap thee into her plackerd; then,
sirrah, being there, you may plead for
yourself.

ERMS. Excellent policy!

[4] pearls.
[5] rare looks.
[6] tint.
[7] would have made that woman blush.

P. Edw. But how if I be a wrought smock?

Ralph. Then she'll put thee into her chest and lay thee into lavender, [180 and upon some good day she'll put thee on; and at night, when you go to bed, then, being turned from a smock to a man, you may make up the match.

Lacy. Wonderfully wisely counselled, Ralph.

P. Edw. Ralph shall have a new coat.

Ralph. God thank you when I have it on my back, Ned.

P. Edw. Lacy, the fool hath laid a [190 perfect plot;
For why our country Margaret is so coy,
And stands so much upon her honest points,
That marriage or no market with the maid.
Ermsby, it must be nigromantic spells
And charms of art that must enchain her love, [199
Or else shall Edward never win the girl.
Therefore, my wags, we'll horse us in the morn,
And post to Oxford to this jolly friar:
Bacon shall by his magic do this deed.

War. Content, my lord; and that's a speedy way
To wean these headstrong puppies from the teat.

P. Edw. I am unknown, not taken for the prince; [210
They only deem us frolic courtiers,
That revel thus among our liege's game;
Therefore I have devised a policy.
Lacy, thou know'st next Friday is Saint James',[8]
And then the country flocks to Harleston fair;
Then will the Keeper's daughter frolic there, [219
And over-shine the troop of all the maids
That come to see and to be seen that day.
Haunt thee disguised among the country-swains,
Feign th' art a farmer's son, not far from thence,
Espy her loves, and who she liketh best;
Cote[9] him, and court her, to control[10] the clown.
Say that the courtier 'tirëd all in green,
That helped her handsomely to run [230 her cheese,
And filled her father's lodge with venison,
Commends him, and sends fairings to herself.
Buy something worthy of her parentage,
Not worth her beauty; for, Lacy, then the fair
Affords no jewel fitting for the maid.
And when thou talk'st of me, note if she blush; [240
O, then she loves: but, if her cheeks wax pale,
Disdain it is. Lacy, send how she fares,
And spare no time nor cost to win her loves.

Lacy. I will, my lord, so execute this charge
As if that Lacy were in love with her.

P. Edw. Send letters speedily to Oxford of the news. [250

Ralph. And, Sirrah Lacy, buy me a thousand million of fine bells.

Lacy. What wilt thou do with them, Ralph?

Ralph. Marry, every time that Ned sighs for the Keeper's daughter, I'll tie a bell about him; and so within three or four days I will send word to his father Harry that his son and my master Ned is become Love's morris-dance. [260

P. Edw. Well, Lacy, look with care unto thy charge,
And I will haste to Oxford to the friar,
That he by art and thou by secret gifts
Mayst make me lord of merry Fressingfield.

Lacy. God send your honor your heart's desire.

Scene II

Now we see the famous scholar, Roger Bacon *(one of the outstanding intellects of the Middle Ages), in his cell at Brazenose College, Oxford. He has with him* Miles, *who is his "poor scholar" in more than one sense, and three Oxford*

[8] Saint James' Day, July 25.

[9] Keep beside.

[10] defeat.

doctors, BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT. MILES *has books under his arm. He is a subsizer (one who receives free board and lodging and tuition in return for the performance of menial services).* [11

BACON'S *age, incapable of comprehending his greatness, accused him of traffic with the Devil, and this play exhibits a conception of him not very much in advance of that.*

BACON. Miles, where are you?

MILES. *Hic sum, doctissime et reverendissime doctor.* [19

BACON. *Attulisti nos libros meos de necromantia?*

MILES. *Ecce quam bonum et quam jucundum habitare libros in unum!*

BACON. Now, masters of our academic state,
That rule in Oxford, viceroys in your place,
Whose heads contain maps of the liberal arts,
Spending your time in depth of learned skill, [31
Why flock you thus to Bacon's secret cell,
A friar newly stalled in Brazen-nose?
Say what's your mind, that I may make reply.

BURD. Bacon, we hear that[11] long we have suspect,
That thou art read in magic's mystery;
In pyromancy, to divine by flames;
To tell, by hydromancy, ebbs and tides;
By aeromancy to discover doubts, [41
To plain out questions, as Apollo did.

BACON. Well, Master Burden, what of all this?

MILES. Marry, sir, he doth but fulfil, by rehearsing of these names, the fable of the Fox and the Grapes; that which is above us pertains nothing to us.

BURD. I tell thee, Bacon, Oxford makes report, [50
Nay, England, and the court of Henry says,
Thou'rt making of a brazen head by art,
Which shall unfold strange doubts and aphorisms,
And read a lecture in philosophy;
And, by the help of devils and ghastly fiends,
Thou mean'st, ere many years or days be past, [60
To compass England with a wall of brass.

BACON. And what of this?

MILES. What of this, master! Why, he doth speak mystically; for he knows, if your skill fail to make a brazen head, yet Mother Waters' strong ale will fit his turn to make him have a copper nose.

CLEM. Bacon, we come not grieving at thy skill, [69
But joying that our académy yields
A man supposed the wonder of the world;
For, if thy cunning work these miracles,
England and Europe shall admire thy fame,
And Oxford shall in characters of brass,
And statues, such as were built up in Rome,
Etérnize Friar Bacon for his art.

MASON. Then, gentle friar, tell us thy intent. [81

BACON. Seeing you come as friends unto the friar,
Resolve you,[12] doctors, Bacon can by books
Make storming Boreas thunder from his cave,
And dim fair Luna to a dark eclipse.
The great arch-ruler, potentate of hell,
Trembles when Bacon bids him or his fiends [91
Bow to the force of his pentageron.[13]
What art can work, the frolic friar knows;
And therefore will I turn my magic books,
And strain out necromancy to the deep.
I have contrived and framed a head of brass
(I made Belcephon hammer out the stuff), [100
And that by art shall read philosophy;
And I will strengthen England by my skill,
That, if ten Cæsars lived and reigned in Rome,
With all the legions Europe doth contain,

[11] that which.

[12] Be assured.

[13] pentagram.

They should not touch a grass of English ground. [108
The work that Ninus reared at Babylon,
The brazen walls framed by Semiramis,
Carved out like to the portal of the sun,
Shall not be such as rings the English strand
From Dover to the market-place of Rye.

BURD. Is this possible?

MILES. I'll bring ye two or three witnesses.

BURD. What be those?

MILES. Marry, sir, three or four as honest devils and good companions as any be in hell. [121

MASON. No doubt but magic may do much in this;
For he that reads but mathematic rules
Shall find conclusions that avail to work
Wonders that pass the common sense of men.

BURD. But Bacon roves a bow beyond his reach,
And tells of more than magic can perform, [131
Thinking to get a fame by fooleries.
Have I not passed as far in state of schools,
And read of many secrets? Yet to think
That heads of brass can utter any voice,
Or more, to tell of deep philosophy:
This is a fable Æsop had forgot.

BACON. Burden, thou wrong'st me in detracting thus; [140
Bacon loves not to stuff himself with lies.
But tell me 'fore these doctors, if thou dare,
Of certain questions I shall move to thee.

BURD. I will: ask what thou can.

MILES. Marry, sir, he'll straight be on your pick-pack,[14] to know whether the feminine or the masculine gender be most worthy. [149

BACON. Were you not yesterday, Master Burden, at Henley upon the Thames?

BURD. I was; what then?

BACON. What book studied you thereon all night?

[14] on you, pick-a-back.

BURD. I! none at all; I read not there a line.

BACON. Then, doctors, Friar Bacon's art knows naught.

CLEM. What say you to this, Master Burden? Doth he not touch you? [160

BURD. I pass not of[15] his frivolous speeches.

MILES. Nay, Master Burden, my master, ere he hath done with you, will turn you from a doctor to a dunce, and shake you so small, that he will leave no more learning in you than is in Balaam's ass.

BACON. Masters, for that learn'd Burden's skill is deep, [169
And sore he doubts of Bacon's cabalism,
I'll show you why he haunts to Henley oft:
Not, doctors, for to taste the fragrant air,
But there to spend the night in alchemy,
To multiply with secret spells of art;
Thus private steals he learning from us all.
To prove my sayings true, I'll show you straight [179
The book he keeps at Henley for himself.

MILES. Nay, now my master goes to conjuration, take heed.

BACON. Masters, stand still, fear not, I'll show you but his book.

[*He conjures.*

Per omnes deos infernales, Belcephon!

As a result of his conjuring, the HOSTESS *of the Bell at Henley and a* DEVIL *are precipitated upon the scene. The* HOSTESS *has a shoulder of mutton upon a spit.* [191

MILES. O master, cease your conjuration, or you spoil all; for here's a she-devil come with a shoulder of mutton on a spit. You have marred the devil's supper; but no doubt he thinks our college fare is slender, and so hath sent you his cook with a shoulder of mutton, to make it exceed.

HOSTESS. O, where am I, or what's become of me? [201

BACON. What art thou?

HOSTESS. Hostess at Henley, mistress of the Bell.

[15] heed not.

Bacon. How camest thou here?
Hostess. As I was in the kitchen 'mongst the maids,
Spitting the meat 'gainst supper for my guests, [209
A motion moved me to look forth of door:
No sooner had I pried into the yard,
But straight a whirlwind hoisted me from thence,
And mounted me aloft unto the clouds.
As in a trance, I thought nor fearëd naught,
Nor know I where or whither I was ta'en,
Nor where I am, nor what these persons be. [219
Bacon. No? Know you not Master Burden?
Hostess. O, yes, good sir, he is my daily guest.—
What, Master Burden! 'twas but yesternight
That you and I at Henley played at cards.
Burd. I know not what we did. <A pox on all conjuring friars!> [229
Clem. Now, jolly friar, tell us, is this the book
That Burden is so careful to look on?
Bacon. It is.—But, Burden, tell me now,
Think'st thou that Bacon's necromantic skill
Cannot perform his head and wall of brass,
When he can fetch thine hostess in such post? [240
Miles. I'll warrant you, master, if Master Burden could conjure as well as you, he would have his book every night from Henley to study on at Oxford.
Mason. Burden,
What, are you mated by this frolic friar?—
Look how he droops; his guilty conscïence [250
Drives him to 'bash,[16] and makes his hostess blush.
Bacon. Well, mistress, for I will not have you missed,
You shall to Henley, to cheer up your guests
'Fore supper 'gin.—Burden, bid her adieu;
Say farewell to your hostess 'fore she goes.— [260
Sirrah, away, and set her safe at home.
Hostess. Master Burden, when shall we see you at Henley?
[*The* Hostess *and the* Devil *vanish as mysteriously as they came.*
Burd. The devil take thee and Henley too!
Miles. Master, shall I make a good motion?
Bacon. What's that? [270
Miles. Marry, sir, now that my hostess is gone to provide supper, conjure up another spirit, and send Doctor Burden flying after.
Bacon. Thus, rulers of our academic state,
You have seen the friar frame his art by proof;
And, as the college callëd Brazen-nose
Is under him, and he the master [280 there,
So surely shall this head of brass be framed
And yield forth strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And hell and Hecate shall fail the friar,
But I will circle England round with brass.
Miles. So be it *et nunc et semper*, amen.

ACT TWO

Scene I

Margaret *and* Joan *are in the vicinity of Harleston Fair in the company of* Thomas, Richard, *and other Clowns.* Lacy *is also with them, disguised as a countryman.*

Thom. By my troth, Margaret, here's a weather is able to make a man call his father "whoreson": if this weather hold, we shall have hay good cheap, and butter and cheese at Harleston will bear no [10 price.

[16] be abashed.

MAR. Thomas, maids when they come to see the fair
Count not to make a cope[1] for dearth of hay;
When we have turned our butter to the salt,
And set our cheese safely upon the racks,
Then let our fathers price it as they please.
We country sluts of merry Fressingfield
Come to buy needless naughts, to [21
make us fine,
And look that young men should be frank this day,
And court us with such fairings as they can.
Phœbus is blithe, and frolic looks from heaven,
As when he courted lovely Semele,
Swearing the pedlars shall have [30
empty packs,
If that fair weather may make chapmen buy.
LACY. But, lovely Peggy, Semele is dead,
And therefore Phœbus from his palace pries,
And, seeing such a sweet and seemly saint, [39
Shows all his glories for to court yourself.
MAR. This is a fairing, gentle sir, indeed,
To soothe me up with such smooth flattery;
But learn of me, your scoff's too broad before.[2]—
Well, Joan, our beauties must abide their jests;
We serve the turn in jolly Fressingfield.
JOAN. Marg'ret, [50
A farmer's daughter for a farmer's son:
I warrant you, the meanest of us both
Shall have a mate to lead us from the church.—
But, Thomas, what's the news? What, in a dump?
Give me your hand; we are near a pedlar's shop;
Out with your purse; we must have fairings now. [60

[1] bargain.
[2] too obvious.

THOM. Faith, Joan, and shall. I'll bestow a fairing on you; and then we will to the tavern and snap off a pint of wine or two.

[*While* JOAN *and* THOMAS *have been engaged in this colloquy,* LACY *has been whispering to* MARGARET.

MAR. Whence are you, sir? Of Suffolk? For your terms [69
Are finer than the common sort of men.
LACY. Faith, lovely girl, I am of Beccles by,
Your neighbor, not above six miles from hence,
A farmer's son, that never was so quaint[3]
But that he could do courtesy to such dames.
But trust me, Margaret, I am sent in charge [79
From him that revelled in your father's house,
And filled his lodge with cheer and venison,
Tired in green. He sent you this rich purse,
His token that he helped you run your cheese,
And in the milkhouse chatted with yourself. [89
MAR. To me? You forget yourself.
LACY. Women are often weak in memory.
MAR. O, pardon, sir, I call to mind the man.
'Twere little manners to refuse his gift;
And yet I hope he sends it not for love;
For we have little leisure to debate of that.
JOAN. What, Marg'ret! blush not; maids must have their loves. [100
THOM. Nay, by the mass, she looks pale, as if she were angry.
RICH. Sirrah, are you of Beccles? I pray, how doth Goodman Cob? My father bought a horse of him.—I'll tell you, Margaret, 'a were good to be a gentleman's jade, for of all things the foul hilding could not abide a doong-cart.
MAR. <How different is this farmer from the rest [110

[3] fastidious.

That erst as yet have pleased my wandering sight!
His words are witty, quickened with a smile,
His courtesy gentle, smelling of the court;
Facile and debonair in all his deeds,
Proportioned as was Paris, when, in grey,[4]
He courted Œnon in the vale by Troy.
Great lords have come and pleaded for my love: [121
Who but the Keeper's lass of Fressingfield?
And yet methinks this farmer's jolly son
Passeth the proudest that hath pleased mine eye.
But, Peg, disclose not that thou art in love,
And show as yet no sign of love to him,
Although thou well wouldst wish him for thy love; [131
Keep that to thee till time doth serve thy turn,
To show the grief wherein thy heart doth burn.>
Come, Joan and Thomas, shall we to the fair?—
You, Beccles man, will not forsake us now? [139

LACY. Not whilst I may have such quaint[5] girls as you.

MAR. Well, if you chance to come by Fressingfield,
Make but a step into the Keeper's lodge,
And such poor fare as woodmen can afford,
Butter and cheese, cream and fat venison,
You shall have store, and welcome therewithal. [149

LACY. Gramercies, Peggy; look for me ere long. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

KING HENRY *welcomes to Hampton Court the* EMPEROR, *the* KING OF CASTILE, ELINOR, *and* VANDERMAST.

K. HEN. Great men of Europe, monarchs of the west,
Ringed with the walls of old Oceanus,
Whose lofty surge is like the battlements
That compassed high-built Babel in with towers,
Welcome, my lords, welcome, brave western kings, [11
To England's shore, whose promontory cliffs
Show Albion is another little world;
Welcome says English Henry to you all;
Chiefly unto the lovely Elinor,
Who dared for Edward's sake cut through the seas,
And venture as Agenor's damsel through the deep, [20
To get the love of Henry's wanton son.

K. OF CAST. England's rich monarch, brave Plantagenet,
The Pyren Mounts swelling above the clouds,
That ward the wealthy Castile in with walls,
Could not detain the beauteous Elinor;
But, hearing of the fame of Edward's youth, [30
She dared to brook Neptunus' haughty pride,
And bide the brunt of froward Æolus.
Then may fair England welcome her the more.

ELIN. After that English Henry by his lords
Had sent Prince Edward's lovely counterfeit,[6] [39
A present to the Castile Elinor,
The comely portrait of so brave a man,
The virtuous fame discoursëd of his deeds,
Edward's courageous resolutiön,
Done at the Holy Land 'fore Damas'[7] walls,
Led both mine eye and thoughts in equal links
To like so of the English monarch's son
That I attempted perils for his sake. [50

EMP. Where is the prince, my lord?

K. HEN. He posted down, not long since, from the court,
To Suffolk side, to merry Framlingham,
To sport himself amongst my fallow deer;
From thence, by packets sent to Hampton-house,

[4] as a shepherd.
[5] rare.
[6] portrait. [7] Damascus'.

We hear the prince is ridden with his lords [59
To Oxford, in the académy there
To hear dispute amongst the learnëd men;
But we will send forth letters for my son,
To will him come from Oxford to the court.
EMP. Nay, rather, Henry, let us, as we be,
Ride for to visit Oxford with our train.
Fain would I see your universities,
And what learn'd men your académy yields. [70
From Hapsburg have I brought a learnëd clerk
To hold dispute with English orators.
This doctor, surnamed Jaques Vandermast,
A German born, passed into Padua,
To Florence and to fair Bologna,[8]
To Paris, Rheims, and stately Orleans,
And, talking there with men of art, put down [80
The chiefest of them all in aphorisms,[9]
In magic, and the mathematic rules:
Now let us, Henry, try him in your schools.
K. HEN. He shall, my lord; this motion likes me well.
We'll progress straight to Oxford with our trains,
And see what men our académy brings.—
And, wonder Vandermast, welcome to [90 me.
In Oxford shalt thou find a jolly friar
Called Friar Bacon, England's only flower.
Set him but nonplus in his magic spells,
And make him yield in mathematic rules,
And, for thy glory, I will bind thy brows,
Not with a poet's garland made of bays,
But with a coronet of choicest gold.
Whilst,[10] then, we f[l]it to Oxford with our troops, [101
Let's in and banquet in our English court. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In one of the streets of Oxford, RALPH, *in the* PRINCE'S *apparel, is playing the part of the* PRINCE, *while the* PRINCE, ERMSBY, *and* WARREN, *all in disguise, wait upon him.*

RALPH. Where be these vagabond knaves, that they attend no better on their master?

P. EDW. If it please your honor, we are all ready at an inch.[11] [10

RALPH. Sirrah Ned, I'll have no more post-horse to ride on. I'll have another fetch.[12]

ERMS. I pray you, how is that, my lord?

RALPH. Marry, sir, I'll send to the Isle of Ely for four or five dozen of geese, and I'll have them tied six and six together with whip-cord. Now upon their backs will I have a fair field-bed [20 with a canopy; and so, when it is my pleasure, I'll flee into what place I please. This will be easy.

WAR. Your honor hath said well; but shall we to Brazen-nose College before we pull off our boots?

ERMS. Warren, well motioned; we will to the friar
Before we revel it within the town.—
Ralph, see you keep your countenance, like a prince. [31

RALPH. Wherefore have I such a company of cutting[13] knaves to wait upon me, but to keep and defend my countenance against all mine enemies? Have you not good swords and bucklers?

Enter BACON *and* MILES.

ERMS. Stay, who comes here?

WAR. Some scholar, and we'll ask him where Friar Bacon is. [40

BACON. Why, thou arrant dunce, shall I never make thee good scholar? Doth not all the town cry out and say, Friar Bacon's subsizer is the greatest blockhead in all Oxford? Why, thou canst not speak one word of true Latin.

MILES. No, sir? yes. What is this else? *Ego sum tuus homo,* "I am your man": I warrant you, sir, as good Tully's phrase as any is in Oxford. [50

[8] pronounced here Bol-o-ni-a.
[9] Definitions of scientific principles.
[10] until.
[11] at hand.
[12] trick.
[13] swaggering.

BACON. Come on, sirrah; what part of speech is *Ego?*

MILES. *Ego*, that is "I"; marry, *nomen substantivo.*

BACON. How prove you that?

MILES. Why, sir, let him prove himself an 'a will; "I" can be heard, felt, and understood.

BACON. O gross dunce! [*Beats him.*

P. EDW. Come, let us break off [60 this dispute between these two.—Sirrah, where is Brazen-nose College?

MILES. Not far from Coppersmith's Hall.

P. EDW. What, dost thou mock me?

MILES. Not I, sir: but what would you at Brazen-nose?

ERMS. Marry, we would speak with Friar Bacon.

MILES. Whose men be you? [70

ERMS. Marry, scholar, here's our master.

RALPH. Sirrah, I am the master of these good fellows; mayst thou not know me to be a lord by my reparrel?

MILES. Then here's good game for the hawk; for here's the master-fool and a covey of coxcombs. One wise man, I think, would spring you all.

P. EDW. Gog's wounds! Warren, kill him. [81

WAR. Why, Ned, I think the devil be in my sheath; I cannot get out my dagger.

ERMS. Nor I mine. 'Swounds, Ned, I think I am bewitched.

MILES. A company of scabs! The proudest of you all draw your weapon, if he can. <See how boldly I speak, now my master is by.> [90

P. EDW. I strive in vain; but, if my sword be shut
And conjured fast by magic in my sheath,
Villain, here is my fist.
[*Gives* MILES *a box on the ear.*

MILES, *to* BACON. O, I beseech you conjure his hands too, that he may not lift his arms to his head, he is light-fingered! [99

RALPH. Ned, strike him; I'll warrant thee by mine honor.

BACON. What means the English prince to wrong my man?

P. EDW. To whom speak'st thou?

BACON. To thee.

P. EDW. Who art thou?

BACON. Could you not judge, when all your swords grew fast,
That Friar Bacon was not far from hence? [110
Edward, King Henry's son and Prince of Wales,
Thy fool disguise cannot conceal thyself.
I know both Ermsby and the Sussex Earl,
Else Friar Bacon had but little skill.
Thou com'st in post from merry Fressingfield,
Fast-fancied to the Keeper's bonny lass,
To crave some succor of the jolly [120 friar;
And Lacy, Earl of Lincoln, hast thou left
To treat[14] fair Marg'ret to allow thy loves;
~~But friends are men, and love can baffle~~ lords; was
The earl both woos and courts her for himself.

WAR. <Ned, this is strange; the friar knoweth all. [130

ERMS. Apollo could not utter more than this.

P. EDW. I stand amazed to hear this jolly friar
Tell even the very secrets of my thoughts.>
But, learnëd Bacon, since thou know'st the cause [138
Why I did post so fast from Fressingfield
Help, friar, at a pinch, that I may have
The love of lovely Marg'ret to myself,
And, as I am true Prince of Wales, I'll give
Living and lands to strength thy college state.

WAR. Good friar, help the prince in this.

RALPH. Why, servant Ned, will not the friar do it? Were not my sword glued to my scabbard by conjuration, I [150

[14] entreat.

would cut off his head, and make him do it by force.

MILES. In faith, my lord, your manhood and your sword is all alike; they are so fast conjured that we shall never see them.

ERMS. What, doctor, in a dump? Tush, help the prince,
And thou shalt see how liberal he will prove. [160

BACON. Crave not such actions greater dumps than these?
I will, my lord, strain out my magic spells;
For this day comes the earl to Fressingfield,
And, 'fore that night shuts in the day with dark,
They'll be betrothëd each to other fast.
But come with me; we'll to my study straight, [171
And in a glass prospective I will show
What's done this day in merry Fressingfield.

P. EDW. Gramercies, Bacon; I will 'quite thy pain.

BACON. But send your train, my lord, into the town;
My scholar shall go bring them to their inn. [180
Meanwhile we'll see the knavery of the earl.

P. EDW. Warren, leave me; and Ermsby. Take the fool;
Let him be master, and go revel it,
Till I and Friar Bacon talk awhile.

WAR. We will, my lord.

RALPH. Faith, Ned, and I'll lord it out till thou comest. I'll be Prince of Wales over all the black-pots[15] in Oxford. [191

[*He goes out one way with* WARREN *and* ERMSBY, *while the others depart in the contrary direction.*

SCENE IV

BACON *leads the* PRINCE *into his cell.*

BACON. Now, frolic Edward, welcome to my cell.
Here tempers Friar Bacon many toys,
And holds this place his consistory-court,
Wherein the devils plead homage to his words.
Within this glass prospective thou shalt see
This day what's done in merry Fressingfield [11
'Twixt lovely Peggy and the Lincoln Earl.

P. EDW. Friar, thou glad'st me. Now shall Edward try
How Lacy meaneth to his sovereign lord.

BACON. Stand there and look directly in the glass.

On the rear stage, MARGARET *and* BUNGAY *appear, to represent what the* PRINCE *sees in the magic glass. It is to be* [20 *understood that, though he sees them, he does not hear what they say.*

What sees my lord?

P. EDW. I see the Keeper's lovely lass appear,
As brightsome[16] as the paramour of Mars,
Only attended by a jolly friar.

BACON. Sit still, and keep the crystal in your eye. [30

MAR. But tell me, Friar Bungay, is it true
That this fair courteous country swain,
Who says his father is a farmer nigh,
Can be Lord Lacy, Earl of Lincolnshire?

BUN. Peggy, 'tis true; 'tis Lacy, for my life,
Or else mine art and cunning both doth fail;
Left by Prince Edward to procure his loves; [41
For he in green, that holp you run your cheese,
Is son to Henry, and the Prince of Wales.

MAR. Be what he will, his lure is but for lust;
But did Lord Lacy like poor Margaret,
Or would he deign to wed a country lass,
Friar, I would his humble handmaid be,
And for great wealth 'quite him with courtesy. [51

BUN. Why, Margaret, dost thou love him?

[15] wine jars.

[16] B., bright-sunne.

MAR. His personage, like the pride of vaunting Troy,
Might well avouch to shadow[17] Helen's rape:
His wit is quick and ready in conceit,
As Greece afforded in her chiefest prime:
Courteous, ah, friar, full of pleasing smiles!
Trust me, I love too much to tell thee more;
Suffice to me he's England's paramour.
BUN. Hath not each eye that viewed thy pleasing face
Surnamëd thee Fair Maid of Fressingfield?
MAR. Yes, Bungay; and would God the lovely earl
Had that in *esse* that so many sought.
BUN. Fear not, the friar will not be behind
To show his cunning to entangle love.
P. EDW. I think the friar courts the bonny wench;
Bacon, methinks he is a lusty churl.
BACON. Now look, my lord.

To MARGARET *and the* FRIAR, LACY *enters, disguised as before.*

P. EDW. Gog's wounds, Bacon, here comes Lacy!
BACON. Sit still, my lord, and mark the comedy.
BUN. <Here's Lacy, Margaret; step aside awhile.> [*They withdraw.*
LACY, *not seeing them.* Daphne, the damsel that caught Phœbus fast,
And locked him in the brightness of her looks,
Was not so beauteous in Apollo's eyes
As is fair Marg'ret to the Lincoln Earl.
Recant thee, Lacy, thou art put in trust:
Edward, thy sovereign's son, hath chosen thee,
A secret friend, to court her for himself,
And dar'st thou wrong thy prince with treachery?
Lacy, love makes no exception of a friend,
Nor deems it of a prince but as a man.
Honor bids thee control[18] him in his lust;
His wooing is not for to wed the girl,
But to entrap her and beguile the lass
Lacy, thou lov'st, then brook not such abuse,
But wed her, and abide thy prince's frown;
For better die than see her live disgraced
MAR. <Come, friar, I will shake him from his dumps.>
[*Comes forward*
How cheer you, sir? A penny for your thought!
You're early up; pray God it be the near.[19]
What, come from Beccles in a morn so soon?
LACY. Thus watchful are such men as live in love,
Whose eyes brook broken slumbers for their sleep.
I tell thee, Peggy, since last Harleston fair
My mind hath felt a heap of passiöns.
MAR. A trusty man, that court it for your friend!
Woo you still for the courtier all in green?
I marvel that he sues not for himself.
LACY. Peggy,
I pleaded first to get your grace for him;
But, when mine eyes surveyed your beauteous looks,
Love, like a wag, straight dived into my heart,
And there did shrine the idea of yourself.
Pity me, though I be a farmer's son,
And measure not my riches, but my love.
MAR. You are very hasty; for, to garden well,
Seeds must have time to sprout before they spring:
Love ought to creep as doth the dial's shade,
For timely[20] ripe is rotten too, too soon.
BUN., *coming forward.* *Deus hic*; room for a merry friar!
What, youth of Beccles, with the Keeper's lass?
'Tis well, but tell me, hear you any news?

[17] excuse.
[18] check.
[19] Pray God your wishes be the nearer fruition.
[20] prematurely.

MAR. No, friar. What news?
BUN. Hear you not how the pursuivants do post
With proclamations through each country-town?
LACY. For what, gentle friar? Tell the news.
BUN. Dwell'st thou in Beccles, and hear'st not of these news? [161
Lacy, the Earl of Lincoln, is late fled
From Windsor court, disguisëd like a swain,
And lurks about the country here unknown.
Henry suspects him of some treachery,
And therefore doth proclaim in every way,
That who can take the Lincoln Earl shall have, [171
Paid in the Exchequer, twenty thousand crowns.
LACY. The Earl of Lincoln! Friar, thou art mad.
It was some other; thou mistak'st the man.
The Earl of Lincoln! Why, it cannot be.
MAR. Yes, very well, my lord, for you are he: [180
The Keeper's daughter took you prisoner.
Lord Lacy, yield, I'll be your gaoler once.
P. EDW. How familiar they be, Bacon!
BACON. Sit still, and mark the sequel of their loves.
LACY. Then am I double prisoner to thyself.
Peggy, I yield. But are these news in jest? [191
MAR. In jest with you, but earnest unto me;
For why, these wrongs do wring me at the heart.
Ah, how these earls and noblemen of birth
Flatter and feign, to forge poor women's ill! [199
LACY. Believe me, lass, I am the Lincoln Earl;
I not deny but, 'tired thus in rags,
I lived disguised to win fair Peggy's love.
MAR. What love is there where wedding ends not love?
LACY. I meant, fair girl, to make thee Lacy's wife.
MAR. I little think that earls will stoop so low.
LACY. Say, shall I make thee countess ere I sleep? [211
MAR. Handmaid unto the earl, so please himself;
A wife in name, but servant in obedience.
LACY. The Lincoln Countess, for it shall be so:
I'll plight the bands, and seal it with a kiss.
P. EDW. Gog's wounds, Bacon, they kiss! I'll stab them. [221
BACON. O, hold your hands, my lord; it is the glass!
P. EDW. Choler to see the traitors 'gree so well
Made me think the shadows substances.
BACON. 'Twere a long poniard, my lord to reach between Oxford and Fressingfield; but sit still and see more. [230
BUN. Well, Lord of Lincoln, if your loves be knit,
And that your tongues and thoughts do both agree,
To avoid ensuing jars, I'll hamper up the match.
I'll take my portace[21] forth and wed you here:
Then go to bed and seal[22] up your desires. [240
LACY. Friar, content.—Peggy, how like you this?
MAR. What likes my lord is pleasing unto me.
BUN. Then hand-fast hand, and I will to my book.
BACON. What sees my lord now?
P. EDW. Bacon, I see the lovers hand in hand, [249
The friar ready with his portace there
To wed them both: then am I quite undone.

21 breviary. 22 B., scale.

Bacon, help now, if e'er thy magic served;
Help, Bacon! Stop the marriage now,
If devils or necromancy may suffice,
And I will give thee forty thousand crowns.
BACON. Fear not, my lord, I'll stop the jolly friar
For mumbling up his orisons this day.
LACY. Why speak'st not, Bungay? Friar, to thy book.
[BUNGAY *is so tongue-tied that all he can say is "Hud, hud."*
MAR. How look'st thou, friar, as a man distraught?
Reft of thy senses, Bungay? Show by signs,
If thou be dumb, what passions holdeth thee.
LACY. He's dumb indeed. Bacon hath with his devils
Enchanted him, or else some strange disease
Or apoplexy hath possessed his lungs.
But, Peggy, what he cannot with his book,
We'll 'twixt us both unite it up in heart.
MAR. Else let me die, my lord, a miscreant.
P. EDW. Why stands Friar Bungay so amazed?
BACON. I have struck him dumb, my lord; and, if your honor please,
I'll fetch this Bungay straightway from Fressingfield
And he shall dine with us in Oxford here.
P. EDW. Bacon, do that, and thou contentest me.
LACY. Of courtesy, Marg'ret, let us lead the friar
Unto thy father's lodge, to comfort him
With broths, to bring him from this hapless trance.
MAR. Or else, my lord, we were passing unkind
To leave the friar so in his distress.

But MARGARET'S *sympathetic consideration is thwarted by the entry of a Devil, who carries off the* FRIAR *on his back. (The Elizabethans had not attained the knowledge of how to get characters off the stage in a smoke-screen.) The end of the* FRIAR'S *adventure is not revealed to us.*

O help, my lord! a devil, a devil, my lord!
Look how he carries Bungay on his back!
Let's hence, for Bacon's spirits be abroad. [*Exit with* LACY.
P. EDW. Bacon, I laugh to see the jolly friar
Mounted upon the devil, and how the earl
Flees with his bonny lass for fear.
As soon as Bungay is at Brazen-nose,
And I have chatted with the merry friar,
I will in post hie me to Fressingfield,
And 'quite these wrongs on Lacy ere 't be long.
BACON. So be it, my lord; but let us to our dinner;
For, ere we have taken our repast awhile,
We shall have Bungay brought to Brazen-nose. [*Exeunt.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

BURDEN, MASON, *and* CLEMENT *are met in the Regent-house, Oxford, to discuss the royal visit to the University.*

MASON. Now that we are gathered in the Regent-house,
It fits us talk about the king's repair,[1]
For he, trooped with all the western kings
That lie alongst the Dantzic seas by east,
North by the clime of frosty Germany,
The Almain[2] monarch, and the Saxon duke,
Castile and lovely Elinor with him,
Have in their jests[3] resolved for Oxford town.
BURD. We must lay plots of stately tragedies,
Strange comic shows, such as proud Roscius
Vaunted before the Roman emperors,
To welcome all the western potentates.
CLEM. But more; the king by letters hath foretold

[1] visit. [2] German. [3] doings.

That Frederick, the Almain emperor,
Hath brought with him a German of esteem,
Whose surname is Don Jaques Vandermast,
Skilful in magic and those secret arts.
MASON. Then must we all make suit unto the friar, [31
To Friar Bacon, that he vouch this task,
And undertake to countervail in skill
The German; else there's none in Oxford can
Match and dispute with learnëd Vandermast.
BURD. Bacon, if he will hold the German play,
Will teach him what an English friar can do. [41
The devil, I think, dare not dispute with him.
CLEM. Indeed, Mas[ter] doctor, he [dis]pleasured you,
In that he brought your hostess with her spit
From Henley posting unto Brazen-nose.
BURD. A vengeance on the friar for his pains! [50
But, leaving that, let's hie to Bacon straight,
To see if he will take this task in hand.
CLEM. Stay, what rumor[4] is this? The town is up in a mutiny. What hurly-burly is this?

Enter a CONSTABLE, *with* RALPH, WARREN, ERMSBY, *all three disguised as before, and* MILES. [59

CONS. Nay, masters, if you were ne'er so good, you shall before the doctors to answer your misdemeanor.
BURD. What's the matter, fellow?
CONS. Marry, sir, here's a company of rufflers, that, drinking in the tavern, have made a great brawl, and almost killed the vintner.
MILES. *Salve,* Doctor Burden!
This lubberly lurden,
Ill-shaped and ill-faced, [70
Disdained and disgraced,
What he tells unto *vobis*
Mentitur de nobis.
BURD. Who is the master and chief of this crew?
MILES. *Ecce asinum mundi*
Figura rotundi,
Neat, sheat, and fine,
As brisk as a cup of wine.
BURD., *to* RALPH. What are you? [80
RALPH. I am, father doctor, as a man would say, the bell-wether of this company; these are my lords, and I the Prince of Wales.
CLEM. Are you Edward, the king's son?
RALPH. Sirrah Miles, bring hither the tapster that drew the wine, and, I warrant, when they see how soundly I have broke his head, they'll say 'twas done by no less man than a prince. [91
MASON. I cannot believe that this is the Prince of Wales.
WAR. And why so, sir?
MASON. For they say the prince is a brave and a wise gentleman.
WAR. Why, and think'st thou, doctor, that he is not so?
Dar'st thou detract and derogate from him, [100
Being so lovely and so brave a youth?
ERMS. Whose face, shining with many a sugared smile,
Bewrays that he is bred of princely race.
MILES. And yet, master doctor,
To speak like a proctor,
And tell unto you
What is veriment and true,
To cease of this quarrel,
Look but on his apparel; [110
Then mark but my talis,
He is great Prince of Walis,
The chief of our *gregis,*
And *filius regis:*
Then 'ware what is done,
For he is Henry's white[5] son.
RALPH. Doctors, whose doting nightcaps are not capable of my ingenious dignity, know that I am Edward Plantagenet, whom if you displease will make a [120 ship that shall hold all your colleges, and so carry away the niniversity with a

[4] noise.
[5] dear.

fair wind to the Bankside in Southwark.
—How sayest thou, Ned Warren, shall
I not do it?

War. Yes, my good lord; and, if it please your lordship, I will gather up all your old pantofles, and with the cork make you a pinnace of five-hundred ton, that shall serve the turn marvellous well, my lord. [131

Erms. And I, my lord, will have pioners to undermine the town, that the very gardens and orchards be carried away for your summer-walks.

Miles. And I, with *scientia*
And great *diligentia*,
Will conjure and charm,
To keep you from harm;
That *utrum horum mavis*, [140
Your very great *navis*,
Like Bartlet's ship,[6]
From Oxford do skip
With colleges and schools,
Full-loaden with fools.
Quid dicis ad hoc,
Worshipful *Domine* Dawcock?

Clem. Why, hare-brained courtiers, are you drunk or mad, [149
To taunt us up with such scurrility?
Deem you us men of base and light esteem,
To bring us such a fop for Henry's son?—
[*To the* Constable.] Call out the beadles and convey them hence
Straight to Bocardo;[7] let the roisters lie
Close clapped in bolts, until their wits be tame.

Erms. Why, shall we to prison, my lord? [160

Ralph. What sayest, Miles, shall I honor the prison with my presence?

Miles. No, no: out with your blades,
And hamper these jades;
Have a flurt and a crash;
Now play revel-dash,
And teach these sacerdos
That the Bocardos,
Like peasants and elves,
Are meet for themselves. [170

Mason. To the prison with them, constable.

War. Well, doctors, seeing I have sported me,
With laughing at these mad and merry wags,
Know that Prince Edward is at Brazen-nose,
And this, attirëd like the Prince of Wales, [180
Is Ralph, King Henry's only lovëd fool;
I, Earl of Sussex; and this, Ermsby,
One of the privy-chamber to the king;
Who, while the prince with Friar Bacon stays,
Have revelled it in Oxford, as you see.

Mason. My lord, pardon us, we knew not what you were:
But courtiers may make greater scapes than these. [190
Will 't please your honor dine with me to-day?

War. I will, Master doctor, and satisfy the vintner for his hurt; only I must desire you to imagine him [*pointing to* Ralph] all this forenoon the Prince of Wales.

Mason. I will, sir. [98

Ralph. And upon that I will lead the way; only I will have Miles go before me, because I have heard Henry say that wisdom must go before majesty. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The Prince *has posted to Fressingfield, to interrupt the loves of* Lacy *and* Margaret, *and is discovered with them in a lane. He has a poniard in his hand.*

P. Edw. Lacy, thou canst not shroud thy traitorous thoughts,
Nor cover, as did Cassius, all his wiles;
For Edward hath an eye that looks as far [9
As Lynceus from the shores of Græcia.
Did not I sit in Oxford by the friar,
And see thee court the maid of Fressingfield,
Sealing thy flattering fancies with a kiss?
Did not proud Bungay draw his portace forth,
And, joining hand in hand, had married you, [18
If Friar Bacon had not struck him dumb

[6] Barclay's "Ship of Fools."
[7] The prison in the old north gate of Oxford.

And mounted him upon a spirit's back,
That we might chat at Oxford with the friar?
Traitor, what answer'st? Is not all this true?
LACY. Truth all, my lord; and thus I make reply:
At Harleston fair, there courting for your grace,
Whenas mine eye surveyed her curious[8] shape,
And drew the beauteous glory of her looks
To dive into the centre of my heart,
Love taught me that your honor did but jest,
That princes were in fancy[9] but as men;
How that the lovely maid of Fressingfield
Was fitter to be Lacy's wedded wife
Than concubine unto the Prince of Wales.
P. EDW. Injurious Lacy, did I love thee more
Than Alexander his Hephæstion?
Did I unfold the passions of my love,
And lock them in the closet of thy thoughts?
Wert thou to Edward second to himself,
Sole friend, and partner of his secret loves?
And could a glance of fading beauty break
Th' enchainëd fetters of such private friends?
Base coward, false, and too effeminate
To be corrival with a prince in thoughts!
From Oxford have I posted since I dined,
To 'quite a traitor 'fore that Edward sleep.
MAR. 'Twas I, my lord, not Lacy, stepped awry:
For oft he sued and courted for yourself,
And still wooed for the courtier all in green;
But I, whom fancy made but over-fond,
Pleaded myself with looks as if I loved;
I fed mine eye with gazing on his face,
And still bewitched loved Lacy with my looks;

[8] rare. [9] love.

My heart with sighs, mine eyes pleaded with tears,
My face held pity and content at once,
And more I could not cipher-out by signs,
But that I loved Lord Lacy with my heart.
Then, worthy Edward, measure with thy mind
If women's favors will not force men fall;
If beauty, and if darts of piercing love,
Are not of force to bury thoughts of friends.
P. EDW. I tell thee, Peggy, I will have thy loves;
Edward or none shall conquer Margaret.
In frigates bottomed with rich Sethin[10] planks,
Topped with the lofty firs of Lebanon,
Stemmed and incased with burnished ivory,
And over-laid with plates of Persian wealth,
Like Thetis shalt thou wanton on the waves,
And draw the dolphins to thy lovely eyes,
To dance lavoltas in the purple streams:
Sirens, with harps and silver psalteries,
Shall wait with music at thy frigate's stem,
And entertain fair Margaret with their lays.
England and England's wealth shall wait on thee;
Britain shall bend unto her prince's love,
And do due homage to thine excellence,
If thou wilt be but Edward's Margaret.
MAR. Pardon, my lord: if Jove's great royalty
Sent me such presents as to Danaë;
If Phœbus, 'tired in Latona's webs,
Came courting from the beauty of his lodge;
The dulcet tunes of frolic Mercury,
Nor all the wealth heaven's treasury affords
Should make me leave Lord Lacy or his love.
P. EDW. I have learned at Oxford,

[10] Shittim.

then, this point of schools,
"Ablata causa, tollitur effectus."
Lacy, the cause that Marg'ret cannot love
Nor fix her liking on the English prince;
Take him away, and then th' effects will fail.
Villain, prepare thyself; for I will bathe
My poniard in the bosom of an earl.
LACY. Rather than live, and miss fair Marg'ret's love,
Prince Edward, stop not at the fatal doom,
But stab it home: end both my loves and life.
MAR. Brave Prince of Wales, honored for royal deeds,
'Twere sin to stain fair Venus' courts with blood;
Love's conquest ends, my lord, in courtesy.
Spare Lacy, gentle Edward; let me die,
For so both you and he do cease your loves.
P. EDW. Lacy shall die as traitor to his lord.
LACY. I have deserved it, Edward; act it well.
MAR. What hopes the prince to gain by Lacy's death?
P. EDW. To end the loves 'twixt him and Margaret.
MAR. Why, thinks King Henry's son that Margaret's love
Hangs in th' uncertain balance of proud time?
That death shall make a discord of our thoughts?
No, stab the earl, and, 'fore the morning sun
Shall vaunt him thrice over the lofty east,
Margaret will meet her Lacy in the heavens.
LACY. If aught betides to lovely Margaret
That wrongs or wrings her honor from content,
Europe's rich wealth nor England's monarchy
Should not allure Lacy to over-live.
Then, Edward, short my life, and end he loves.
MAR. Rid[11] me, and keep a frien worth many loves.
LACY. Nay, Edward, keep a love wort many friends.
MAR. An if thy mind be such as fam hath blazed,
Then, princely Edward, let us both abid
The fatal resolution of thy rage.
Banish thou fancy and embrace revenge
And in one tomb knit both our carcases
Whose hearts were linkëd in one perfec love. [*They both knee*
P. EDW. <Edward, art thou that fa mous Prince of Wales
Who at Damasco beat the Saracens,
And brought'st home triumph on thy lance's point?
And shall thy plumes be pulled by Venu down?
Is't princely to dissever lovers' leagues
To part such friends as glory in thei loves?
Leave, Ned, and make a virtue of thi fault,
And further Peg and Lacy in their loves
So, in subduing fancy's passiön,
Conquering thyself, thou gett'st the rich est spoil.>
Lacy, rise up.—Fair Peggy, here's my hand:
The Prince of Wales hath conquered al his thoughts;
And all his loves he yields unto the earl.—
Lacy, enjoy the maid of Fressingfield;
Make her thy Lincoln Countess at the church,
And Ned, as he is true Plantagenet,
Will give her to thee frankly for thy wife
LACY. Humbly I take her of my sovereign,
As if that Edward gave me England's right,
And riched me with the Albion diadem.
MAR. And doth the English prince mean true?
Will he vouchsafe to cease his former loves,

[11] Get rid of.

And yield the title of a country maid [220
Unto Lord Lacy?
P. Edw. I will, fair Peggy, as I am true lord.
Mar. Then, lordly sir, whose conquest is as great,
In conquering love, as Cæsar's victories,
Margaret, as mild and humble in her thoughts
As was Aspasia unto Cyrus' self, [229
Yields thanks, and, next Lord Lacy, doth enshrine
Edward the second secret in her heart.
P. Edw. Gramercy, Peggy!—Now that vows are past,
And that your loves are not to be revolt,[12]
Once, Lacy, friends again. Come, we will post [238
To Oxford; for this day the king is there,
And brings for Edward Castile Elinor.—
Peggy, I must go see and view my wife:
I pray God I like her as I loved thee.—
Beside, Lord Lincoln, we shall hear dispute
'Twixt Friar Bacon and learn'd Vandermast.—
Peggy, we'll leave you for a week or two.
Mar. As it please Lord Lacy; but love's foolish looks
Think footsteps miles and minutes [250 to be hours.
Lacy. I'll hasten, Peggy, to make short return.—
But please your honor go unto the lodge;
We shall have butter, cheese, and venison;
And yesterday I brought for Margaret
A lusty bottle of neat claret-wine:
Thus can we feast and entertain your grace. [260
P. Edw. 'Tis cheer, Lord Lacy, for an emperor,
If he respect the person and the place.
Come, let us in; for I will all this night
Ride post until I come to Bacon's cell.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

The King *is showing the* Emperor, Castile, Elinor, *and* Vandermast *the glories of Oxford.* Bungay *is with them; and so are the* Duke of Saxony *and other German rulers.* (See III, 1.)

Emp. Trust me, Plantagenet, these Oxford schools
Are richly seated near the river-side;
The mountains full of fat and fallow deer; [10
The battling[13] pastures lade with kine and flocks,
The town gorgeous with high-built colleges,
And scholars seemly in their grave attire,
Learned in searching principles of art.—
What is thy judgment, Jaques Vandermast?
Van. That lordly are the buildings of the town, [20
Spacious the rooms, and full of pleasant walks;
But, for the doctors, how that they be learned,
It may be meanly, for aught I can hear.
Bun. I tell thee, German, Hapsburg holds none such,
None read so deep as Oxenford contains.
There are within our academic state
Men that may lecture it in Germany [30
To all the doctors of your Belgic schools.
K. Hen. Stand to him, Bungay; charm this Vandermast,
And I will use thee as a royal king.
Van. Wherein darest thou dispute with me?
Bun. In what a doctor and a friar can.
Van. Before rich Europe's worthies put thou forth [39
The doubtful question unto Vandermast.
Bun. Let it be this, whether the spirits of pyromancy or geomancy be most predominant in magic?
Van. I say, of pyromancy.
Bun. And I, of geomancy.
Van. The cabalists that write of magic spells,
As Hermes, Melchie, and Pythagoras,
Affirm that, 'mongst the quadruplicity [49
Of elemental essence, *terra* is but thought
To be a *punctum* squared[14] to the rest,

[12] overthrown.
[13] fattening
[14] compared.

And that the compass of ascending elements
Exceed in bigness as they do in height,
Judging the concave circle of the sun
To hold the rest in his circumference.
If, then, as Hermes says, the fire be greatest,
Purest, and only giveth shape to spirits,
Then must these dæmones that haunt [60
that place
Be every way superior to the rest.
BUN. I reason not of elemental shapes,
Nor tell I of the concave latitudes,
Noting their essence nor their quality,
But of the spirits that pyromancy calls,
And of the vigor of the geomantic fiends.
I tell thee, German, magic haunts the ground,
And those strange necromantic spells [70
That work such shows and wondering in the world
Are acted by those geomantic spirits
That Hermes calleth *terræ filii.*
The fiery spirits are but transparent shades,
That lightly pass as heralds to bear news;
But earthly fiends, closed in the lowest deep,
Dissever mountains, if they be but [80
charged,
Being more gross and massy in their power.
VAN. Rather these earthly geomantic spirits
Are dull and like the place where they remain;
For, when proud Lucifer fell from the heavens,
The spirits and angels that did sin with him [91
Retained their local essence as their faults,
All subject under Luna's continent.
They which offended less hung in the fire,
And second faults did rest within the air;
But Lucifer and his proud-hearted fiends
Were thrown into the centre of the earth,
Having less understanding than the rest,
As having greater sin and lesser grace.
Therefore such gross and earthly [101
spirits do serve
For jugglers, witches, and vile sorcerers;
Whereas the pyromantic genii
Are mighty, swift, and of far-reaching
power.
But, grant that geomancy hath most
force,
Bungay, to please these mighty potentates, [110
Prove by some instance what thy art
can do.
BUN. I will.
EMP. Now, English Harry, here begins
the game;
We shall see sport between these learned
men.
VAN. What wilt thou do?
BUN. Show thee the tree, leaved with
refinëd gold, [120
Whereon the fearful dragon held his seat
That watched the garden called Hesperides,
Subdued and won by conquering Hercules.
VAN. Well done!

[BUNGAY *conjures, and a tree shoots up, with a fire-belching dragon amongst its foliage.*

K. HEN. What say you, royal [130
lordings, to my friar?
Hath he not done a point of cunning
skill?
VAN. Each scholar in the necromantic
spells
Can do as much as Bungay hath performed.
But, as Alcmena's bastard razed this
tree,
So will I raise him up as when he lived,
And cause him pull the dragon from [141
his seat,
And tear the branches piecemeal from
the root.—
Hercules! *Prodi, prodi,* Hercules!

HERCULES *appears in his lion's skin.*

HER. *Quis me vult?*
VAN. Jove's bastard son, thou Libyan
Hercules,
Pull off the sprigs from off th' Hesperian
tree, [151

s once thou didst to win the golden fruit.
HER. *Fiat.*
[Begins to break the branches.
VAN. Now, Bungay, if thou canst by magic charm
he fiend, appearing like great Hercules,
rom pulling down the branches of the tree,
hen art thou worthy to be counted [160
learned.
BUN. I cannot.
VAN. Cease, Hercules, until I give thee charge.—
Mighty commander of this English isle,
Henry, come from the stout Plantagenets,
Bungay is learn'd enough to be a friar;
But, to compare with Jaques Vandermast,
Oxford and Cambridge must go seek [170
their cells
To find a man to match him in his art.
have given non-plus to the Paduans,
To them of Sien, Florence, and Bologna,
Rheims, Louvain, and fair Rotterdam,
Frankfort, Lutrech,[15] and Orleans;
And now must Henry, if he do me right,
Crown me with laurel, as they all have done. [179

Enter BACON.

BACON. All hail to this royal company,
That sit to hear and see this strange dispute!—
Bungay, how stand'st thou as a man amazed?
What, hath the German acted more than thou?
VAN. What art thou that question'st thus? [189
BACON. Men call me Bacon.
VAN. Lordly thou look'st, as if that thou wert learn'd;
Thy countenance as if science held her seat
Between the circled arches of thy brows.
K. HEN. Now, monarchs, hath the German found his match.
EMP. Bestir thee, Jaques, take not now the foil,
Lest thou dost lose what foretime [200
thou didst gain.

15 Lutetia, Paris.

VAN. Bacon, wilt thou dispute?
BACON. No,
Unless he were more learn'd than Vandermast:
For yet, tell me, what hast thou done?
VAN. Raised Hercules to ruinate that tree
That Bungay mounted by his magic spells. [210
BACON. Set Hercules to work.
VAN. Now, Hercules, I charge thee to thy task;
Pull off the golden branches from the root.
HER. I dare not. See'st thou not great Bacon here,
Whose frown doth act more than thy magic can?
VAN. By all the thrones and dominatiöns, [221
Virtues, powers, and mighty hierarchies,
I charge thee to obey to Vandermast.
HER. Bacon, that bridles headstrong Belcephon,
And rules Asmenoth, guider of the north,
Binds me from yielding unto Vandermast.
K. HEN. How now, Vandermast! Have you met with your match?
VAN. Never before was't ~~known to~~ [230
Vandermast
That men held devils in such obedient awe.
Bacon doth more than art, or else I fail.
EMP. Why, Vandermast, art then overcome?—
Bacon, dispute with him, and try his skill.
BACON. I come not, monarchs, for to hold dispute [239
With such a novice as is Vandermast;
I came to have your royalties to dine
With Friar Bacon here in Brazen-nose;
And, for this German troubles but the place,
And holds this audience with a long suspense,
I'll send him to his académy hence.—
Thou Hercules, whom Vandermast did raise,
Transport the German unto Hapsburg straight, [251

That he may learn by travail, 'gainst the spring,
More secret dooms and aphorisms of art.
Vanish the tree, and thou away with him!
[*The spirit of* HERCULES, VANDERMAST, *and the tree (with the dragon), all vanish.*
EMP. Why, Bacon, whither dost thou send him?
BACON. To Hapsburg; there your highness at return
Shall find the German in his study safe.
K. HEN. Bacon, thou hast honored England with thy skill,
And made fair Oxford famous by thine art;
I will be English Henry to thyself.
But tell me, shall we dine with thee to-day?
BACON. With me, my lord; and, while I fit my cheer,
See where Prince Edward comes to welcome you,
Gracious as the morning-star of heaven.
[*Exit.*

Enter EDWARD, LACY, WARREN, ERMSBY.

EMP. Is this Prince Edward, Henry's royal son?
How martial is the figure of his face!
Yet lovely and beset with amorets.[16]
K. HEN. Ned, where hast thou been?
P. EDW. At Framlingham, my lord, to try your bucks,
If they could scape the teasers or the toil.
But, hearing of these lordly potentates,
Landed and progressed up to Oxford town,
I posted to give entertain to them:
Chief, to the Almain monarch; next to him,
And joint with him, Castile and Saxony
Are welcome as they may be to the English court.
Thus for the men: but see, Venus appears,
Or one that overmatcheth Venus in her shape!—
Sweet Elinor, beauty's high-swelling pride,
Rich nature's glory and her wealth at once,
Fair of all fairs, welcome to Albion;
Welcome to me, and welcome to thine own,
If that thou deign'st the welcome from myself.
ELIN. Martial Plantagenet, Henry's high-minded son,
The mark that Elinor did count her aim,
I liked thee 'fore I saw thee: now I love,
And so as in so short a time I may;
Yet so as time shall never break that so,
And therefore so accept of Elinor.
K. OF CAST. Fear not, my lord, this couple will agree,
If love may creep into their wanton eyes;—
And therefore, Edward, I accept thee here,
Without suspense, as my adopted son.
K. HEN. Let me that joy in these consorting greets
And glory in these honors done to Ned
Yield thanks for all these favors to my son
And rest a true Plantagenet to all.

Enter MILES *with a cloth and trenchers and salt.*

MILES. *Salvete, omnes reges,*
That govern your *greges*
In Saxony and Spain.
In England and in Almain!
For all this frolic rabble
Must I cover the table
With trenchers, salt, and cloth;
And then look for your broth.
EMP. What pleasant fellow is this?
K. HEN. 'Tis, my lord, Doctor Bacon's poor scholar.
MILES. <My master hath made me sewer[17] of these great lords; and, God knows, I am as serviceable at a table as a sow is under an apple-tree. 'Tis no matter; their cheer shall not be great, and therefore what skills where the salt stand, before or behind?> [*Exit.*
K. OF CAST. These scholars know more skill in axioms,

16 enchanting looks.

17 A servant who sets the table.

How to use quips and sleights of sophistry,
Than for to cover courtly for a king.

Re-enter MILES *with a mess of pottage and broth; and, after him,* BACON.

MILES. Spill, sir? why, do you think I never carried twopenny chop before in my life?—
By your leave, *nobile decus,* [359
For here comes Doctor Bacon's *pecus,*
Being in his full age
To carry a mess of pottage.

BACON. Lordings, admire[18] not if your cheer be this,
For we must keep our academic fare;
No riot where philosophy doth reign;
And therefore, Henry, place these potentates,
And bid them fall unto their frugal cates. [370

EMP. Presumptuous friar! What, scoff'st thou at a king?
What, dost thou taunt us with thy peasants' fare,
And give us cates fit for country swains?—
Henry, proceeds this jest of thy consent,
To twit us with a pittance of such price?
Tell me, and Frederick will not grieve thee long. [380

K. HEN. By Henry's honor and the royal faith
The English monarch beareth to his friend,
I knew not of the friar's feeble fare,
Nor am I pleased he entertains you thus.

BACON. Content thee, Frederick, for I showed thee cates, [388
To let thee see how scholars use to feed,
How little meat refines our English wits.
Miles, take away, and let it be thy dinner.

MILES. Marry, sir, I will.
This day shall be a festival-day with me;
For I shall exceed in the highest degree.
[*Exit.*

BACON. I tell thee, monarch, all the German peers
Could not afford thy entertainment such,
So royal and so full of majesty, [400
As Bacon will present to Frederick.
The basest waiter that attends thy cups
Shall be in honors greater than thyself;
And, for thy cates, rich Alexandria drugs,[19]
Fetched by carvels from Egypt's richest straits,
Found in the wealthy strand of Africa,
Shall royalize the table of my king; [409
Wines richer than th' Egyptian courtesan
Quaffed to Augustus' kingly countermatch,
Shall be caroused in English Henry's feast;
Candy shall yield the richest of her canes;
Persiä, down her Volga by canoes,
Send down the secrets of her spicery;
The Afric dates, myrobalans of Spain,
Conserves and suckets[20] from Tiberias,
Cates from Judæa, choicer than the [421
lamp[21]
That fired Rome with sparks of gluttony,
Shall beautify the board for Frederick:
And therefore grudge not at a friar's feast.

[18] wonder.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *are with the* KEEPER *of Fressingfield in front of his lodge. They are rivals for the hand of his daughter.*

LAM. Come, frolic Keeper of our liege's game,
Whose table spread hath ever venison [7
And jacks of wine to welcome passengers,
Know I'm in love with jolly Margaret,
That overshines our damsels as the moon
Dark'neth the brightest sparkles of the night.
In Laxfield here my land and living lies:
I'll make thy daughter jointer of it all,
So thou consent to give her to my wife;
And I can spend five hundred marks a-year.

SER. I am the lands-lord, Keeper, of thy holds;

[19] spices.
[20] confectionery.
[21] Ward suggests "lamprey."

By copy all thy living lies in me.
Laxfield did never see me raise my due.
I will enfeoff fair Margaret in all,
So she will take her to a lusty squire.

KEEP. Now, courteous gentles, if the Keeper's girl
Hath pleased the liking fancy of you both,
And with her beauty hath subdued your thoughts,
'Tis doubtful to decide the questiön.
It joys me that such men of great esteem
Should lay their liking on this base estate,
And that her state should grow so fortunate
To be a wife to meaner men than you;
But, sith such squires will stoop to keeper's fee,
I will, to avoid displeasure of you both,
Call Marg'ret forth, and she shall make her choice.

LAM. Content, Keeper; send her unto us.— [*He goes into the house.*
Why, Serlsby, is thy wife so lately dead,
Are all thy loves so lightly passëd over,
As thou canst wed before the year be out?

SER. I live not, Lambert, to content the dead,
Nor was I wedded but for life to her:
The grave ends and begins a married state.

MARGARET *comes from the house.*

LAM. Peggy, the lovely flower of all towns,
Suffolk's fair Helen, and rich England's star,
Whose beauty, tempered with her huswifery,
Makes England talk of merry Fressingfield!

SER. I cannot trick it up with poesies,
Nor paint my passions with comparisons,
Nor tell a tale of Phœbus and his loves;
But this believe me: Laxfield here is mine,
Of ancient rent seven hundred pounds a-year;
And, if thou canst but love a country squire,
I will enfeoff thee, Margaret, in all.
I cannot flatter; try me, if thou please.

MAR. Brave neighboring squires, the stay of Suffolk's clime,
A keeper's daughter is too base in gree[1]
To match with men accounted of such worth;
But, might I not displease, I would reply.

LAM. Say, Peggy; naught shall make us discontent.

MAR. Then, gentles, note that love hath little stay,
Nor can the flames that Venus sets on fire
Be kindled but by fancy's motiön;
Then pardon, gentles, if a maid's reply
Be doubtful, while[2] I have debated with myself
Who, or of whom, love shall constrain me like.

SER. Let it be me; and, trust me, Margaret,
The meads environed with the silver streams,
Whose battling pastures fatteth all my flocks,
Yielding forth fleeces stapled with such wool
As Lempster[3] cannot yield more finer stuff,
And forty kine with fair and burnished heads,
With strutting dugs that paggle[4] to the ground,
Shall serve thy dairy, if thou wed with me.

LAM. Let pass the country wealth, as flocks and kine,
And lands that wave with Ceres' golden sheaves,
Filling my barns with plenty of the fields;
But, Peggy, if thou wed thyself to me,
Thou shalt have garments of embroidered silk,
Lawns, and rich net-works for thy head-attire:
Costly shall be thy fair habiliments,
If thou wilt be but Lambert's loving wife.

MAR. Content you, gentles, you have proffered fair,

[1] degree. [2] until.
[3] Leominster. [4] hang.

And more than fits a country maid's degree;
But give me leave to counsel me a time,[5]
For fancy blooms not at the first assault;
Give me but ten days' respite, and I will reply,
Which or to whom myself affectionates.

SER. Lambert, I tell thee, thou'rt importunate;
Such beauty fits not such a base esquire:
It is for Serlsby to have Margaret.

LAM. Think'st thou with wealth to overreach me?
Serlsby, I scorn to brook thy country braves.
I dare thee, coward, to maintain this wrong
At dint of rapier, single in the field.

SER. I'll answer, Lambert, what I have avouched.—
Margaret, farewell; another time shall serve. [*Exit.*

LAM. I'll follow.—Peggy, farewell to thyself;
Listen how well I'll answer for thy love. [*Follows* SERLSBY.

MAR. How Fortune tempers lucky haps with frowns,
And wrongs me with the sweets of my delight!
Love is my bliss, and love is now my bale.
Shall I be Helen in my froward[6] fates,
As I am Helen in my matchless hue,
And set rich Suffolk with my face afire?
If lovely Lacy were but with his Peggy,
The cloudy darkness of his bitter frown
Would check the pride of these aspiring squires.
Before the term of ten days be expired,
Whenas they look for answer of their loves,
My lord will come to merry Fressingfield,
And end their fancies and their follies both:
Till when, Peggy, be blithe and of good cheer.

Enter a POST *with a letter and a bag of gold.*

POST. Fair lovely damsel, which way leads this path?
How might I post me unto Fressingfield?
Which footpath leadeth to the Keeper's lodge?

MAR. Your way is ready, and this path is right;
Myself do dwell hereby in Fressingfield,
And if the Keeper be the man you seek,
I am his daughter: may I know the cause?

POST. Lovely, and once belovëd of my lord
(No marvel if his eye was lodged so low,
When brighter beauty is not in the heavens),
The Lincoln Earl hath sent you letters here,
And, with them, just an hundred pounds in gold.

[*Handing over the letter and the bag.*

Sweet, bonny wench, read them, and make reply.

MAR. The scrolls that Jove sent Danaë,
Wrapped in rich closures of fine burnished gold,
Were not more welcome than these lines to me.
Tell me, whilst that I do unrip the seals,
Lives Lacy well? How fares my lovely lord?

POST. Well, if that wealth may make men to live well.

MAR. "The blooms of the almond-tree grow in a night, and vanish in a morn; the flies hæmeræ, fair Peggy, take life with the sun, and die with the dew; fancy, that slippeth in with a gaze, goeth out with a wink; and too timely[7] loves have ever the shortest length. I write this as thy grief and my folly, who at Fressingfield loved that which time hath taught me to be but mean dainties. Eyes are dissemblers, and fancy is but queasy; therefore know, Margaret, I have chosen a Spanish lady to be my wife, chief waiting-woman to the Princess Elinor; a lady fair, and no less fair than thyself, honorable and wealthy. In that I forsake thee, I leave thee to thine own liking; and for

[5] to take time for consideration.
[6] B, forward.
[7] premature.

thy dowry I have sent thee an hundred pounds; and ever assure thee of my favor, which shall avail thee and thine much. Farewell. Not thine, nor his own, EDWARD LACY."

Fond Ate, doomer of bad-boding fates,
That wraps proud Fortune in thy snaky locks,
Didst thou enchant my birthday with such stars
As lightened mischief from their infancy?
If heavens had vowed, if stars had made decree,
To show on me their froward influence,
If Lacy had but loved, heavens, hell, and all
Could not have wronged the patience of my mind.

POST. It grieves me, damsel; but the earl is forced
To love the lady by the king's command.

MAR. The wealth combined within the English shelves,
Europe's commander, nor the English king,
Should not have moved the love of Peggy from her lord.

POST. What answer shall I return to my lord?

MAR. First, for thou cam'st from Lacy, whom I loved
(Ah, give me leave to sigh at every thought),
Take thou, my friend, the hundred pound he sent,
For Margaret's resolution craves no dower,
The world shall be to her as vanity;
Wealth, trash; love, hate; pleasure, despair:
For I will straight to stately Framlingham,
And in the abbey there be shorn a nun,
And yield my loves and liberty to God.
Fellow, I give thee this, not for the news,
For those be hateful unto Margaret,
But for thou'rt Lacy's man, once Margaret's love.

POST. What I have heard, what passions I have seen,
I'll make report of them unto the earl.

MAR. Say that she joys his fancies be at rest,
And prays that his misfortune may be hers.

SCENE II

FRIAR BACON *is lying on a bed in his cell. In one hand he has a white stick, in the other a book; and beside the bed is a lighted lamp, it being night.* MILES *is seated in another part of the cell, with weapons beside him. A notable feature of the furnishings is a great brazen head.*

BACON. Miles, where are you?

MILES. Here, sir.

BACON. How chance you tarry so long?

MILES. Think you that the watching of the Brazen Head craves no furniture? I warrant you, sir, I have so armed myself that, if all your devils come, I will not fear them an inch.

BACON. Miles,
Thou know'st that I have divëd into hell,
And sought the darkest palaces of fiends;
That with my magic spells great Belcephon
Hath left his lodge and kneelëd at my cell,
The rafters of the earth rent from the poles,
And three-formed Luna hid her silver looks,
Trembling upon her concave continent,
When Bacon read upon his magic book.
With seven years' tossing necromantic charms,
Poring upon dark Hecat's principles,
I have framed out a monstrous head of brass,
That, by the enchanting forces of the devil,
Shall tell out strange and uncouth aphorisms,
And girt fair England with a wall of brass.
Bungay and I have watched these threescore days,
And now our vital spirits crave some rest.
If Argus lived, and had his hundred eyes,

They could not over-watch Phobetor's night.
Now, Miles, in thee rests Friar Bacon's weal:
The honor and renown of all his life
Hangs in the watching of this Brazen Head;
Therefore I charge thee by the immortal God,
That holds the souls of men within his fist,
This night thou watch; for ere the morning-star
Sends out his glorious glister on the north,
The head will speak: then, Miles, upon thy life,
Wake me; for then by magic art I'll work
To end my seven years' task with excellence.
If that a wink but shut thy watchful eye,
Then farewell Bacon's glory and his fame!
Draw close the curtains, Miles: now, for thy life,
Be watchful, and — [*Here he falls asleep.*

Miles. So; I thought you would talk yourself asleep anon; and 'tis no marvel, for Bungay on the days, and he on the nights, have watched just these ten and fifty days. Now this is the night, and 'tis my task, and no more. Now, Jesus bless me, what a goodly head it is! and a nose! you talk of *nos autem glorificare;* but here's a nose that I warrant may be called *nos autem populare* for the people of the parish. Well, I am furnished with weapons: now, sir, I will set me down by a post, and make it as good as a watchman to wake me, if I chance to slumber. [*Changing his place, and seating himself beside a post.*] I thought, Goodman Head, I would call you out of your *memento.* [*Dozes, and hits his head against the post.*] Passion o' God, I have almost broke my pate! Up, Miles, to your task; take your brown-bill[8] in your hand; here's some of your master's hobgoblins abroad.

[*A great noise is heard.*

The Brazen Head. Time is!

Miles. "Time is"! Why, Master Brazen-head, have you such a capital nose, and answer you with syllables, "Time is"? Is this all my master's cunning, to spend seven years' study about "Time is"? Well, sir, it may be we shall have some better orations of it anon. Well, I'll watch you as narrowly as ever you were watched, and I'll play with you as the nightingale with the slow-worm; I'll set a prick against my breast. Now rest there, Miles. [*Again dozes, and bangs his head against the post.*] Lord have mercy upon me, I have almost killed myself! [*Again a great noise.*] Up, Miles; list how they rumble.

The Brazen Head. Time was!

Miles. Well, Friar Bacon, you spent your seven-years' study well, that can make your head speak but two words at once, "Time was." Yea, marry, time was when my master was a wise man, but that was before he began to make the Brazen Head. You shall lie while[9] your arse ache, an your head speak no better. Well, I will watch, and walk up and down, and be a peripatetian and a philosopher of Aristotle's stamp. What, a fresh noise? Take thy pistols in hand. Miles.

[*He walks to and fro. Once more the noise is heard.*

The Brazen Head. Time is past!

[*Lightning flashes, and a hand appears that breaks down the* Head *with a hammer.*

Miles. Master, master, up! Hell's broken loose! Your head speaks; and there's such a thunder and lightning, that I warrant all Oxford is up in arms. Out of your bed, and take a brown-bill in your hand: the latter day is come.

Bacon. Miles, I come.—O, passing warily watched!
Bacon will make thee next himself in love.
When spake the head?

[8] halberd.

[9] until.

MILES. When spake the head! Did not you say that he should tell strange principles of philosophy? Why, sir, it speaks but two words at a time.

BACON. Why, villain, hath it spoken oft? [151

MILES. Oft! ay, marry, hath it, thrice; but in all those three times it hath uttered but seven words.

BACON. As how?

MILES. Marry, sir, the first time he said "Time is," as if Fabius Cumentator should have pronounced a sentence; [the second time] he said, "Time was"; and the third time, with thunder and [160 lightning, as in great choler, he said, "Time is past."

BACON. 'Tis past indeed. Ah, villain! time is past:
My life, my fame, my glory, all are past.—
Bacon, the turrets of thy hope are ruined down,
Thy seven years' study lieth in the dust:
Thy Brazen Head lies broken through a slave [171
That watched, and would not when the head did will.—
What said the head first?

MILES. Even, sir, "Time is."

BACON. Villain, if thou hadst called to Bacon then,
If thou hadst watched, and waked the sleepy friar, [179
The Brazen Head had uttered aphorisms,
And England had been circled round with brass;
But proud Asmenoth, ruler of the north,
And Demogorgon, master of the fates,
Grudge that a mortal man should work so much.
Hell trembled at my deep-commanding spells;
Fiends frowned to see a man their overmatch. [190
Bacon might boast more than a man might boast;
But now the braves of Bacon hath an end;
Europe's conceit of Bacon hath an end;
His seven years' practice sorteth to il
end;
And, villain, sith my glory hath an end
I will appoint thee to some fatal end.
Villain, avoid! get thee from Bacon's
sight! [201
Vagrant, go roam and range about the
world,
And perish as a vagabond on earth!

MILES. Why, then, sir, you forbid me your service?

BACON. My service, villain! with a fatal curse,
That direful plagues and mischief fal
on thee. [210

MILES. 'Tis no matter, I am against you with the old proverb: The more the fox is cursed, the better he fares. God be with you, sir! I'll take but a book in my hand, a wide-sleeved gown on my back, and a crowned cap on my head and see if I can want promotion.

BACON. Some fiend or ghost haunt on thy weary steps,
Until they do transport thee quick[10] to hell; [221
For Bacon shall have never merry day
To lose the fame and honor of his head

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

The KING, *the* EMPEROR, CASTILE ELINOR, EDWARD, LACY, *and* RALPH *are at Hampton Court.*

EMP. Now, lovely prince, the prime of Albion's wealth,
How fare the Lady Elinor and you?
What, have you courted and found Castile fit
To answer England in equivalence?
Will 't be a match 'twixt bonny Nell and thee? [1

P. EDW. Should Paris enter in the courts of Greece,
And not lie fettered in fair Helen's looks?
Or Phœbus scape those piercing amorets
That Daphne glancëd at his deity?
Can Edward, then, sit by a flame and freeze,

[10] alive.

Whose heat puts Helen and fair Daphne down?
Now, monarchs, ask the lady if we 'gree.[11]

K. Hen. What, madam, hath my son found grace or no?

Elin. Seeing, my lord, his lovely counterfeit,
And hearing how his mind and shape agreed,
I came not, trooped with all this warlike train,
Doubting of love, but so affectionate
As Edward hath in England what he won in Spain.

K. of Cast. A match, my lord; these wantons needs must love:
Men must have wives, and women will be wed.
Let's haste the day to honor up the rites.

Ralph. Sirrah Harry, shall Ned marry Nell?

K. Hen. Ay, Ralph: how then?

Ralph. Marry, Harry, follow my counsel: send for Friar Bacon to marry them, for he'll so conjure him and her with his necromancy that they shall love together like pig and lamb whilst they live.

K. of Cast. But hearest thou, Ralph, art thou content to have Elinor to thy lady?

Ralph. Ay, so she will promise me two things.

K. of Cast. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. That she will never scold with Ned, nor fight with me.— [*The* King of Castile *and* Lacy *talk apart.*] Sirrah Harry, I have put her down with a thing unpossible.

K. Hen. What's that, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, Harry, didst thou ever see that a woman could both hold her tongue and her hands? No: but when egg-pies grows on appletrees, then will thy grey mare prove a bagpiper.

Emp. What say the Lord of Castile and the Earl of Lincoln, that they are in such earnest and secret talk?

K. of Cast. I stand, my lord, amazëd at his talk,
How he discourseth of the constancy
Of one surnamed, for beauty's excellence,
The Faiï Maid of merry Fressingfield.

K. Hen. 'Tis true, my lord; 'tis wondrous for to hear;
Her beauty passing Mars's paramour,
Her virgin's right as rich as Vesta's was.
Lacy and Ned hath told me miracles.

K. of Cast. What says Lord Lacy? Shall she be his wife?

Lacy. Or else Lord Lacy is unfit to live.—
May it please your highness give me leave to post
To Fressingfield, I'll fetch the bonny girl,
And prove, in true appearance at the court,
What I have vouchëd often, with my tongue.

K. Hen. Lacy, go to the 'querry of my stable,
And take such coursers as shall fit thy turn;
Hie thee to Fressingfield, and bring home the lass;
And, for her fame flies through the English coast,
If it may please the Lady Elinor,
One day shall match your excellence and her.

Elin. We Castile ladies are not very coy;
Your highness may command a greater boon:
And glad were I to grace the Lincoln Earl
With being partner of his marriage-day.

P. Edw. Gramercy, Nell, for I do love the lord,
As he that's second to myself in love.

Ralph. You love her?—Madam Nell, never believe him you, though he swears he loves you.

Elin. Why, Ralph?

Ralph. Why, his love is like unto a tapster's glass that is broken with every touch; for he loved the fair maid of

[11] agree.

Fressingfield once out of all ho.— [12] Nay,
Ned, never wink upon me; I care not, I.
K. Hen. Ralph tells all; you shall
have a good secretary of him.— [121
But, Lacy, haste thee post to Fressing-
field;
For, ere thou hast fitted all things for
her state,
The solemn marriage-day will be at hand.
Lacy. I go, my lord. [*Exit.*
Emp. How shall we pass this day, my
lord?
K. Hen. To horse, my lord; the day is
passing fair, [131
We'll fly the partridge, or go rouse the
deer.
Follow, my lords; you shall not want for
sport. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Bacon, *in a state of depression, is seated in his cell. To him enters* Bungay.

Bun. What means the friar that
frolicked it of late,
To sit as melancholy in his cell
As if he had neither lost nor won to-day?
Bacon. Ah, Bungay, my Brazen Head
is spoiled,
My glory gone, my seven years' study [10
lost!
The fame of Bacon, bruited through the
world,
Shall end and perish with this deep dis-
grace.
Bun. Bacon hath built foundation of
his fame
So surely on the wings of true report,
With acting strange and uncouth miracles,
As this cannot infringe what he deserves.
Bacon. Bungay, sit down, for by [21
prospective skill
I find this day shall fall out ominous:
Some deadly act shall 'tide [13] me ere I
sleep;
But what and wherein little can I guess.
My mind is heavy, whatsoe'er shall hap.
[*A knock is heard within.*
Bacon. Who's that knocks?

[12] extremely.
[13] betide.

[Bungay *goes to the door, and speaks with someone without.* [31
Bun. Two scholars that desire to speak
with you.
Bacon. Bid them come in.—

Enter two Scholars.

Now, my youths, what would you have?
1 Schol. Sir, we are Suffolk-men and
neighboring friends;
Our fathers in their countries lusty
squires; [40
Their lands adjoin: in Cratfield mine
doth dwell,
And his in Laxfield. We are college-mates,
Sworn brothers, as our fathers live as
friends.
Bacon. To what end is all this?
2 Schol. Hearing your worship kept
within your cell
A glass prospective, wherein men might
see [50
Whatso their thoughts or hearts' desire
could wish,
We come to know how that our fathers
fare.
Bacon. My glass is free for every
honest man.
Sit down, and you shall see ere long, how
Or in what state your friendly fathers
live.
Meanwhile, tell me your names. [60
1 Schol. Mine, Lambert.
2 Schol. And mine, Serlsby.
Bacon. Bungay, I smell there will be
a tragedy.

Lambert *and* Serlsby, *armed with daggers and rapiers, make their appearance on the back stage, to represent what is shown by the magic glass.*

Lam. Serlsby, thou hast kept thine
hour like a man: [70
Thou'rt worthy of the title of a squire,
That durst, for proof of thy affection
And for thy mistress' favor, prize [14] thy
blood.
Thou know'st what words did pass at
Fressingfield,
Such shameless braves as manhood can-
not brook:

[14] venture.

Ay, for I scorn to bear such piercing taunts,
Prepare thee, Serlsby; one of us will die.
SER. Thou see'st I single [meet] thee [in] the field,
And what I spake, I'll maintain with my sword.
Stand on thy guard; I cannot scold it out.
An if thou kill me, think I have a son,
That lives in Oxford in the Broadgates-hall,
Who will revenge his father's blood with blood.
LAM. And, Serlsby, I have there a lusty boy,
That dares at weapon buckle with thy son,
And lives in Broadgates too, as well as thine.
But draw thy rapier, for we'll have a bout.
BACON. Now, lusty younkers, look within the glass,
And tell me if you can discern your sires.
[*He surrenders the crystal to the two* SCHOLARS.
1 SCHOL. Serlsby, 'tis hard; thy father offers wrong,
To combat with my father in the field.
2 SCHOL. Lambert, thou liest, my father's is th' abuse,
And thou shalt find it, if my father harm.
BUN. How goes it, sirs?
1 SCHOL. Our fathers are in combat hard by Fressingfield.
BACON. Sit still, my friends, and see the event.
LAM. Why stand'st thou, Serlsby? Doubt'st thou of thy life?
A veney,[15] man! fair Marg'ret craves so much.
SER. Then this for her.
1 SCHOL. Ah, well thrust!
2 SCHOL. But mark the ward.

LAMBERT *and* SERLSBY *fight and each gets a thrust home.*

LAM. O, I am slain! [*Dies.*
SER. And I—Lord have mercy on me! [*Dies.*

[15] bout.

1 SCHOL. My father slain!—Serlsby, ward that.
[*Aims a blow at the other with a dagger.*
2 SCHOL. And so is mine!—Lambert, I'll 'quite thee well.
[*He too stabs. Both fall dead.*
BUN. O strange stratagem!
BACON. See, friar, where the fathers both lie dead!—
Bacon, thy magic doth effect this massacre:
This glass prospective worketh many woes;
And therefore seeing these brave lusty Brutes,
These friendly youths, did perish by thine art,
End all thy magic and thine art at once.
The poniard that did end the fatal[16] lives,
Shall break the cause efficient of their woes.
So fade the glass, and end with it the shows
That necromancy did infuse the crystal with.
[*Breaks the glass with one of the poniards.*
BUN. What means learn'd Bacon thus to break his glass?
BACON. I tell thee, Bungay, it repents me sore
That ever Bacon meddled in this art.
The hours I have spent in pyromantic spells,
The fearful tossing in the latest night
Of papers full of necromantic charms,
Conjuring and adjuring devils and fiends,
With stole and alb and strange pentageron:
The wresting of the holy name of God,
As Soter, Eloim, and Adonai,
Alpha, Manoth, and Tetragrammaton,
With praying to the five-fold powers of heaven,
Are the instances that Bacon must be damned
For using devils to countervail his God.—

[16] doomed.

Yet, Bacon, cheer thee, drown not in despair:
Sins have their salves; repentance can do much;
Think Mercy sits where Justice holds her seat,
And from those wounds those bloody Jews did pierce,
Which by thy magic oft did bleed afresh,
From thence for thee the dew of mercy drops,
To wash the wrath of high Jehovah's ire,
And make thee as a new-born babe from sin.—
Bungay, I'll spend the remnant of my life
In pure devotion, praying to my God
That he would save what Bacon vainly lost.

Scene III

Margaret *has been paying a farewell visit to her father in Fressingfield, preparatory to taking holy vows. She is in nun's apparel, and her father has accompanied her a little way from the lodge. With them is a friend of her father's.*

Keeper. Margaret, be not so headstrong in these vows:
O, bury not such beauty in a cell,
That England hath held famous for the hue!
Thy father's hair, like to the silver blooms
That beautify the shrubs of Africa,
Shall fall before the dated time of death,
Thus to forgo his lovely Margaret.

Mar. Ah, father, when the harmony of heaven
Soundeth the measures of a lively faith,
The vain illusions of this flattering world
Seems odious to the thoughts of Margaret.
I lovëd once, Lord Lacy was my love;
And now I hate myself for that I loved
And doted more on him than on my God;
For this I scourge myself with sharp repents.
But now the touch of such aspiring sins
Tells me all love is lust but love of heavens,
That beauty used for love is vanity.
The world contains naught but alluring baits,
Pride, flattery, and inconstant thoughts.
To shun the prieks of death, I leave the world,
And vow to meditate on heavenly bliss,
To live in Framlingham a holy nun,
Holy and pure in conscience and in deed,
And for to wish all maids to learn of me
To seek heaven's joy before earth's vanity.

Friend. And will you, then, Marg'ret, be shorn a nun, and so leave us all?

Mar. Now farewell, world, the engine of all woe!
Farewell to friends and father! Welcome Christ!
Adieu to dainty robes! This base attire
Better befits an humble mind to God
Than all the show of rich habiliments.
Love—O love! and, with fond love, farewell,
Sweet Lacy, whom I lovëd once so dear!
Ever be well, but never in my thoughts,
Lest I offend to think on Lacy's love:
But even to that, as to the rest, farewell!

Enter Lacy, Warren, *and* Ermsby, *booted and spurred.*

Lacy. Come on, my wags, we're near the Keeper's lodge.
Here have I oft walked in the watery meads,
And chatted with my lovely Margaret.

War. Sirrah Ned, is not this the Keeper?

Lacy. 'Tis the same.

Erm. The old lecher hath gotten holy mutton to him—a nun, my lord.

Lacy. Keeper, how far'st thou? Holla, man, what cheer?
How doth Peggy, thy daughter and my love?

Keeper. Ah, good my lord! O, woe is me for Peggy!
See where she stands clad in her nun's attire,
Ready for to be shorn in Framlingham;
She leaves the world because she left your love.
O, good my lord, persuade her if you can!

LACY. Why, how now, Margaret!
What, a malcontent?
A nun? What holy father taught you this,
To task yourself to such a tedious life
As die a maid? 'Twere injury to me,
To smother up such beauty in a cell.
MAR. Lord Lacy, thinking of thy former 'miss,[18] [90
How fond[19] the prime of wanton years were spent
In love (O, fie upon that fond conceit,
Whose hap and essence hangeth in the eye!),
I leave both love and love's content at once,
Betaking me to Him that is true love,
And leaving all the world for love of Him. [100
LACY. Whence, Peggy, comes this metamorphosis?
What, shorn a nun, and I have from the court
Posted with coursers to convey thee hence
To Windsor, where our marriage shall be kept!
Thy wedding-robes are in the tailor's hands. [110
Come, Peggy, leave these péremptory vows.
MAR. Did not my lord resign his interest,
And make divorce 'twixt Margaret and him?
LACY. 'Twas but to try sweet Peggy's constancy.
But will fair Margaret leave her love and lord? [120
MAR. Is not heaven's joy before earth's fading bliss,
And life above sweeter than life in love?
LACY. Why, then, Margaret will be shorn a nun?
MAR. Margaret hath made a vow which may not be revoked.
WAR. We cannot stay, my lord; an if she be so strict, [129
Our leisure grants us not to woo afresh.

[18] amiss. [19] foolishly.

ERMS. Choose you, fair damsel (yet the choice is yours)—
Either a solemn nunnery or the court,
God or Lord Lacy. Which contents you best,
To be a nun or else Lord Lacy's wife?
LACY. A good motion.—Peggy, your answer must be short.
MAR. The flesh is frail: my lord doth know it well, [140
That when he comes with his enchanting face,
Whatsoe'er betide, I cannot say him nay.
Off goes the habit of a maiden's heart,
And, seeing fortune will, fair Framlingham,
And all the show of holy nuns, farewell!
Lacy for me, if he will be my lord.
LACY. Peggy, thy lord, thy love, thy husband. [150
Trust me, by truth of knighthood, that the king
Stays for to marry matchless Elinor,
Until I bring thee richly to the court,
That one day may both marry her and thee.—
How say'st thou, Keeper? Art thou glad of this? [158
KEEP. As if the English king had given
The park and deer of Fressingfield to me.
ERM. I pray thee, my Lord of Sussex, why art thou in a brown study?
WAR. To see the nature of women; that, be they never so near God, yet they love to die in a man's arms.
LACY. What have you fit for breakfast? We have hied
And posted all this night to Fressingfield.
MAR. Butter and cheese, and umbles of a deer, [170
Such as poor keepers have within their lodge.
LACY. And not a bottle of wine?
MAR. We'll find one for my lord.
LACY. Come, Sussex, let us in: we shall have more,
For she speaks least, to hold her promise sure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A DEVIL *is scouring the countryside, seeking* MILES.

DEV. How restless are the ghosts of hellish spirits,
When every charmer with his magic spells
Calls us from nine-fold-trenchëd Phlegethon,
To scud and over-scour the earth in post
Upon the speedy wings of swiftest winds!
Now Bacon hath raised me from the darkest deep,
To search about the world for Miles, his man,
For Miles, and to torment his lazy bones
For careless watching of his Brazen Head.
See where he comes. O, he is mine!

Enter MILES *with a gown and a corner-cap.*

MILES. A scholar, quoth you! marry, sir, I would I had been made a bottle-maker when I was made a scholar; for I can get neither to be a deacon, reader, nor schoolmaster, no, not the clerk of a parish. Some call me dunce; another saith my head is as full of Latin as an egg's full of oatmeal. Thus I am tormented, that the devil and Friar Bacon haunt me.—Good Lord, here's one of my master's devils! I'll go speak to him. —What, Master Plutus, how cheer you?

DEV. Dost thou know me?

MILES. Know you, sir! Why, are not you one of my master's devils, that were wont to come to my master, Doctor Bacon, at Brazen-nose?

DEV. Yes, marry, am I.

MILES. Good Lord, Master Plutus, I have seen you a thousand times at my master's, and yet I had never the manners to make you drink. But, sir, I am glad to see how conformable you are to the statute. <I warrant you, he's as yeomanly a man as you shall see: mark you, masters, here's a plain honest man, without welt or guard.[20]> But I pray you, sir, do you come lately from hell?

DEV. Ay, marry: how then?

MILES. Faith, 'tis a place I have desired long to see. Have you not good tippling-houses there? May not a man have a lusty fire there, a pot of good ale, a pair[21] of cards, a swinging piec of chalk, and a brown toast that wi clap a white waistcoat on a cup of goo drink?

DEV. All this you may have there.

MILES. You are for me, friend, and am for you. But I pray you, may I nc have an office there?

DEV. Yes, a thousand. What would thou be?

MILES. By my troth, sir, in a plac where I may profit myself. I know he is a hot place, and men are marvellou dry, and much drink is spent there; would be a tapster.

DEV. Thou shalt.

MILES. There's nothing lets me fro going with you, but that 'tis a long journey, and I have never a horse.

DEV. Thou shalt ride on my back.

MILES. <Now surely here's a cou teous devil, that, for to pleasure h friend, will not stick to make a jade c himself.> But I pray you, goodma friend, let me move a question to yo

DEV. What's that?

MILES. I pray you, whether is yo pace a trot or an amble?

DEV. An amble.

MILES. 'Tis well; but take heed it b not a trot; but 'tis no matter, I'll pre vent it. [*Puts on spur*

DEV. What dost?

MILES. Marry, friend, I put on m spurs; for, if I find your pace either trot or else uneasy, I'll put you to a fals gallop; I'll make you feel the benefit c my spurs.

DEV. Get up upon my back.

[MILES *mounts on the* DEVIL'S *back*

MILES. O Lord, here's even a goodl marvel, when a man rides to hell on th devil's back!

[*The* DEVIL *goes out roaring, with* MILE *on his back.*

SCENE V

We are at Hampton Court for the fes tivities in connection with the doubl wedding. Into the great hall the EM PEROR *enters with a pointless sword; nex*

[20] trimmings or facings.

[21] pack.

the KING OF CASTILE, *carrying a sword with a point;* LACY, *carrying a globe;* PRINCE EDWARD; WARREN, *carrying a rod of gold with a dove on it;* ERMSBY, *with a crown and sceptre; the* DUKE OF SAXONY *and the other German rulers;* ELINOR, [10 *with* MARGARET, *now the Countess of Lincoln, on her left;* KING HENRY; BACON; *and Lords in attendance on the* KING.

P. EDW. Great potentates, earth's miracles for state,
Think that Prince Edward humbles at your feet,
And, for these favors, on his martial sword [20
He vows perpetual homage to yourselves,
Yielding these honors unto Elinor.

K. HEN. Gramercies, lordings; old Plantagenet,
That rules and sways the Albion diadem,
With tears discovers these conceivëd joys,
And vows requital, if his men-at-arms,
The wealth of England, or due honors done
To Elinor, may 'quite his favorites. [30
But all this while what say you to the dames,
That shine like to the crystal lamps of heaven?

EMP. If but a third were added to these two,
They did surpass those gorgeous images
That gloried Ida with rich beauty's wealth.

MAR. 'Tis I, my lords, who humbly [40 on my knee
Must yield her orisons to mighty Jove
For lifting up his handmaid to this state,
Brought from her homely cottage to the court,
And graced with kings, princes, and emperors;
To whom (next to the noble Lincoln Earl) [49
I vow obedience and such humble love
As may a handmaid to such mighty men.

P. ELIN. Thou martial man that wears the Almain crown,
And you the western potentates of might,
The Albion princess, English Edward's wife,
Proud that the lovely star of Fressingfield,
Fair Margaret, Countess to the Lincoln Earl, [60
Attends on Elinor—gramercies, lord, for her—
'Tis I give thanks for Margaret to you all,
And rest for her due bounden to yourselves.

K. HEN. Seeing the marriäge is solemnized,
Let's march in triumph to the royal feast.— [70
But why stands Friar Bacon here so mute?

BACON. Repentant for the follies of my youth,
That magic's secret mysteries misled,
And joyful that this royal marriäge
Portends such bliss unto this matchless realm.

K. HEN. Why, Bacon,
What strange event shall happen to this land? [81
Or what shall grow from Edward and his queen?

BACON. I find by deep presciënce of mine art,
Which once I tempered in my secret cell,
That here, where Brute did build his Troynovant,
From forth the royal garden of a king
Shall flourish out so rich and fair a bud
Whose brightness shall deface proud [91 Phœbus' flower
And over-shadow Albion with her leaves.
Till then Mars shall be master of the field;
But then the stormy threats of wars shall cease:
The horse shall stamp as careless of the pike;
Drums shall be turned to timbrels of [100 delight;
With wealthy favors plenty shall enrich
The strand that gladded wandering Brute to see,

And peace from heaven shall harbor in these leaves
That gorgeous beautify this matchless flower.
Apollo's heliotropion then shall stoop,
And Venus' hyacinth shall vail her top;
Juno shall shut her gilliflowers up,
And Pallas' bay shall 'bash[22] her brightest green;
Ceres' carnation, in consórt with those,
Shall stoop and wonder at Diana's rose.
K. Hen. This prophecy is mystical.—
But, glorious commanders of Europa's love,
That make fair England like that wealthy isle
Circled with Gihon and swift[23] Eúphrates,

In royalizing Henry's Albion
With presence of your princely mightiness,
Let 's march: the tables all are spread,
And viands, such as England's wealth affords,
Are ready set to furnish out the boards.
You shall have welcome, mighty potentates:
It rests, to furnish up this royal feast,
Only your hearts be frolic; for the time
Craves that we taste of naught but jouissance.
Thus glories England over all the west.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci.

[22] abash. [23] B, first.

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON

BY

HENRY PORTER

INTRODUCTION

"The pleasant History of the Two Angry Women of Abington, with the humorous Mirth of Dicke Coomes and Nicholas Proverbes, two Servingmen" appeared in two separate editions in the year 1599. Reason has been shown, in speaking of the author, for the belief that the play was on the stage before 1590; but it is likely that, as printed, it had undergone alteration about 1597–8. The fact that it is described on the title-page as printed "as it was lately played by the Right Honorable the Earl of Nottingham, Lord High Admiral, his Servants" points in that direction, though all it tells us positively is that the play had "lately" been acted, perhaps as originally written. As, however, Elizabethan revivals usually meant an amount of revision, the chances are that it was to some extent rewritten. A study of the play adds to the probability, seeming to give some indications of writing of more than one period, though this is a question on which it is well not to speak too positively. The failure of Henslowe's Diary to mention it may be attributable to the lacunae known to exist in that precious document; for, even if we had not the evidence of the title-page, we might still have inferred the fact of a production not long before December, 1598, when Henslowe paid £5 for a second part. We may be quite sure that a second part would have been undertaken only immediately after a successful production of the first part. Moreover, there are one or two slight indications of revision in the play itself. In III 2 we have Frank's boy entering with Master Barnes, as if he were part of the Barnes household, or as if he were at least spending the night with them. Still more significant is the fact that in IV 6 Nicholas and Coomes are left on the stage and forgotten. A new scene has to be made of what follows, because one cannot imagine their remaining quiet when others arrive on the scene, especially when the Boy is brought in with his torch. The likeliest explanation is that something has dropped out in revision. The clearest sign of either alteration or abridgement occurs in IV 4, where Will's aside makes it plain that in the preceding scene Philip had made an inquiry about a wench, which is not given in the play as it exists, as might also be inferred from Will's soliloquy in the earlier of these two scenes. Yet again, it is to be noted that the talk in I 2 leads nowhere. It may be assumed to have led somewhere in

the original version. In II 4 we are not shown how Mrs. Goursey knows of the projected match.

The play is probably the first of that rather rare species, the nocturnal. It is a comedy of splendid vivacity, with a breeziness and a swing that are very attractive. In his bluff heartiness Porter is the most English of the dramatists. He is somewhat over-fond of punning; but it is only in I 2 that his wit becomes dull. The atmosphere has a somewhat Greenean quality. The plot is simple, but cleverly managed, and the device whereby the husbands bring their recalcitrant wives to reason is ingenious, though the preparation for it is inadequate. The verse is hardly to be called beautiful; but it has a splendid vigor and sturdiness, and the vocabulary is almost incomparably Anglo-Saxon. It is not only in his wit, his humor, his jollity, and his heartiness that Porter is the most English of the dramatists; in his language also he may claim that preëminence.

The characters are types or humors, but not of the Jonson pattern. There is nothing subtle in their presentment; but most of them are well realized. Nick is the most amusing and thorough of all proverb-mongers; his facility is extraordinary. The swaggering Coomes, the impulsive and impatient Philip, and the meek Master Barnes are all soundly built; and there is much humor in the scene where Master Goursey is goaded into such anger that he keeps giving voice to oaths, for which he promptly asks God's pardon. Perhaps the most original creation is Mall Barnes, the "lusty guts." She is thoroughly well observed, as frank as coarse-minded, simply a healthy animal, with no false modesty about her, and very little of any other sort.

This play is the only one by which Porter is known to us; but it is sufficient to warrant his being given high rank among our dramatists, and, when its earliness is generally recognized, his place will be still higher than it has been while he has been looked upon merely as a writer of the late 'nineties.

CHARACTERS

Master Goursey.
Master Barnes.
Francis Goursey.
Philip Barnes.
Sir Ralph Smith.
Dick Coomes } *Servants to Master*
Hodge } *Goursey.*
Nicholas, *Servant to Master Barnes.*
Will, *Servant to Sir Ralph Smith.*
Boy, *Servant to Frank Goursey.*
Mistress Goursey.
Mistress Barnes.
Mall Barnes.
Lady Smith.
Servants.

Scene: *Abington and the Neighborhood.*
Time: *Porter's own day.*

THE TWO ANGRY WOMEN OF ABINGTON

PROLOGUE

Gentlemen, I come to ye like one that lacks and would borrow, but was loth to ask, lest he should be denied: I would ask, but I would ask to obtain; O, would I knew that manner of asking! To beg were base; and to couch low, and to carry an humble show of entreaty were too dog-like, that fawns on his master to get a bone from his trencher. Out, cur! I cannot abide it; to put on the shape and habit of this new world's new-found beggars, mis-termed soldiers, as thus: "Sweet gentlemen, let a poor scholar implore and exorate that you would make him rich in the possession of a mite of your favors, to keep him a true man in wit, and to pay for his lodging among the Muses! So God him help, he is driven to a most low estate! 'tis not unknown what service of words he hath been at; he lost his limbs in a late conflict of flout; a brave repulse and a hot assault it was, he doth protest, as ever he saw, since he knew what the report of a volley of jests were; he shall therefore desire you"——A plague upon it! each beadle disdained would whip him from your company. Well, gentlemen, I cannot tell how to get your favors better than by desert: then the worse luck, or the worse wit, or somewhat, for I shall not now deserve it. Well, then, I commit myself to my fortunes and your contents; contented to die, if your severe judgments shall judge me to be stung to death with the adder's hiss.

ACT ONE

Scene I

Master Goursey *and his wife and son have been having dinner at the house of* Master Barnes, *a neighbor. They, their host and hostess,* Philip Barnes, Nicholas, *and* Coomes *are all present.*

Gour. Good Master Barnes, this entertain of yours,
So full of courtesy and rich delight,
Makes me misdoubt my poor ability
In quittance of this friendly courtesy.
Bar. O, Master Goursey, neighbor-amity
Is such a jewel of high-reckoned worth,
As for the attain of it what would not I
Disburse, it is so precious in my thoughts!
Gour. Kind sir, near-dwelling amity indeed
Offers the heart's inquiry better view
Than love that's seated in a farther soil:
As prospectives, the nearer that they be,
Yield better judgment to the judging eye;
Things seen far off are lessened in the eye,
When their true shape is seen, being hard by.
Bar. True, sir, 'tis so; and truly I esteem
Mere amity, familiar neighborhood,
The cousin-german unto wedded love.
Gour. Ay, sir, there's surely some alliance 'twixt them;
For they have both the offspring from the heart:
Within the heart's-blood-ocean still are found
Jewels of amity and gems of love.
Bar. Ay, Master Goursey, I have in my time
Seen many shipwrecks of true honesty;
But incident such dangers ever are
To them that without compass sail so far:
Why, what need men to swim, when they may wade?

But leave this talk, enough of this is said;
And, Master Goursey, in good faith, sir, welcome;—
And, Mistress Goursey, I am much in debt
Unto your kindness that would visit me.
MRS. G. O Master Barnes, you put me but in mind [51
Of that which I should say; 'tis we that are
Indebted to your kindness for this cheer;
Which debt that we may repay, I pray let's have
Sometimes your company at our homely house.
MRS. B. That, Mistress Goursey, you shall surely have; [60
He'll be a bold guest, I warrant ye,
And bolder too with you than I would have him.
MRS. G. How, do you mean he will be bold with me?
MRS. B. Why, he will trouble you at home, forsooth,
Often call in, and ask ye how ye do,
And sit and chat with you all day till night, [70
And all night too, if he might have his will.
BAR. Ay, wife, indeed I thank her for her kindness;
She hath made me much good cheer passing that way.
MRS. B. Passing well done of her; she is a kind wench.—
I thank ye, Mistress Goursey, for my husband; [80
And, if it hap your husband come our way
A-hunting or such ordinary sports,
I'll do as much for yours as you for mine.
GOUR. Pray do, forsooth. <God's Lord, what means the woman?
She speaks it scornfully: i' faith, I care not;
Things are well-spoken, if they be well-taken.> [91
What, Mistress Barnes, is it not time to part?
MRS. B. What's a'clock, sirrah?
NICH. 'Tis but new-struck one.
GOUR. I have some business in the town by three.
BAR. Till then let's walk into the orchard, sir.
What, can you play at tables?[1] [100
GOUR. Yes, I can.
BAR. What, shall we have a game?
GOUR. And if you please.
BAR. I' faith, content; we'll spend an hour so.
Sirrah, fetch the tables.
NICH. I will, sir. [*Exit.*
PHIL. Sirrah Frank, whilst they are playing here, we'll to the green to bowls.
FRAN. Philip, content.—Coomes, come hither, sirrah: when our fathers part, [111 call us upon the green.—Philip, come, a rubber, and so leave.
PHIL. Come on.
[*Exeunt* PHILIP *and* FRANCIS.
COOMES. <'Sblood, I do not like the humor of these springals; they'll spend all their father's good at gaming. But let them trowl the bowls upon the green. I'll trowl the bowls in the buttery by [120 the leave of God and Master Barnes: an his men be good fellows, so it is; if they be not, let them go snick up.> [*Exit.*

Enter NICHOLAS *with the tables.*

BAR. So, set them down.
Mistress Goursey, how do you like this game?
MRS. G. Well, sir.
BAR. Can ye play at it?
MRS. G. A little, sir. [130
BAR. Faith, so can my wife.
GOUR. Why, then, Master Barnes, and if you please,
Our wives shall try the quarrel 'twixt us two;
And we'll look on.
BAR. I am content. What, women, will you play?
MRS. G. I care not greatly. [139
MRS. B. Nor I, but that I think she'll play me false.
GOUR. I'll see she shall not.

[1] backgammon.

Mrs. B. Nay, sir, she will be sure you shall not see;
You, of all men, shall not mark her hand;
She hath such close conveyance in her play.
Gour. Is she so cunning grown? Come, come, let's see.
Mrs. G. <Yea, Mistress Barnes, will ye not house your jests,
But let them roam abroad so carelessly?
Faith, if your jealous tongue utter another,
I'll cross ye with a jest, an ye were my mother.>
Come, shall we play?
Mrs. B. Ay, what shall we play a game?
Mrs. G. A pound a game.
Gour. How, wife?
Mrs. G. Faith, husband, not a farthing less.
Gour. It is too much; a shilling were good game.
Mrs. G. No, we'll be ill-huswives once;
You have oft been ill husbands: let's alone.
Bar. Wife, will you play so much?
Mrs. B. I would be loth to be so frank a gamester
As Mistress Goursey is; and yet, for once,
I'll play a pound a game as well as she.
Bar. Go to, you'll have your will.
Mrs. B. Come, there's my stake.
Mrs. G. And there's mine.
Mrs. B. Throw for the dice. [*Both women throw dice.*] Ill luck! they are yours.
Bar. Master Goursey, who says that gaming's bad,
When such good angels[2] walk 'twixt every cast?
Gour. This is not noble sport, but royal play.
Bar. It must be so, where royals[2] walk so fast.
Mrs. B. Play right, I pray.
Mrs. G. Why, so I do.
Mrs. B. Where stands your man?
Mrs. G. In his right place.

[2] gold coins.

Mrs. B. Good faith, I think ye play me foul an ace.
Bar. No, wife, she plays ye true.
Mrs. B. Peace, husband, peace; I'll not be judged by you.
Mrs. G. Husband, Master Barnes, pray, both go walk!
We cannot play if standers-by do talk.
Gour. Well, to your game; we will not trouble ye.
[*The two husbands walk away.*
Mrs. G. Where stands your man now?
Mrs. B. Doth he not stand right?
Mrs. G. It stands between the points.
Mrs. B. And that's my spite.
But yet methinks the dice runs much uneven,
That I throw but deuce-ace and you eleven.
Mrs. G. And yet you see that I cast down the hill.
Mrs. B. Ay, I beshrew ye, 'tis not with my will.
Mrs. G. Do ye beshrew me?
Mrs. B. No, I beshrew the dice,
That turn you up more at once than me at twice.
Mrs. G. Well, you shall see them turn for you anon.
Mrs. B. But I care not for them, when your game is done.
Mrs. G. My game! what game?
Mrs. B. Your game, your game at tables.
Mrs. G. Well, mistress, well; I have read Æsop's fables,
And know your moral meaning well enough.
Mrs. B. Lo, you'll be angry now! here's good stuff.
[*The husbands return to the wives.*
Gour. How now, women? who hath won the game?
Mrs. G. Nobody yet.
Bar. Your wife's the fairest for't.
Mrs. B. Ay, in your eye.
Mrs. G. How do you mean?
Mrs. B. He holds you fairer for't than I.
Mrs. G. For what, forsooth?
Mrs. B. Good gamester, for your game.

Bar. Well, try it out; 'tis all but in the bearing.[3]
Mrs. B. Nay, if it come to bearing, she'll be best.
Mrs. G. Why, you're as good a bearer as the rest.
Mrs. B. Nay, that's not so; you bear one man too many.
Mrs. G. Better do so than bear not any.
Bar. <Beshrew me, but my wife's jests grow too bitter;
Plainer speeches for her were more fitter: [4]
Malice lies embowelled in her tongue,
And new-hatched hate makes every jest a wrong.>
Mrs. G. Look ye, mistress, now I hit ye.
Mrs. B. Why, ay, you never use to miss a blot,[5]
Especially when it stands so fair to hit.
Mrs. G. How mean ye, Mistress Barnes?
Mrs. B. That Mistress Goursey's in the hitting vein.
Mrs. G. I hit your man.
Mrs. B. Ay, ay, my man, my man; but, had I known,
I would have had my man stood nearer home.
Mrs. G. Why, had ye kept your man in his right place,
I should not then have hit him with an ace.
Mrs. B. Right, by the Lord! a plague upon the bones!
Mrs. G. And a hot mischief on the curser too!
Bar. How now, wife?
Gour. Why, what's the matter, woman?
Mrs. G. It is no matter; I am—
Mrs. B. Ay, you are—
Mrs. G. What am I?
Mrs. B. Why, that's as you will be ever.
Mrs. G. That's every day as good as Barnes's wife.
Mrs. B. And better too: then, what needs all this trouble?
A single horse is worse than that bears double.
Bar. Wife, go to, have regard to what you say;
Let not your words pass forth the verge of reason,
But keep within the bounds of modesty;
For ill-report doth like a bailiff stand,
To pound the straying and the wit-lost tongue,
And makes it forfeit into folly's hands.
Well, wife, you know it is[6] no honest part.
To entertain such guests with jests and wrongs:
What will the neighboring country vulgar say,
Whenas they hear that you fell out at dinner?
Forsooth, they'll call it a pot-quarrel straight;
The best they'll name it is a woman's jangling.
Go to, be ruled, be ruled!
Mrs B. God's Lord, be ruled, be ruled!
What, think ye I have such a baby's wit,
To have a rod's correction for my tongue?
School infancy! I am of age to speak;
And I know when to speak: shall I be chid
For such a —
Mrs. G. What a — Nay, mistress, speak it out;
I scorn your stopped compares: compare not me
To any but your equals, Mistress Barnes.
Gour. Peace, wife, be quiet!
Bar. O, persuade, persuade!
Wife, Mistress Goursey, shall I win your thoughts
To composition of some kind effects?
Wife, if you love your credit, leave this strife,
And come shake hands with Mistress Goursey here.
Mrs. B. Shall I shake hands? let her go shake her heels;
She gets nor hands nor friendship at my hands:
And so, sir, while I live, I will take heed

[3] A term of the game. [4] B, better.
[5] Another term of the game. [6] B, 'tis.

What guests I bid again unto my house.
BAR. Impatient woman, will you be so stiff
In this absurdness?
MRS. B. I am impatient now I speak;
But, sir, I'll tell you more another time:
Go to, I will not take it as I have [350
done. [*Exit.*
MRS. G. Nay, she might stay; I will not long be here
To trouble her. Well, Master Barnes,
I am sorry that it was our haps to-day
To have our pleasures parted with this fray:
I am sorry too for all that is amiss,
Especially that you are moved in this;
But be not so, 'tis but a woman's jar: [360
Their tongues are weapons, words their blows of war;
'Twas but a while we buffeted, you saw,
And each of us was willing to withdraw;
There was no harm nor bloodshed, you did see:
Tush, fear us not, for we shall well agree.
I take my leave, sir.—Come, kind-hearted man,
That speaks his wife so fair—ay, now and then; [371
I know you would not for an hundred pound
That I should hear your voice's churlish sound;
I know you have a far more milder tune
Than "Peace, be quiet, wife;" but I have done.
Will ye go home? the door directs the way; [380
But, if you will not, my duty is to stay.
[*Exit.*
BAR. Ha, ha! why, here's a right woman, is there not?
They both have dined; yet see what stomachs they have!
GOUR. Well, Master Barnes, we cannot do withal: [7]
Let us be friends still—
BAR. O Master Goursey, the mettle of our minds, [391
Having the temper of true reason in them,
Afford[s] a better edge of argument
For the maintain of our familiar loves
Than the soft leaden wit of women can;
Wherefore with all the parts of neighbor-love
I [do] impart myself to Master Goursey.
GOUR. And with exchange of love I do receive it: [401
Then here we'll part, partners of two curst [8] wives.
BAR. O, where shall we find a man so blest that is not?
But come; your business and my home-affairs
Makes me deliver that unfriendly word
'Mongst friends—farewell.
GOUR. Twenty farewells, sir! [410
BAR. But hark ye, Master Goursey:
Look ye persuade at home, as I will do.
What, man! we must not always have them foes.
GOUR. If I can help it.
BAR. God help, God help!
Women are even untoward creatures still.

SCENE II

PHILIP *and* FRANCIS *have just finished their game of bowls upon the green. The* Boy *is with them.*

PHIL. Come on, Frank Goursey: you have had good luck
To win the game.
FRAN. Why, tell me, is 't not good,
That never played before upon your green? [9
PHIL. 'Tis good, but that it cost me ten good crowns;
That makes it worse.
FRAN. Let it not grieve thee, man; come o'er to us;
We will devise some game to make you win
Your money back again, sweet Philip.
PHIL. And that shall be ere long, and if I live.
But tell me, Francis, what good horses have ye, [21
To hunt this summer?
FRAN. Two or three jades or so.
PHIL. Be they but jades?
FRAN. No, faith; my wag-string here

[7] help it.
[8] shrewish.

Did founder one the last time that he rid—
The best grey nag that ever I laid my leg over.
BOY. You mean the flea-bitten.
FRAN. Good sir, the same.
BOY. And was the same the best that e'er you rid on?
FRAN. Ay, was it, sir.
BOY. I' faith, it was not, sir.
FRAN. No! where had I one so good?
BOY. One of my color, and a better too.
FRAN. One of your color? I ne'er remember him;
One of that color!
BOY. Or of that complexion.
FRAN. What's that ye call complexion in a horse?
BOY. The color, sir.
FRAN. Set me a color on your jest, or I will— *[Offers to strike him.*
BOY. Nay, good sir, hold your hands!
FRAN. What, shall we have it?
BOY. Why, sir, I cannot paint.
FRAN. Well, then, I can;
And I shall find a pencil for ye, sir.
BOY. Then I must find the table,[9] if you do.
FRAN. A whoreson, barren, wicked urchin!
BOY. Look how you chafe! you would be angry more,
If I should tell it you.
FRAN. Go to, I'll anger ye, and if you do not.
BOY. Why, sir, the horse that I do mean
Hath a leg both straight and clean,
That hath nor spaven, splint, nor flaw,
But is the best that ever ye saw;
A pretty rising knee—O knee!
It is as round as round may be;
The full flank makes the buttock round:
This palfrey standeth on no ground,
Whenas my master's on her back,
If that he once do say but "t'ck":
And, if he prick her, you shall see
Her gallop amain, she is so free;
And if he give her but a nod,
She thinks it is a riding-rod;
And if he'll have her softly go,
Then she trips it like a doe;
She comes so easy with the rein,
A twine-thread turns her back again;
And truly I did ne'er see yet
A horse play proudlier on the bit:
My master with good managing
Brought her first unto the ring;
He likewise taught her to corvet,
To run, and suddenly to set;
She's cunning in the wild-goose race,
Nay, she's apt to every pace;
And, to prove her color good,
A flea, enamored of her blood,
Digged for channels in her neck,
And there made many a crimson speck:
I think there's none that use to ride
But can her pleasant trot abide;
She goes so even upon the way,
She will not stumble in a day;
And, when my master—
FRAN. What do I?
BOY. Nay, nothing, sir.
PHIL. O, fie, Frank, fie!
Nay, nay, your reason hath no justice now,
I must needs say; persuade him first to speak,
Then chide him for it! Tell me, pretty wag,
Where stands this prancer, in what inn or stable?
Or, hath thy master put her out to run,
Then in what field, what champion,[10] feeds this courser,
This well-paced, bonny steed that thou so praisest?
BOY. Faith, sir, I think—
FRAN. Villain, what do ye think?
BOY. I think that you, sir, have been asked by many,
But yet I never heard that ye told any.
PHIL. Well, boy, then I will add one more to many,
And ask thy master where this jennet feeds.
Come, Frank, tell me—nay, prythee, tell me, Frank,
My good horse-master, tell me—by this light,

[9] writing tablet.

[10] A form of "campaign."

I will not steal her from thee; if I do,
Let me be held a felon to thy love.

FRAN. No, Philip, no.

PHIL. What, wilt thou wear a point but with one tag? [130

Well, Francis, well, I see you are a wag.

Enter COOMES, *rather the worse for the good time he has had in the Barnes' cellar.*

COOMES. 'Swounds, where be these timber-turners, these trowl-the-bowls, these green-men, these—

FRAN. What, what, sir?

COOMES. These bowlers, sir.

FRAN. Well, sir, what say you to bowlers? [141

COOMES. Why, I say they cannot be saved.

FRAN. Your reason, sir?

COOMES. Because they throw away their souls at every mark.

FRAN. Their souls! how mean ye?

PHIL. Sirrah, he means the soul of the bowl.

FRAN. Lord, how his wit holds [150 bias, like a bowl!

COOMES. Well, which is the bias?

FRAN. This next to you.

COOMES. Nay, turn it this way, then the bowl goes true.

BOY. Rub, rub!

COOMES. Why rub?

BOY. Why, you overcast the mark, and miss the way.

COOMES. Nay, boy, I use to take the fairest of my play. [161

PHIL. Dick Coomes, methinks th' art very pleasant: Where[11] gotst thou this merry humor?

COOMES. In your father's cellar, the merriest place in th' house.

PHIL. Then you have been carousing hard?

COOMES. Yes, faith, 'tis our custom, when your father's men and we meet. [170

PHIL. Thou art very welcome thither, Dick.

COOMES. By God, I thank ye, sir, I thank ye, sir: by God, I have a quart of wine for ye, sir, in any place of the world. There shall not a servingman in Barkshire fight better for ye than I will do, if you have any quarrel on hand: you shall have the maidenhead of my new sword; I paid a quarter's wages for 't, by Jesus. [181

PHIL. O, this meat-failer Dick!
How well 't has made the apparel of his wit,
And brought it into fashion of an honor!—
Prythee, Dick Coomes, but tell me how thou dost?

COOMES. Faith, sir, like a poor man of service. [190

PHIL. Or servingman.

COOMES. Indeed, so called by the vulgar.

PHIL. Why, where the devil hadst thou that word?

COOMES. O, sir, you have the most eloquent ale in the world; our blunt soil affords none such.

FRAN. Philip, leave talking with this drunken fool.—Say, sirrah, where's [200 my father?

COOMES. "Marry, I thank ye for my very good cheer.—O Lord, it is not so much worth.—You see I am bold with ye.—Indeed, you are not so bold as welcome; I pray ye, come oft'ner.—Truly, I shall trouble ye." All these ceremonies are despatched between them, and they are gone.

FRAN. Are they so? [210

COOMES. Ay, before God, are they.

FRAN. And wherefore came not you to call me then?

COOMES. Because I was loth to change my game.

FRAN. What game?

COOMES. You were at one sort of bowls, as I was at another.

PHIL. Sirrah, he means the butt'ry bowls of beer. [220

COOMES. By God, sir, we tickled it.

FRAN. <Why, what a swearing keeps this drunken ass!>—Canst thou not say but swear at every word?

[11] B, when.

PHIL. Peace, do not mar his humor, prythee, Frank.

COOMES. Let him alone; he's a springal; he knows not what belongs to an oath.

FRAN. Sirrah, be quiet, or I do protest— [231

COOMES. Come, come, what do you protest?

FRAN. By heaven, to crack your crown.

COOMES, *drawing his sword.* To crack my crown! I lay ye a crown of that; lay it down, an ye dare; nay, 'sblood, I'll venture a quarter's wages of that.— Crack my crown, quotha! [240

FRAN. Will ye not yet be quiet? will ye urge me?

COOMES. Urge ye, with a pox! who urges ye? You might have said so much to a clown, or one that had not been o'er the sea to see fashions: I have, I tell ye true; and I know what belongs to a man. Crack my crown, an ye can.

FRAN. An I can, ye rascal?

PHIL. Hold, hair-brain, hold! dost thou not see he's drunk? [251

COOMES. Nay, let him come: though he be my master's son, I am my master's man, and a man is a man in any ground of England.

Come an he dares, 'a comes upon his death:
I will not budge an inch; no, 'sblood! will I not.

FRAN. Will ye not? [260

PHIL. Stay, prythee, Frank.—Coomes, dost thou hear?

COOMES. Hear me no hears: stand away; I'll trust none of you all. If I have my back against a cartwheel, I would not care if the devil came.

PHIL. Why, ye fool, I am your friend.

COOMES. Fool on your face! I have a wife.

FRAN. She's a whore, then. [270

COOMES. She's as honest as Nan Lawson.

PHIL. What's she?

COOMES. One of his whores.

PHIL. Why, hath he so many?

COOMES. Ay, as many as there be churches in London.

PHIL. Why, that's a hundred and nine

BOY. Faith, he lies a hundred.

PHIL. Then thou art a witness to nine

BOY. No, by God, I'll be witness to [281 none.

COOMES. Now do I stand like the George at Colebrook.

BOY. No, thou stand'st like the Bull at St. Albans.

COOMES. Boy, ye lie—the Horns.

BOY. The bull's bitten; see, how he butts! [289

PHIL. Coomes, Coomes, put up;[12] my friend and thou are friends.

COOMES. I'll hear him say so first.

PHIL. Frank, prythee, do; be friends and tell him so.

FRAN. Go to; I am.

BOY. Put up, sir; an ye be a man, put up.

COOMES. I am easily persuaded, boy. [*Puts up his sword*

PHIL. Ah, ye mad slave! [300

COOMES. Come, come, a couple o whoremasters I found ye, and so I leave ye. [*Exit*

PHIL. Lo, Frank, dost thou not see he's drunk,
That twits thee with thy dispositiön?

FRAN. What disposition?

PHIL. Nan Lawson, Nan Lawson.

FRAN. Nay, then—

PHIL. Go to, ye wag, 'tis well: [310
If ever ye get a wife, i' faith I'll tell.
Sirrah, at home we have a servingman;
He is[13] not humored bluntly as Coomes is,
Yet his condition[14] makes me often merry:
I'll tell thee, sirrah, he's a fine neat fellow,
A spruce slave; I warrant ye, he'll have
His crewel garters cross about the [320 knee,
His woollen hose as white as th' driven snow,

[12] sheathe your sword.
[13] B, Hees.
[14] humor.

His shoes dry-leather neat, and tied with red ribbons,
A nosegay bound with laces in his hat,
Bridelaces, sir; his hat an [15] all green hat—
Green coverlet for such a grass-green wit.
"The goose that grazeth on the green," quoth he, [330
"May I eat on, when you shall buried be!"
All proverbs in his speech, he's proverbs all.
FRAN. Why speaks he proverbs?
PHIL. Because he would speak truth,
And proverbs, you'll confess, are old-said sooth.
FRAN. I like this well, and one day I will see him. [340
But shall we part?
PHIL. Not yet; I'll bring ye somewhat on your way;
And, as we go, between your boy and you
I'll know where that brave prancer stands at livery.
FRAN. Come, come, you shall not.
PHIL. I' faith, I will. [*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

SCENE I

Later the same afternoon MASTER BARNES *in his garden takes his wife to task for her behavior to* MISTRESS GOURSEY.

BAR. Wife, in my mind to-day you were to blame,
Although my patience did not blame ye for it:
Methought the rules of love and neighborhood [10
Did not direct your thoughts; all indiscreet [1]
Were your proceedings in the entertain
Of them that I invited to my house.
Nay, stay, I do not chide, but counsel, wife,
And in the mildest manner that I may:
You need not view me with a servant's eye, [19
Whose vassal senses tremble at the look
Of his displeasëd master. O, my wife,
You are myself! when self sees fault in self,
Self is sin-obstinate, if self amend not:
Indeed, I saw a fault in thee myself,
And it hath set a foil upon thy fame,
Not as the foil doth grace the diamond.
MRS. B., *sulkily*. What fault, sir, did you see in me to-day? [29
BAR. O, do not set the organ of thy voice
On such a grunting key of discontent!
Do not deform the beauty of thy tongue
With such misshapen answers. Rough wrathful words
Are bastards got by rashness in the thoughts;
Fair demeanors are virtue's nuptial babes, [39
The offspring of the well-instructed soul;
O, let them call thee mother, then, my wife!
So seem not barren of good courtesy.
MRS. B. So; have ye done?
BAR. Ay, and I had done well,
If you would do what I advise for well.
MRS. B. What's that?
BAR. Which is, that you would be good friends
With Mistress Goursey. [50
MRS. B. With Mistress Goursey!
BAR. Ay, sweet wife.
MRS. B. Not so, sweet husband.
BAR. Could you but show me any grounded cause.
MRS. B. The grounded cause I ground, because I will not.
BAR. Your will hath little reason, then, I think.
MRS. B. Yes, sir, my reason equalleth my will. [61
BAR. Let's hear your reason; for your will is great.
MRS. B. Why, for I will not.
BAR. Is all your reason "for I will not," wife?
Now, by my soul, I held ye for more wise,
Discreet, and of more temperature in sense, [70

[15] B, and.
[1] B, indirect.

Than in a sullen humor to affect
That women's will-born, common scholar phrase.
Oft have I heard a timely-married girl,
That newly left to call her mother "mam,"
Her father "dad," but yesterday come from
"That's my good girl, God send thee a good husband!" [80
And now being taught to speak the name of husband,
Will, when she would be wanton in her will,
If her husband asked her why, say "for I will."
Have I chid men for unmanly choice,
That would not fit their years? have I seen thee
Pupil[2] such green young things, and with thy counsel [91
Tutor their wits? and art thou now infected
With this disease of imperfectiön?
I blush for thee, ashamëd at thy shame.
MRS. B. A shame on her that makes thee rate me so!
BAR. O black-mouthed rage, thy breath is boisterous,
And thou mak'st virtue shake at [100 this high storm!
She's of good report; I know thou know'st it.
MRS. B. She is not, nor I know not; but I know
That thou dost love her, therefore think'st her so;
Thou bear'st with her because she bears with thee.
Thou may'st be ashamed to stand in her defence: [111
She is a strumpet, and thou art no honest man
To stand in her defence against thy wife.
If I catch her in my walk, now, by Cock's bones,
I'll scratch out both her eyes.
BAR. O God!
MRS. B. Nay, never say, "O God," for the matter: [120

[2] discipline.

Thou art the cause; thou bad'st her t
my house,
Only to blear the eyes of Goursey, dids
not?
But I will send him word, I warran
thee;
And ere I sleep too, trust upon it, sir
[*Exit*
BAR. Methinks this is a mighty faul
in her. [13
I could be angry with her: O, if I be so
I shall but put a link unto a torch,
And so give greater light to see her fault
I'll rather smother it in melancholy:
Nay, wisdom bids me shun that passiön;
Then I will study for a remedy.
I have a daughter. Now, Heaven invo-
cate
She be not of like spirit as her mother!
If so, she'll be a plague unto her hus-
band, [141
If that he be not patient and discreet,
For that I hold the ease of all such
trouble.
Well, well, I would my daughter had a
husband
For I would see how she would[3] demean
herself
In that estate; it may be, ill enough—
And, so God shall help me, well-remem-
bered now! [151
Frank Goursey is his father's son and
heir:
A youth that in my heart I have good
hope on;
My senses say a match, my soul ap-
plauds
The motion. O, but his lands are great;
He will look high; why, I will strain my-
self [160
To make her dowry equal with his land.
Good faith, an 'twere a match, 'twould
be a means
To make their mothers friends. I'll call
my daughter,
To see how she's disposed to marriäge.—
Mall, where are ye?

Enter MALL.

MALL. Father, here I am. [169
BAR. Where is your mother?

[3] B. could

MALL. I saw her not, forsooth, since you and she
Went walking both together to the garden.
BAR. Dost thou hear me, girl? I must dispute with thee.
MALL. Father, the question then must not be hard;
For I am very weak in argument. [179
BAR. Well, this it is; I say 'tis good to marry.
MALL. And this say I, 'tis not good to marry.
BAR. Were it not good, then all men would not marry;
But now they do.
MALL. Marry, not all; but it is good to marry.
BAR. Is it both good and bad? how can this be? [190
MALL. Why, it is good to them that marry well;
To them that marry ill, no greater hell.
BAR. If thou mightst marry well, wouldst thou agree?
MALL. I cannot tell; Heaven must appoint for me.
BAR. Wench, I am studying for thy good indeed.
MALL. My hopes and duty wish your thoughts good speed. [201
BAR. But tell me, wench, hast thou a mind to marry?
MALL. This question is too hard for bashfulness;
And, father, now ye pose my modesty:
I am a maid; and, when ye ask me thus,
I, like a maid, must blush, look pale and wan,
And then look red[4] again; for we change color, [211
As our thoughts change. With true-faced passiön
Of modest maidenhead I could adorn me,
And to your question make a sober curtsey,
And with close-clipped civility be silent;
Or else say, "No, forsooth," or "Ay, forsooth."
If I said, "No, forsooth," I lied forsooth:
To lie upon myself were deadly sin; [221
Therefore I will speak truth and shame the devil.
Father, when first I heard you name a husband,
At that same very name my spirits quickened.
Despair before had killed them, they were dead: [229
Because it was my hap so long to tarry,
I was persuaded I should never marry;
And, sitting sewing thus upon the ground,
I fell in trance of meditatiön;
But, coming to myself, "O Lord," said I,
"Shall it be so? must I unmarried die?"
And, being angry, father, farther said,
"Now, by Saint Anne, I will not die a maid!"
Good faith, before I came to this ripe growth, [240
I did accuse the laboring time of sloth;
Methought the year did run but slow about,
For I thought each year ten I was without.
Being fourteen and toward the tother year,
"Good Lord," thought I, "fifteen will ne'er be here!"
For I have heard my mother say that then [251
Pretty maids were fit for handsome men:
Fifteen past, sixteen, and seventeen too,
What, thought I, will not this husband do?
Will no man marry me? have men forsworn
Such beauty and such youth? shall youth be worn
As rich men's gowns, moře with age [260 than use?
Why, then I let restrainëd fancy loose,
And bade it gaze for pleasure; then love swore me
To do whate'er my mother did before me;
Yet, in good faith, I was very loth;
But now it lies in you to save my oath:
If I shall have a husband, get him quickly,
For maids that wears cork shoes may step awry. [271

[4] B, pale.

Bar. Believe me, wench, I do not reprehend[5] thee,
But for this pleasant answer do commend thee.
I must confess, love doth thee mighty wrong,
But I will see thee have thy right ere long;
I know a young man, whom I hold most fit [281
To have thee both for living and for wit:
I will go write about it presently.
Mall. Good father, do. [*Exit* Barnes.
O God, methinks I should
Wife it as fine as any woman could!
I could carry a port to be obeyed,
Carry a mastering eye upon my maid,
With "Minion, do your business, or I'll make ye," [290
And to all house-authority betake me.
O God! would I were married, by[6] my troth!
But, if I be not, I swear I'll keep my oath.

Enter Mistress Barnes.

Mrs. B. How now, minion, where have you been gadding?
Mall. Forsooth, my father called me forth to him. [300
Mrs. B. Your father! and what said he to ye, I pray?
Mall. Nothing, forsooth.
Mrs. B. Nothing! that cannot be; something he said.
Mall. Ay, something that as good as nothing was.
Mrs. B. Come, let me hear that something-nothing, then.
Mall. Nothing but of a husband for me, mother. [311
Mrs. B. A husband! that was something; but what husband?
Mall. Nay, faith, I know not, mother: would I did!
Mrs. B. Ay, "would ye did!" i' faith, are ye so hasty?
Mall. Hasty, mother! why, how old am I?
Mrs. B. Too young to marry. [320

[5] Qq, apprehend.
[6] Qq, Be.

Mall. Nay, by the mass, ye lie.
Mother, how old were you when you did marry?
Mrs. B. How old soe'er I was, yet you shall tarry.
Mall. Then the worse for me. Hark, mother, hark!
The priest forgets that e'er he was a clerk:
When you were at my years, I'll hold my life, [331
Your mind was to change maidenhead for wife.
Pardon me, mother, I am of your mind,
And, by my troth, I take it but by kind.[7]
Mrs. B. Do ye hear, daughter? you shall stay my leisure.
Mall. Do you hear, mother? would you stay from pleasure,
When ye have mind to it? Go to, there's no wrong [341
Like this, to let maids lie alone so long:
Lying alone, they muse but in their beds,
How they might lose their long-kept maidenheads.
This is the cause there is so many scapes,
For women that are wise will not lead apes
In hell, I tell ye, mother: I say true;
Therefore come, husband; maiden- [350
head, adieu! [*Exit.*
Mrs. B. Well, lusty guts, I mean to make ye stay,
And set some rubs in your mind's smoothest way.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Mother—
Mrs. B. How now, sirrah; where have you been walking?
Phil. Over the meads, half-way to Milton, mother, [361
To bear my friend, Frank Goursey, company.
Mrs. B. Where's your blue[8] coat, your sword and buckler, sir?
Get you such-like habit for a serving-man,
If you will wait upon the brat of Goursey.

[7] inheritance.
[8] The servants' color.

PHIL. Mother, that you are moved, this makes me wonder;
When I departed, I did leave ye friends.
What undigested jar hath since betided?
MRS. B. Such as almost doth choke thy mother, boy,
And stifles her with the conceit of it;
I am abused, my son, by Goursey's wife.
PHIL. By Mistress Goursey?
MRS. B. Mistress Flirt, yon foul strumpet,
Light-a-love, short-heels! Mistress Goursey
Call her again, and thou wert better no.[9]
PHIL. O my dear mother, have some patiënce!
MRS. B. Ay, sir, have patiënce, and see your father
To rifle up the treasure of my love,
And play the spendthrift upon such an harlot!
This same will make me have patience, will it not?
PHIL. This same is women's most impatiënce:
Yet, mother, I have often heard ye say,
That you have found my father temperate,
And ever free from such affectiöns.
MRS. B. Ay, till my too much love did glut his thoughts,
And make him seek for change.
PHIL. O change your mind!
My father bears more cordial love to you.
MRS. B. Thou liest, thou liest, for he loves Goursey's wife,
Not me.
PHIL. Now I swear, mother, you are much to blame;
I durst be sworn he loves you as his soul.
MRS. B. Wilt thou be pampered by affectiön?
Will nature teach thee such vild perjury?
Wilt thou be sworn, ay, forsworn, careless boy?
And if thou swearst, I say he loves me not.
PHIL. Mother, he loves ye but too well, I swear,
Unless ye knew much better how to use him.

[9] There is something wrong in this speech.

MRS. B. Doth he so, sir? thou unnatural boy!
"Too well," sayest thou? that word shall cost thee somewhat:
O monstrous! have I brought thee up to this?
"Too well!" O unkind, wicked, and degenerate,
Hast thou the heart to say so of thy mother?
Well, God will plague thee for't, I warrant thee.
Out on thee, villain! fie upon thee, wretch!
Out of my sight, out of my sight, I say!
PHIL. This air is pleasant, and doth please me well,
And here I will stay.
MRS. B. Wilt thou, stubborn villain?

Re-enter MASTER BARNES.

BAR. How now, what's the matter?
MRS. B. Thou sett'st thy son to scoff and mock at me:
Is't not sufficient I am wronged of thee,
But he must be an agent to abuse me?
Must I be subject to my cradle too?
O God, O God, amend it! [*Exit.*
BAR. Why, how now, Philip? is this true, my son?
PHIL. Dear father, she is much impatiënt:
Ne'er let that hand assist me in my need,
If I more said than that she thought amiss
To think that you were so licentious given;
And thus much more, when she inferred it more,
I swore an oath you loved her but too well:
In that as guilty I do hold myself.
Now that I come to more considerate trial,
I know my fault: I should have borne with her:
Blame me for rashness, then, not for want of duty.
BAR. I do absolve thee; and come hither, Philip:
I have writ a letter unto Master Goursey,

And I will tell thee the contents thereof;
But tell me first, think'st thou Frank Goursey loves thee?

PHIL. If that a man devoted to a man,
Loyal, religious in love's hallowed vows—
If that a man that is sole laborsome
To work his own thoughts to his friend's delight,
May purchase good opinion with his friend, [479
Then I may say, I have done this so well,
That I may think Frank Goursey loves me well.

BAR. 'Tis well; and I am much deceived in him,
And if he be not sober, wise, and valiant.

PHIL. I hope my father takes me for thus wise,
I will not glue myself in love to one
That hath not some desert of virtue in him: [490
Whate'er you think of him, believe me, father,
He will be answerable to your thoughts
In any quality commendable.

BAR. Thou cheer'st my hopes in him; and, in good faith,
Thou'st made my love complete unto thy friend:
Philip, I love him, and I love him so,
I could afford him a good wife, I know.

PHIL. Father, a wife! [501

BAR. Philip, a wife.

PHIL. I lay my life—my sister!

BAR. Ay, in good faith.

PHIL. Then, father, he shall have her; he shall, I swear.

BAR. How canst thou say so, knowing not his mind?

PHIL. All is one for that. I will go to him straight. [510
Father, if you would seek this seven-years'-day,
You could not find a fitter match for her;
And he shall have her, I swear he shall;
He were as good be hanged, as once deny her.
[*Going.*] I' faith, I'll to him.

BAR. Hairbrain, hairbrain, stay!
As yet we do not know his father's mind.
Why, what will Master Goursey say, my son, [521
If we should motion it without his knowledge?
Go to, he's a wise and discreet gentleman,
And that expects from me all honest parts;
Nor shall he fail his expectatiön;
First I do mean to make him privy to it.
Philip, this letter is to that effect. [530

PHIL. Father, for God's sake, send it quickly, then:
I'll call your man.—[*Calling.*] What, Hugh! where's Hugh, there, ho?

BAR. Philip, if this would prove a match,
It were the only means that could be found
To make thy mother friends with Mistress Goursey. [540

PHIL. How, a match! I'll warrant ye, a match.
My sister's fair; Frank Goursey, he is rich;
Her dowry, too, will be sufficiënt;
Frank's young, and youth is apt to love;
And, by my troth, my sister's maidenhead
Stands like a game at tennis: if the ball
Hit into the hole, or hazard, farewell all!

BAR. How now, where's Hugh? [551

Enter NICHOLAS.

PHIL. Why, what doth this proverbial with us?
[*Calling.*] Why, where's Hugh?

BAR. Peace, peace.

PHIL., *calling.* Where's Hugh, I say?

BAR. Be not so hasty, Philip.

PHIL. <Father, let me alone;
I do it but to make myself some sport. [560
This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but proverbs,
And speak men what they can to him, he'll answer
With some rhyme-rotten sentence or old saying,
Such spokes as the ancient of the parish use,

With, "Neighbor, 'tis an old proverb and a true,
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new;"
Then says another, "Neighbor, that is true;"
And, when each man hath drunk his gallon round—
A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon—
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,
That's glued together with his slavering drops
Of yeasty ale; and, when he scarce can trim
His gouty fingers, thus he'll fillip it,
And, with a rotten hem, say, "Hey, my hearts,
Merry go sorry! cock and pie, my hearts!"
But then their saving penny proverb comes;
And that is this, "They that will to the wine,
Berlady mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."
This was one of this penny-father's[10] bastards;
For, on my life, he was never begot
Without the consent of some great proverb-monger.

BAR. O, ye are a wag.>

PHIL. Well, now unto my business.—'Swounds, will that mouth, that's made of old-said saws
And nothing else, say nothing to us now?

NICH. O Master Philip, forbear; you must not leap over the stile, before you come at it; haste makes waste; soft fire makes sweet malt; not too fast for falling; there's no haste to hang true men.

PHIL. <Father, we ha't, ye see, we ha't. Now will I see if my memory will serve for some proverbs too.> O—a painted cloth were as well worth a shilling as a thief worth a halter; well, after my hearty commendations, as I was at the making hereof, so it is, that I hope, as you speed, so you're sure: a swift horse will tire; but he that trots easily will endure. You have most learnedly proverbed it, commending the virtue of patience or forbearance; but yet, you know, forbearance is no quittance.

NICH. I promise ye, Master Philip, you have spoken as true as steel.

PHIL. Father, there's a proverb well applied.

NICH. And it seemeth unto me, ay, it seems to me, that you, Master Philip, mock me. Do you not know, *qui mocat mocabitur?* mock age, and see how it will prosper.

PHIL. Why, ye whoreson proverb-book bound up in folio,
Have ye no other sense to answer me
But every word a proverb? no other English?
Well, I'll fulfil a proverb on thee straight.

NICH. What is it, sir?

PHIL. I'll fetch my fist from thine ear.

NICH. Bear witness, he threatens me!

PHIL. Father, that same is the coward's common proverb.—
But come, come, sirrah, tell me where Hugh is.

NICH. I may, an I will; I need not, except I list; you shall not command me; you give me neither meat, drink, nor wages; I am your father's man; and a man's a man, and 'a have but a hose on his head; do not misuse me so, do not; for, though he that is bound must obey, yet he that will not tarry, may run away—so he may.

BAR. Peace, Nick! I'll see he shall use thee well.—
Go to, peace, sirrah. Here, Nick, take this letter;
Carry it to him to whom it is directed.

NICH. To whom is it?

BAR. Why, read it: canst thou read?

NICH. Forsooth, though none of the best, yet meanly.

BAR. Why, dost thou not use it?

NICH. Forsooth, as use makes perfectness, so seldom seen is soon forgotten.

BAR. Well said; but go: it is to Master Goursey.

[10] miser's.

PHIL. Now, sir, what proverb have ye to deliver a letter? [671

NICH. What need you to care? who speaks to you? you may speak when ye are spoken to, and keep your wind to cool your pottage. Well, well, you are my master's son, and you look for his land; but they that hope for dead men's shoes may hap to go barefoot. Take heed: as soon goes the young sheep to the pot as the old. I pray God save [680 my master's life; for seldom comes the better!

PHIL. O, he hath given it me! Farewell, Proverbs!

NICH. Farewell, frost!

PHIL. Shall I fling an old shoe after ye?

NICH. No; you should say, God send fair weather after me!

PHIL. I mean for good luck. [689

NICH. A good luck on ye! [*Exit.*

BAR. Alas, poor fool! he uses all his wit.

Philip, in faith this mirth hath cheerëd thought,
And cozened it of his right play of passion.
Go after Nick, and, when thou think'st he's there,
Go in and urge to that which I have writ.
I'll in these meadows make a circling walk, [700
And in my meditation conjure so
As that same fiend of thought, self-eating anger,
Shall by my spells of reason vanish quite.
Away; and let me hear from thee to-night.

PHIL. To-night! yes, that you shall: but hark ye, father;
Look that you my sister waking keep, [709
For Frank, I swear, shall kiss her, ere I sleep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A room in MASTER GOURSEY'S *house, later the same afternoon.* FRANCIS *and the* BOY *are together.*

FRAN. I am very dry with walking o'er the green.—Butler, some beer!—Sirrah, call the butler.

BOY. Nay, faith, sir, we must have some smith to give the butler a drench, or cut him in the forehead, for he hath got a horse's disease—namely, the [10 staggers; to-night he's a good huswife, he reels all that he wrought to-day; and he were good now to play at dice, for he casts[11] excellent well.

FRAN. How mean'st thou? is he drunk?

BOY. I cannot tell; but I am sure he hath more liquor in him than a whole dicker[12] of hides; he's soaked thoroughly, i' faith. [20

FRAN. Well, go and call him; bid him bring me drink.

BOY. I will, sir. [*Exit.*

FRAN. My mother pouts, and will look merrily
Neither upon my father nor on me:
He says she fell out with Mistress Barnes to-day;
Then I am sure they'll not be quickly friends. [30
Good Lord, what kind of creatures women are!
Their love is lightly won and lightly lost;
And then their hate is deadly and extreme:
He that doth take a wife betakes himself
To all the cares and troubles of the world.
Now her disquietness doth grieve my [40 father,
Grieves me, and troubles all the house besides.—
[*Calling.*] What, shall I have some drink? [*Horn sounded within.*
How now? a horn!
Belike the drunken slave is fallen asleep,
And now the boy doth wake him with his horn.— [49

Re-enter BOY.

How now, sirrah, where's the butler?

BOY. Marry, sir, where he was even now, asleep; but I waked him; and, when he waked, he thought he was in Master Barnes's buttery, for he stretched himself thus, and yawning, said, "Nick,

[11] vomits.
[12] ten.

honest Nick, fill a fresh bowl of ale; stand to it, Nick; an thou beest a man of God's making, stand to it;" and then I winded my horn, and he's horn-mad. [60

Enter HODGE, *very drunk.*

HODGE. Boy, hey! ho, boy! an thou beest a man, draw—O, here's a blessed moonshine, God be thanked!—Boy, is not this goodly weather for barley?

BOY. Spoken like a right maulster, Hodge; but dost thou hear? thou art not drunk?

HODGE. No, I scorn that, i' faith.

BOY. But thy fellow Dick Coomes is mightily drunk. [71

HODGE. Drunk! a plague on it, when a man cannot carry his drink well! 'sblood, I'll stand to it.

BOY. Hold, man; see, an thou canst stand first.

HODGE. Drunk! he's a beast, an he be drunk; there's no man that is a sober man will be drunk; he's a boy, an he be drunk. [80

BOY. No, he's a man as thou art.

HODGE. Thus 'tis when a man will not be ruled by his friends: I bad him keep under the lee, but he kept down the weather two bows; I told him he would be taken with a planet, but the wisest of us all may fall.

BOY. True, Hodge. [BOY *trips him.*

HODGE. Whoop! lend me thy hand, Dick, I am fallen into a well; lend me thy hand, I shall be drowned else. [91

BOY. Hold fast by the bucket, Hodge.

HODGE. A rope on it!

BOY. Ay, there is a rope on it; but where art thou, Hodge?

HODGE. In a well; I prithee, draw up.

BOY. Come, give up thy body; wind up, hoist!

HODGE. I am over head and ears.

BOY. In all, Hodge, in all. [100

FRAN. How loathsome is this beast-man's shape to me,
This mould of reason so unreasonable!—
Sirrah, why dost thou trip him down, seeing he's drunk?

BOY. Because, sir, I would have drunkards cheap.

FRAN. How mean ye?

BOY. Why, they say that, when anything hath a fall, it is cheap; and so [110 of drunkards.

FRAN. Go to, help him up. [*Knocking without.*] But, hark, who knocks?

[BOY *goes to the door and returns.*

BOY. Sir, here's one of Master Barnes's men with a letter to my old master.

FRAN. Which of them is it?

BOY. They call him Nicholas, sir. [118

FRAN. Go, call him in. [*Exit* BOY.

Enter COOMES, *almost as drunk as* HODGE.

COOMES. By your leave, ho! How now, young master, how is 't?

FRAN. Look ye, sirrah, where your fellow lies;
He's in a fine taking, is he not?

COOMES. Whoop, Hodge! where art thou, man, where art thou?

HODGE. O, in a well.

COOMES. In a well, man! nay, then, thou art deep in understanding. [131

FRAN. Ay, once to-day you were almost so, sir.

COOMES. Who, I! go to, young master, I do not like this humor in ye, I tell ye true; give every man his due, and give him no more: say I was in such a case! go to, 'tis the greatest indignation that can be offered to a man; and, but a man's more godlier given, you were able to [140 make him swear out his heart-blood. What though that honest Hodge have cut his finger here, or, as some say, cut a feather: what though he be mump, misled, blind, or, as it were—'tis no consequent to me: you know I have drunk all the alehouses in Abington dry, and laid the taps on the tables, when I had done: 'sblood! I'll challenge all the true robpots in Europe to leap up to the chin [150 in a barrel of beer, and if I cannot drink it down to my foot, ere I leave, and then set the tap in the midst of the house, and then turn a good turn on the toe on it, let me be counted nobody, a pingler[13]—

[13] bungler.

nay, let me be bound to drink nothing but small-beer seven years after—and I had as lief be hanged. [158

Enter NICHOLAS.

FRAN. Peace, sir; I must speak with one.—Nicholas, I think, your name is.

NICH. True as the skin between your brows.

FRAN. Well, how doth thy master?

NICH. Forsooth, live; and the best doth no better.

FRAN. Where is the letter he hath sent me?

NICH. *Ecce signum!* here it is. [169

FRAN. <'Tis right as Philip said, 'tis a fine fool.> This letter is directed to my father; I'll carry it to him.—Dick Coomes, make him drink. [*Exit.*

COOMES. Ay, I'll make him drunk, an he will.

NICH. Not so, Richard; it is good to be merry and wise.

COOMES. Well, Nicholas, as thou art Nicholas, welcome; but as thou art Nicholas and a boon companion, ten times [180 welcome. Nicholas, give me thy hand: shall we be merry? an we shall, say but we shall, and let the first word stand.

NICH. Indeed, as long lives the merry man as the sad; an ounce of debt will not pay a pound of care.

COOMES. Nay, a pound of care will not pay an ounce of debt.

NICH. Well, 'tis a good horse never stumbles: but who lies here? [190

COOMES. 'Tis our Hodge; and I think he lies asleep: you made him drunk at your house to-day; but I'll pepper some of you for 't.

NICH. Ay, Richard, I know you'll put a man over the shoes, and if you can; but he's a fool will take more than will do him good.

COOMES. 'Sblood, ye shall take more than will do ye good, or I'll make ye clap under the table. [201

NICH. Nay, I hope, as I have temperance to forbear drink, so have I patience to endure drink: I'll do as company doth; for, when a man doth to Rome come, he must do as there is done.

COOMES. Ha, my resolved Nick, froligozene! Fill the pot, hostess; 'swouns, you whore! Harry Hook's a rascal. Help me but carry my fellow Hodge in, [210 and we'll crush it, i' faith. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

PHILIP, *following up the letter, has arrived outside* GOURSEY'S *house.*

PHIL. By this, I think, the letter is delivered;
And 'twill be shortly time that I step in,
And woo their favors for my sister's fortune.
And yet I need not; she may do as well,
But yet not better, as the case doth stand [10
Between our mothers; it may make them friends;
Nay, I would swear that she would do as well,
Were she a stranger to one quality;
But they are so acquainted, they'll ne'er part.
Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush [19
The boldest face of man that ever man saw;
He that hath best opinion of his wit,
And hath his brainpan fraught with bitter jests,
Or of his own or stol'n, or howsoever,
Let him stand ne'er so high in his own conceit,
Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter, [29
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,
Flat, flat, God knows, and ne'er a word to say;
Yet she'll not leave him then; but, like a tyrant,
She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,
And so bebang him with dry bobs[14] and scoffs,
When he is down, most cowardly, good faith,
As I have pitied the poor patiënt. [40

[14] taunts.

There came a farmer's son a-wooing to her,
A proper man: well-landed too he was,
A man that for his wit need not to ask
What time a year 'twere good to sow his oats,
Nor yet his barley; no, nor when to reap,
To plough his fallows, or to fell his trees,
Well-experienced thus each kind of way.
After a two months' labor at the most—
And yet 'twas well he held it out so [51 long—
He left his love, she had so laced his lips
He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye!"
Why, she, when men have dined and call for cheese,
Will straight maintain jests bitter to disgest; [15] [59
And then some one will fall to argument,
Who, if he over-master her with reason,
Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks.
Well, I do doubt Francis hath so much spleen,
They'll ne'er agree; but I will moderate.
By this time it is time, I think, to enter:
This is the house; shall I knock? no; I will not,
[Nor] wait, while [16] one comes out to [70 answer me:
I'll in, and let them be as bold with us.
[*Goes into the house.*

Scene IV

Master Goursey *is reading the letter in a room in his house, a few moments later.*

Gour. "If that they like, her dowry shall be equal
To your son's wealth or possibility:
It is a means to make our wives good friends,
And to continue friendship 'twixt us two."
'Tis so, indeed: I like this motiön; [10
And it hath my consent, because my wife
Is sore infected and heart-sick with hate;
And I have sought the Galen of advice,
Which only tells me this same potiön
To be most sovereign for her sickness' cure.

[15] A form of "digest." [16] until.

Here comes my son, conferring with his friend.—

Enter Francis *and* Philip.

Francis, how do you like your friend's discourse? [21
I know he is persuading to this motion.
Fran. Father, as matter that befits a friend,
But yet not me, that am too young to marry.
Gour. Nay, if thy mind be forward with thy years,
The time is lost thou tarriest. Trust me, boy, [30
This match is answerable to thy birth;
Her blood and portion give each other grace;
These indented lines promise a sum,
And I do like the value: if it hap
Thy liking to accord to my consent,
It is a match. Wilt thou go see the maid?
Fran. Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of marriäge, [40
Which I do see in others, seem[s] so severe,
I dare not put my youngling liberty
Under the awe of that instructiön;
And yet I grant the limits of free youth,
Going astray, are often restrained by that;
But Mistress Wedlock, to my scholar-thoughts,
Will be too curst, I fear: O, should she snip [51
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad,
And swear, when I did marry, I was mad!
Gour. But, boy, let my experience teach thee this—
Yet, in good faith, thou speak'st not much amiss—
When first thy mother's fame to me did come,
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son, [61
And even my words to thee to me he said;
And as to me thou say'st to him I said,
But in a greater huff and hotter blood—
I tell yé, on youth's tip-toes then I stood.

Says he (good faith, this was his very say),
"When I was young, I was but reason's fool,
And went to wedding as to wisdom's school;
It taught me much, and much I did forget,
But, beaten much, by it I got some wit;
Though I was shackled from an often scout,
Yet I would wanton it, when I was out;
'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet;
Restrainëd liberty attained is sweet."
Thus said my father to thy father, son;
And thou mayst do this too, as I have done.

PHIL. In faith, good counsel, Frank: what say'st thou to it?

FRAN. Philip, what should I say?

PHIL. Why, either "ay" or "no."

FRAN. O, but which rather?

PHIL. Why, that which was persuaded by thy father.

FRAN. That's "ay" then. Ay. O, should it fall out ill,
Then I, for I am guilty of that ill!—
I'll not be guilty. No.

PHIL. What, backward gone!

FRAN. Philip, no whit backward; that is, on.

PHIL. On, then.

FRAN. O, stay!

PHIL. Tush, there is no good luck in this delay.
Come, come; late-comers, man, are shent.[17]

FRAN. Heigho, I fear I shall repent!
Well, which way, Philip?

PHIL. Why, this way.

FRAN. Canst thou tell,
And takest upon thee to be my guide to hell?—
But which way, father?

GOUR. That way.

FRAN. Ay, you know,
You found the way to sorrow long ago.
Father, God be wi' ye: you have sent your son
To seek on earth an earthly day of doom,
Where I shall be adjudged, alack the ruth,
To penance for the follies of my youth!
Well, I must go; but, by my troth, my mind
Is not love-capable [un]to that kind.
O, I have looked upon this mould of men,
As I have done upon a lion's den!
Praisëd I have the gallant beast I saw,
Yet wished me no acquaintance with his paw:
And must I now be grated with them? well,
Yet I may hap to prove a Daniël;
And, if I do, sure it would make me laugh,
To be among wild beasts and yet be safe.
Is there a remedy to abate their rage?
Yes, many catch them, and put them in a cage.
Ay, but how catch them? marry, in your hand
Carry me forth a burning firebrand,
For with his sparkling shine, old rumor says,
A firebrand the swiftest runner frays:
This I may do; but, if it prove not so,
Then man goes out to seek his adjunct woe.
Philip, away! and, father, now adieu!
In quest of sorrow I am sent by you.

GOUR. Return, the messenger of joy my son.

FRAN. Seldom in this world such a work is done.

PHIL. Nay, nay, make haste, it will be quickly night.

FRAN. Why, is it not good to woo by candle-light?

PHIL. But, if we make not haste, they'll be abed.

FRAN. The better, candles out and curtains spread.

[*Exeunt* FRANCIS *and* PHILIP

GOUR. I know, though that my son's years be not many,
Yet he hath wit to woo as well as any.
Here comes my wife: I am glad my boy is gone,

[17] ruined.

Ere she came hither.

Enter Mistress Goursey.

How now, wife, how is't? [170
What, are ye yet in charity and love
With Mistress Barnes?

Mrs. G. With Mistress Barnes! why Mistress Barnes, I pray?

Gour. Because she is your neighbor and—

Mrs. G. And what?

And a jealous, slandering, spiteful quean she is,

One that would blur my reputatiön [180

With her opprobrious malice, if she could.

She wrongs her husband, to abuse my fame:

'Tis known that I have lived in honest name

All my lifetime, and been your right true wife.

Gour. I entertain no other thought, my wife; [190

And my opinion's sound of your behavior.

Mrs. G. And my behavior is as sound as it;

But her ill-speeches seeks to rot my credit,

And eat it with the worm of hate and malice.

Gour. Why, then, preserve it you by patiënce. [200

Mrs. G. By patience! would ye have me shame myself,

And cozen myself to bear her injuries?

Not while her eyes be open will I yield

A word, a letter, [or] a syllable's value.

But equal and make even her wrongs to me

To her again.

Gour. Then, in good faith, wife, ye are more to blame. [210

Mrs. G. Am I to blame, sir? Pray, what letter's this?

[*Snatches the letter.*

Gour. There is a dearth of manners in ye, wife,

Rudely to snatch it from me. Give it me.

Mrs. G. You shall not have it, sir, till I have read it.

Gour. Give me it, then; and I will read it to you. [220

Mrs. G. No, no, it shall not need: I am a scholar

Good enough to read a letter, sir.

Gour. <God's passions, if she knows but the contents,

She'll seek to cross this match. She shall not read it.>

Wife, give it me; come, come, give it me.

Mrs. G. Husband, in very deed, you shall not have it. [230

Gour. What, will you move me to impatience, then?

Mrs. G. Tut, tell me not of your impatiënce;

But since you talk, sir, of impatiënce,

You shall not have the letter, by this light,

Till I have read it; soul, I'll burn it first!

Gour. Go to, ye move me, wife; give me the letter; [241

In troth, I shall grow angry, if you do not.

Mrs. G. Grow to the house-top with your anger, sir!

Ne'er tell me, I care not thus much for it.

Gour. Well, I can bear enough, but not too much.

Come, give it me; 'twere best you be persuaded; [250

By God—ye make me swear—now God forgive me!—

Give me, I say, and stand not long upon it;

Go to, I am angry at the heart, my very heart.

Mrs. G. Heart me no hearts! you shall not have it, sir;

No, you shall not; ne'er look so big, [259

I will not be afraid at your great looks;

You shall not have it, no, you shall not have it.

Gour. Shall I not have it? in troth, I'll try that:

Minion, I'll ha't; shall I not ha't.—I am loth—

Go to, take pausement, be advised—

In faith, I will; and stand not long upon it— [269

A woman of your years! I am ashamed
A couple of so long continuance
Should thus—God's foot—I cry God heartily mercy!—
Go to, ye vex me; and I'll vex ye for it;
Before I leave ye, I will make ye glad
To tender it on your knees; hear ye, I will, I will.
What, worse and worse stomach! true, i' faith,
Shall I be crossed by you in my old age?
And where I should have greatest comfort, too,
A nurse of you?—nurse, in the devil's name!—
Go to, mistress; by God's precious deer,
If ye delay—

Mrs. G. Lord, Lord, why, in what a fit
Are you in, husband! so enraged, so moved,
And for so slight a cause, to read a
Did this letter, love, contain my death,
Should you deny my sight of it, I would not
Nor see my sorrow nor eschew my danger,
But willingly yield me a patiënt
Unto the doom that your displeasure gave.
Here is the letter [*gives back the letter*]; not for that your incensement
Makes me make offer of it, but your health,
Which anger, I do fear, hath crazed,
And, viper-like, hath sucked away the blood
That wont was to be cheerful in this cheek.
How pale ye look!

Gour. Pale! Can ye blame me for it? I tell you true,
An easy matter could not thus have moved me.
Well, this resignment—and so forth—but, woman,
This fortnight shall I not forget ye for it.
<Ha, ha, I see that roughness can do somewhat!
I did not think, good faith, I could have set
So sour a face upon it, and to her,
My bed-embracer, my right bosom friend.
I would not that she should have seen the letter—
As poor a man as I am—by my troth,
For twenty pound: well, I am glad I have it.>
Ha, here's ado about a thing of nothing!
What, stomach, ha! 'tis happy you're come down. [*Exit.*

Mrs. G. Well, crafty fox, I'll hunt ye, by my troth.
Deal ye so closely? Well, I see his drift:
He would not let me see the letter, lest
That I should cross the match; and I will cross it.—
[*Calling.*] Dick Coomes!

Enter Coomes.

Coomes. Forsooth.

Mrs. G. Come hither, Dick; thou art a man I love,
And one whom I have much in my regard.

Coomes. I thank ye for it, mistress; I thank ye for it.

Mrs. G. Nay, here's my hand; I will do very much
For thee, if e'er thou stand'st in need of me;
Thou shalt not lack, whilst thou hast a day to live,
Money, apparel—

Coomes. And sword and bucklers?

Mrs. G. And sword and bucklers too, my gallant Dick,
So thou wilt use but this in my defence.
[*Pointing to his sword.*

Coomes. This! no, faith, I have no mind to this; break my head, if this break not, if we come to any tough play. Nay, mistress, I had a sword, ay, the flower of Smithfield for a sword, a right fox,[18] i' faith; with that, an a man had come over with a smooth and a sharp stroke, it would have cried "twang," and then, when I had doubled my point, traced my ground, and had carried my buckler before me like a garden-butt, and then come in with a cross blow, and over the pick[19] of his buckler two ells long, it would

[18] broadsword.
[19] The sharp point in the centre.

have cried "twang, twang, metal, [370
metal:" but a dog hath his day; 'tis gone,
and there are few good ones made now.
I see by this dearth of good swords that
dearth of sword-and-buckler fight begins
to grow out: I am sorry for it; I shall
never see good manhood again, if it be
once gone; this poking fight of rapier and
dagger will come up then; then a man, a
tall [20] man, and a good sword-and-buckler
man, will be spitted like a cat or a [380
coney; then a boy will be as good as a
man, unless the Lord show mercy unto
us; well, I had as lief be hanged as live
to see that day. Well, mistress, what
shall I do? what shall I do?

Mrs. G. Why, this, brave Dick. Thou
knowest that Barnes's wife
And I am foes: now, man me to her
house;
And, though it be dark, Dick, yet we'll
have no light, [391
Lest that thy master should prevent our
journey
By seeing our depart. Then, when we
come,
And if that she and I do fall to words,
Set in thy foot and quarrel with her men,
Draw, fight, strike, hurt, but do not kill
the slaves,
And make as though thou struckest at a
man, [401
And hit her, an thou canst. A plague
upon her!
She hath misused me, Dick. Wilt thou
do this?

Coomes. Yes, mistress, I will strike her men; but God forbid that e'er Dick Coomes should be seen to strike a woman!

Mrs. G. Why, she is mankind; [21] therefore thou mayest strike her. [411

Coomes. Mankind! nay, an she have any part of a man, I'll strike her, I warrant.

Mrs. G. That's my good Dick, that's my sweet Dick.

Coomes. <'Swouns, who would not be a man of valor to have such words of a gentlewoman! one of their words are [419 more to me than twenty of these russet-coats, cheese-cakes, and butter-makers. Well, I thank God, I am none of these cowards; well, an a man have any virtue in him, I see he shall be regarded.>

Mrs. G. Art thou resolved, Dick? wilt thou do this for me?
And if thou wilt, here is an earnest-penny
Of that rich guerdon I do mean to [428
give thee. [*Gives money.*

Coomes. An angel,[22] mistress! let me see. Stand you on my left hand, and let the angel lie on my buckler on my right hand, for fear of losing. Now, here stand I to be tempted. They say, every man hath two spirits attending on him, either good or bad; now, I say, a man hath no other spirits but either his wealth or his wife: now, which is the better of them? Why, that is as they are used; for use neither of them well, and they are [440 both nought. But this is a miracle to me, that gold, that is heavy, hath the upper, and a woman, that is light, doth soonest fall, considering that light things aspire, and heavy things soonest go down. But leave these considerations to Sir John; [23] they become a black-coat better than a blue. Well, mistress, I had no mind to-day to quarrel; but a woman is made to be a man's seducer; you say, quarrel? [450

Mrs. G. Ay.

Coomes. There speaks an angel: is it good?

Mrs. G. Ay.

Coomes. Then, I cannot do amiss; the good angel goes with me.

ACT THREE

Scene I

Sir Ralph Smith, Will, *and attendants have been hunting in the forest, the same day. It is now almost dark; but* Sir Ralph *does not feel like abandoning the chase. He is accompanied by his wife, who has humanitarian proclivities.*

Sir R. Come on, my hearts: i' faith, it is ill-luck

[20] brave. [21] manlike.

[22] a gold coin.
[23] the parson

To hunt all day, and not kill anything.
What sayest thou, lady? art thou weary yet?
L. Smith. I must not say so, sir.
Sir R. Although thou art!
Will. And can you blame her, to be forth so long,
And see no better sport?
Sir R. Good faith, 'twas very hard.
L. Smith. No, 'twas not ill,
Because, you know, it is not good to kill.
Sir R. Yes, venison, lady.
L. Smith. No, indeed, nor them;
Life is as dear in deer as 'tis in men.
Sir R. But they are killed for sport.
L. Smith. But that's bad play,
When they are made to sport their lives away.
Sir R. 'Tis fine to see them run.
L. Smith. What, out of breath?
They run but ill that run themselves to death.
Sir R. They might make, then, less haste, and keep their wind.
L. Smith. Why, then, they see the hounds brings death behind.
Sir R. Then, 'twere as good for them at first to stay,
As to run long, and run their lives away.
L. Smith. Ay, but the stoutest of you all that's here
Would run from death and nimbly scud for fear.
Now, by my troth, I pity those poor elves.[1]
Sir R. Well, they have made us but bad sport to-day.
L. Smith. Yes, 'twas my sport to see them 'scape away.
Will. I wish that I had been at one buck's fall.
L. Smith. Out, thou wood-tyrant! thou art worst of all.
Will. A wood-man, lady, but no tyrant I.
L. Smith. Yes, tyrant-like, thou lovest to see lives die.
Sir R. Lady, no more: I do not like this luck,
To hunt all day, and yet not kill a buck.
Well, it is late; but yet I swear I will
Stay here all night, but I a buck will kill.
L. Smith. All night! nay, good Sir Ralph Smith, do not so.
Sir R. Content ye, lady.—Will, go fetch my bow:
A bevy[2] of fair roes I saw to-day
Down by the groves; and there I'll take my stand,
And shoot at one, God send a lucky hand!
L. Smith. Will ye not, then, Sir Ralph, go home with me?
Sir R. No, but my men shall bear thee company.—
Sirs, man her home.—Will, bid the huntsmen couple,
And bid them well reward their hounds to-night.—
Lady, farewell.—Will, haste ye with the bow;
I'll stay for thee here by the grove below.
Will. I will; but 'twill be dark; I shall not see:
How shall I see ye, then?
Sir R. Why, halloo to me,
And I will answer thee.
Will. Enough, I will.
Sir R. Farewell. [*Exit*
L. Smith. How willingly dost thou consent to go
To fetch thy master that same killing bow!
Will. Guilty of death I willing am in this,
Because 'twas our ill-haps to-day to miss:
To hunt, and not to kill, is hunter's sorrow.
Come, lady, we'll have venison ere to-morrow. [*Exeunt*

[1] Perhaps, as Hazlitt suggests, a line ending in "selves" is missing.

Scene II

The same night Philip *and* Francis *have arrived outside* Master Barnes *house.*

Phil. Come, Frank, now are we hard by the house.
But how now? Sad?
Fran. No, to study how to woo thy sister.

[2] herd.

PHIL. How, man? how to woo her! why, no matter how;
I am sure thou wilt not be ashamed to woo.
Thy cheek's not subject to a childish blush;
Thou hast a better warrant by thy wit;
I know thy oratory can unfold
A quick invention, plausible discourse,
And set such painted beauty on thy tongue
As it shall ravish every maiden sense;
For, Frank, thou art not like the russet youth
I told thee of, that went to woo a wench,
And being full stuffed up with fallow wit
And meadow-matter, asked the pretty maid
How they sold corn last market-day with them,
Saying, "Indeed, 'twas very dear with us."
And, do ye hear, ye had not need be so;
For she will, Francis, thoroughly try your wit;
Sirrah, she'll bow the metal of your wits,
And, if they crack, she will not hold ye current;
Nay, she will weigh your wit, as men weigh angels,
And, if it lack a grain, she will not change with ye.
I cannot speak it but in passiön,
She is a wicked wench to make a jest;
Ah me, how full of flouts and mocks she is!

FRAN. Some *aqua-vitæ* reason to recover
This sick discourser! Sound[3] not, prythee, Philip.
Tush, tush, I do not think her as thou sayest:
Perhaps she is opinion's darling, Philip,
Wise in repute, the crow's bird. O my friend,
Some judgments slave themselves to small desert,
And wondernise the birth of common wit,
When their own strangeness do but make that strange,
And their ill errors do but make that good:
And why should men debase to make that good?
Perhaps such admiration wins her wit.

PHIL. Well, I am glad to hear this bold prepare
For this encounter. Forward, hardy Frank!
Yonder's the window with the candle in't;
Belike she's putting on her night attire:
I told ye, Frank, 'twas late. Well, I will call her—
Marry, softly, that my mother may not hear.—
[*Calling softly.*] Mall, sister Mall!

MALL *appears at her window.*

MALL. How now, who 's there?
PHIL. 'Tis I.
MALL. 'Tis I! Who I? I, quoth the dog, or what?
A Christcross row I?
PHIL. No, sweet pinkany.
MALL. O, is't you, wild-oats?
PHIL. Ay, forsooth, wanton.
MALL. Well said, scapethrift.
FRAN. Philip, be these your usual best salutes?
PHIL. Is this the harmless chiding of that dove?
FRAN. Dove! One of those that draw the queen of love?
MALL. How now? who's that, brother? who's that with ye?
PHIL. A gentleman, my friend.
MALL. Beladie, he hath a pure wit.
FRAN. How means your holy judgment?
MALL. O, well put-in, sir!
FRAN. Up, you would say.
MALL. Well climbed, gentleman!
I pray, sir, tell me, do you cart the queen of love?
FRAN. Not cart her, but couch her in your eye,
And a fit place for gentle love to lie.

[3] swoon.

MALL. Ay, but methinks you speak without the book,
To place a four-wheel waggon in my look:
Where will you have room to have the coachman sit?
FRAN. Nay, that were but small manners, and not fit:
His duty is before you bare to stand,
Having a lusty whipstock in his hand.
MALL. The place is void; will you provide me one?
FRAN. And if you please, I will supply the room.
MALL. But are ye cunning in the carman's lash?
And can ye whistle well?
FRAN. Yes, I can well direct the coach of love.
MALL. Ah, cruel carter! would you whip a dove?
PHIL. Hark ye, sister—
MALL. Nay, but hark ye, brother;
Whose white boy is that same? know ye his mother?
PHIL. He is a gentleman of a good house.
MALL. Why, is his house of gold?
Is it not made of lime and stone like this?
PHIL. I mean he's well-descended.
MALL. God be thanked!
Did he descend some steeple or some ladder?
PHIL. Well, you will still be cross; I tell ye, sister:
This gentleman, by all your friends' consent,
Must be your husband.
MALL. Nay, not all, some sing another note;
My mother will say no, I hold a groat.
But I thought 'twas somewhat, he would be a carter;
He hath been whipping lately some blind bear,
And now he would ferk[4] the blind boy here with us.
PHIL. Well, do you hear, you, sister, mistress Would-have—
You that do long for somewhat, I know what—
My father told me—go to, I'll tell all,
If ye be cross—do you hear me? I have labored
A year's work in this afternoon for ye.
Come from your cloister, votary, chaste nun,
Come down and kiss Frank Goursey's mother's son.
MALL. Kiss him, I pray?
PHIL. Go to, stale maidenhead! come down, I say,
You seventeen and upward, come, come down;
You'll stay till twenty else for your wedding gown.
MALL. Nun, votary, stale maidenhead, seventeen and upward!
Here be names! what, nothing else?
FRAN. Yes, or a fair-built steeple without bells.
MALL. Steeple! good people, nay, another cast.
FRAN. Ay, or a well-made ship without a mast.
MALL. Fie, not so big, sir, by one part of four.
FRAN. Why, then, ye are a boat without an oar.
MALL. O well rowed wit! but what's your fare, I pray?
FRAN. Your fair self must be my fairest pay.
MALL. Nay, an you be so dear, I'll choose another.
FRAN. Why, take your first man, wench, and go no further.
PHIL. Peace, Francis!—Hark ye, sister, this I say:
You know my mind, or answer ay or nay.
Wit and judgment hath resolved[5] his mind,
And he foresees what after he shall find:
If such discretion, then, shall govern you,
Vow love to him, he'll do the like to you.
MALL. Vow love! who would not love such a comely feature,

[4] urge.

[5] satisfied.

Nor high nor low, but of the middle stature?
A middle man, that's the best size indeed;
I like him well: love grant us well to speed. [210
FRAN. And let me see a woman of that tallness,
So slender and of such a middle smallness,
So old enough, and in each part so fit,
So fair, so kind, endued with so much wit,
Of so much wit as it is held a wonder,
Twere pity to keep love and her asunder;
Therefore go up, my joy, call down my bliss; [221
Bid her come seal the bargain with a kiss.
MALL. Frank, Frank, I come through dangers, death, and harms,
To make love's patent with my seal of arms.
PHIL. But, sister, softly, lest my mother hear.
MALL. Hush, then; mum, mouse [230 in cheese, cat is near.
[MALL *disappears from the window.*
FRAN. Now, in good faith, Philip, this makes me smile,
That I have wooed and won in so small while.
PHIL. Francis, indeed my sister, I dare say,
Was not determinëd to say thee nay;
For this same tother thing called maidenhead [241
Hangs by so small a hair or spider's thread,
And worn so too with time, it must needs fall,
And, like a well-lured hawk, she knows her call.

Re-enter MALL *below.*

MALL. Whist, brother, whist! my mother heard me tread, [250
And asked, "Who's there?" I would not answer her.
She called, "A light!" and up she's gone to seek me:
There when she finds me not, she'll hither come;
Therefore dispatch; let it be quickly done. [258
Francis, my love's lease I do let to thee,
Date of my life and thine: what sayest thou to me?
The ent'ring, fine, or income thou must pay
Are kisses and embraces every day;
And quarterly I must receive my rent;
You know my mind?
FRAN. I guess at thy intent:
Thou shalt not miss a minute of thy time.
MALL. Why, then, sweet Francis, I am only thine.— [270
Brother, bear witness.
PHIL. Do ye deliver this as your deed?
MALL. I do, I do.
PHIL. God send ye both good speed!—
God's Lord, my mother!—Stand aside,
And closely too, lest that you be espied.

Enter MISTRESS BARNES.

MRS. B. Who's there?
PHIL. Mother, 'tis I.
MRS. B. You disobedient ruffian, careless wretch, [281
That said your father loved me but too well!
I'll think on't, when thou think'st I have forgot it:
Who's with thee else?—How now, minion? you!
With whom? with him!—Why, what make you here, sir,
And thus late too? what, hath your [290 mother sent ye
To cut my throat, that here you be in wait?—
Come from him, mistress, and let go his hand.—
Will ye not, sir?
FRAN. Stay, Mistress Barnes, or mother —what ye will;
She is my wife, and here she shall be still.
MRS. B. How, sir? your wife! wouldst thou my daughter have? [301
I'll rather have her married to her grave.
Go to; be gone, and quickly, or I swear
I'll have my men beat ye for staying here.

PHIL. Beat him, mother! as I am true man,
They were better beat the devil and his dam.
MRS. B. What, wilt thou take his part?
PHIL. To do him good,
An 'twere to wade hitherto up in blood.
FRAN. God-a-mercy, Phil! — But, mother, hear me.
MRS. B. Call'st thou me "mother"? no, thy mother's name
Carries about with it reproach and shame.
Give me my daughter: ere that she shall wed
A strumpet's son, and have her so misled,
I'll marry her to a carter; come, I say,
Give me her from thee.
FRAN. Mother, not to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow, till my life's last morrow
Make me leave that which I with leave did borrow:
Here I have borrowed love, I'll not denay[6] it:
Thy wedding night's my day, then I'll repay it:
Till then she'll trust me.—Wench is't not so?
And if it be, say "ay"; if not, say "no."
MALL. Mother, good mother, hear me! O good God,
Now we are even, what, would you make us odd?
Now, I beseech ye, for the love of Christ,
To give me leave once to do what I list.
I am as you were, when you were a maid;
Guess by yourself how long you would have stayed,
Might you have had your will: as good begin
At first as last, it saves us from much sin;
Lying alone, we muse on things and things,
And in our minds one thought another brings:
This maid's life, mother, is an idle life,
Therefore I'll be, ay, I will be a wife;
And, mother, do not mistrust my age or power;
I am sufficient, I lack ne'er an hour;
I had both wit to grant, when he did woo me,
And strength to bear whate'er he can do to me.
MRS. B. Well, bold-face, but I mean to make ye stay.
Go to, come from him, or I'll make ye come. [*Tries to drag* MALL *away.*
Will ye not come?
PHIL. Mother, I pray, forbear;
This match is for my sister.
MRS. B. Villain, 'tis not;
Nor she shall not be so matched now.
PHIL. In troth, she shall, and your unruly hate
Shall not rule us! we'll end all this debate
By this begun device.
MRS. B. Ay, end what you begun! Villains, thieves,
Give me my daughter! will ye rob me of her?—
[*Calling.*] Help, help! they'll rob me here, they'll rob me here!

Enter MASTER BARNES, NICHOLAS *and* BOY.

BAR. How now? what outcry's here? why, how now, woman?
MRS. B. Why, Goursey's son, confederate with this boy,
This wretch unnatural and undutiful,
Seeks hence to steal my daughter: will you suffer it?
Shall he, that's son to my arch-enemy,
Enjoy her? Have I brought her up to this?
O God, he shall not have her, no, he shall not!
BAR. <I am sorry she knows it.> Hark ye, wife,
Let reason moderate your rage a little.
If you examine but his birth and living,
His wit and good behavior, you will say,
Though that ill-hate make your opinion bad,
He doth deserve as good a wife as she.
MRS. B. Why, will you give consent he shall enjoy her?

[6] deny.

BAR. Ay, so that thy mind would agree with mine.
MRS. B. My mind shall ne'er agree to this agreement.

Enter MISTRESS GOURSEY *and* COOMES.

BAR. And yet it shall go forward. <But who's here?
What, Mistress Goursey! how knew she of this?>
PHIL. <Frank, thy mother!
FRAN. 'Swones, where? a plague upon it!
I think the devil is set to cross this match.>
MRS. G. This is the house, Dick Coomes; and yonder's light:
Let us go near.—How now? methinks I see
My son stand hand in hand with Barnes's daughter.—
Why, how now, sirrah? is this time of night
For you to be abroad? what have we here?
I hope that love hath not thus coupled you.
FRAN. Love, by my troth, mother, love: she loves me,
And I love her; then we must needs agree.
MRS. B. Ay, but I'll keep her sure enough from thee.
MRS. G. It shall not need, I'll keep him safe enough;
Be sure he shall not graft in such a stock.
MRS. B. What stock, forsooth? as good a stock as thine:
I do not mean that he shall graft in mine.
MRS. G. Nor shall he, mistress. Hark, boy; th' art but mad
To love the branch that hath a root so bad.
FRAN. Then, mother, I will graft a pippin on a crab.
MRS. G. It will not prove well.
FRAN. But I will prove my skill.
MRS. B. Sir, but you shall not.
FRAN. Mothers both, I will.
BAR. <Hark, Philip: send away thy sister straight;
Let Francis meet her where thou shalt appoint;
Let them go several,[7] to shun suspicion,
And bid them go to Oxford both this night;
There to-morrow say that we will meet them,
And there determine of their marriäge.
PHIL. I will: though it be very late and dark,
My sister will endure it for a husband.
BAR. Well, then, at Carfax, boy, I mean to meet them.
PHIL. Enough.—Would they would begin to chide!
[*Exit* MASTER BARNES.
For I would have them brawling, that meanwhile
They may steal hence, to meet where I appoint it.>
What, mother, will you let this match go forward?—
Or, Mistress Goursey, will you first agree?
MRS. G. Shall I agree first?
PHIL. Ay, why not? come, come.
MRS. G. Come from her, son, and if thou lov'st thy mother.
MRS. B. With the like spell, daughter, I conjure thee.
MRS. G. Francis, by fair means let me win thee from her,
And I will gild my blessing, gentle son,
With store of angels. I would not have thee
Check thy good fortune by this coz'ning choice:
O, do not thrall thy happy liberty
In such a bondage! if thou'lt needs be bound,
Be then to better worth; this worthless choice
Is not fit for thee.
MRS. B. Is't not fit for him? wherefore is't not fit?
Is he too brave[8] a gentleman, I pray?
No, 'tis not fit; she shall not fit his turn:
If she were wise, she would be fitter for
Three times his better. Minion, go in, or I'll make ye;
I'll keep ye safe from him, I warrant ye.

[7] separately. [8] fine.

Mrs. G. Come, Francis, come from her.
Fran. Mothers, with both hands shove
I hate from love, [509
That like an ill-companion would infect
The infant mind of our affectiön:
Within this cradle shall this minute's babe
Be laid to rest, and thus I'll hug my joy.
[*Embraces* Mall.
Mrs. G. Wilt thou be obstinate, thou self-willed boy?
Nay, then, perforce I'll part ye, since ye will not. [519

Coomes. Do ye hear, mistress? pray ye give me leave to talk two or three cold words with my young master.—Hark ye, sir, ye are my master's son, and so forth; and indeed I bear ye some good-will, partly for his sake, and partly for your own; and I do hope you do the like to me—I should be sorry else. I must needs say ye are a young man; and, for mine own part, I have seen the world, and I know what belongs to causes, and [530 the experience that I have, I thank God I have travelled for it.

Fran. Why, how far have ye travelled for it?

Boy. From my master's house to the ale-house.

Coomes. How, sir?

Boy. So, sir.

Coomes. Go to.—I pray, correct your boy; 'twas ne'er a good world, since a boy would face a man so. [541

Fran. Go to. Forward, man.

Coomes. Well, sir, so it is, I would not wish ye to marry without my mistress' consent.

Fran. And why?

Coomes. Nay, there's ne'er a why but there is a wherefore; I have known some have done the like, and they have danced a galliard at beggars'-bush for it. [550

Boy. At beggars'-bush! Hear him no more, master; he doth bedaub ye with his dirty speech. Do ye hear, sir? how far stands beggars'-bush from your father's house, sir? Why, thou whoreson refuge[9] of a tailor, that wert 'prentice to a tailor half an age, and, because, if thou hadst served ten ages, thou wouldst prove but a botcher, thou leapst from the shop-board to a blue coat, doth it become [560 thee to use thy terms so? well, thou degree above a hackney, and ten degrees under a page, sew up your lubber lips, or 'tis not your sword and buckler shall keep my poniard from your breast.

Coomes. Do ye hear, sir, this is your boy.

Fran. How then?

Coomes. You must breech him for it.

Fran. Must I? how if I will not? [570

Coomes. Why, then, 'tis a fine world, when boys keep boys, and know not how to use them.

Fran. Boy, ye rascal!

Mrs. G. Strike him an thou darest.

Coomes. Strike me? alas, he were better strike his father! 'Sownes, go to, put up your bodkin.

Fran. Mother, stand by; I'll teach that rascal— [580

Coomes. Go to, give me good words, or, by God's dines, I'll buckle ye for all your bird-spit.

Fran. Will you so, sir?

Phil. Stay, Frank, this pitch of frenzy will defile thee;
Meddle not with it: thy unreprovëd valor
Should be high-minded; couch it not so low. [590
<Dost hear me? take occasion to slip hence,
But secretly, let not thy mother see thee:
At the back-side there is a coney-green;[10]
Stay there for me, and Mall and I will come to thee.
Fran. Enough, I will.> Mother, you do me wrong
To be so peremptory in your command,
And see that rascal to abuse me so. [601

Coomes. Rascal; take that and take all! Do ye hear, sir? I do not mean to pocket up this wrong.

Boy. I know why that is.

Coomes. Why?

[9] refuse.

[10] rabbit-warren.

Boy. Because you have ne'er a pocket.
Coomes. A whip, sirrah, a whip!—But, ir, provide your tools against to-morrow norning; 'tis somewhat dark now, in- [610
leed: you know Dawson's close, between he hedge and the pond; 'tis good even round; I'll meet you there; an I do ot, call me cut; [11] an you be a man, how yourself a man; we'll have a bout r two; and so we'll part for the [12] resent.
Fran. Well, sir, well.
Nich. Boy, have they appointed to ght? [620
Boy. Ay, Nicholas; wilt not thou go ee the fray?
Nich. No, indeed; even as they brew, o let them bake. I will not thrust my and into the flame, an I need not; 'tis ot good to have an oar in another man's oat; little said is soon amended, and in ttle meddling cometh great rest; 'tis ood sleeping in a whole skin; so a man night come home by Weeping- [630
Cross; no, by lady, a friend is not so soon otten as lost; blessed are the peace-nakers; they that strike with the sword hall be beaten with the scabbard.
Francis *slips away, the* Boy *following him.*
Phil. Well-said, Proverbs: ne'er an-ther to that purpose?
Nich. Yes, I could have said to you, ir, Take heed is a good rede.[13] [640
Phil. Why to me, take heed?
Nich. For happy is he whom other nen's harms do make to beware.
Phil. O, beware, Frank! <Slip away, Mall, you know what I told ye. I'll hold ur mothers both in talk meanwhile.> Mother and Mistress Goursey, methinks ou should not stand in hatred so hard ne with the other. [649
[Mall *creeps away quietly.*
Mrs. B. Should I not, sir? should I not hate a harlot
That robs me of my right, vile boy?
Mrs. G. That title I return unto thy teeth,
And spit the name of "harlot" in thy face.
Mrs. B. Well, 'tis not time of night to hold out chat
With such a scold as thou art; therefore now [660
Think that I hate thee as I do the devil.
Mrs. G. The devil take thee, if thou dost not, wretch!
Mrs. B. Out upon thee, strumpet!
Mrs. G. Out upon thee, harlot!
Mrs. B. Well, I will find a time to be revenged:
Meanwhile I'll keep my daughter from thy son.—
Where are ye, minion? how now, are ye gone? [671
Phil. She went in, mother.
Mrs. G. Francis, where are ye?
Mrs. B. He is not here. O, then, they slipped away,
And both together!
Phil. I'll assure ye, no.
My sister she went in—into the house.
Mrs. B. But then she'll out again at the back door, [680
And meet with him: but I will search about
All these same fields and paths near to my house;
They are not far, I am sure, if I make haste. [*Exit.*
Mrs. G. O God, how went he hence, I did not see him?
It was when Barnes's wife did scold with me: [690
A plague on her!—Dick, why didst not thou look to him?
Coomes. What should I look for him? no, no,
I look not for him while [14] to-morrow morning.
Mrs. G. Come, go with me to help me look him out.—
Alas! I have nor light nor link nor torch! [700
Though it be dark, I will take any pains
To cross this match.—I prithee, Dick, away.
Coomes. Mistress, because I brought ye out, I'll bring ye home; but, if I

[11] Call me horse, a term of contempt.
[12] B, that. [13] advice.
[14] till.

should follow, so he might have the law on his side.

MRS. G. Come, 'tis no matter; prythee, go with me. [709

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS GOURSEY *and* COOMES.

BAR. Philip, thy mother's gone to seek thy sister,

And in a rage, i' faith: but who comes here?

PHIL. Old Master Goursey, as I think; 'tis he.

BAR. 'Tis so, indeed.

Enter MASTER GOURSEY *and* HODGE.

GOUR. Who's there?

BAR. A friend of yours. [720

GOUR. What, Master Barnes! did ye not see my wife?

BAR. Yes, sir, I saw her; she was here even now.

GOUR. I doubted that; that made me come unto you:

But whither is she gone?

PHIL. To seek your son, who slipped away from her [729

To meet with Mall my sister in a place

Where I appointed; and my mother too

Seeks for my sister; so they both are gone.

My mother hath a torch; marry, your wife

Goes darkling up and down, and Coomes before her.

GOUR. I thought that knave was with her; but 'tis well: [739

I pray God, they may come by ne'er a light,

But both be led a dark dance in the night!

HODGE. <Why, is my fellow, Dick, in the dark with my mistress? I pray God, they be honest, for there may be much knavery in the dark: faith, if I were there, I would have some knavery with them.> Good master, will ye carry the torch yourself, and give me leave to [750 play at blindman-buff with my mistress?

PHIL. On that condition thou wilt do thy best

To keep thy mistress and thy fellow, Dick,

Both from my sister and thy master's son,

I will entreat thy master let thee go.

HODGE. O, ay, I warrant ye, I'll have fine tricks to cozen them. [76(

GOUR. Well, sir, then, go your ways; I give you leave.

HODGE. O brave! but whereabout are they?

PHIL. About our coney-green they surely are,

If thou canst find them.

HODGE. O let me alone to grope for conies. [*Exit*

PHIL. Well, now will I to Frank and to my sister. [77]

Stand you two heark'ning near the coney-green;

But sure your light in you must not be seen;

Or else let Nicholas stand afar off with it

And, as his life, keep it from Mistress Goursey.

Shall this be done?

BAR. Philip, it shall. [78(

PHIL. God be with ye! I'll be gone [*Exit*

BAR. Come on, Master Goursey: this same is a means

To make our wives friends, if they resist not.

GOUR. Tut, sir, howsoever,[15] it shall go forward. [78

BAR. Come, then, let's do as Philip hath advised. [*Exeunt*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The night is pitch dark by this time MALL *has found her way to the warren*

MALL. Here is the place where Philip bid me stay,

Till Francis came; but wherefore did my brother

Appoint it here? why in the coney-burrow?

He had some meaning in 't, I warrant ye

Well, here I'll set me down under this [1(tree,

And think upon the matter all alone.

[15] in any case.

Good Lord, what pretty things these conies are!
How finely they do feed till they be fat;
And then what a sweet meat a coney is!
And what smooth skins they have, both black and gray!
They say they run more in the night than day:
What is the reason? mark; why, in the light
They see more passengers than in the night;
For harmful men many a hay[1] do set,
And laugh to see them tumble in the net;
And they put ferrets in the holes—fie, fie!—
And they go up and down where conies lie;
And they lie still, they have so little wit:
I marvel the warrener will suffer it;
Nay, nay, they are so bad, that they themselves
Do give consent to catch these pretty elves.
How if the warrener should spy me here?
He would take me for a coney, I dare swear.
But, when that Francis comes, what will he say?
'Look, boy, there lies a coney in my way!'—
But, soft, a light! who's that? soul, my mother!
Nay, then, all-hid: i' faith, she shall not see me;
I 'll play bo-peep with her behind this tree. [*Gets behind a tree.*

Enter MISTRESS BARNES *with a torch.*

MRS. B. I marvel where this wench doth hide herself
So closely; I have searched in many a bush.
MALL. <Belike my mother took me for a thrush.>
MRS. B. She's hid in this same warren, I'll lay money.
MALL. <Close as a rabbit-sucker from an old coney.>
MRS. B. O God, I would to God that I could find her!
I would keep her from her love's toys yet.
MALL. <Ay, so you might, if your daughter had no wit.>
MRS. B. What a vile girl 'tis, that would have't so young!
MALL. <A murraïn take that dissembling tongue!
Ere your calf's teeth were out, you thought it long.>
MRS. B. But, minion, yet I'll keep you from the man.
MALL. <To save a lie, mother, say, if you can.>
MRS. B. Well, now to look for her.
MALL. <Ay, there's the spite:
What trick shall I now have to 'scape her light?>
MRS. B. Who's there? what, minion, is it you?
<Beshrew her heart, what a fright she put me to!
But I am glad I found her, though I was afraid.>
Come on your ways; you are a handsome maid!
[MALL *does not allow her mother to come too close.*
Why [steal] you forth a-doors so late at night?
Why, whither go ye? come, stand still, I say.
MALL. No, indeed, mother! this is my best way.
MRS. B. 'Tis not the best way; stand by me, I tell ye.
MALL. No; you would catch me, mother. O, I smell ye!
MRS. B. Will ye not stand still?
MALL. No, by lady, no.
MRS. B. But I will make ye.
MALL. Nay, then, trip-and-go.
MRS. B. Mistress, I'll make ye weary, ere I have done.
MALL. Faith, mother, then, I'll try how you can run.
MRS. B. Will ye?
MALL. Yes, faith.
[*Runs off, followed by* MRS. BARNES.

[1] A net for catching rabbits.

Scene II

Francis *and the* Boy *are come to another part of the warren.* Francis *does not venture to raise his voice too much.*

Fran. Mall, sweet-heart Mall! what, not a word?
Boy. A little farther, [master]; call again.
Fran. Why, Mall! I prythee, speak; why, Mall, I say!
I know thou art not far, if thou wilt not speak; [11
Why, Mall!—
But now I see she 's in her merry vein,
To make me call, and put me to more pain.
Well, I must bear with her; she'll bear with me:
But I will call, lest that it be not so.—
What, Mall! what, Mall, I say!—Boy, are we right? [20
Have we not missed the way this same dark night?
Boy. Mass, it may be so: as I am true man,
I have not seen a coney since I came;
Yet at the coney-burrow we should meet.
But, hark! I hear the trampling of some feet.
Fran. It may be so, then; therefore, let's lie close. [30

Enter Mistress Goursey *and* Coomes

Mrs. G. Where art thou, Dick?
Coomes. Where am I, quoth-a! marry, I may be where anybody will say I am! either in France or at Rome, or at Jerusalem they may say I am, for I am not able to disprove them, because I cannot tell where I am.
Mrs. G. O, what a blindfold walk have we had, Dick, [40
To seek my son! and yet I cannot find him.
Coomes. Why, then, mistress, let's go home.
Mrs. G. Why 'tis so dark we shall not find the way.
Fran. <I pray God, ye may not, mother, till it be day!>
Coomes, *stumbling against a tree* 'Sblood!—Take heed, mistress, here's [50 a tree.
Mrs. G. Lead thou the way, and let me hold by thee.
Boy. Dick Coomes, what difference is there between a blind man and he that cannot see?
Fran. <Peace! a pox on thee!>
Coomes. Swounds! somebody spake.
Mrs. G. Dick, look about; [59
It may be here we may find them out
Coomes. I see the glimpse of somebody here.—
An ye be a sprite, I'll fray the bugbear.—
There 'a goes, mistress.
Mrs. G., *to* Francis. O, sir, have I spied you?
Fran. <A plague on the boy! 'twas he that descried me.[2]>
[*He and the* Boy *run away,* Mistress Goursey *and* Coomes *pursuing them.* [71

Scene III

Philip *has arrived in the field above the coney-green.*

Phil. How like a beauteous lady masked in black
Looks that same large circumference of Heaven!
The sky, that was so fair three hours ago,
Is in three hours become an Ethiop;
And, being angry at her beauteous [10 change,
She will not have one of those pearlèd stars
To blab her sable metamorphosis:
'Tis very dark. I did appoint my sister
To meet me at the coney-burrow below,
And Francis too; but neither can I see.
Belike my mother happened on that place,
And frayed them from it, and they both are now [21
Wand'ring about the fields: how shall I find them?
It is so dark, I scarce can see my hand:

[2] Showed me to them.

Why, then, I'll halloo for them—no, not so;
So will his voice betray him to our mothers,
And, if he answer, bring them where he is.
What shall I then do? it must not be so—
'Sblood, it must be so; how else, I pray?—
Shall I stand gaping here all night till day,
And then be ne'er the near?[3] [*Hallooing*] So ho, so ho!

Enter Will.

Will. *hallooing.* So ho! [*In his speaking voice.*] I come: where are ye? where art thou? here!

Phil. How now, Frank, where hast thou been?

Will. <Frank! what Frank? 'Sblood, is Sir Ralph mad?> Here's the bow.

Phil. <I have not been much private with that voice:
Methinks Frank Goursey's talk and his doth tell me
I am mistaken; especially by his bow;
Frank had no bow. Well, I will leave this fellow,
And halloo somewhat farther in the fields.>
Dost thou hear, fellow? I perceive by thee
That we are both mistaken: I took thee
For one thou art not; likewise thou took'st me
For Sir Ralph Smith; but sure I am not he:
And so, farewell; I must go seek my friend.
[*Hallooing*] So ho! [*Exit.*

Will. So ho, so ho! nay, then, Sir Ralph, so whore!
For a whore she was sure, if you had her here
So late. Now, you are Sir Ralph Smith, I know!
Well do ye counterfeit and change your voice;
But yet I know ye. But what should be that Francis?
Belike that Francis cozened him of his wench,
And he conceals himself to find her out.
'Tis so, upon my life. Well, I will go,
And help him ring his peal of—so ho, so ho! [*Exit.*

[3] nearer.

Scene IV

Francis *has returned to that part of the rabbit warren where he was before, having managed to elude his mother.*

Fran. A plague on Coomes! a plague upon the boy!
A plague, too—not on my mother for an hundred pound!
'Twas time to run; and yet I had not thought
My mother could have followed me so close;
Her legs with age I thought had founderëd;
She made me quite run through a quick-set hedge,
Or she had taken me. Well, I may say,
I have run through the briars for a wench;
And yet I have her not—the worse luck mine.
Methought I heard one halloo hereabout;
I judge it Philip; O, the slave will laugh,
Whenas he hears how that my mother scared me!
Well, here I'll stand until I hear him halloo,
And then I'll answer him; he is not far.

Enter Sir Ralph Smith.

Sir R. My man is hallooing for me up and down,
And yet I cannot meet with him. [*Hallooing.*] So ho!

Fran., *hallooing.* So ho!

Sir R. Why, what a pox! wert thou so near me, man,
And would'st not speak?

Fran. 'Sblood, ye're very hot.

Sir. R. No, sir, I am cold enough with staying here
For such a knave as you.

FRAN. Knave! how now, Philip? Art mad, art mad?
SIR R. Why, art thou not my man, That went to fetch my bow?
FRAN. Indeed a bow Might shoot me ten bows down the weather so:
I, your man!
SIR R. What art thou, then?
FRAN. A man: but what 's thy name?
SIR R. Some call me Ralph. [51
FRAN. Then, honest Ralph, farewell.
SIR R. Well said, familiar Will! Plain Ralph, i' faith.
[PHILIP *and* WILL *shout within.*
FRAN. There calls my man.
SIR R. But there goes mine away; And yet I'll hear what this next call will say;
And here I'll tarry, till he call again. [60
[*Retires into the background.*

Enter WILL.

WILL, *hallooing.* So ho!
FRAN. So ho! where art thou, Philip?
WILL. <'Sblood! Philip! But now he called me Francis: this is fine.>
FRAN. Why studiest thou? I prythee, tell me, Philip, Where the wench is. [70
WILL. <Even now he asked me (Francis) for the wench, And now he asks me (Philip) for the wench.> Well, Sir Ralph, I must needs tell ye now, It is not for your credit to be forth So late a-wenching in this order.
FRAN. <What's this? "so late a-wenching," doth he say?> [80 Indeed 'tis true I am thus late a-wenching, But I am forced to wench without a wench.
WILL. Why, then, you might have ta'en your bow at first, And gone and killed a buck, and not have been So long a-drabbing, and be ne'er the near.
FRAN. <Swounds, what a puzzle am I in this night! [9 But yet I'll put this fellow farther off.> Dost thou hear, man? I am not Sir Ralph Smith, As thou dost think I am; but I did meet him, Even as thou sayest, in pursuit of a wench. I met the wench too, and she asked for thee, [10 Saying 'twas thou that wert her love her dear, And that Sir Ralph was not an honest knight To train her thither, and to use her so.
WILL. 'Sblood, my wench! swounds were he ten Sir Ralphs—
FRAN. Nay, 'tis true, look to it; and so, farewell. [*Exit*
WILL. Indeed, I do love Nan our dairy maid: [11 And hath he trained her forth to that intent, Or for another? I carry his crossbow, And he doth cross me, shooting in my bow. What shall I do?
[*Exit in the contrary direction.*

Enter PHILIP *from the back.*

PHIL., *hallooing.* So ho! [12
SIR R., *advancing.* So ho!
PHIL. Francis, art thou there?
SIR R. No, here's no Francis. Art thou Will, my man?
PHIL. Will Fool your man, Will Goose your man! My back, sir, scorns to wear your livery.
SIR R. Nay, sir, I moved but such a question to you; [12 And it hath not disparaged you, I hope: 'Twas but mistaking; such a night as this May well deceive a man. God be w' ye sir. [*Exit*
PHIL. God's will, 'tis Sir Ralph Smith a virtuous knight! How gently entertains he my hard answer!

Rude anger made my tongue unmannerly:
cry him mercy. Well, but all this while
cannot find a Francis.—[*Hallooing.*] Francis, ho!

Re-enter Will.

Will. Francis, ho! O, you call Francis now!
How have ye used my Nan? come, tell me, how.
Phil. Thy Nan! what Nan?
Will. Ay, what Nan, now! say, do you not seek a wench?
Phil. Yes, I do.
Will. Then, sir, that is she.
Phil. Art not thou he I met withal before?
Will. Yes, sir; and you did counterfeit before,
And said to me you were not Sir Ralph Smith.
Phil. No more I am not. I met Sir Ralph Smith;
Even now he asked me if I saw his man.
Will. O, fine!
Phil. Why, sirrah, thou art much deceived in me:
Good faith, I am not he thou think'st I am.
Will. What are ye, then?
Phil. Why, one that seeks one Francis and a wench.
Will. And Francis seeks one Philip and a wench,
Phil. How canst thou tell?
Will. I met him seeking Philip and a wench,
As I was seeking Sir Ralph and a wench.
Phil. Why, then, I know the matter: we met cross,
And so we missed; now here we find
our loss.
Well, if thou wilt, we two will keep together,
And so we shall meet right with one or other.
Will. I am content: but, do you hear me, sir?
Did not Sir Ralph Smith ask ye for a wench?
Phil. No, I promise thee, nor did he look
For any but thyself, as I could guess.
Will. Why, this is strange: but come, sir, let's away:
I fear that we shall walk here, till 't be day. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The Boy *has had a hard run to escape from* Coomes, *and has now come to the open fields.*

Boy. O God, I have run so far into the wind, that I have run myself out of wind! They say a man is near his end, when he lacks breath; and I am at the end of my race, for I can run no farther; then here I be in my breath-bed, not in my death-bed. [*Lies down.*

Scene VI

Coomes *is also somewhat out of breath. He has missed the* Boy, *and has come to another part of the field.*

Coomes. They say men moil and toil for a poor living; so I moil and toil, and am living, I thank God; in good time be it spoken. It had been better for me my mistress' angel had been light, for then perhaps it had not led me into this darkness. Well, the devil never blesses a man better, when he purses up angels by owl-light. I ran through a hedge to take the boy; but I stuck in the ditch, and lost the boy. [*Trips and falls.*] 'Swounds, a plague on that clod, that molehill, that ditch, or what the devil so e'er it were, for a man cannot see what it was! Well, I would not, for the price of my sword and buckler, anybody should see me in this taking, for it would make me cut off their legs for laughing at me. Well, down I am, and down I mean to be, because I am weary; but to tumble down thus, it was no part of my meaning: then, since I am down, here I'll rest me, and no man shall remove me.

Enter Hodge.

Hodge. <O, I have sport in coney,

i' faith! I have almost burst myself with laughing at Mistress Barnes. She was [30 following of her daughter; and I, hearing her, put on my fellow Dick's sword-and-buckler voice and his "swounds" and "sblood" words, and led her such a dance in the dark as it passes. "Here she is," quoth I. "Where?" quoth she. "Here," quoth I. O, it hath been a brave here-and-there night! but, O, what a soft-natured thing the dirt is! how it would endure my hard treading, and kiss my [40 feet for acquaintance! and how courteous and mannerly were the clods, to make me stumble only of purpose to entreat me lie down and rest me! But now, and I could find my fellow Dick, I would play the knave with him honestly, i' faith. Well, I will grope in the dark for him, or I'll poke with my staff, like a blind man, to prevent[4] a ditch.> [49

[*He stumbles on* Dick Coomes.

Coomes. Who's that, with a pox?

Hodge. Who art thou, with a pestilence?

Coomes. Why, I am Dick Coomes.

Hodge. <What, have I found thee, Dick? nay, then, I am for ye, Dick.> [*Imitating* Mistress Goursey's *voice.*] Where are ye, Dick? [58

Coomes. What can I tell where I am?

Hodge. Can ye not tell? come, come, ye wait on your mistress well! come on your ways; I have sought you till I am weary, and called ye till I am hoarse: good Lord, what a jaunt I have had this night, heigho!

Coomes. Is't you, mistress, that came over me? 'Sblood, 'twere a good deed to come over you for this night's work. I cannot afford all this pains for an angel: I tell ye true; a kiss were not cast away [70 upon a good fellow, that hath deserved more that way than a kiss, if your kindness would afford it him: what, shall I have it, mistress?

Hodge. Fie, fie, I must not kiss my man.

Coomes. Nay, nay, ne'er stand; shall I, shall I? nobody sees: say but I shall, and I'll smack it soundly, i' faith.

Hodge. Away, bawdy man! in truth, I'll tell your master. [81

Coomes. My master! go to, ne'er tell me of my master: he may pray for them that may; he is past it; and, for mine own part, I can do somewhat that way, I thank God; I am not now to learn, and 'tis your part to have your whole desire.

Hodge. Fie, fie, I am ashamed of you: would you tempt your mistress to lewdness? [90

Coomes. To lewdness! no, by my troth, there's no such matter in't; it is for kindness; and, by my troth, if you like my gentle offer, you shall have what courteously I can afford ye.

Hodge. Shall I indeed, Dick? I' faith, if I thought nobody would see—

Coomes. Tush, fear not that; swones, they must have cats' eyes, then.

Hodge. Then, kiss me, Dick. [100

Coomes. <A kind wench, i' faith!> [Hodge *dodges to another spot.*] Where are ye, mistress?

Hodge. Here, Dick.—O, I am in the dark!—Dick, go about.

Coomes. Nay, I'll throw sure: where are ye?

Hodge. Here. [108

[*Again changes his position.*

Coomes, *making his way in the dark, bumps into a post.* A plague on this post! I would the carpenter had been hanged that set it up, for me.—Where are ye now?

Hodge. Here. [*Darts away once more.*

Coomes. Here! O, I come. [*Exit.*] A plague on it, I am in a pond, mistress!

Hodge. <Ha, ha! I have led him into a pond.> Where art thou, Dick?

Coomes, *within.* Up to the middle [120 in a pond.

Hodge. Make a boat of thy buckler, then, and swim out. <Are ye so hot, with a pox? would you kiss my mistress? cool ye there, then, good Dick Coomes. O, when he comes forth, the skirts of his blue coat will drop like a pent-house! O, that I could see, and not be seen; how

[4] avoid.

he would spaniel it and shake himself, when he comes out of the pond! [130 But I'll be gone; for now he'll fight with a fly, if he but buzz in his ear.> [*Exit.*

Re-enter Coomes.

Coomes. Here's so-ho-ing with a plague! so hang, and ye will; for I have been almost drowned. A pox of your lips, and ye call this kissing! Ye talk of a drowned rat; but 'twas time to swim like a dog; I had been served like a [139 drowned cat else. I would he had digged his grave that digged the pond! my feet were foul indeed; but a less pail than a pond would have served my turn to wash them. A man shall be served thus always when he follows any of these females; but 'tis my kind heart that makes me thus forward in kindness unto them. Well, God amend them, and make them thankful to them that would do them pleasure! I am not drunk; I would ye should well [150 know it; and yet I have drunk more than will do me good, for I might have had a pump set up with as good March beer as this was, and ne'er set up an ale-bush for the matter. Well, I am somewhat in wrath, I must needs say; and yet I am not more angry than wise, nor more wise than angry; but I'll fight with the next man I meet, and it be but for luck's sake; and, if he love to see himself hurt, [160 let him bring light with him; I'll do it by darkling else, by God's dines. Well, here will I walk, whosoever says nay.

Enter Nicholas, *with a torch.*

Nich. He that worse may, must hold the candle; but my master is not so wise as God might have made him. He is gone to seek a hare in a hen's nest, a needle in a bottle of hay, which is as seldom seen as a black swan: he is gone [170 to seek my young mistress; and I think she is better lost than found, for whosoever hath her hath but a wet eel by the tail. But they may do as they list; the law is in their own hands; but, and they would be ruled by me, they should set her on the lea-land, and bid the devil split her. Beshrew her fingers! she hath made me watch past mine hour; but I'll watch her a good turn for it. [180

Coomes. How, who's that? Nicholas! <So, first come, first served; I am for him.> How now, Proverb, Proverb? 'sblood, how now, Proverb?

Nich. My name is Nicholas, Richard; and I know your meaning, and I hope ye mean no harm. I thank ye: I am the better for your asking.

Coomes. Where have you been a-whoring thus late, ha? [190

Nich. Master Richard, the good wife would not seek her daughter in the oven, unless she had been there herself. But, good Lord, you are knuckle-deep in dirt! <I warrant, when he was in, he swore Walsingham, and chafed terrible for the time.> Look, the water drops from you as fast as hops.

Coomes. What need'st thou to care, whipper-jenny, tripe-cheeks? Out, you fat ass! [201

Nich. Good words cost nought: ill words corrupts good manners, Richard; for a hasty man never wants woe. And I had thought you had been my friend! but I see all is not gold that glisters; there's falsehood in fellowship; *amicus certus in re certa cernitur;* time and truth tries all; and, 'tis an old proverb, and not so old as true, bought wit is [210 the best; I can see day at a little hole; I know your mind as well as though I were within you; 'tis ill halting before a cripple: go to, you seek to quarrel; but beware of "had I wist"; so long goes the pot to the water, at length it comes home broken. I know you are as good a man as ever drew sword, or as was e'er girt in a girdle, or as e'er went on neat's leather, or as one shall see upon a [220 summer's day, or as e'er looked man in the face, or as e'er trod on God's earth, or as e'er broke bread or drunk drink; but he is proper that hath proper conditions; [5] but be not you like the cow that gives a good sop of milk and casts it down with her heels; I speak plainly, for plain-

[5] disposition.

dealing is a jewel, and he that useth it shall die a beggar. Well, that happens in an hour that happens not in seven [230 years; a man is not so soon whole as hurt; and you should kill a man, you would kiss his—well, I say little; but I think the more. <Yet I 'll give him good words; 'tis good to hold the candle before the devil; yet, God's me,[6] I'll take no wrong, if he had a head as big as Brass or looked as high as Paul's steeple.>

Coomes. Sirrah, thou grasshopper, that shalt skip from my sword as from a [240 scythe, I'll cut thee out in collops and eggs, in steaks, in sliced beef, and fry thee with the fire I shall strike from the pike of thy buckler.

Nich. Ay, Brag's a good dog; threatened folks live long.

Coomes. What say ye, sir?

Nich. Why, I say not so much as "How do ye?"

Coomes. Do ye not so, sir? [250

Nich. No, indeed, whatsoe'er I think; and thought is free.

Coomes. You whoreson wafer-cake, by God's dines, I'll crush ye for this!

Nich. Give an inch, and you'll take an ell; I will not put my finger in a hole, I warrant ye: what, man! ne'er crow so fast, for a blind man may kill a hare; I have known when a plain fellow hath hurt a fencer, so I have: what! [260 a man may be as slow as a snail, but as fierce as a lion, and he be moved; indeed, I am patient, I must needs say; for patience in adversity brings a man to the Three Cranes in the Ventree.

Coomes. Do ye hear? set down your torch; draw; fight; I am for ye.

Nich. And I am for ye too, though it be from this midnight to the next morn.

Coomes. Where be your tools? [270

Nich. Within a mile of an oak, sir; he's a proud horse will not carry his own provender, I warrant ye.

Coomes. <Now am I in my quarrelling humor, and now can I say nothing but "sounes, draw!" but I'll untruss, and then have to it.>

[6] B, by God's me. Perhaps the mistake is in the "me."

[*Both proceed to prepare for combat by partially disrobing.* [279

Re-enter severally Hodge *and* Boy.

Hodge. <Who's there? boy! honest boy, well-met: where hast thou been?

Boy. O Hodge, Dick Coomes hath been as good as a cry of hounds, to make a breathed hare of me! but didst thou see my master?

Hodge. I met him even now, and he asked me for thee, and he is gone up and down, whooing like an owl for thee.

Boy. Owl, ye ass! [290

Hodge. Ass! no, nor glass, for then it had been Owl-glass. But who's that boy?

Boy. By the mass, 'tis our Coomes and Nicholas; and it seems they are providing to fight.

Hodge. Then we shall have fine sport i' faith. Sirrah, let's stand close, and when they have fought a bout or two we'll run away with the torch, and leave them to fight darkling, shall we? [301

Boy. Content; I'll get the torch; stand close.>

Coomes. <So now my back hath room to reach: I do not love to be laced in when I go to lace a rascal. I pray God Nicholas prove not a fly:[7] it would do me good to deal with a good man now that we might have half-a-dozen good smart strokes. Ha, I have seen the [310 day I could have danced in my fight, one, two, three, four, and five, on the head of him; six, seven, eight, nine, and ten on the sides of him; and, if I went so far as fifteen, I warrant I showed him a trick of one-and-twenty; but I have not fought this four days, and I lack a little practice of my ward; but I shall make a shift.> Ha, close! Are ye disposed sir? [320

Nich. Yes, indeed, I fear no colors change sides, Richard.

Coomes. Change the gallows! I'll see thee hanged first.

Nich. Well, I see the fool will not leave his bable for the Tower of London.

[7] B, silly.

Coomes. Fool, ye rogue! nay, then, all to it.
Nich. Good goose, bite not. [329
Coomes. <'Sblood, how pursy I am! Well, I see exercise is all! I must practise my weapons oft'ner; I must have a goal or two at foot-ball, before I come to my right kind.> Give me thy hand, Nicholas: thou art a better man than took thee for; and yet thou art not so good a man as I.
Nich. You dwell by ill neighbors, Richard; that makes ye praise yourself.
Coomes. Why, I hope thou wilt say I m a man? [341
Nich. Yes, I'll say so, if I should see e hanged.
Coomes. Hanged, ye rogue! nay, then, ave at ye. [*While they fight,* Hodge *and he* Boy *run off with the torch.*] Sownes, he light is gone!
Nich. O Lord, it is as dark as pitch!
Coomes, *lying down and covering himself with his buckler.* <Well, here I'll [350 e with my buckler thus, lest striking up nd down at randall[8] the rogue might urt me, for I cannot see to save it; nd I hold my peace, lest my voice should ring him where I am.>
Nich., *sitting down.* <'Tis good to ave a cloak for the rain; a bad shift is etter than none at all! I'll sit here, as I were as dead as a door-nail.> [359

Scene VII

Master Barnes *and* Master Goursey *are in another part of the field.*

Gour. Hark! there's one hallooes.
Bar. And there's another.
Gour. And, everywhere we come, I hear some halloo,
nd yet it is our haps to meet with none.
Bar. I marvel where your Hodge is and my man.
Gour. Ay, and our wives? we cannot meet with them, [11
Nor with the boy, nor Mall, nor Frank, nor Philip,
Nor yet with Coomes, and yet we ne'er stood still.
Well, I am very angry with my wife,
And she shall find I am not pleased with her,
If we meet ne'er so soon: but 'tis my hope [20
She hath had as blind a journey on't as we;
Pray God, she have, and worse, if worse may be!
Bar. This is but short-lived envy,[9] Master Goursey.
But, come, what say ye to my policy?
Gour. I' faith, 'tis good, and we will practise it; [29
But, sir, it must be handled cunningly,
Or all is marred; our wives have subtle heads,
And they will soon perceive a drift device.

Enter Sir Ralph Smith.

Sir R., *hallooing.* So ho!
Gour. So ho!
Sir R. Who's there?
Bar. Here's one or two.
Sir R. Is Will there? [40
Bar. No. Philip?
Gour. Frank?
Sir R. No, no.—
<Was ever man deluded thus like me?
I think some spirit leads me thus amiss,
As I have often heard that some have been
Thus in the nights. [48
But yet this mazes me; where'er I come,
Some asks me still for Frank or Philip,
And none of them can tell me where Will is.>
Will, *hallooing within.* So ho!
Phil., *hallooing within.* So ho!
Hodge, *hallooing within.* So ho!
Boy, *hallooing within.* So ho!
Sir R. <Sownes, now I hear four halloo at the least!
One had a little voice; then, that's the wench [60
My man hath lost: well, I will answer all.>
[*Hallooing.*] So ho!

[8] random.
[9] spite.

Enter Hodge.

Hodge, *hallooing*. Whoop, whoop!

Sir R. Who's there? Will?

Hodge. No, sir; honest Hodge: but, I pray ye, sir, did ye not meet with a boy with a torch? he is run away from me, a plague on him!

Sir R. <Heyday, from Frank and Philip to a torch,
And to a boy! nay, sownes! then hap as 'twill.>

[*Exeunt* Sir Ralph *and* Hodge *severally*.

Gour. Who goes there?

Enter Will.

Will. Guess here.

Bar. Philip?

Will. Philip! no, faith; my name's Will—ill-Will, for I was never worse. I was even now with him, and might have been still, but that I fell into a ditch and lost him; and now I am going up and down to seek him.

Gour. What would'st thou do with him?

Will. Why, I would have him go with me to my master's.

Gour. Who's thy master?

Will. Why, Sir Ralph Smith; and thither he promised me he would come; if he keep his word, so 'tis.

Bar. What was 'a doing, when thou first found'st him?

Will. Why, he hallooed for one Francis, and Francis hallooed for him; I hallooed for my master, and my master for me; but we missed still, meeting contrary, Philip and Francis with me and my master, and I and my master with Philip and Frank.

Gour. Why, wherefore is Sir Ralph so late abroad?

Will. Why, he meant to kill a buck. <I'll say so, to save his honesty; but my Nan was his mark.> And he sent me for his bow, and when I came, I hallooed for him; but I never saw such luck to miss him; it hath almost made me mad.

Bar. Well, stay with us; perhaps Sir Ralph and he will come anon: hark! I do hear one halloo.

Enter Philip.

Phil. Is this broad waking in a wi
ter's night?
I am broad walking in a winter's nig
(Broad indeed, because I am abroad);
But these broad fields, methinks, are n
so broad
That they may keep me forth of narro
ditches.
Here 's a hard world!
For I can hardly keep myself uprig
in it:
I am marvellous dutiful—but, [*calling*
so ho!

Will. So ho!

Phil. Who's there?

Will. Here's Will.

Phil. What, Will! how scap'st thou?

Will. What, sir?

Phil. Nay, not hanging, but drow
ing: wert thou in a pond or a ditch?

Will. A pestilence on it! is 't yo
Philip? no, faith, I was but dirty a little
but here's one or two asked for ye.

Phil. Who be they, man?

Bar. Philip, 'tis I and Master Gourse

Phil. Father, O father, I have hear
them say
The days of ignorance are passed an
done;
But I am sure the nights of ignorance
Are not yet passed, for this is one
them.
But where's my sister?

Bar. Why, we cannot tell.

Phil. Where's Francis?

Gour. Neither saw we him.

Phil. Why, this is fine.
What, neither he nor I, nor she nor yo
Nor I nor she, nor you and I, till no
Can meet, could meet, or e'er, I think
shall meet!
Call ye this wooing? no, 'tis Christma
sport
Of Hob-man-blind,[10] all blind, all see
to catch,
All miss—but who comes here?

Enter Francis, *holding the* Boy *b
the ear. The* Boy *still has the torch h
made off with.*

[10] blind-man's buff.

FRAN. O, have I catched ye, sir? It was your doing
That made me have this pretty dance to-night;
Had not you spoken, my mother had not scared me:
But I will swinge ye for it. [170
PHIL. Keep the king's peace!
FRAN. How! art thou become a constable?
Why, Philip, where hast thou been all this while?
PHIL. Why, where you were not: but, I pray, where's my sister?
FRAN. Why, man, I saw her not; but I have sought her,
As I should seek— [180
PHIL. A needle, have ye not?
Why you, man, are the needle that she seeks
To work withal! Well, Francis, do you hear?
You must not answer so, that you have sought her;
But have ye found her? faith, and if you have,
God give ye joy of that ye found with her! [191
FRAN. I saw her not: how could I find her?
GOUR. Why, could ye miss from Master Barnes's house
Unto his coney-burrow?
FRAN. Whether I could or no, father, I did.
PHIL. "Father, I did!" Well, Frank, wilt thou believe me? [200
Thou dost not know how much this same doth grieve me:
Shall it be said thou missed so plain a way,
Whenas so fair a wench did for thee stay?
FRAN. Sownes, man!
PHIL. Sownes, man! and if thou hadst been blind, [209
The coney-burrow thou need'st must find.
I tell thee, Francis, had it been my case,
And I had been a wooer in thy place,
I would have laid my head unto the ground,
And scented out my wench's[11] way like a hound;
I would have crept upon my knees all night,
And have made the flintstones links to give me light; [220
Nay, man, I would.
FRAN. Good Lord, what you would do!
Well, we shall see one day how you can woo.
GOUR. Come, come, we see that we have all been crossed;
Therefore, let's go, and seek them we have lost. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

MALL, *having contrived to escape from her mother, has reached the open fields.*

MALL. Am I alone? doth not my mother come?
Her torch I see not, which I well might see,
If any way she were coming toward me:
Why, then, belike she 's gone some other way; [9
And may she go, till I bid her turn!
Far shall her way be then, and little fair,
For she hath hindered me of my good turn;
God send her wet and weary ere she turn!
I had been at Oxenford, and to-morrow
Have been released from all my maiden's sorrow,
And tasted joy, had not my mother been;
God, I beseech thee, make it her worst sin! [21
How many maids this night lies in their beds,
And dream that they have lost their maidenheads!
Such dreams, such slumbers I had too enjoyed,
If waking malice had not them destroyed.
A starvëd man with double death doth die, [30
To have the meat might save him in his eye,

[11] Shouldn't this be "wench'," for the sake of the metre?

And may not have it: so am I tormented,
To starve for joy I see, yet am prevented.
Well, Frank, although thou wooedst and quickly won,
Yet shall my love to thee be never done;
I'll run through hedge and ditch, [39
through brakes and briars,
To come to thee, sole lord of my desires:
Short wooing is the best, an hour, not years,
For long-debating love is full of fears.
But hark! I hear one tread. O were't my brother,
Or Frank, or any man, but not my mother!

Enter Sir Ralph Smith.

Sir R. O, when will this same year of night have end? [51
Long-looked for days' sun, when wilt thou ascend?
Let not this thief-friend, misty veil of night,
Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light,
Whilst thou com'st tardy from thy Thetis' bed,
Blushing forth golden hair and glori- [60
ous red;
O, stay not long, bright lanthorn of the day,
To light my missed-way feet to my right way!
Mall. <It is a man, his big voice tells me so;
Much am I not acquainted with it, though;
And yet mine ear, sound's true dis- [70
tinguisher,
Boyes[1] that I have been more familiar
With it than now I am: well, I do judge
It is no envious fellow, out of grudge;[2]
Therefore, I'll plead acquaintance, hire his guiding,
And buy of him some place of close abiding, [78
Till that my mother's malice be expired,
And we may joy in that is long desired.>
Who's there?

Sir R. Are ye a maid? <No question, this is she
My man doth miss: faith, since she lights on me,
I do not mean till day to let her go;
For what! she is my man's love I well[3] know.> [88
Hark ye, maid, if maid, are ye so light,
That you can see to wander in the night?
Mall. Hark ye, true man, if true, I tell you, no;
I cannot see at all which way I go.
Sir R. Fair maid, is't so? say, had ye ne'er a fall?
Mall. Fair man, not so; no, I had none at all.
Sir R. Could you not stumble on one man, I pray?
Mall. No, no such block till now came in my way. [101
Sir R. Am I that block, sweet tripe; then, fall and try.
Mall. The ground's too hard a feather-bed; not I!
Sir R. Why, how and you had met with such a stump?
Mall. Why, if he had been your height, I meant to jump.
Sir R. Are ye so nimble? [110
Mall. Nimble as a doe.
Sir R. Baked in a pie?
Mall. Of ye.
Sir R. Good meat, ye know.
Mall. Ye hunt sometimes?
Sir R. I do.
Mall. What take ye?
Sir R. Deer.
Mall. You 'll ne'er strike rascal?[4]
Sir R. Yes, when ye are there.
Mall. Will ye strike me? [121
Sir R. Yes: will ye strike again?
Mall. No, sir: it fits not maids to fight with men.
Sir R. I wonder, wench, how I thy name might know.
Mall. Why, you may find it, sir, in the Christcross row.
Sir R. Be my schoolmistress, teach me how to spell it. [130

[1] This cannot be right; should perhaps be "Says."
[2] B, It is not envies fellon, not of grudge.
[3] B, will.
[4] deer lean and out of season.

MALL. No, faith, I care not greatly, if I tell it:
My name is Mary Barnes.
SIR R. How, wench? Mall Barnes!
MALL. The very same.
SIR R. Why, this is strange!
MALL. I pray, sir, what's your name?
SIR R. Why, Sir Ralph Smith doth wonder, wench, at this;
Why, what's the cause thou art [140
abroad so late?
MALL. <What, Sir Ralph Smith! nay, then, I will disclose
All the whole cause to him, in him repose
My hopes, my love: God him, I hope, did send
Our loves and both our mothers' hates to end.>
Gentle Sir Ralph, if you my blush might see, [151
You then would say I am ashamed to be
Found, like a wand'ring stray, by such a knight,
So far from home at such a time of night;
But my excuse is good; love first by fate
Is crossed, controlled, and sundered by fell hate.
Frank Goursey is my love, and he loves me; [161
But both our mothers hate and disagree;
Our fathers like the match and wish it done;
And so it had, had not our mothers come;
To Oxford we concluded both to go;
Going to meet, they came; we parted so;
My mother followed me; but I ran fast,
Thinking who went from hate had need make haste; [170
Take me she cannot, though she still pursue;
But now, sweet knight, I do repose on you;
Be you my orator and plead my right,
And get me one good day for this bad night.
SIR R. Alas, good heart, I pity thy hard hap! [179
And I'll employ all that I may for thee.
Frank Goursey, wench! I do commend thy choice.
Now I remember I met one Francis,
As I did seek my man; then, that was he;
And Philip too; belike that was thy brother.
Why, now I find how I did lose myself,
And wander up and down, mistaking so.
Give me thy hand, Mall: I will never leave, [191
Till I have made your mothers friends again,
And purchased to ye both your hearts' delight,
And for this same one bad many a good night.
'Twill not be long, ere that Aurora will,
Decked in the glory of a golden sun,
Open the crystal windows of the east, [200
To make the earth enamored of her face,
When we shall have clear light to see our way:
Come; night being done, expect a happy day. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

MISTRESS BARNES, *exhausted with her efforts to catch her errant daughter, has reached another part of the field.*

MRS. B. O, what a race this peevish girl hath led me!
How fast I ran, and now how weary I am!
I am so out of breath I scarce can speak
(What shall I do?) and cannot overtake her. [10
'Tis late and dark, and I am far from home:
May there not thieves lie watching hereabout,
Intending mischief unto them they meet?
There may; and I am much afraid of them,
Being alone, without all company.
I do repent me of my coming forth;
And yet I do not; they had else been married; [21
And that I would not for ten times more labor.
But what a winter of cold fear I thole,[5]

[5] suffer. B, stole.

Freezing my heart, lest danger should betide me!
What shall I do to purchase company?
I hear some halloo here about the fields:
Then here I'll set my torch upon this hill, [*Sets the torch up.*
Whose light shall beacon-like conduct them to it;
They that have lost their way, seeing a light,
For it may be seen far off in the night,
Will come to it. Well, here I'll lie unseen,
And look who comes, and choose my company.
Perhaps my daughter may first come to it.
[*Lies down at some distance from the torch.*

Enter Mistress Goursey.

Mrs. G. Where am I now? nay, where was I even now?
Nor now, nor then, nor where I shall be, know I.
I think I am going home: I may as well
Be going from home; 'tis so very dark
I cannot see how to direct a step.
I lost my man, pursuing of my son;
My son escaped me too: now, all alone,
I am enforced to wander up and down.
Barnes's wife's abroad: pray God, that she
May have as good a dance, nay, ten times worse;
O, but I fear she hath not; she hath light,
To see her way. O, that some bridge would break,
That she might fall into some deep-digged ditch,
And either break her bones or drown herself!
I would these mischiefs I could wish to her
Might light on her!—But, soft; I see a light.
I will go near; 'tis comfortable,
After this night's sad spirits-dulling darkness.
How now? what, is it set to keep itself?
Mrs. B. <A plague on't, is she there?>
Mrs. G. O, how it cheers and quickens up my thoughts!
Mrs. B. <O that it were the basilisk's fell eye,
To poison thee!>
Mrs. B. I care not, if I take it—
Sure none is here to hinder me—
And light me home.
Mrs. B. <I had rather she were hanged,
Than I should set it there to do her good.>
Mrs. G. I' faith, I will.
Mrs. B. <I' faith, you shall not, mistress;
I'll venture a burnt finger but I'll have it.>
Mrs. G. Yet Barnes's wife would chafe, if that she knew
That I had this good luck to get a light.
Mrs. B. <And so she doth; but praise your luck at parting.>
Mrs. G. O, that it were her light, good faith, that she
Might darkling walk about as well as I!
Mrs. B. <O, how this mads me, that she hath her wish!>
Mrs. G. How I would laugh to see her trot about!
Mrs. B. <O, I could cry for anger and for rage!>
Mrs. G. But who should set it here, I marvel, a' God's name.
Mrs. B. <One that will have't from you in the devil's name.>
Mrs. G. I'll lay my life that it was Barnes's son.
Mrs. B., *seizing the torch.* No, forsooth, it was Barnes's wife.
Mrs. G. <A plague upon her, how she made me start!>
Mistress, let go the torch.
Mrs. B. No, but I will not.
Mrs. G. I'll thrust it in thy face, then.
Mrs. B. But you shall not.
Mrs. G. Let go, I say.
Mrs. B. Let you go; for 'tis mine.
Mrs. G. But my possession says, it is none of thine.
Mrs. B. Nay, I have hold too.
Mrs. G. Well, let go thy hold,
Or I will spurn thee.
Mrs. B. Do; I can spurn thee too.

Mrs. G. Canst thou?
Mrs. B. Ay, that I can.

Drawn to the spot by the light, Masters Goursey *and* Barnes, Philip, Francis, Coomes, Hodge, Nicholas, *and* [130 Will, *all appear on the scene. The two husbands have resolved to put in practice the plot devised by* Master Barnes, *referred to in IV 7.*

Gour. Why, how now, women? how unlike to women
Are ye both now! come, part, come, part, I say.
Bar. Why, what immodesty is this in you! [140
Come, part, I say; fie, fie!
Mrs. B. "Fie, fie!" I say she shall not have my torch.—
Give me thy torch, boy. I will run a-tilt,
And burn out both her eyes in my encounter.
Mrs. G. Give room, and let us have this hot career.
Gour. I say ye shall not: wife, go to, tame your thoughts, [150
That are so mad with fury.
Bar. And, sweet wife,
Temper your rage with patience; do not be
Subject so much to such misgovernment.
Mrs. B. Shall I not, sir, when such a strumpet wrongs me?
Gour. How, strumpet, Mistress Barnes! nay, I pray, hark ye: [159
I oft indeed have heard ye call her so,
And I have thought upon it, why ye should
Twit her with name of strumpet; do you know
Any hurt by her, that you term her so?
Bar. No, on my life; rage only makes her say so.
Gour. But I would know whence this same rage should come;
Where's smoke, there's fire; and my [170 heart misgives
My wife's intemperance hath got that name.—
And, Mistress Barnes, I doubt and shrewdly doubt,
And some great cause begets this doubt in me,
Your husband and my wife doth wrong us both.
Bar. How, think ye so? nay, Mas- [180 ter Goursey, then
You run in debt to my opiniön,
Because you pay not such advisëd wisdom,
As I think due unto my good conceit.
Gour. Then still I fear I shall your debtor prove.
Bar. Then I arrest you in the name of love;
Not bail, but present answer to my plea;
And in the court of reason we will try [190
If that good thoughts should believe jealousy.
[*Both men have their swords out, and seem about to cross them.*
Phil. Why, look you, mother, this is 'long of you.—
For God's sake, father, hark! why, these effects
Come still from women's malice: part, I pray.— [200
Coomes, Will, and Hodge, come all, and help us part them!—
Father, but hear me speak one word—no more.
Fran. Father, but hear him speak; then use your will.
Phil. Cry peace between ye for a little while. [208
Mrs. G. Good husband, hear him speak.
Mrs. B. Good husband, hear him.
Coomes. Master, hear him speak; he's a good wise young stripling for his years, I tell ye, and perhaps may speak wiser than an elder body; therefore hear him.
Hodge. Master, hear, and make an end; you may kill one another in jest, and be hanged in earnest.
Gour. Come, let us hear him.—Then speak quickly, Philip.
Bar. Thou shouldst have done ere this; speak, Philip, speak. [221
Mrs. B. O Lord, what haste you make to hurt yourselves!—
Good Philip, use some good persuasiöns
To make them friends.
Phil. Yes, I'll do what I can.—

Father and Master Goursey, both attend.
It is presumption in so young a man
To teach where he might learn, or to direct
Where he hath had direction; but in duty
He may persuade as long as his persuase
Is backed with reason and a rightful suit.
Physic's first rule is this, as I have learned:
Kill the effect by cutting off the cause.
The same effects of ruffian outrages
Comes by the cause of malice in your wives;
Had not they two been foes, you had been friends,
And we had been at home, and this same war
In peaceful sleep had ne'er been dreamt upon.—
Mother and Mistress Goursey, to make them friends,
Is to be friends yourselves: you are the cause,
And these effects proceed, you know, from you;
Your hates give life unto these killing strifes,
But die, and if that envy[6] die in you.—
Fathers, yet stay.—O, speak!—O, stay a while!—
Francis, persuade thy mother.—Master Goursey,
If that my mother will resolve[7] your mind
That 'tis but mere suspect, not common proof,
And if my father swears he's innocent,
As I durst pawn my soul with him he is,
And if your wife vow truth and constancy,
Will you be then persuaded?

GOUR. Philip, if thy father will remit
The wounds I gave him, and if these conditions
May be performed, I banish all my wrath.

BAR. And, if thy mother will but clear me, Philip,
As I am ready to protest I am,

[6] ill-will. [7] satisfy.

Then Master Goursey is my friend again.

PHIL. Hark, mother; now you hear that your desires
May be accomplished; they will both be friends,
If you'll perform these easy articles.

MRS. B. Shall I be friends with such an enemy?

PHIL. What say you, [mother,] unto my persuase?

MRS. B. I say she is my deadly enemy.

PHIL. Ay, but she will be your friend if you revoke.[8]

MRS. B. The words I said! what, shall I eat a truth?

PHIL. Why, hark ye, mother.

FRAN. Mother, what say you?

MRS. G. Why, this I say, she slandered my good name.

FRAN. But, if she now deny it, 'tis no defame.

MRS. G. What, shall I think her hate will yield so much?

FRAN. Why, doubt it not; her spirit may be such.

MRS. G. Why, will it be?

PHIL. Yet stay, I have some hope
Mother, why, mother, why, hear ye:
Give me your hand; it is no more but thus;
'Tis easy labor to shake hands with her:
Little[9] breath is spent in speaking of fair words,
When wrath hath violent delivery.

BAR., *to* MASTER GOURSEY, *flourishing his sword*. What, shall we be resolved?

MRS. B. O husband, stay!—
Stay, Master Goursey: though your wife doth hate me,
And bears unto me malice infinite
And endless, yet I will respect your safeties;
I would not have you perish by our means:
I must confess that only [mere] suspect
And no proof else, hath fed my hate to her.

MRS. G. And, husband, I protest by Heaven and earth

[8] B, revolt. [9] B, a little.

That her suspect is causeless and unjust,
And that I ne'er had such a vile intent;
Harm she imagined, whereas none was meant. [330
PHIL. Lo, sir, what would ye more?
BAR. Yes, Philip, this;
That I confirm him in my innocence
By this large universe.
GOUR. By that I swear,
I'll credit none of you, until I hear
Friendship concluded straight between them two:
If I see that they willingly will do,
Then I'll imagine all suspicion ends; [340
I may be then assured, they being friends.
PHIL. Mother, make full my wish, and be it so.
MRS. B. What, shall I sue for friendship to my foe?
PHIL. No: if she yield, will you?
MRS. B. It may be, ay.
PHIL. Why, this is well. <The other I will try.>
Come, Mistress Goursey, do you first agree? [351
MRS. G. What, shall I yield unto mine enemy?
PHIL. Why, if she will, will you?
MRS. G. Perhaps I will.
PHIL. Nay, then, I find this goes well forward still.
Mother, give me your hand. [*To* MISTRESS GOURSEY.] Give me yours too. [360
[MISTRESS GOURSEY *holds back.*
Be not so loth; some good thing I must do;
But lay your torches by, I like not them;
Come, come, deliver them unto your men:
Give me your hands. So, now, sir, here I stand,
Holding two angry women in my hand:
And I must please them both; I could please t' one, [371
But it is hard when there is two to one,
Especially of women; but 'tis so,
They shall be pleased, whether they will or no.—
Which will come first? What, both give back! ha, neither!
Why, then, yond may help that come both together.[10] [379
So, stand still, stand but a little while,
And see how I your angers will beguile.
Well, yet there is no hurt; why, then, let me
Join these two hands, and see how they'll agree:
Peace, peace! they cry; look how they friendly kiss!
Well, all this while there is no harm in this: [389
Are not these twins? twins should be both alike,
If t' one speaks fair, the t' other should not strike:
Jesus, the warriors will not offer blows!
Why, then, 'tis strange that you two should be foes.
O yes, you'll say, your weapons are your tongues;
Touch lip with lip, and they are bound from wrongs: [400
Go to, embrace, and say, if you be friends,
That here the angry women's quarrel ends.
MRS. G. Then here it ends, if Mistress Barnes say so.
MRS. B. If you say ay, I list not to say no.
GOUR. If they be friends, by promise we agree. [410
BAR. And may this league of friendship ever be.
PHIL. What say'st thou, Frank? doth not this fall out well?
FRAN. Yes, if my Mall were here, then all were well.

Re-enter SIR RALPH SMITH *with* MALL, *who stays in the background.*

SIR R. <Yonder they be, Mall: stay, stand close, and stir not [420
Until I call.> God save ye, gentlemen!
BAR. What, Sir Ralph Smith! you are welcome, man:
We wondered when we heard you were abroad.
SIR R. Why, sir, how heard ye that I was abroad?

[10] There is surely something wrong in this line.

Bar. By your man.
Sir R. My man! where is he?
Will. Here. [430
Sir R. O, ye are a trusty squire!
Nich. It had been better, an he had said, a sure card.
Phil. Why, sir?
Nich. Because it is the proverb.
Phil. Away, ye ass!
Nich. An ass goes a' four legs; I go of two, Christcross.
Phil. Hold your tongue.
Nich. And make no more ado. [440
Gour. Go to, no more ado. Gentle Sir Ralph,
Your man is not in fault for missing you,
For he mistook by us, and we by him.
Sir R. And I by you, which now I well perceive.—
But tell me, gentlemen, what made ye all
Be from your beds this night, and why thus late
Are your wives walking here about the fields: [451
'Tis strange to see such women of accompt
Here; but I guess some great occasiön.
Gour. Faith, this occasion, sir: women will jar;
And jar they did to-day, and so they parted;
We, knowing women's malice let alone
Will, canker-like, eat farther in their hearts, [461
Did seek a sudden cure, and thus it was:
A match between his daughter and my son;
No sooner motioned but it was agreed,
And they no sooner saw but wooed and liked:
They have it sought to cross, and crossed it thus.
Sir R. Fie, Mistress Barnes and [470
Mistress Goursey both;
The greatest sin wherein your souls may sin,
I think, is this, in crossing of true love:
Let me persuade ye.
Mrs. B. Sir, we are persuaded,
And I and Mistress Goursey are both friends;
And, if my daughter were but found again, [480
Who now is missing, she had my consent
To be disposed of to her own content.
Sir R. I do rejoice that what I thought to do,
Ere I begin, I find already done:
Why, this will please your friends at Abington.
Frank, if thou seek'st that way, there thou shalt find
Her whom I hold the comfort of thy mind. [491
Mall. He shall not seek me; I will seek him out,
Since of my mother's grant I need not doubt.
Mrs. B. Thy mother grants, my girl, and she doth pray
To send unto you both a joyful day!
Hodge. Nay, Mistress Barnes, I wish her better: that those joyful days may be turned to joyful nights. [501
Coomes. Faith, 'tis a pretty wench, and 'tis pity but she should have him.
Nich. And, Mistress Mary, when ye go to bed, God send you good rest, and a peck of fleas in your nest, every one as big as Francis!
Phil. Well said, wisdom! God send thee wise children!
Nich. And you more money. [510
Phil. Ay, so wish I.
Nich 'Twill be a good while ere you wish your skin full of eyelet-holes.
Phil. Frank, hark ye: brother, now your wooing's done,
The next thing now you do is for a son,
I prythee; for i' faith, I should be glad
To have myself called nunkle, and thou dad. [519
Well, sister, if that Francis play the man,
My mother must be grandam and you mam.
To it, Francis—to it, sister!—God send ye joy!
'Tis fine to sing, "Dancey, my own sweet boy!"
Fran. Well, sir, jest on.
Phil. Nay, sir, do you jest[11] on.

[11] do.

Bar. Well, may she prove a happy wife to him!
Gour. And may he prove as happy unto her!
Sir R. Well, gentlemen, good hap betide them both!
Since 'twas my hap thus happily to meet,
To be a witness of this sweet contráct,
I do rejoice; wherefore, to have this joy
Longer present with me, I do request
That all of you will be my promised guests:[12]
This long night's labor doth desire some rest,
Besides this wishëd end; therefore, I pray,
Let me detain ye but a dinner time:
Tell me, I pray, shall I obtain so much?
Bar. Gentle Sir Ralph, your courtesy is such,
As may impose command unto us all;
We will be thankful-bold at your request.
Phil. I pray, Sir Ralph, what cheer shall we have?
Sir R. I' faith, country fare, mutton and veal,
Perchance a duck or goose.
Mall. O, I am sick!
All. How now, Mall? what's the matter?
Mall. Father and mother, if you needs would know,
He named a goose, which is my stomach's foe.
Phil. Come, come, she is with child of some odd jest;
And now she's sick, till that she bring it forth.
Mall, *preparing to deliver the Epilogue*. A jest, quoth you! well, brother, if it be,
I fear 'twill prove an earnest unto me.
Goose, said ye, sir? O, that same very name
Hath in it much variety of shame!
Of all the birds that ever yet was seen,
I would not have them graze upon this green;
I hope they will not, for this crop is poor,
And they may pasture upon greater store:
But yet 'tis pity that they let them pass,
And, like a common, bite the Muse's grass.
Yet this I fear: if Frank and I should kiss,
Some creaking goose would chide us with a hiss;
I mean not that goose that
Sings it knows not what;
'Tis not that hiss, when one says, "hist, come hither,"
Nor that same hiss that setteth dogs together,
Nor that same hiss that by a fire doth stand,
And hisseth T. or F.[13] upon the hand;
But 'tis a hiss, and I'll unlace my coat,
For I should sound[14] sure, if I heard that note,
And then green ginger for the green goose cries,
Serves not the turn—I turned the white of eyes.
The *rosa-solis* yet that makes me live
Is favor that these gentlemen may give;
But, if they be displeased, then pleased am I
To yield myself a hissing death to die.
Yet I hope here is none consents to kill,
But kindly take the favor of good-will.
If anything be in the pen to blame,
Then here stand I to blush the writer's shame:
If this be bad, he promises a better;
Trust him, and he will prove a right true debtor.

[12] Qy, "guest", for the rhyme.
[13] for traitor or felon.
[14] swoon.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

INTRODUCTION

What is, so far as is known, the first domestic tragedy in the language was entered in the Stationers' Register on April 3, 1592, as "The Tragedie of Arden of Feversham and Blackwall," the final name being evidently a blunder for "Black Will." It was published the same year as "The lamentable and true Tragedie of M. Arden of Feversham in Kent." Other quartos appeared in 1599 and 1633.

The appalling story the drama tells is founded on fact. The murder it narrates was not, like that told in "A Yorkshire Tragedy," contemporary; it had occurred as far back as February, 1550–1; but such general attention had it excited that more than a quarter of a century later Holinshed in the first edition of his "Chronicle" (1577) devoted some five pages to it. It is on the Holinshed account of the affair that the play is based. The dramatist or dramatists showed fine dramatic sense by departing from the source in not having Arden wink at his wife's infidelity, by the creation of Franklin, and by the invention of the fog to thwart one of the efforts at the slaying of Arden. The story was greatly touched up by the dramatic faculty of Holinshed; to get the actual facts, as nearly as they can be got, one has to consult the Wardmote Book of Feversham.

Of the miserable band of criminals who took part in this terrible murder, Mistress Arden (who, by the way, did not actually stab her husband, as she is made to do in the play) was burnt at the stake, as was also the unfortunate Bradshaw, who had no part in the crime, according to Holinshed and the play, but of whose innocence the Wardmote Book gives no hint. John Greene—who was, like Morsby (the Mosbie of the play), a tailor—was hanged, as were also Morsby and his sister. Michael Saunderson was drawn and hanged in chains; Black Will escaped for the time being, but met with a violent end. George Loosebagg (the Shakebag of the play) and the painter (whose real name was William Blackburn) got away altogether. Elizabeth Stafford, the maid servant (who, in the play, is combined with Cecily Pounder, Morsby's sister, into a single individual) suffered the fate of her mistress. Mosbie is shown in a better light by Holinshed than in the play, being represented as objecting to the murder of Arden and as vainly endeavoring to provoke Arden to a duel.

The authorship of the play is a matter of considerable moment, because of its merit, its early date, and its historical importance. Fleay argued for the authorship of Kyd. Long afterwards, in the early years of this century, Mr. Charles Crawford gave solid reasons for such an attribution. Still later Mr. Dugdale Sykes added strength to the argument; but Dr. F. S. Boas has treated the parallels on which these two advocates of the Kydian authorship depend as proving imitation of Kyd by another writer. Such is the value of parallels; which can always be treated, according to the scholar's fancy, as proving or as disproving identity of authorship. Finally, the editor of this work, in "The New Criterion," January, 1926, gave reasons for a view which he had first stated as long ago as 1911, that not only Kyd was concerned, but also Marlowe. The six reasons given may be thus summarized:

1. There are numerous points of contact between this play and the undoubted plays of Marlowe, and there is absolutely no justification for treating these likenesses as proofs of imitation or plagiarism by Kyd from Marlowe, while treating the similar points of contact with Kyd's supposed work as proof of identity of authorship. That does not seem like fair dealing. Even if Marlowe be not one of the authors of "Arden," that play need not be the plagiarizing one; it may, on the contrary, be the one plagiarized. The most natural explanation of the "parallels" is, however, that Marlowe was repeating himself, as he was given to doing. We know that Marlowe lifted from the "Contention" plays (which were probably partly his) for "Edward II"; why should he not have done so from "Arden" too? If the fact be regarded as a proof of his part-authorship of the "Contention" plays, why not also of "Arden"? Why should not the same principles be applied in the one case as in the other?

2. The play is not all in a single style. In the case of an anonymous play, the chances are always greater of its being a joint work than the work of a single writer.

3. There are passages that are quite beyond the reach of Kyd, as we know him—in fact, beyond the reach of anyone but Marlowe—and perhaps Shakespeare—prior to 1592.

4. Not only is there a hand superior to Kyd's; but that hand seems definitely to be Marlowe's. If anyone be inclined to doubt that, let him study Alice's longest speech in III 5. To whom can that speech be attributed save Marlowe?

5. The presence of Kyd makes Marlowe's coöperation probable, since the two men were writing together in one chamber in 1591.

6. One of the writers of "Arden" had so intimate a knowledge of the history, the topography, and the personalities of the county of Kent that we are justified in supposing him to have been a Kent man. We

know of but two Kent men among the early dramatists, Marlowe and Lyly; and surely no one will choose Lyly as the likelier to be concerned here.

There is another point in Marlowe's favor that is worth considering. The epilogue speaks of a deliberate intention to avoid "glosing stuff" as unsuitable to a "naked tragedy." The same artistic purpose is seen there as in the prologue to "Tamburlaine," with its scornful rejection of

> jigging veins of rhyming mother-wits
> And such conceits as clownage keeps in pay.

The expression of such an artistic spirit is peculiar to these two plays amongst those of their time; but it does not follow that they are from the same pen, though there is more than a possibility that they may be so. The difficulty in the way is the manner of the epilogue to "Arden," which shows no trace of the style of Marlowe. If Marlowe was there endeavoring to conceal his power of poetic expression, he was assuredly succeeding marvellously well.

In regard to the question of authorship, there is one other matter that may be referred to: there are some extraordinary resemblances to the Black Will part of the "Henry VIII" play by Samuel Rowley. The meaning of these it is not easy to perceive. The student who is interested may turn up the aforementioned article in "The New Criterion," where the matter is dealt with at some length.

There are several inconsistencies that may or may not be indicative of mixed authorship. Such are the purposelessness of the second arrangement made with Clarke; the knowledge Greene shows of Michael's complicity, in II 2; the calm reception of Clarke after his utter failure, in I; and the impossibility of identifying the letter given to Bradshaw in II 1 with that received from him in III 5. These may be possibly the result of carelessness on the part of a single author, but are more likely to be the outcome of imperfect collaboration or of botching revision; though we must not readily adopt the latter view, since it would mean throwing the date of the original writing very early. The most satisfactory view is that the play was a joint work, done in intimate association. In III 1, for instance, we seem to see the presence of both Marlowe and Kyd. There are lines that are very early in style; but we would not be justified in supposing that they must date back to the period of Marlowe's advent. The literary quality is very variable; dramatically, the play is most impressive; and the grim humor of the ruffian scenes is one of the finest features. If Marlowe could be proved to be the author of these, the current opinion that he was destitute of humor would have to be revised; but they may be from

the pen of neither Marlowe nor Kyd. It is possible, but not probable, that they are from the pen of Samuel Rowley. Whoever the author, he was a comic dramatist of the first water. The two blackguards—the braggartly Will and the more bloodthirsty Shakebag—are presented with extraordinary skill, fidelity, and clearness, and are two of the finest pieces of comic portraiture in the whole range of Elizabethan drama.

Swinburne went into one of those ecstasies of appreciation to which he was subject over the character of Michael; but there is an inconsistency in the presentment of him that renders it difficult to endorse the eulogy. More general praise has been lavished upon that "village Clytemnestra," Alice Arden. It is her horrible insistence that holds the play together and gives it a unity it would otherwise be far from possessing. Mosbie is less clear, less consistent—perhaps for that very reason the more real. Sometimes he is more, sometimes less, unscrupulous than his partner in crime; but he certainly has more of what we are pleased to call "humanity." There is one characteristic he shares fully with Alice: each of them is a liar of the first water, one who deceives from mere love of deceiving. It is another example of that so-called "Machiavellianism" which was so rife in the drama of the age, and of which both Marlowe and Kyd have given us other examples.

CHARACTERS

THOMAS ARDEN, *Gentleman, of Feversham.*
FRANKLIN, *his Friend.*
MOSBIE.
CLARKE, *a Painter.*
ADAM FOWLE, *Landlord of the Flower-de-Luce.*
BRADSHAW, *a Goldsmith.*
MICHAEL, *Arden's Servant.*
GREENE.

RICHARD REEDE, *a Sailor.*
BLACK WILL, SHAKEBAG } *Murderers.*
A PRENTICE.
A FERRYMAN.
LORD CHEINY, *and his Men.*
MAYOR OF FEVERSHAM, *and* WATCH.
A SAILOR.
ALICE, *Arden's Wife.*
SUSAN, *Mosbie's Sister.*

PLACE: *Feversham and surrounding country; and London.*
TIME: 1552.

ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM

ACT ONE

ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *are in front of the former's house in Feversham.* ARDEN *is in a very depressed state, because he sees reason to believe that his wife is unfaithful to him. Another house, occupied by* CLARKE, *is visible. It is early morning.*

FRANK. Arden, cheer up thy spirits, and droop no more!
My gracious Lord, the Duke of Somerset,
Hath freely given to thee and to thy heirs,
By letters patents from his Majesty,
All the lands of the Abbey of Feversham.
Here are the deeds, [*He hands them.*
Sealed and subscribed with his name and the king's:
Read them, and leave this melancholy mood.

ARD. Franklin, thy love prolongs my weary life;
And but for thee how odious were this life,
That shows me nothing but torments my soul,
And those foul objects that offend mine eyes,
Which makes me wish that for this veil of heaven
The earth hung over my head and covered me.
Love-letters pass 'twixt Mosbie and my wife,
And they have privy meetings in the town:
Nay, on his finger did I spy the ring
Which at our marriage-day the priest put on.
Can any grief be half so great as this?

FRANK. Comfort thyself, sweet friend; it is not strange
That women will be false and wavering.

ARD. Ay, but to dote on such a one as he
Is monstrous, Franklin, and intolerable.

FRANK. Why, what is he?

ARD. A botcher,[1] and no better at the first;
Who, by base brokage getting some small stock,
Crept into service of a nobleman,
And by his servile flattery and fawning
Is now become the steward of his house,
And bravely jets it[2] in his silken gown.

FRANK. No nobleman will countenance such a peasant.

ARD. Yes, the Lord Clifford, he that loves not me.
But through his favor let him not grow proud;
For, were he by the Lord Protector backed,
He should not make me to be pointed at.
I am by birth a gentleman of blood;
And that injurious ribald that attempts
To violate my dear wife's chastity
(For dear I hold her love, as dear as heaven)
Shall on the bed which he thinks to defile
See his dissevered joints and sinews torn,
Whilst on the planchers pants his weary body,
Smeared in the channels of his lustful blood.

FRANK. Be patient, gentle friend, and learn of me
To ease thy grief and save her chastity:
Intreat her fair; sweet words are fittest engines
To race[3] the flint walls of a woman's breast.
In any case be not too jelyouse,[4]

[1] A mender of old clothes.
[2] struts, [3] raze.
[4] An old form of "jealous."

Nor make no question of her love to thee;
But, as securely,[5] presently take horse,
And lie with me at London all this term;
For women, when they may, will not,
But, being kept back, straight grow outrageöus.

ARD. Though this abhors from reason, yet I'll try it, [90

And call her forth and presently take leave.—
[*Calling.*] How! Alice!

ALICE *enters.*

AL. Husband, what mean you to get up so early?
Summer-nights are short, and yet you rise ere day.
Had I been wake, you had not risen so soon. [100

ARD. Sweet love, thou knowest that we two, Ovid-like,
Have often[6] chid the morning when it 'gan to peep,
And often[6] wished that dark night's purblind steeds
Would pull her by the purple mantle back,
And cast her in the ocean to her love;
But this night, sweet Alice, thou hast killed my heart: [111
I heard thee call on Mosbie in thy sleep.

AL. 'Tis like I was asleep when I named him,
For, being awake, he comes not in my thoughts.

ARD. Ay, but you started up, and suddenly,
Instead of him, caught me about the neck.

AL. Instead of him? why, who was there but you? [121
And, where but one is, how can I mistake?

FRANK. <Arden, leave to urge her over-far.>

ARD. Nay, love, there is no credit in a dream;
Let it suffice I know thou lovest me well.

AL. Now I remember whereupon came: [13
Had we no talk of Mosbie yesternight?

FRANK. Mistress Alice, I heard yo name him once or twice.

AL. And thereof came it; and there fore blame not me.

ARD. I know it did, and therefore let pass.
I must to London, sweet Alice, presently

AL. But tell me, do you mean to sta there long? [14

ARD. No longer there till my affairs b done.

FRANK. He will not stay above a mont at most.

AL. A month? ay me! Sweet Arde come again
Within a day or two, or else I die.

ARD. I cannot long be from thee, gentl Alice.
Whilst Michael fetch our horses from th field, [15
Franklin and I will down unto the quay
For I have certain goods there to unloa
Meanwhile prepare our breakfast, gentl Alice;
For yet ere noon we'll take horse an away!

[*Exeunt* ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN

AL. Ere noon he means to take hors and away! [16
Sweet news is this. O that some air spirit
Would in the shape and likeness of horse
Gallop with Arden 'cross the Oceän,
And throw him from his back into th waves!
Sweet Mosbie is the man that hath m heart; [16
And he usurps it, having nought but this
That I am tied to him by marriäge.
Love is a God, and marriage is but words
And therefore Mosbie's title is the best.
Tush! whether it be or no, he shall b mine,
In spite of him, of Hymen, and of rites
And here comes Adam of the Flower-de luce! [17

[5] as if confident.
[6] One or other "often" has probably found its way into the text by accident. The sense, but not the meter, requires the first; the meter, but not the sense, requires the second.

[7] immediately.

I hope he brings me tidings of my love.—

ADAM *enters.*

How now, Adam, what is the news with you?
Be not afraid; my husband is now from home.
ADAM. He whom you wot of, Mosbie, Mistress Alice,
Is come to town, and sends you word by me
In any case you may not visit him.
AL. Not visit him? [190
ADAM. No, nor take no knowledge of his being here.
AL. But tell me, is he angry or displeased?
ADAM. It should seem so, for he is wondrous sad.
AL. Were he as mad as raving Hercules,
I'll see him, I; and, were thy house of force,[8]
These hands of mine should race it to the ground, [201
Unless that thou wouldst bring me to my love.
ADAM. Nay, and you be so impatient, I'll be gone.
AL. Stay, Adam, stay; thou wert wont to be my friend.
Ask Mosbie how I have incurred his wrath;
Bear him from me these pair of silver dice, [211
With which we played for kisses many a time,
And when I lost I won, and so did he
(Such winning and such losing Jove send me!)
And bid him, if his love do not decline,
To come this morning but along my door,
And as a stranger but salute me there.
This may he do without suspect or fear.
ADAM. I'll tell him what you say; [221
and so farewell.
AL. Do, and one day I'll make amends for all.— [*Exit* ADAM.
I know he loves me well, but dares not come,
Because my husband is so jelyouse,
And these my narrow-prying[9] neighbors' blab
Hinder our meetings when we would [230 confer.
But, if I live, that block shall be removed;
And, Mosbie, thou that comes to me by stealth,
Shalt neither fear the biting speech of men
Nor Arden's looks; as surely shall he die
As I abhor him and love only thee. [239

MICHAEL *enters from the house.*

How now, Michael, whither are you going?
MICH. To fetch my master's nag.
I hope you'll think on me.
AL. Ay; but, Michael, see you keep your oath,
And be as secret as you are resolute.
MICH. I'll see he shall not live above a week.
AL. On that condition, Michael, [250 here's my hand:
None shall have Mosbie's sister but thyself.
MICH. I understand the painter here hard by
Hath made report that he and Sue is sure.[10]
AL. There's no such matter, Michael; believe it not. [259
MICH. But he hath sent a dagger sticking in a heart,
With a verse or two stolen from a painted cloth,
The which I hear the wench keeps in her chest.
Well, let her keep it! I shall find a fellow
That can both write and read and make rhyme too.
And, if I do—well, I say no more:
I'll send from London such a taunting letter [270
As she shall eat the heart he sent with salt
And fling the dagger at the painter's head.
AL. What needs all this? I say that Susan's thine.

[8] fortified.

[9] Q1, ´marrow-prying. [10] are betrothed.

Mich. Why, then I say that I will kill my master, [279
Or anything that you will have me do.
Al. But, Michael, see you do it cunningly.
Mich. Why, say I should be took, I'll ne'er confess
That you know anything; and Susan, being a maid,
May beg me from the gallows of the sheriff.[11]
Al. Trust nót to that, Michael.
Mich. You cannot tell me; I have [290 seen it, I.
But, mistress, tell her, whether I live or die,
I'll make her more worth than twenty painters can;
For I will rid mine elder brother away;
And then the farm of Bolton is mine own.
Who would not venture upon house and land,
When he may have it for a rightdown blow? [301
Al. Yonder comes Mosbie. Michael, get thee gone,
And let not him nor any know thy drifts.
[*Exit* Michael.

Mosbie *enters.*

Mosbie, my love!
Mos. Away, I say, and talk not to me now.
Al. A word or two, sweet heart, and then I will, [311
'Tis yet but early days,[12] thou needst not fear.
Mos. Where is your husband?
Al. 'Tis now high water; and he is at the quay.
Mos. There let him be; henceforward know me not.
Al. Is this the end of all thy solemn oaths? [320
Is this the fruit thy reconcilement buds?
Have I for this given thee so many favors,
Incurred my husband's hate, and, out, alas!
Made shipwreck of mine honor for thy sake?
And dost thou say "henceforward know me not"?
Remember, when I locked thee in my closet, [331
What were thy words and mine; did we not both
Decree to murder Arden in the night?
The heavens can witness, and the world can tell,
Before I saw that falsehood look of thine,
'Fore I was tangled with thy 'ticing speech, [340
Arden to me was dearer than my soul—
And shall be still: base peasant, get thee gone,
And boast not of thy conquest over me,
Gotten by witchcraft and mere sorcery!
For what hast thou to countenance my love,
Being descended of a noble house,
And matched already with a gentleman
Whose servant thou may'st be!—and so farewell. [351
Mos. Ungentle and unkind Alice, now I see
That which I ever feared, and find too true:
A woman's love is as the lightning-flame,
Which even in bursting forth consumes itself.
To try thy constancy have I been strange; [360
Would I had never tried, but lived in hope!
Al. What need'st thou try me whom thou ne'er found false?
Mos. Yet pardon me, for love is jelyouse.
Al. So lists the sailor to the mermaid's song;
So looks the traveller to the basilisk:
I am content for to be reconciled, [370
And that, I know, will be mine overthrow.
Mos. Thine overthrow? first let the world dissolve.
Al. Nay, Mosbie, let me still enjoy thy love,

[11] It was a popular belief that an offer of marriage from a virgin might save a criminal from the gallows.
[12] early in the day.

And, happen what will, I am resolute.
My saving husband hoards up bags of gold
To make our children rich; and now is he
Gone to unload the goods that shall be thine,
And he and Franklin will to London straight.
Mos. To London, Alice? if thou'lt be ruled by me,
We'll make him sure enough for coming there.
Al. Ah, would we could!
Mos. I happened on a painter yesternight,
The only cunning man of Christendom;
For he can temper poison with his oil,
That whoso looks upon the work he draws
Shall, with the beams that issue from his sight,
Suck venom to his breast and slay himself.
Sweet Alice, he shall draw thy counterfeit,
That Arden may, by gazing on it, perish.
Al. Ay, but, Mosbie, that is dangerous,
For thou, or I, or any other else,
Coming into the chamber where it hangs,
may die.
Mos. Ay, but we'll have it covered with a cloth
And hung up in the study for himself.
Al. It may not be, for, when the picture's drawn,
Arden, I know, will come and show it me.
Mos. Fear not; we'll have that shall serve the turn.
[*They step across to* Clarke's *house.*
This is the painter's house; I'll call him forth.
Al. But Mosbie, I'll have no such picture, I.
Mos. I pray thee leave it to my discretiön.—
[*Calling.*] How! Clarke!

Clarke *comes forth from his house.*

Oh, you are an honest man of your word! you served me well.
Clarke. Why, sir, I'll do it for you at any time,
Provided, as you have given your word,
I may have Susan Mosbie to my wife;
For, as sharp-witted poets, whose sweet verse
Make heavenly gods break off their nectar draughts
And lay their ears down to the lowly earth,
Use humble promise to their sacred Muse,
So we that are the poets' favorites
Must have a love: ay, Love is the painter's muse,
That makes him frame a speaking countenance,
A weeping eye that witnesses heart's grief.
Then tell me, Master Mosbie, shall I have her?
Al. 'Tis pity but he should; he'll use her well.
Mos. Clarke, here's my hand: my sister shall be thine.
Clarke. Then, brother, to requite this courtesy,
You shall command my life, my skill, and all.
Al. Ah, that thou couldst be secret!
Mos. Fear him not; leave; I have talked sufficient.
Clarke. You know not me that ask such questiöns.
Let it suffice I know you love him well,
And fain would have your husband made away;
Wherein, trust me, you show a noble mind,
That, rather than you'll live with him you hate,
You'll venture life, and die with him you love.
The like will I do for my Susan's sake.
Al. Yet nothing could inforce me to the deed
But Mosbie's love. Might I without control
Enjoy thee still, then Arden should not die;
But, seeing I cannot, therefore let him die.

Mos. Enough, sweet Alice; thy kind words makes me melt.—
Your trick of poisoned pictures we dislike;
Some other poison would do better far.
Al. Ay, such as might be put into his broth,
And yet in taste not to be found at all.
Clarke. I know your mind; and here I have it for you.
[*Produces a phial.*
Put but a dram of this into his drink
Or any kind of broth that he shall eat,
And he shall die within an hoür after.
Al. As I am a gentlewoman,
Clarke, next day
Thou and Susan shall be marriëd.
Mos. And I'll make her dowry more than I'll talk of, Clarke.
Clarke. Yonder's your husband. Mosbie, I'll be gone.
[*Retires into his house.*

Arden *and* Franklin *re-enter.*

Al., *pretending to continue a conversation in which* Arden *can take part.* In good time see where my husband comes.
Master Mosbie, ask him the question yourself.
Mos. Master Arden, being at London yesternight,
The Abbey lands, whereof you are now possessed,
Were offered me on some occasiön
By Greene, one of Sir Antony Ager's men:
I pray you, sir, tell me, are not the lands yours?
Hath any other interest herein?
Ard. Mosbie, that question we'll decide anon.—
Alice, make ready my breakfast, I must hence.—
[*Exit* Alice *into the* Arden *home.*
As for the lands, Mosbie, they are mine
By letters patents from his Majesty;
But I must have a mandate for my wife:
They say you seek to rob me of her love.
Villain, what makes thou in her company?
She's no companion for so base a groom
Mos. Arden, I thought not on her; came to thee;
But, rather than I pocket up thi wrong——
Frank. What will you do, sir?
Mos. Revenge it on the proudest o you both.
[Arden *draws forth* Mosbie's *sword*
Ard. So, sirrah; you may not wear sword;
The statute makes against artificers; [13]
I warrant that I do. Now use your bod kin,
Your Spanish needle, and your pressing iron;
For this shall go with me; and, mark my words,
You goodman botcher, 'tis to you speak:
The next time that I take thee near my house,
Instead of legs I'll make thee crawl o stumps.
Mos. Ah, Master Arden, you have in jured me:
I do appeal to God and to the world.
Frank. Why, canst thou deny thou wert a botcher once?
Mos. Measure me what I am, not wha I was.
Ard. Why, what art thou now but velvet drudge,
A cheating steward, and base-minded peasant?
Mos. Arden, now thou hast belched and vomited
The rancorous venom of thy mis swoll'n heart,
Hear me but speak: as I intend to live
With God and his elected saints i heaven,
I never meant more to solicit her;
And that she knows, and all the world shall see.
I loved her once (sweet Arden, pardon me,
I could not choose, her beauty fired my heart);

[13] A statute provides against artificers wearing swords.

But time hath quenched these over-raging coals;
And, Arden, though I now frequent thy house,
'Tis for my sister's sake, her waiting-maid,
And not for hers. Mayest thou enjoy her long:
Hell-fire and wrathful vengeance light on me,
If I dishonor her or injure thee.

ARD. Mosbie, with these thy protestatiöns
The deadly hatred of my heart's appeased,
And thou and I'll be friends, if this prove true.
As for the base terms I gave thee late,
Forget them, Mosbie: I had cause to speak,
When all the knights and gentlemen of Kent
Make common table-talk of her and thee.

MOS. Who lives that is not touched with slanderous tongues?

FRANK. Then, Mosbie, to eschew the speech of men,
Upon whose general bruit all honor hangs,
Forbear his house.

ARD. Forbear it! nay, rather frequent it more:
The world shall see that I distrust her not.
To warn him on the sudden from my house
Were to confirm the rumor that is grown.

MOS. By my faith, sir, you say true;
And therefore will I sojourn here a while,
Until our enemies have talked their fill;
And then, I hope, they'll cease, and at last confess
How causeless they have injured her and me.

ARD. And I will lie at London all this term,
To let them see how light I weigh their words.

They pass onto the rear stage, and the scene becomes an interior, with a table laid for breakfast. ALICE *is waiting there.*

AL. Husband, sit down; your breakfast will be cold.

ARD. Come, Master Mosbie, will you sit with us?

MOS. I cannot eat; but I'll sit for company.

[ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* ALICE *sit, and begin the meal.*

ARD., *calling.* Sirrah Michael, see our horse be ready.

[*He stops eating, apparently distasting his food.*

AL. Husband, why pause ye? why eat you not?

ARD. I am not well; there's something in this broth
That is not wholesome: didst thou make it, Alice?

AL. I did, and that's the cause it likes not you.

[*Throws down the broth on the ground.*
There's nothing that I do can please your taste;
You were best to say I would have poisoned you.—
I cannot speak or cast aside my eye,
But he imagines I have stepped awry.
Here's he that you cast in my teeth so oft:
Now will I be convinced or purge myself.—
I charge thee speak to this mistrustful man,
Thou that wouldst see me hang, thou, Mosbie, thou:
What favor hast thou had more than a kiss
At coming or departing from the town?

MOS. You wrong yourself and me to cast these doubts:
Your loving husband is not jelyouse.

ARD. Why, gentle Mistress Alice, cannot I be ill
But you'll accuse yourself?
Franklin, thou hast a box of mithridate;
I'll take a little, to prevent the worst.

FRANK. Do so, and let us presently take horse;

My life for yours, ye shall do well enough.

AL. Give me a spoon, I'll eat of it myself. [680

Would it were full of poison to the brim;
Then should my cares and troubles have an end!
Was ever silly woman so tormented?

ARD. Be patient, sweet love; I mistrust not thee.

AL. God will revenge it, Arden, if thou dost;
For never woman loved her husband better [690
Than I do thee.

ARD. I know it, sweet Alice; cease to complain,
Lest that in tears I answer thee again.

FRANK. Come, leave this dallying, and let us away.

AL. Forbear to wound me with that bitter word;
Arden shall go to London in my arms.

ARD. Loth am I to depart, yet I [700 must go.

AL. Wilt thou to London, then, and leave me here?
Ah, if thou love me, gentle Arden, stay.
Yet, if thy business be of great import
Go, if thou wilt, I'll bear it as I may;
But write from London to me every week,
Nay, every day, and stay no longer there
Than thou must needs, lest that I die for sorrow. [711

ARD. I'll write unto thee every other tide,
And so farewell, sweet Alice, till we meet next.

AL. Farewell, husband, seeing you'll have it so.—
And, Master Franklin, seeing you take him hence,
In hope you'll hasten him home, I'll [720 give you this. [*Kisses him.*

FRANK. And if he stay, the fault shall not be mine.—
Mosbie, farewell, and see you keep your oath.

MOS. I hope he is not jealous of me now.

[MICHAEL *comes in, to announce th*
the horses are ready.

ARD. No, Mosbie, no; hereafter thin
of me [7
As of your dearest friend; and so far
well.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAE

AL. I am glad he is gone: he was abo
to stay;
But did you mark me then how I brak
off?

MOS. Ay, Alice, and it was cunning
performed. [7
But what a villain is that painter Clarke

AL. Was it not a goodly poison that h
gave?
Why, he's as well now as he was befor
It should have been some fine confectiō
That might have given the broth som
dainty taste:
This powder was too gross and popu
lous.[14]

MOS. But had he eaten but thre
spoonfuls more, [7
Then had he died and our love con
tinued.

AL. Why, so it shall, Mosbie, albeit h
live.

MOS. It is unpossible, for I have swor
Never hereafter to solicit thee,
Or, whilst he lives, once more impórtun
thee.

AL. Thou shalt not need, I will im
pórtune thee. [7
What? shall an oath make thee forsak
my love?
As if I have not sworn as much mysel
And given my hand unto him in th
church!
Tush, Mosbie; oaths are words, an
words is wind,
And wind is mutable: then, I conclude,
'Tis childishness to stand upon an oath.

MOS. Well proved, Mistress Alice; ye
by your leave, [7
I'll keep mine unbroken whilst he lives.

AL. Ay, do, and spare not; his time
but short;
For if thou be'st as resolute as I,

[14] If correct, probably means "thick." M
be a misprint for "palpable."

We'll have him murdered as he walks
the streets.
In London many alehouse ruffians keep,
Which, as I hear, will murder men for
gold.
They shall be soundly fee'd to pay him
home. [*They come forth to the
front of the house.*
Mos. Alice, what's he that comes yon-
der? knowest thou him?
Al. Mosbie, be gone: I hope 'tis one
that comes
To put in practice our intended drifts.[15]
[Mosbie *goes into* Clarke's *house, as*
Greene *enters.*
Gre. Mistress Arden, you are well met.
I am sorry that your husband is from
home,
Whenas my purposed journey was to
him;
Yet all my labor is not spent in vain,
For I suppose that you can full dis-
course
And flat[16] resolve me of the thing I seek.
Al. What is it, Master Greene? If
that I may
Or can with safety, I will answer you.
Gre. I heard your husband hath the
grant of late,
Confirmed by letters patents from the
king,
Of all the lands of the Abbey of Fever-
sham,
Generally intitled, so that all former
grants
Are cut off; whereof I myself had one;
But now my interest by that is void.
This is all, Mistress Arden; is it true
or no?
Al. True, Master Greene; the lands
are his in state,[17]
And whatsoever leases were before
Are void for term of Master Arden's life;
He hath the grant under the Chancery
seal.
Gre. Pardon me, Mistress Arden, I
must speak,
For I am touched. Your husband doth
me wrong
To wring me from the little land I have.
My living is my life, and only that
Resteth remainder of my portiön.
Desire of wealth is endless in his mind,
And he is greedy-gaping still for gain;
Nor cares he though young gentle-
men do beg,
So he may scrape and hoard up in his
pouch.
But, seeing he hath taken my lands, I'll
value life
As careless as he is careful for to get;
And, tell him this for me, I'll be re-
venged,
And so as he shall wish the Abbey lands
Had rested still within their former state.
Al. Alas, poor gentleman, I pity you;
And woe is me that any man should
want!
God knows 'tis not my fault; but won-
der not
Though he be hard to others, when to
me—
Ah, Master Greene, God knows how I
am used!
Gre. Why, Mistress Arden, can
the crabbëd churl
Use you unkindly? respects he not your
birth,
Your honorable friends, nor what you
brought?
Why, all Kent knows your parentage and
what you are.
Al. Ah, Master Greene, be it spoken
in secret here,
I never live good day with him alone:
When he is at home, then have I froward
looks,
Hard words, and blows to mend the
match withal;
And, though I might content as good a
man,
Yet doth he keep in every corner trulls;
And, when he's weary with his trugs at
home,
Then rides he straight to London;
there, forsooth,
He revels it among such filthy ones
As counsels him to make away his wife.
Thus live I daily in continual fear,
In sorrow, so despairing of redress
As every day I wish with hearty prayer
That he or I were taken forth the world.

[15] plans. [16] fully. [17] by law.

GRE. Now, trust me, Mistress Alice, it grieveth me
So fair a creature should be so abused.
Why, who would have thought the civil sir so sullen?
He looks so smoothly. Now, fie upon him, churl!
And if he live a day, he lives too long.
But frolic, woman! I shall be the man
Shall set you free from all this discontent;
And, if the churl deny my interest,
And will not yield my lease into my hand,
I'll pay him home, whatever hap to me.
AL. But speak you as you think?
GRE. Ay, God's my witness, I mean plain dealing,
For I had rather die than lose my land.
AL. Then, Master Greene, be counsellëd by me:
Indanger not yourself for such a churl;
But hire some cutter[s] for to cut him short,
And here's ten pound to wager[18] them withal;
When he is dead, you shall have twenty more,
And the lands whereof my husband is possessed
Shall be intitled as they were before.
GRE. Will you keep promise with me?
AL. Or count me false and perjured whilst I live.
GRE. Then here's my hand, I'll have him so dispatched.
I'll up to London straight; I'll thither post,
And never rest till I have compassed it.
Till then farewell.
AL. Good fortune follow all your forward thoughts.
And, whosoever doth attempt the deed
A happy hand I wish; and so farewell!—
[*Exit* GREENE.
All this goes well. Mosbie, I long for thee,
To let thee know all that I have contrived.

MOSBIE *and* CLARKE *re-enter.*

MOS. How, now, Alice, what's the news?

AL. Such as will content thee well sweetheart.
MOS. Well, let them pass a while, and tell me, Alice,
How have you dealt and tempered with my sister?
What, will she have my neighbor Clarke or no?
AL. What, Master Mosbie! let him woo himself!
Think you that maids look not for fair words?
Go to her, Clarke; she's all alone within;
Michael my man is clean out of her books.
CLARKE. I thank you, Mistress Arden, I will in;
And if fair Susan and I can make a gree,[19]
You shall command me to the uttermost,
As far as either goods or life may stretch.
[*Exit* CLARKE *into* ARDEN'S *house.*
MOS. Now, Alice, let's hear thy news.
AL. They be so good that I must laugh for joy,
Before I can begin to tell my tale.
MOS. Let's hear them, that I may laugh for company.
AL. This morning, Master Greene, (Dick Greene, I mean,
From whom my husband had the Abbey land)
Came hither, railing, for to know the truth
Whether my husband had the lands by grant.
I told him all, whereat he stormed amain
And swore he would cry quittance with the churl,
And, if he did deny his interest,
Stab him, whatsoever did befall himself.
Whenas I saw his choler thus to rise,
I whetted on the gentleman with words;
And, to conclude, Mosbie, at last we grew
To composition for my husband's death.
I gave him ten pound [for] to hire knaves,
By some device to make away the churl;
When he is dead, he should have twenty more

[18] hire.

[19] come to an agreement.

And repossess his former lands again.
On this we 'greed, and he is ridden straight
To London, for to bring his death about.
Mos. But call you this good news?
Al. Ay, sweetheart, be they not?
Mos. 'Twere cheerful news to hear the churl were dead;
But trust me, Alice, I take it passing ill
You would be so forgetful of our state
To make recount of it to every groom.
What! to acquaint each stranger with our drifts,
Chiefly in case of murder, why, 'tis the way
To make it open unto Arden's self
And bring thyself and me to ruin both.
Forewarned, forearmed; who threats his enemy,
Lends him a sword to guard himself withal.
Al. I did it for the best.
Mos. Well, seeing 'tis done, cheerly let it pass.
You know this Greene; is he not religious?[20]
A man, I guess, of great devotiön?
Al. He is.
Mos. Then, sweet Alice, let it pass: I have a drift
Will quiet all, whatever is amiss.

Clarke *and* Susan *enter from the house.*

Al. How now, Clarke? have you found me false?
Did I not plead the matter hard for you?
Clarke. You did.
Mos. And what? wilt be a match?
Clarke. A match, i' faith, sir: ay, the day is mine;
The painter lays his colors to the life;
His pencil draws no shadows in his love;
Susan is mine.
Al. You make her blush.
Mos. What, sister, is it Clarke must be the man?
Su. It resteth in your grant; some words are past,
And haply we be grown unto a match,
If you be willing that it shall be so.

[20] to be relied upon.

Mos. Ah, Master Clarke, it resteth at my grant:
You see my sister's yet at my dispose;
But, so you'll grant me one thing I shall ask,
I am content my sister shall be yours.
Clarke. What is it, Master Mosbie?
Mos. I do remember once in secret talk
You told me how you could compound by art
A crucifix impoisonëd,
That whoso look upon it should wax blind
And with the scent be stifled, that ere long
He should die poisoned that did view it well.
I would have you make me such a crucifix;
And then I'll grant my sister shall be yours.
Clarke. Though I am loth, because it toucheth life,
Yet, rather or I'll leave sweet Susan's love,
I'll do it, and with all the haste I may!
But for whom is it?
Al. Leave that to us. Why, Clarke, is it possible
That you should paint and draw it out yourself,
The colors being baleful and impoisoned,
And no ways prejudice yourself withal?
Mos. Well questioned, Alice; Clarke, how answer you that?
Clarke. Very easily: I'll tell you straight
How I do work of these impoisoned drugs.
I fasten on my spectacles so close
As nothing can any way offend my sight;
Then, as I put a leaf within my nose,
So put I rhubarb to avoid the smell,
And softly as another work I paint.
Mos. 'Tis very well; but against when shall I have it?
Clarke. Within this ten days.
Mos. 'Twill serve the turn.
Now, Alice, let's in and see what cheer you keep.
I hope, now Master Arden is from home,

You'll give me leave to play your husband's part.

AL. Mosbie, you know, who's master of my heart,

He well may be the master of the house.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

GREENE *is on his way to London in company with* BRADSHAW.

BRAD. See you them that comes yonder, Master Greene?

GRE. Ay, very well: do you know them?

BRAD. The one I know not, but he seems a knave
Chiefly for bearing the other company;
For such a slave, so vile a rogue as he,
Lives not again upon the earth.
Black Will is his name. I tell you, Master Greene,
At Boulogne he and I were fellow-soldiers,
Where he played such pranks
As all the camp feared him for his villainy.
I warrant you he bears so bad a mind
That for a crown he'll murder any man.

GRE. <The fitter is he for my purpose, marry!>

BLACK WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *enter, overtaking them.*

WILL. How now, fellow Bradshaw? Whither away so early?

BRAD. O Will, times are changed: no fellows now,
Though we were once together in the field;
Yet thy friend to do thee any good I can.

WILL. Why, Bradshaw, was not thou and I fellow-soldiers at Boulogne, where I was a corporal, and thou but a base mercenary groom? No fellows now! because you are a goldsmith and have a little plate in your shop. You were glad to call me "fellow Will," and, with a curtsey to the earth, "One snatch, good corporal," when I stole the half ox from John the victualer, and domineered with it amongst good fellows in one night.

BRAD. Ay, Will, those days are past with me.

WILL. Ay, but they be not past with me, for I keep that same honorable mind still. Good neighbor Bradshaw, you are too proud to be my fellow; but, were it not that I see more company coming down the hill, I would be fellows with you once more, and share crowns with you too. But let that pass, and tell me whither you go.

BRAD. To London, Will, about a piece of service,
Wherein haply thou mayest pleasure me.

WILL. What is it?

BRAD. Of late Lord Cheiny lost some plate,
Which one did bring and sold it at my shop,
Saying he served Sir Antony Cooke. A search
Was made: the plate was found with me; and I
Am bound to answer at the 'size.[1]
Now, Lord Cheiny solemnly vows, if law will serve him, he'll hang me for his plate. Now I am going to London upon hope to find the fellow. Now, Will, I know thou art acquainted with such companions.

WILL. What manner of man was he?

BRAD. A lean-faced, writhen knave,
Hawk-nosed and very hollow-eyed,
With mighty furrows in his stormy brows;
Long hair down his shoulders curled;
His chin was bare, but on his upper lip
A mutchado, which he wound about his ear.

WILL. What apparel had he?

BRAD. A watchet satin doublet all-to torn,
The inner side did bear the greater show;
A pair of thread-bare velvet hose, seam rent,
A worsted stocking rent above the shoe,
A livery cloak, but all the lace was off;
'Twas bad, but yet it served to hide the plate.

WILL. Sirrah Shakebag, canst thou re-

[1] assize.

member since we trolled the bowl at Sittingburgh, where I broke the tapster's head of the Lion with a cudgel-stick?

SHAKE. Ay, very well, Will.

WILL. Why, it was with the money that the plate was sold for. Sirrah Bradshaw, what wilt thou give him that can tell thee who sold thy plate? [100

BRAD. Who, I pray thee, good Will?

WILL. Why, 'twas one Jack Fitten. He's now in Newgate for stealing a horse, and shall be arraigned the next 'size.

BRAD. Why, then let Lord Cheiny seek Jack Fitten forth,
For I'll back and tell him who robbed him of his plate.
This cheers my heart.—Master Greene, I'll leave you, [110
For I must to the Isle of Sheppy with speed.

GRE. Before you go, let me intreat you [*giving him a letter*] to carry this letter to Mistress Arden of Feversham and humbly recommend me to herself.

BRAD. That will I, Master Greene, and so farewell.
Here, Will, there's a crown for thy good news. [120

WILL. Farewell, Bradshaw; I'll drink no water for thy sake whilst this lasts. [*Exit* BRADSHAW.]—Now, gentleman, shall we have your company to London?

GRE. Nay, stay, sirs:
A little more I needs must use your help,
And in a matter of great consequence,
Wherein if you'll be secret and profound,
I'll give you twenty angels for your pains.

WILL. How? twenty angels? give [130 my fellow George Shakebag and me twenty angels? And if thou'lt have thy own father slain, that thou may'st inherit his land, we'll kill him.

SHAKE. Ay, thy mother, thy sister, thy brother, or all thy kin.

GRE. Well, this it is: Arden of Feversham
Hath highly wronged me about the Abbey land, [140
That no revenge but death will serve the turn.
Will you two kill him? here's the angels down,
And I will lay the platform of his death.

WILL. Plat me no platforms; give me the money, and I'll stab him as he stands pissing against a wall but I'll kill him.

SHAKE. Where is he? [149

GRE. He is now at London, in Aldersgate Street.

SHAKE. He's dead as if he had been condemned by an Act of Parliament, if once Black Will and I swear his death.

GRE. Here is ten pound, and, when he is dead,
Ye shall have twenty more.

WILL. My fingers itches to be at the peasant. Ah, that I might be set a work thus through the year, and that mur- [160 der would grow to an occupation that a man might follow without danger of law: zounds, I warrant I should be warden of the company! Come, let us be going, and we'll bait at Rochester, where I'll give thee a gallon of sack to handsel the match withal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

MICHAEL *is in a street near St. Paul's, London. He has been writing to* SUSAN, *and proceeds to read the letter before despatching it. It is late afternoon.*

MICH. I have gotten such a letter as will touch the painter; and thus it is:

[ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *enter unobserved by* MICHAEL *and hear him read the letter.* [9

"My duty remembered, Mistress Susan, hoping in God you be in good health, as I Michael was at the making hereof. This is to certify you that, as the turtle true, when she hath lost her mate, sitteth alone, so I, mourning for your absence, do walk up and down Paul's till one day I fell asleep and lost my master's pantofles. Ah, Mistress Susan, abolish that paltry painter, cut him off by the shins with a frowning look of your [20 crabbed countenance, and think upon Michael, who, drunk with the dregs of your favor, will cleave as fast to your love as a plaster of pitch to a galled

horse-back. Thus, hoping you will let my passions penetrate, or rather impetrate mercy of your meek hand, I end.

"Yours, Michael, or else not Michael."

ARD. Why, you paltry knave,
Stand you here loitering, knowing my [30
affairs,
What haste my business craves to send to Kent?

FRANK. Faith, friend Michael, this is very ill,
Knowing your master hath no more but you;
And do ye slack his business for your own?

ARD. Where is the letter, sirrah? let me see it. [41

[MICHAEL *hands him the letter.*

See, Master Franklin, here's proper stuff:
Susan my maid, the painter, and my man,
A crew of harlots, all in love, forsooth;
Sirrah, let me hear no more of this,
Nor for thy life once write to her a word.

GREENE, WILL, *and* SHAKEBAG *enter in the background.*

Wilt thou be married to so base a [50
trull?—
'Tis Mosbie's sister: come I once at home,
I'll rouse her from remaining in my house.
Now, Master Franklin, let us go walk in Paul's;
Come but a turn or two, and then away.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL.

GRE. The first is Arden, and that's [60
his man;
The other is Franklin, Arden's dearest friend.

WILL. Zounds, I'll kill them all three.

GRE. Nay, sirs, touch not his man in any case;
But stand close, and take you fittest standing,
And at his coming forth speed him.
To the Nag's Head, there is this coward's haunt. [71
But now I'll leave you till the deed be done.

SHAKE. If he be not paid his own, ne'er trust Shakebag. [*Exit* GREENE.

WILL. Sirrah Shakebag, at his comin
forth I'll run him through, and then t
the Blackfriars, and there take wate
and away. [*He leans lazily against a stal*

SHAKE. Why, that's the best; but [8
see thou miss him not.

WILL. How can I miss him, when
think on the forty angels I must hav
more?

A PRENTICE *comes forth from the stal*

PREN. <'Tis very late; I were bes
shut up my stall, for here will be old
filching, when the press comes forth o
Paul's.> [8

[*Then lets he down his window, and t*
breaks BLACK WILL'S *head.*

WILL, *drawing his sword.* Zounds
draw, Shakebag, I am almost killed.

PREN. We'll tame you, I warrant.

WILL. Zounds! I am tame enough al
ready.

[SHAKEBAG *threatens the* PRENTICE, *wh*
stands up to him manfully.

ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL *re-enter.*

ARD. What troublesome fray or [10
mutiny is this?

FRANK. 'Tis nothing but some brablin
paltry fray,
Devised to pick men's pockets in th
throng.

ARD. Is't nothing else? come, Franklin
let's away.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL

WILL. What 'mends shall I have [11
for my broken head?

PREN. Marry, this 'mends, that if you
get you not away all the sooner, you shal
be well beaten and sent to the Counter.

WILL. Well, I'll be gone; but look t
your signs, for I'll put them down all.—
[*Exit* PRENTICE.] Shakebag, my broke
head grieves me not so much as by thi
means Arden hath escaped. I had
glimpse of him and his companion. [12

GREENE *re-enters.*

GRE. Why, sirs, Arden's as well as I
I met him and Franklin going merrily t

2 rare. 3 A London prison.

he ordinary. What, dare you not do it?

WILL. Yes, sir, we dare do it; but, were ny consent to give again, we would not lo it under ten pound more. I value very drop of my blood at a French rown. I have had ten pound to steal a log; and we have no more here to [130 till a man. But that a bargain is a bargain, and so forth, you should do it ourself.

GRE. I pray thee, how came thy head broke?

WILL. Why, thou seest it is broke, dost hou not?

SHAKE. Standing against a stall, watching Arden's coming, a boy let down his hop-window and broke his head; [140 whereupon arose a brawl, and in the umult Arden escaped us and passed by unthought on. But forbearance is no acquittance; another time we'll do it, I warrant thee.

GRE. I pray thee, Will, make clean thy bloody brow,
And let us bethink us on some other place
Where Arden may be met with handsomely. [150
Remember how devoutly thou hast sworn
To kill the villain; think upon thine oath.

WILL. Tush, I have broken five hundred oaths!
But wouldst thou charm me to effect this deed,
Tell me of gold, my resolution's fee;
Say thou seest Mosbie kneeling at my knees, [159
Offering me service for my high attempt,
And sweet Alice Arden, with a lap of crowns,
Comes with a lowly curtsey to the earth,
Saying "Take this but for thy quarterage,
Such yearly tribute will I answer thee."
Why, this would steel soft-mettled cowardice,
With which Black Will was never tainted yet. [169
I tell thee, Greene, the forlorn traveller,
Whose lips are glued with summer's parching heat,
Ne'er longed so much to see a running brook
As I to finish Arden's tragedy.
Seest thou this gore that cleaveth to my face?
From hence ne'er will I wash this bloody stain, [179
Till Arden's heart be panting in my hand.

GRE. Why, that's well said; but what saith Shakëbag?

SHAKE. I cannot paint my valor out with words:
But, give me place and opportunity,
Such mercy as the starven lioness,
When she is dry sucked of her eager young,
Shows to the prey that next encounters her, [190
On Arden so much pity would I take.

GRE. So should it fare with men of firm resolve.
And now, sirs, seeing that this accident
Of meeting him in Paul's hath no success,
Let us bethink us of some other place
Whose earth may swallow up this Arden's blood. [199

MICHAEL *re-enters.*

See, yonder comes his man: and wot you what?
The foolish knave's in love with Mosbie's sister,
And, for her sake, whose love he cannot get
Unless Mosbie solicit his suit,
The villain hath sworn the slaughter of his master.
We'll question him, for he may stead[4] us much.— [211
How now, Michael, whither are you going?

MICH. My master hath new supped,
And I am going to prepare his chamber.

GRE. Where supped Master Arden?

MICH. At the Nag's Head, at the eighteen pence ordinary.[5] How now, Master Shakebag?—What, Black Will! God's dear lady! how chance your face is so bloody? [220

WILL. Go to, sirrah, there is a chance in it; this sauciness in you will make you be knocked.

[4] aid.
[5] eating-house.

MICH. Nay, an you be offended, I'll be gone.

GRE. Stay, Michael, you may not escape us so.

Michael, I know you love your master well.

MICH. Why, so I do; but wherefore urge you that? [231

GRE. Because I think you love your mistress better.

MICH. So think not I; but say, i' faith, what, if I should?

SHAKE. Come to the purpose, Michael; we hear

You have a pretty love in Feversham.

MICH. Why, have I two or three, what's that to thee? [240

WILL. <You deal too mildly with the peasant.> Thus it is:

'Tis known to us that you love Mosbie's sister;

We know besides that you have ta'en your oath

To further Mosbie to your mistress' bed,

And kill your master for his sister's sake. [249

Now, sir, a poorer coward than yourself

Was never fostered in the coast of Kent:

How comes it then that such a knave as you

Dare swear a matter of such consequence?

GRE. Ah, Will——

WILL. Tush, give me leave, there's no more but this:

Sith thou hast sworn, we dare discover all; [260

And, hadst thou or shouldst thou utter it,

We have devised a complat under hand,

Whatever shall betide to any of us,

To send thee roundly to the devil of hell.

And therefore thus: I am the very man,

Marked in my birth-hour by the destinies, [269

To give an end to Arden's life on earth;

Thou but a member[6] but to whet the knife

Whose edge must search the closet of l breast:

Thy office is but to appoint the place,

And train thy master to his tragedy;

Mine to perform it when occasion serv

Then be not nice, but here devise with

How and what way we may conclude l death. [2

SHAKE. So shalt thou purchase Mosb for thy friend,

And by his friendship gain his siste love.

GRE. So shall thy mistress be thy f vorer,

And thou disburdened of the oath th made.

MICH. Well, gentlemen, I cannot b confess, [2

Sith you have urged me so apparently,

That I have vowed my master Arde death;

And he whose kindly love and libe hand

Doth challenge nought but good dese of me

I will deliver over to your hands.

This night come to his house at Alde gate: [3

The doors I'll leave unlocked agai you come.

No sooner shall ye enter through t latch,

Over the threshold to the inner court,

But on your left hand shall you see t stairs

That leads directly to my master's cha ber: [3

There take him and dispose him as please.

Now it were good we parted company;

What I have promisëd I will perform.

WILL. Should you deceive us, 'twou go wrong with you.

MICH. I will accomplish all I have r vealed.

WILL. Come, let's go drink: chol makes me as dry as a dog. [3

[*Exeunt* WILL, GREENE, and SHAKEBA

MICH. Thus feeds the lamb secure on the down,

[6] helper.

Whilst through the thicket of an arbor brake
The hunger-bitten wolf o'erpries his haunt
And takes advantage [for] to eat him up.
Ah, harmless Arden, how hast thou misdone,
That thus thy gentle life is levelled at?
The many good turns that thou hast done to me
Now must I quittance with betraying thee.
I, that should take the weapon in my hand
And buckler thee from ill-intending foes,
Do lead thee with a wicked, fraudful smile,
As unsuspected, to the slaughter-house.
So have I sworn to Mosbie and my mistress,
So have I promised to the slaughtermen;
And, should I not deal currently with them,
Their lawless rage would take revenge on me.
Tush, I will spurn at mercy for this once:
Let pity lodge where feeble women lie,
I am resolved; and Arden needs must die.

ACT THREE

Scene I

ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *are in a room in* FRANKLIN'S *house, at Aldersgate. The former is once more in a state of deep dejection, his mistrust of his wife having again got the better of him. It is almost bedtime the same evening.*

ARD. No, Franklin, no: if fear or stormy threats,
If love of me or care of womanhood,
If fear of God or common speech of men,
Who mangle credit with their wounding words
And couch dishonor as dishonor buds,
Might join repentance in her wanton thoughts,
No question then but she would turn the leaf
And sorrow for her dissolutiön;
But she is rooted in her wickedness,
Perverse and stubborn, not to be reclaimed;
Good counsel is to her as rain to weeds;
And reprehension makes her vice to grow
As Hydra's head that plenished[1] by decay.
Her faults, methink, are painted in my face,
For every searching eye to overread;
And Mosbie's name, a scandal unto mine,
Is deeply trenchëd in my blushing brow.
Ah, Franklin, Franklin, when I think on this,
My heart's grief rends my other powers
Worse than the conflict at the hour of death.

FRANK. Gentle Arden, leave this sad lament:
She will amend, and so your griefs will cease;
Or else she'll die, and so your sorrows end.
If neither of these two do haply fall,
Yet let your comfort be that others bear
Your woes, twice doubled all, with patiënce.

ARD. My house is irksome; there I cannot rest.

FRANK. Then stay with me in London; go not home.

ARD. Then that base Mosbie doth usurp my room
And makes his triumph of my being thence.
At home or not at home, where'er I be,
Here, here it lies, ah, Franklin, here it lies
That will not out till wretched Arden dies.

FRANK. Forget your griefs a while; here comes your man.

MICHAEL *enters.*

ARD. What o'clock is't, sirrah?

MICH. Almost ten.

ARD. See, see, how runs away the weary time!
Come, Master Franklin, shall we go to bed?

[1] Q, perished.

FRANK. I pray you, go before: I'll follow you.

[*Exeunt* ARDEN *and* MICHAEL.

Ah, what a hell is fretful jealousy!
What pity-moving words, what deep-fetched sighs,
What grievous groans and overlading woes
Accompanies this gentle gentleman!
Now will he shake his care-oppressëd head,
Then fix his sad eyes on the sullen earth,
Ashamed to gaze upon the open world;
Now will he cast his eyes up towards the heavens,
Looking that ways for redress of wrong;
Sometimes he seeketh to beguile his grief
And tells a story with his careful[2] tongue;
Then comes his wife's dishonor in his thoughts
And in the middle cutteth off his tale,
Pouring fresh sorrow on his weary limbs.
So woe-begone, so inly charged with woe,
Was never any lived and bare it so.

MICHAEL *re-enters.*

MICH. My master would desire you come to bed.

FRANK. Is he himself already in his bed?

MICH. He is, and fain would have the light away. [*Exit* FRANKLIN.

—Conflicting thoughts, encampëd in my breast,
Awake me with the echo of their strokes;
And I, a judge to censure either side,
Can give to neither wishëd victory.
My master's kindness pleads to me for life
With just demand, and I must grant it him;
My mistress she hath forced me with an oath,
For Susan's sake, the which I may not break,
For that is nearer than a master's love;
That grim-faced fellow, pitiless Black Will,
And Shakebag, stern in bloody stratagem

[2] full of care.

—Two rougher ruffians never lived i Kent—
Have sworn my death, if I infringe m vow,
A dreadful thing to be considered of.
Methinks I see them, with their bol stered[3] hair,
Staring and grinning in thy gentle face
And in their ruthless hands their dagger drawn,
Insulting o'er thee with a peck of oaths,
Whilst thou, submissive, pleading for re lief,
Art mangled by their ireful instruments
Methinks I hear them ask where Michae is,
And pitiless Black Will cries: "Stab th slave!
The peasant will detect the tragedy!"
The wrinkles in his foul death-threat'nin face
Gapes open wide, like graves to swallow men.
My death to him is but a merriment,
And he will murder me to make hin sport.—
[*Shouting.*] He comes, he comes! ah Master Franklin, help!
Call on the neighbors, or we are bu dead!

FRANKLIN *and* ARDEN *re-enter.*

FRANK. What dismal outcry calls m from my rest?

ARD. What hath occasioned such fearful cry?

Speak, Michael: hath any injured thee

MICH. Nothing, sir; but, as I fel asleep
Upon the threshold leaning to the stairs
I had a fearful dream that troubled me,
And in my slumber thought I was bese
With murderer thieves that came to rifl me:
My trembling joints witness my inwar fear.
I crave your pardons for disturbing you

ARD. So great a cry for nothing I ne'e heard.
What? are the doors fast locked and al things safe?

[3] shaggy.

MICH. I cannot tell; I think I locked the doors.
ARD. I like not this; but I'll go see myself.
Goes out, and returns a moment or two later.
Ne'er trust me but the doors were all unlocked:
This negligence not half contenteth me.—
Get you to bed, and, if you love my favor,
Let me have no more such pranks as these.—
Come, Master Franklin, let us go to bed.
FRANK. Ay, by my faith; the air is very cold.—
Michael, farewell; I pray thee dream no more.
Exeunt ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN.

SCENE II

WILL, GREENE, *and* SHAKEBAG *are in the street outside* FRANKLIN'S *house, the same night.*

SHAKE. Black night hath hid the pleasures of the day,
And sheeting darkness overhangs the earth,
And with the black fold of her cloudy robe
Obscures us from the eyesight of the world,
In which sweet silence such as we triúmph.
The lazy minutes linger on their time,
Loth to give due audit to the hour,
Till in the watch our purpose be complete
And Arden sent to everlasting night.
Greene, get you gone; and linger hereabout,
And at some hour hence come to us again,
Where we will give you instance[4] of his death.
GRE. Speed to my wish, whose will soe'er says no;
And so I'll leave you for an hour or two.
Exit GREENE.

WILL. I tell thee, Shakebag, would this thing were done:
I am so heavy that I can scarce go;
This drowsiness in me bodes little good.
SHAKE. How now, Will? become a precisiän?[5]
Nay, then let's go sleep, when bugs[6] and fears
Shall kill our courages with their fancy's work.
WILL. Why, Shakebag, thou mistakes me much,
And wrongs me too in telling me of fear.
Were't not a serious thing we go about,
It should be slipped till I had fought with thee,
To let thee know I am no coward, I.
I tell thee, Shakebag, thou abusest me.
SHAKE. Why, thy speech bewrayed an inly kind of fear,
And savored of a weak, relenting spirit.
Go forward now in that we have begun,
And afterwards attempt me when thou darest.
WILL. And if I do not, heaven cut me off!
But let that pass, and show me to this house,
Where thou shalt see I'll do as much as Shakebag.
SHAKE, *going up to the door and trying it.* This is the door; but soft, methinks 'tis shut:
The villain Michael hath deceivëd us.
WILL. Soft, let me see, Shakebag; 'tis shut indeed.
Knock with thy sword; perhaps the slave will hear.
SHAKE. It will not be; the white-livered peasant
Is gone to bed, and laughs us both to scorn.
WILL. And he shall buy his merriment as dear
As ever coistril bought so little sport:
Ne'er let this sword assist me when I need,
But rust and canker after I have sworn,
If I, the next time that I meet the hind,
Lop not away his leg, his arm, or both.

[4] proof. [5] Puritan. [6] terrors.

SHAKE. And let me never draw a sword again,
Nor prosper in the twilight, cockshut light,
When I would fleece the wealthy passenger,
But lie and languish in a loathsome den,
Hated and spit at by the goers-by,
And in that death may die unpitiëd,
If I, the next time that I meet the slave,
Cut not the nose from off the coward's face
And trample on it for this villainy.
WILL. Come, let's go seek out Greene; I know he'll swear.
SHAKE. He were a villain, an he would not swear.
'Twould make a peasant swear among his boys,
That ne'er durst say before but "yea" and "no,"
To be thus flouted of a coysterel.
WILL. Shakebag, let's seek out Greene, and in the morning
At the alehouse 'butting Arden's house
Watch the out-coming of that prick-eared cur,
And then let me alone to handle him.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The next morning ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL *are together in a room in* FRANKLIN'S *house.*

ARD. Sirrah, get you back to Billingsgate
And learn what time the tide will serve our turn.
Come to us in Paul's. First go make the bed,
And afterwards go hearken for the flood.
[*Exit* MICHAEL.
Come, Master Franklin, you shall go with me.
This night I dreamt that, being in a park,
A toil was pitched[7] to overthrow the deer,
And I upon a little rising hill
Stood whistly[8] watching for the herd's approach.

[7] trap was set.
[8] silently.

Even there, methoughts, a gentle slumbe took me,
And summoned all my parts to sweet re pose;
But, in the pleasure of this golden rest An ill-thewed foster[9] had removed th toil,
And rounded me with that beguilin home
Which late, methought, was pitched t cast the deer.
With that he blew an evil-sounding horn
And at the noise another herdman came
With falchion drawn, and bent it at m breast,
Crying aloud, "Thou art the game w seek!"
With this I woke and trembled ever joint,
Like one obscurëd in a little bush,
That sees a lion foraging about,
And, when the dreadful forest-king i gone,
He pries about with timorous suspect
Throughout the thorny casements of th brake,
And will not think his person dangerless
But quakes and shivers, though the caus be gone:
So, trust me, Franklin, when I did awake
I stood in doubt whether I waked or no
Such great impression took this fond sur prise.
God grant this vision bedeem[10] me any good!
FRANK. This fantasy doth rise from Michael's fear,
Who, being awakëd with the noise h made,
His troubled senses yet could take no rest;
And this, I warrant you, procured you dream.
ARD. It may be so; God frame it to th best!
But oftentimes my dreams presage too true.
FRANK. To such as note their nightly fantasies,
Some one in twenty may incur belief;

[9] a misbegotten forester.
[10] forbode.

But use it not: 'tis but a mockery.
ARD. Come, Master Franklin; we'll now walk in Paul's
And dine together at the ordinary,
And, by my man's direction, draw to the quay,
And with the tide go down to Feversham.
Say, Master Franklin, shall it not be so?
FRANK. At your good pleasure, sir; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

A little later, in Aldersgate, GREENE, WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *meet* MICHAEL.

WILL. Draw, Shakebag, for here's that villain Michael.
GRE. First, Will, let's hear what he can say.
WILL, *drawing his sword.* Speak, milksop slave, and never after speak.
MICH. For God's sake, sirs, let me excuse myself;
For here I swear, by heaven and earth and all,
I did perform the utmost of my task,
And left the doors unbolted and unlocked;
But see the chance: Franklin and my master
Were very late conferring in the porch,
And Franklin left his napkin where he sat
With certain gold knit in it, as he said.
Being in bed, he did bethink himself,
And, coming down, he found the doors unshut.
He locked the gates, and brought away the keys,
For which offence my master rated me;
But now I am going to see what flood it is,
For with the tide my master will away;
Where you may front him well on Rainham Down,
A place well-fitting such a stratagem.
WILL. Your excuse hath somewhat mollified my choler.—
Why now, Greene, 'tis better now nor e'er it was.
GRE. But, Michael, is this true?
MICH. As true as I report it to be true.
SHAKE. Then, Michael, this shall be your penance,
To feast us all at the Salutatiön,
Where we will plat our purpose thoroughly.
GRE. And, Michael, you shall bear no news of this tide,
Because they two may be in Rainham Down
Before your master.
MICH. Why, I'll agree to anything you'll have me,
So you will except[11] of my company.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

In a room in ARDEN'S *house at Feversham, the conscience-stricken* MOSBIE *expresses his thoughts. It is late afternoon.*

MOS. Disturbëd thoughts drives me from company
And dries my marrow with their watchfulness;
Continual trouble of my moody brain
Feebles my body like[12] excess of drink,
And nips me as the bitter north-east wind
Doth check the tender blossoms in the spring.
Well fares the man, howe'er his cates do taste,
That tables not with foul suspiciön;
And he but pines amongst his delicates
Whose troubled mind is stuffed with discontent.
My golden time was when I had no gold;
Though then I wanted, yet I slept secure;
My daily toil begat me night's repose;
My night's repose made daylight fresh to me.
But since I climbed the top-bough of the tree
And sought to build my nest among the clouds,
Each gentle stirry gale doth shake my bed,
And makes me dread my downfall to the earth.

[11] accept.
[12] B, by.

But whither doth contemplation carry me?
The way I seek to find, where pleasure dwells,
Is hedged behind me that I cannot back,
But needs must on, although to danger's gate.
Then, Arden, perish thou by that decree;
For Greene doth ear the land and weed thee up,
To make my harvest nothing but pure corn.
And, for his pains I'll hive[13] him up a while,
And after smother him to have his wax:
Such bees as Greene must never live to sting.
Then is there Michael and the painter too,
Chief actors to Arden's overthrow,
Who, when they shall see me sit in Arden's seat,
They will insult upon me for my meed,
Or fright me by detecting of his end.
I'll none of that, for I can cast a bone
To make these curs pluck out each other's throat;
And then am I sole ruler of mine own.
Yet Mistress Arden lives; but she's myself,
And holy Church rites makes us two but one.
But what for that? I may not trust you, Alice:
You have supplanted Arden for my sake,
And will extirpen me to plant another:
'Tis fearful sleeping in a serpent's bed;
And I will cleanly rid my hands of her.
But here she comes, and I must flatter her.

ALICE *enters.*

—How now, Alice? what, sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness:
Fire divided burns with lesser force.
AL. But I will dam that fire in my breast
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!

[13] Qq. heave.

MOS. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst
Discharged against a ruinated wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou know'st it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks to wound a breast
Where lies a heart that dies when[14] thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.
AL. It is not love that loves to murder love.
MOS. How mean you that?
AL. Thou knowest how dearly Arden loved me.
MOS. And then?
AL. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried with the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what hath passed betwixt us,
For how I blush and tremble at the thoughts!
MOS. What? are you changed?
AL. Ay, to my former happy life again,
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To Arden's honest wife, not honest Arden's wife.[15]
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou has[t] rifled me of that
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name ingraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name.
I was bewitched: woe worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me!
MOS. Nay, if you ban, let me breathe curses forth,

[14] Qq. where.
[15] B, To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife.

And, if you stand so nicely[16] at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of impórt
That would have stated me above thy state,
Forslowed[17] advantages, and spurned at time:
Ay, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weighed down all thy wealth,
Whose beauty and demeanor far exceeded thee:
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapped my credit in thy company.
I was bewitched; that is no theme of thine,
And thou, unhallowed, hast enchanted me;
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes
That showed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I viewed thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And, now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favorite.

Al. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,
Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth,
Which, too incredulous, I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two;
I'll bite my tongue if it speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or I'll kill myself:
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look.
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me;
I will do penance for offending thee,
And burn this prayer-book, where I here use
The holy word that had converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves, and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell;
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look? is all thy love o'erwhelmed?
Wilt thou not hear? what malice stops thine ears?
Why speaks thou not? what silence ties thy tongue?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear or see or speak,
And art thou sensible in none of these?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thickened still:[18]
Be clear again, I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos., *bitterly*. O no, I am a base artificer:
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie? fie! no, not for a thousand pound!
Make love to you? why, 'tis unpardonable;
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers do sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns;

[16] fastidiously. [17] postponed.

[18] This line can hardly be correct; but no satisfactory emendation has ever been made.

So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.
Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet-set tongue!
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.
Al. Then with thy lips seal up this new-made match. [239
Mos. Soft, Alice, here comes somebody.

Bradshaw *enters.*

Al. How now, Bradshaw, what's the news with you?
Brad. I have little news; but here's a letter
That Master Greene impórtuned me to give you.
Al., *taking the letter, which he hands her.* Go in, Bradshaw; call for a cup of beer; [250
'Tis almost supper-time; thou shalt stay with us. [*Exit* Bradshaw.
[*Reading.*] "We have missed of our purpose at London, but shall perform it by the way. We thank our neighbor Bradshaw.—Yours, Richard Greene."—
How likes my love the tenor of this letter?
Mos. Well, were his date completed and expired.
Al. Ah, would it were! Then comes my happy hour: [261
Till then my bliss is mixed with bitter gall.
Come, let us in to shun suspiciön.
Mos. Ay, to the gates of death to follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VI

Black Will, Shakebag, *and* Greene *are in the vicinity of Rochester, on their way back from London.*

Shake. Come, Will, see thy tools be in a readiness!
Is not thy powder dank, or will thy flint strike fire?
Will. Then ask me if my nose be on my face,
Or whether my tongue be frozen in my mouth. [11
Zounds, here's a coil!
You were best swear me on the interrogatories
How many pistols I have took in hand
Or whether I love the smell of gunpowder,
Or dare abide the noise the dag[19] will make, [19
Or will not wink at flashing of the fire.
I pray thee, Shakebag, let this answer thee,
That I have took more purses in this down
Than e'er thou handledst pistols in thy life.
Shake. Ay, haply thou has picked more in a throng:
But, should I brag what booties I have took, [30
I think the overplus that's more than thine
Would mount to a greater sum of money
Than either thou or all thy kin are worth.
Zounds! I hate them as I hate a toad
That carry a muscado[20] in their tongue
And scarce a hurting weapon in their hand.
Will. O Greene, intolerable! [40
It is not for mine honor to bear this.—
Why, Shakebag, I did serve the king at Boulogne,
And thou canst brag of nothing that thou hast done.
Shake. Why, so can Jack of Feversham,
That sounded for a fillip on the nose,
When he that gave it him holloed in his ear, [50
And he supposed a cannon-bullet hit him.
[*They fight.*
Gre. I pray you, sirs, list to Æsop's talk:
Whilst two stout dogs were striving for a bone,
There comes a cur, and stole it from them both;
So, while you stand striving on these terms of manhood, [60
Arden escapes us, and deceives us all.
Shake. Why, he begun.

[19] pistol.
[20] musket.

WILL. And thou shalt find I'll end;
I do but slip it until better time;
But, if I do forget——
[*Kneels down and holds up his hands to heaven.*
GRE. Well, take your fittest standings, and once more
Lime well your twigs to catch this wary bird.
I'll leave you, and, at your dag's discharge,
Make towards, like the longing water-dog
That coucheth till the fowling-piece be off,
Then seizeth on the prey with eager mood.
Ah, might I see him stretching forth his limbs,
As I have seen them beat their wings ere now!
SHAKE. Why, that thou shalt see, if he come this way.
GRE. Yes, that he doth, Shakebag, I warrant thee;
But brawl not when I am gone in any case;
But, sirs, be sure to speed him when he comes;
And, in that hope, I'll leave you for an hour.
[*Exit* GREENE. *The others hide (at the edge of the stage).*

ARDEN, FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL *enter on horseback from the other side.* FRANKLIN *is in the midst of a story, when* MICHAEL *interrupts with an excuse for leaving them.*

MICH. 'Twere best that I went back to Rochester:
The horse halts downright, [and] it were not good
He travelled in such pain to Feversham;
Removing of a shoe may haply help it.
ARD. Well, get you back to Rochester; but, sirrah, see
Ye o'ertake us ere we come to Rainham Down,
For 'twill be very late ere we get home.
MICH. <Ay, God he knows, and so doth Will and Shakebag,
That thou shalt never go further than that down;
And therefore have I pricked the horse on purpose,
Because I would not view the massacre.>
[*Exit* MICHAEL.
ARD. Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.
FRANK. I do assure you, sir, you task me much:
A heavy blood is gathered at my heart,
And on the sudden is my wind so short
As hindereth the passage of my speech;
So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailëd me.
ARD. Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly:
The annoyance of the dust or else some meat
You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.
I have been often so, and soon amended.
FRANK. Do you remember where my tale did leave?
ARD. Ay, where the gentlëman did check his wife.
FRANK. She, being reprehended for the fact,
Witness produced that took her with the deed,
Her glove brought in which there she left behind,
And many other assured arguments,
Her husband asked her whether it were not so.
ARD. Her answer then? I wonder how she looked,
Having forsworn it with such vehement oaths,
And at the instant so approved upon her.
FRANK. First did she cast her eyes down to the earth,
Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;
Then softly draws she forth her handkercher,
And modestly she wipes her tear-stained face;
Then hemmed she out, to clear her voice ['t] should seem,
And with a majesty addressed herself

To encounter all their accusatiöns—
Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more;
This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

ARD. Come, we are almost now at Rainham Down:
Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way;
I would you were in state to tell it out.

SHAKE. <Stand close, Will, I hear them coming.

LORD CHEINY *and his men enter, all on horseback, overtaking* ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN.

WILL. Stand to it, Shakebag, and be resolute.>

L. CHEINY. Is it so near night as it seems,
Or will this black-faced evening have a shower?—
What, Master Arden! you are well met;
I have longed this fortnight's day to speak with you;
You are a stranger, man, in the Isle of Sheppy.

ARD. Your honor's always! bound to do you service.

L. CHEINY. Come you from London, and ne'er a man with you?

ARD. My man's coming after, but here's
My honest friend that came along with me.

L. CHEINY. My Lord Protector's man I take you to be.

FRANK. Ay, my good lord, and highly bound to you.

L. CHEINY. You and your friend come home and sup with me.

ARD. I beseech your honor pardon me;
I have made a promise to a gentleman,
My honest friend, to meet him at my house;
The occasion is great, or else would I wait on you.

L. CHEINY. Will you come to-morrow and dine with me,
And bring your honest friend along with you?
I have divers matters to talk with you about.

ARD. Tomorrow we'll wait upon you honor.

L. CHEINY. One of you stay my hors at the top of the hill.—
What! Black Will? for whose purse wai you?
Thou wilt be hanged in Kent, when al is done.

WILL. Not hanged, God save you honor;
I am your bedesman, bound to pray fo you.

L. CHEINY. I think thou ne'er saids prayer in all thy life.—
One of you give him a crown.—
And, sirrah, leave this kind of life;
If thou beest tainted for a penny-matter
And come in question, surely thou wil truss.[21]
—Come, Master Arden, let us be going
Your way and mine lies four miles to gether.

[BLACK WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *are lef alone.*

WILL. The devil break all your necks a four miles' end!
Zounds, I could kill myself for very anger!
His lordship chops me in,
Even when my dag was levelled at hi heart.
I would his crown were molten down hi throat.

SHAKE. Arden, thou hast wondrous holy luck.
Did ever man escape as thou hast done
Well, I'll discharge my pistol at the sky,
For by this bullet Arden might not die

GREENE *re-enters.*

GRE. What, is he down? is he dis- patched?

SHAKE. Ay, in health towards Fever sham, to shame us all.

GRE. The devil he is! why, sirs, how escaped he?

SHAKE. When we were ready to shoot
Comes my Lord Cheiny to prevent hi death.

GRE. The Lord of Heaven hath pre served him.

[21] hang.

WILL. Preserved a fig! The Lord Cheiny hath preserved him,
And bids him to a feast to his house at Shorlow.
But by the way once more I'll meet with him,
And, if all the Cheinies in the world say no,
I'll have a bullet in his breast to-morrow.
Therefore come, Greene, and let us to Feversham.
GRE. Ay, and excuse ourselves to Mistress Arden:
O, how she'll chafe when she hears of this!
SHAKE. Why, I'll warrant you she'll think we dare not do it.
WILL. Why, then let us go, and tell her all the matter,
And plat the news to cut him off to-morrow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *are up early the next morning for their journey to the Isle of Sheppy.* ALICE *and* MICHAEL *are with them in a room in* ARDEN'S *house.*

ARD. See how the hours, the gardant of heaven's gate,
Have by their toil removed the darksome clouds,
That Sol may well discern the trampled path
Wherein he wont to guide his golden car;
The season fits; come, Franklin, let's away.
AL. I thought you did pretend some special hunt,
That made you thus cut short the time of rest.
ARD. It was no chase that made me rise so early,
But, as I told thee yesternight, to go
To the Isle of Sheppy, there to dine with my Lord Cheiny;
For so his honor late commanded me.
AL. Ay, such kind husbands seldom want excuses;
Home is a wild cat to a wandering wit.
The time hath been—would God it were not past!—
That honor's title nor a lord's command
Could once have drawn you from these arms of mine.
But my deserts or your desires decay,
Or both; yet, if true love may seem desert,
I merit still to have thy company.
FRANK. Why, I pray you, sir, let her go along with us;
I am sure his honor will welcome her,
And us the more for bringing her along.
ARD. Content; sirrah, saddle your mistress' nag.
AL. No, begged favor merits little thanks;
If I should go, our house would run away,
Or else be stolen; therefore I'll stay behind.
ARD. Nay, see how mistaking you are! I pray thee, go.
AL. No, no, not now.
ARD. Then let me leave thee satisfied in this,
That time nor place nor persons alter me,
But that I hold thee dearer than my life.
AL. That will be seen by your quick return.
ARD. And that shall be ere night, and if I live.
Farewell, sweet Alice, we mind to sup with thee. [*Exit* ALICE.
FRANK. Come, Michael, are our horses ready?
MICH. Ay, your horse are ready, but I am not ready, for I have lost my purse, with six and thirty shillings in it, with taking up of my master's nag.
FRANK. Why, I pray you, let us go before,
Whilst he stays behind to seek his purse.
ARD. Go to, sirrah, see you follow us to the Isle of Sheppy
To my Lord Cheiny's, where we mean to dine.
[*Exeunt* ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN.
MICH. So, fair weather after you, for before you lies Black Will and Shakebag

in the broom close, too close for you: they'll be your ferrymen to long home.

CLARKE *enters.*

But who is this? the painter, my cor- [80
rival, that would needs win Mistress Susan!

CLARKE. How now, Michael? how doth my mistress and all at home?

MICH. Who? Susan Mosbie? She is your mistress, too?

CLARKE. Ay, how doth she and all the rest?

MICH. All's well but Susan; she is sick. [90

CLARKE. Sick? Of what disease?

MICH. Of a great fever.

CLARKE. A fear of what?

MICH. A great fever.

CLARKE. A fever? God forbid!

MICH. Yes, faith, and of a lordaine,[1] too, as big as yourself.

CLARKE. O, Michael, the spleen prickles you! Go to, you carry an eye over Mistress Susan. [100

MICH. I' faith, to keep her from the painter.

CLARKE. Why more from a painter than from a serving creature like yourself?

MICH. Because you painters make but a painting table of a pretty wench, and spoil her beauty with blotting.

CLARKE. What mean you by that?

MICH. Why, that you painters paint lambs in the lining of wenches' pet- [110
ticoats, and we serving-men put horns to them to make them become sheep.

CLARKE. Such another word will cost you a cuff or a knock.

MICH. What, with a dagger made of a pencil? Faith, 'tis too weak, and therefore thou too weak to win Susan.

CLARKE. Would Susan's love lay upon this stroke. [*Breaks* MICHAEL'S *head.*

MOSBIE, GREENE, *and* ALICE *enter.*

AL. I'll lay my life, this is for [121
Susan's love.
Stayed you behind your master to this end?
Have you no other time to brable in
But now, when serious matters are in hand?— [*Exit* MICHAEL.
Say, Clarke, hast thou done the thing thou promised?

CLARKE. Ay, here it is; the very touch is death. [131

AL. Then this, I hope, if all the rest do fail,
Will catch Master Arden,
And make him wise in death that lived a fool.
Why should he thrust his sickle in our corn,
Or what hath he to do with thee, my love, [140
Or govern me, that am to rule myself?
Forsooth, for credit sake, I must leave thee!
Nay, he must leave to live that we may love;
May live, may love; for what is life but love?
And love shall last as long as life remains, [149
And life shall end before my love depart.

MOS. Why, what is love without true constancy?
Like to a pillar built of many stones,
Yet neither with good mortar well compact
Nor [with] cement to fasten it in the joints,
But that it shakes with every blast of wind, [159
And, being touched, straight falls unto the earth,
And buries all his haughty pride in dust.
No, let our love be rocks of adamant,
Which time nor place nor tempest can asunder.

GRE. Mosbie, leave protestations now,
And let us bethink us what we have to do.
Black Will and Shakebag I have placed i' the broom,
Close watching Arden's coming; let's [170
to them
And see what they have done. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

On their way to LORD CHEINY'S, ARDEN *and* FRANKLIN *(both on horseback) have*

[1] clown.

reached a point on the Kentish coast opposite the Isle of Sheppy.

ARD., *calling.* Oh, ferryman, where art thou?

The FERRYMAN *enters.*

FER. Here, here, go before to the boat; and I will follow you.

ARD. We have great haste; I pray thee, come away. [11

FER. Fie, what a mist is here!

ARD. This mist, my friend, is mystical,
Like to a good companion's smoky brain,
That was half drowned with new ale overnight.

FER. 'Twere pity but his skull were opened to make more chimney room.

FRANK. Friend, what's thy opinion of this mist? [20

FER. I think 'tis like to a curst[2] wife in a little house, that never leaves her husband till she have driven him out at doors with a wet pair of eyes; then looks he as if his house were a-fire, or some of his friends dead.

ARD. Speaks thou this of thine own experience?

FER. Perhaps, ay; perhaps, no: for my wife is as other women are—that is to say, governed by the moon. [31

FRANK. By the moon? how, I pray thee?

FER. Nay, thereby lies a bargain; and you shall not have it fresh and fasting.

ARD. Yes, I pray thee, good ferryman.

FER. Then for this once; let it be midsummer moon, but yet my wife has another moon.

FRANK. Another moon? [40

FER. Ay, and it hath influences and eclipses.

ARD. Why, then, by this reckoning, you sometimes play the man in the moon?

FER. Ay, but you had not best to meddle with that moon, lest I scratch you by the face with my bramble-bush.

ARD. I am almost stifled with this fog; come, let's away. [49

FRANK. And, sirrah, as we go, let us have some more of your bold yeomanry.

[2] shrewish.

FER. Nay, by my troth, sir, but flat knavery. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

At the place where WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *are awaiting their prey, the daylight is obscured by a thick fog.*

SHAKE. Oh, Will, where art thou?

WILL. Here, Shakebag, almost in hell's mouth, where I cannot see my way for smoke.

SHAKE. I pray thee speak still that we may meet by the sound, for I shall fall into some ditch or other, unless my feet see better than my eyes. [11

WILL. Didst thou ever see better weather to run away with another man's wife, or play with a wench at pot-finger?

SHAKE. No; this were a fine world for chandlers, if this weather would last; for then a man should never dine nor sup without candle-light. But, sirrah Will, what horses are those that passed?

WILL. Why, didst thou hear any? [20

SHAKE. Ay, that I did.

WILL. My life for thine, 'twas Arden, and his companion, and then all our labor's lost.

SHAKE. Nay, say not so, for, if it be they, they may haply lose their way as we have done, and then we may chance meet with them.

WILL. Come, let us go on like a couple of blind pilgrims. [30

[SHAKEBAG *falls into a ditch.*

SHAKE. Help, Will, help; I am almost drowned.

The FERRYMAN *enters.*

FER. Who's that that calls for help?

WILL. 'Twas none here, 'twas thou thyself.

FER. I came to help him that called for help.— [39
Why, how now? who is this that's in the ditch? [*Helps* SHAKEBAG *out.*
You are well enough served to go without a guide such weather as this.

WILL. Sirrah, what companies hath passed your ferry this morning?

FER. None but a couple of gentlemen,

that went to dine at my Lord Cheiny's.

WILL. Shakebag, did not I tell thee as much? [49

FER. Why, sir, will you have any letters carried to them?

WILL. No, sir; get you gone.

FER. Did you ever see such a mist as this?

WILL. No, nor such a fool as will rather be hought[3] than get his way.

FER. Why, sir, this is no Hough-Monday;[4] you are deceived.—What's his name, I pray you, sir?

SHAKE. His name is Black Will. [60

FER. I hope to see him one day hanged upon a hill.

[*Exit* FERRYMAN. *The mist clears.*

SHAKE. See how the sun hath cleared the foggy mist,
Now we have missed the mark of our intent.

GREENE, MOSBIE, *and* ALICE *enter.*

MOS. Black Will and Shakebag, what make you here? [70
What, is the deed done? is Arden dead?

WILL. What could a blinded man perform in arms?
Saw you not how till now the sky was dark,
That neither horse nor man could be discerned?
Yet did we hear their horses as they passed.

GRE. Have they escaped you, then, and passed the ferry? [81

SHAKE. Ay, for a while; but here we two will stay,
And at their coming back meet with them once more.
Zounds, I was ne'er so toiled in all my life
In following so slight a task as this.

MOS. How cam'st thou so berayed?

WILL. With making false footing in the dark; [91
He needs would follow them without a guide.

[3] hocked.
[4] the second Monday after Easter.

AL., *giving money.* Here's to pay fo
a fire and good cheer:
Get you to Feversham to the Flower-de
luce,
And rest yourselves until some othe
time.

GRE. Let me alone; it most con- [10
cerns my state.

WILL. Ay, Mistress Arden, this wil
serve the turn,
In case we fall into a second fog.

[*Exeunt* GREENE, WILL, *and* SHAKEBAG

MOS. These knaves will never do it, le
us give it over.

AL. First tell me how you like my nev
device: [10
Soon, when my husband is returning back
You and I both marching arm in arm,
Like loving friends, we'll meet him o
the way,
And boldly beard and brave him to hi
teeth.
When words grow hot and blows begi
to rise,
I'll call those cutters forth your tene
ment, [11
Who, in a manner to take up the fray
Shall wound my husband Hornsby[5] t
the death.

MOS. A fine device! why, this deserve
a kiss. [*Kisses her*

SCENE IV

Much later in the day, when ARDEN FRANKLIN, *and* MICHAEL *are on thei way back to Feversham,* REEDE *and a* SAILOR *await them.*

SAIL. Faith, Dick Reede, it is to littl
end:
His conscience is too liberal, and he too
niggardly,
To part from any thing may do thee
good. [1
REEDE. He is coming from Shorlow, a
I understand;
Here I'll intercept him, for at his house
He never will vouchsafe to speak with me
If prayers and fair entreaties will no
serve,
Or make no battery in his flinty breast,

[5] cuckold.

I'll curse the carle, and see what that will do.
See where he comes to further my intent!—

FRANKLIN, ARDEN, *and* MICHAEL *enter.*

Master Arden, I am now bound to the sea;
My coming to you was about the plat
Of ground which wrongfully you detain from me.
Although the rent of it be very small,
Yet it will help my wife and children,
Which here I leave in Feversham, God knows,
Needy and bare: for Christ's sake, let them have it!

ARD. Franklin, hearest thou this fellow speak?
That which he craves I dearly bought of him,
Although the rent of it was ever mine.—
Sirrah, you that ask these questiöns,
If, with thy clamorous impeaching tongue
Thou rail on me, as I have heard thou dost,
I'll lay thee up so close a twelve-month's day
As thou shalt neither see the sun nor moon.
Look to it, for, as surely as I live,
I'll banish pity if thou use me thus.

REEDE. What, wilt thou do me wrong and threat me too?
Nay, then I'll tempt thee, Arden, do thy worst.
God, I beseech Thee, show some miracle
On thee or thine, in plaguing thee for this.
That plot of ground which thou detains from me
(I speak it in an agony of spirit)
Be ruinous and fatal unto thee!
Either there be butchered by thy dearest friends,
Or else be brought for men to wonder at,
Or thou or thine miscarry in that place,
Or there run mad and end thy cursëd days!

FRANK. Fie, bitter knave, bridle thine envious tongue;
For curses are like arrows shot upright,
Which, falling down, light on the shooter's head.

REEDE. Light where they will! Were I upon the sea,
As oft I have in many a bitter storm,
And saw a dreadful southern flaw at hand,
The pilot quaking at the doubtful storm,
And all the sailors praying on their knees,
Even in that fearful time would I fall down,
And ask of God, whate'er betide of me,
Vengeance on Arden or some misevent
To show the world what wrong the carle hath done.
This charge I'll leave with my distressful wife,
My children shall be taught such prayers as these;
And thus I go, but leave my curse with thee. [*Exeunt* REEDE *and* SAILOR.

ARD. It is the railingest knave in Christendom,
And oftentimes the villain will be mad;
It greatly matters not what he says;
But I assure you I ne'er did him wrong.

FRANK. I think so, Master Arden.

ARD. Now that our horses are gone home before,
My wife may haply meet me on the way.
For God knows she is grown passing kind of late,
And greatly changëd from
The old humor of her wonted frowardness,
And seeks by fair means to redeem old faults.

FRANK. Happy the change that alters for the best!
But see in any case you make no speech
Of the cheer we had at my Lord Cheiny's
Although most bounteous and liberal,
For that will make her think herself more wronged,
In that we did not carry her along;
For sure she grieved that she was left behind.

ARD. Come, Franklin, let us strain to mend our pace,
And take her unawares playing the cook;

For I believe she'll strive to mend our cheer.

FRANK. Why, there's no better creatures in the world
Than women are when they are in good humors.

ALICE *and* MOSBIE *enter, twined in one another's arms.*

ARD. Who is that? Mosbie? what, so familiar!
Injurious strumpet, and thou ribald knave,
Untwine those arms.

AL. Ay, with a sugared kiss let them untwine.

ARD. Ah, Mosbie! perjured beast! bear this and all!

MOS. And yet no hornëd beast; the horns are thine.

FRANK. O monstrous! Nay, then it is time to draw.

[MOSBIE *and* ARDEN *cross swords.*

AL., *calling.* Help, help! they murder my husband.

WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *enter.*

SHAKE. Zounds! who injures Master Mosbie? [*He and* WILL *attack* ARDEN; *and* FRANKLIN *attacks and wounds* SHAKEBAG. ARDEN *wounds* MOSBIE.] Help, Will! I am hurt.

MOS. I may thank you, Mistress Arden, for this wound.

[*Exeunt* MOSBIE, WILL, *and* SHAKEBAG.

AL. Ah, Arden, what folly blinded thee?
Ah, jealous harebrain[ed] man, what hast thou done!
When we, to welcome with[6] intended sport,
Came lovingly to meet thee on thy way,
Thou drew'st thy sword, enraged with jealousy,
And hurt thy friend (whose thoughts were free from harm),
All for a worthless kiss and joining arms,
Both done but merrily to try thy patience;
And me unhappy that devised the jest,
Which, though begun in sport, yet ends in blood!

[6] B. thy.

FRANK. Marry, God defend me from such a jest!

AL. Couldst thou not see us friendly smile on thee,
When we joined arms, and when I kissed his cheek?
Hast thou not lately found me over-kind?
Did'st thou not hear me cry "they murder thee"?
Called I not help to set my husband free?
No, ears and all were witched; ah me accursed
To link in liking with a frantic man!
Henceforth I'll be thy slave, no more thy wife,
For with that name I never shall content thee.
If I be merry, thou straightways thinks me light;
If sad, thou sayest the sullens trouble me;
If well attired, thou thinks I will be gadding;
If homely, I seem sluttish in thine eye:
Thus am I still, and shall be while[7] I die,
Poor wench abused by thy misgovernment!

ARD. But is it for truth that neither thou nor he
Intendedst malice in your misdemeanor?

AL. The heavens can witness of our harmless thoughts.

ARD. Then pardon me, sweet Alice, and forgivé this fault!
Forget but this, and never see the like.
Impose me penance, and I will perform it;
For in thy discontent I find a death—
A death tormenting more than death itself.

AL. Nay, hadst thou loved me as thou dost pretend,
Thou wouldst have marked the speeches of thy friend,
Who, going wounded from the place, he said
His skin was pierced only through my device;
And, if sad sorrow taint thee for this fault,

[7] until.

Thou would'st have followed him, and seen him dressed,
And cried him mercy whom thou hast misdone:
Ne'er shall my heart be eased till this be done.
ARD. Content thee, sweet Alice, thou shalt have thy will,
Whate'er it be. For that I injured thee,
And wronged my friend, shame scourgeth my offence;
Come thou thyself, and go along with me,
And be a mediator 'twixt us two.
FRANK. Why, Master Arden! know you what you do?
Will you follow him that hath dishonored you?
AL. Why, canst thou prove I have been disloyal?
FRANK. Why, Mosbie taunted your husband with the horn.
AL. Ay, after he had reviled him
By the injurious name of perjured beast:
He knew no wrong could spite a jealous man
More than the hateful naming of the horn.
FRANK. Suppose 'tis true; yet is it dangerous
To follow him whom he hath lately hurt.
AL. A fault confessed is more than half amends;
But men of such ill spirit as yourself
Work crosses and debates 'twixt man and wife.
ARD. I pray thee, gentle Franklin, hold thy peace:
I know my wife counsels me for the best.
I'll seek out Mosbie where his wound is dressed,
And salve this hapless quarrel if I may.
[*Exeunt* ARDEN *and* ALICE.
FRANK. He whom the devil drives must go perforce.
Poor gentleman, how soon he is bewitched!
And yet, because his wife is the instrument,
His friends must not be lavish in their speech.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

SHAKEBAG, WILL, *and* GREENE *are discussing their many failures. The scene seems at first to be a street, but afterwards becomes the interior of* ARDEN'S *house. It is evening.*

WILL. Sirrah Greene, when was I so long in killing a man?

GRE. I think we shall never do it; let us give it over.

SHAKE. Nay, zounds! we'll kill him, though we be hanged at his door for our labor.

WILL. Thou knowest, Greene, that I have lived in London this twelve years, where I have made some go upon wooden legs for taking the wall on me; divers with silver noses for saying "There goes Black Will!" I have cracked as many blades as thou hast nuts.

GRE. O monstrous lie!

WILL. Faith, in a manner I have. The bawdy-houses have paid me tribute; there durst not a whore set up, unless she have agreed with me first for opening her shop-windows. For a cross word of a tapster I have pierced one barrel after another with my dagger, and held him by the ears till all his beer hath run out. In Thames Street a brewer's cart was like to have run over me: I made no more ado, but went to the clerk and cut all the notches of his tallies and beat them about his head. I and my company have taken the constable from his watch, and carried him about the fields on a coltstaff. I have broken a sergeant's head with his own mace, and bailed whom I list with my sword and buckler. All the tenpenny-alehousesmen would stand every morning with a quart-pot in their hand, saying, "Will it please your worship drink?" He that had not done so had been sure to have had his sign pulled down and his lattice borne away the next night. To conclude, what have I not done? yet cannot do this; doubtless, he is preserved by miracle.

ALICE *and* MICHAEL *enter.*

GRE. Hence, Will! here comes Mistress Arden.

AL. Ah, gentle Michael, art thou sure they're friends?

MICH. Why, I saw them when they both shook hands.

When Mosbie bled, he even wept for sorrow,
And railed on Franklin that was cause of all.

No sooner came the surgeon in at doors,
But my master took to his purse and gave him money,
And, to conclude, sent me to bring you word
That Mosbie, Franklin, Bradshaw, Adam Fowle,
With divers of his neighbors and his friends,
Will come and sup with you at our house this night.

AL. Ah, gentle Michael, run thou back again,
And, when my husband walks into the fair,
Bid Mosbie steal from him and come to me;
And this night shall thou and Susan be made sure.

MICH. I'll go tell him.

AL. And, as thou goest, tell John cook of our guests,
And bid him lay it on, spare for no cost.

[*Exit* MICHAEL.

WILL. Nay, and there be such cheer, we will bid ourselves.—
Mistress Arden, Dick Greene and I do mean to sup with you.

AL. And welcome shall you be. Ah, gentlemen,
How missed you of your purpose yesternight?

GRE. 'Twas 'long of Shakebag, that unlucky villain.

SHAKE. Thou dost me wrong; I did as much as any.

WILL. Nay then, Mistress Arden, I'll tell you how it was:
When he should have locked with both his hilts,
He in a bravery flourished o'er his head;
With that comes Franklin at him lustily,
And hurts the slave; with that he slinks away.
Now his way had been to have come hand and feet, one and two round, at his costard;[1] he, like a fool, bears his sword-point half a yard out of danger. I lie here for my life; if the devil come, and he have no more strength than I have fence, he shall never beat me from his ward, I'll stand to it; a buckler in a skilful hand is as good as a castle; nay, 'tis better than a sconce, for I have tried it.
Mosbie, perceiving this, began to faint:
With that comes Arden with his arming sword,
And thrust him through the shoulder in a trice.

AL. Ay, but I wonder why you both stood still.

WILL. Faith, I was so amazed, I could not strike.

AL. Ah, sirs, had he yesternight been slain,
For every drop of his detested blood
I would have crammed in angels in thy fist,
And kissed thee, too, and hugged thee in my arms.

WILL. Patient yourself, we cannot help it now.
Greene and we two will dog him through the fair,
And stab him in the crowd, and steal away.

AL. It is unpossible; but here comes he
That will, I hope, invent some surer means.—

MOSBIE *enters with his wounded arm bound up.*

Sweet Mosbie, hide thy arm, it kills my heart.

MOS. Ay, Mistress Arden, this is your favor.

AL. Ah, say not so; for, when I saw thee hurt,
I could have took the weapon thou let'st fall,

[1] head.

And run at Arden; for I have sworn
That these mine eyes, offended with his sight,
Shall never close till Arden's be shut up.
This night I rose and walked about the chamber,
And twice or thrice I thought to have murdered him.
Mos. What, in the night? then had we been undone.
Al. Why, how long shall he live? [160
Mos. Faith, Alice, no longer than this night.—
Black Will and Shakebag, will you two perform
The complot that I have laid?
Will. Ay, or else think me a villain.
Gre. And rather than you shall want, I'll help myself.
Mos. You, Master Greene, shall single Franklin forth, [170
And hold him with a long tale of strange news,
That he may not come home till supper-time.
I'll fetch Master Arden home, and we, like friends,
Will play a game or two at tables[2] here.
Al. But what of all this? how shall he be slain? [179
Mos. Why, Black Will and Shakebag, locked within the counting-house,
Shall, at a certain watchword given, rush forth.
Will. What shall the watchword be?
Mos. "Now I take you": that shall be the word;
But come not forth before in any case.
Will. I warrant you. But who shall lock me in? [189
Al. That will I do; thou'st keep the key thyself.
Mos. Come, Master Greene, go you along with me.
See all things ready, Alice, against we come.
Al. Take no care for that; send you him home.
[*Exeunt* Mosbie *and* Greene.
And if he e'er go forth again, blame me.

[2] backgammon.

Come, Black Will, that in mine eyes [200 art fair;
Next unto Mosbie do I honor thee;
Instead of fair words and large promises
My hands shall play you golden harmony.—
How like you this? say, will you do it, sirs?
Will. Ay, and that bravely, too. Mark my device: [209
Place Mosbie, being a stranger, in a chair,
And let your husband sit upon a stool,
That I may come behind him cunningly,
And with a towel pull him to the ground,
Then stab him till his flesh be as a sieve;
That done, bear him behind the Abbey,
That those that find him murdered may suppose
Some slave or other killed him for his gold. [219
Al. A fine device! you shall have twenty pound;
And, when he is dead, you shall have forty more,
And, lest you might be suspected staying here,
Michael shall saddle you two lusty geldings;
Ride whither you will, to Scotland, or to Wales,
I'll see you shall not lack, where'er [230 you be.
Will. Such words would make one kill a thousand men!
Give me the key: which is the counting-house?
Al. Here would I stay and still encourage you,
But that I know how resolute you are.
Shake. Tush, you are too faint-hearted; we must do it. [240
Al. But Mosbie will be there, whose very looks
Will add unwonted courage to my thought,
And make me the first that shall adventure on him.
Will. Tush, get you gone; 'tis we must do the deed.
When this door opens next, look for his death. [250

[*Exeunt* Will *and* Shakebag *into the counting-house.*

Al. Ah, would he now were here, that it might open!
I shall no more be closed in Arden's arms,
That, like the snakes of black Tisiphone,
Sting me with their embracings! Mosbie's arms [259
Shall compass me; and, were I made a star,
I would have none other spheres but those.
There is no nectar but on Mosbie's lips!
Had chaste Diana kissed him, she, like me,
Would grow love-sick, and from her watery bower
Fling down Endymion and snatch him up: [270
Then blame not me that slay a silly man
Not half so lovely as Endymion.

Michael *enters.*

Mich. Mistress, my master is coming hard by.
Al. Who comes with him?
Mich. Nobody but Mosbie.
Al. That's well, Michael. Fetch in the tables, and, when thou hast done, stand before the counting-house door. [280
Mich. Why so?
Al. Black Will is locked within to do the deed.
Mich. What? shall he die to-night?
Al. Ay, Michael.
Mich. But shall not Susan know it?
Al. Yes, for she'll be as secret as ourselves.
Mich. That's brave. I'll go fetch the tables. [290
Al. But, Michael, hark to me a word or two;
When my husband is come in, lock the street-door:
He shall be murdered, or[3] the guests come in. [*Exit* Michael.

Arden *and* Mosbie *enter.*

Husband, what mean you to bring Mosbie home? [299

[3] ere.

Although I wished you to be reconciled,
'Twas more for fear of you than love of him.
Black Will and Greene are his companiöns,
And they are cutters, and may cut you short:
Therefore I thought it good to make you friends.
But wherefore do you bring him hither now? [310
You have given me my supper with his sight.
Mos. Master Arden, methinks your wife would have me gone.
Ard. No, good Master Mosbie; women will be prating.
Alice, bid him welcome; he and I are friends.
Al. You may enforce me to it, if you will; [320
But I had rather die than bid him welcome.
His company hath purchased me ill friends,
And therefore will I ne'er frequent it more.
Mos. <Oh, how cunningly she can dissemble!>
Ard. Now he is here, you will not serve me so. [330
Al. I pray you be not angry or displeased;
I'll bid him welcome, seeing you'll have it so.—
You are welcome, Master Mosbie; will you sit down?
Mos. I know I am welcome to your loving husband;
But, for yourself, you speak not from your heart. [340
Al. And if I do not, sir, think I have cause.
Mos. Pardon me, Master Arden; I'll away.
Ard. No, good Master Mosbie.
Al. We shall have guests enough, though you go hence.
Mos. I pray you, Master Arden, let me go. [349

ARD. I pray thee, Mosbie, let her prate her fill.
AL. The doors are open, sir, you may be gone.
MICH. <Nay, that's a lie, for I have locked the doors.>
ARD. Sirrah, fetch me a cup of wine; I'll make them friends.—
And, gentle Mistress Alice, seeing you are so stout,[4] [359
You shall begin! frown not, I'll have it so.
AL. I pray you meddle with that you have to do.
ARD. Why, Alice! how can I do too much for him
Whose life I have endangered without cause?
AL. 'Tis true; and, seeing 'twas partly through my means,
I am content to drink to him for this [370 once.—
Here, Master Mosbie! and, I pray you, henceforth
Be you as strange to me as I to you.
Your company hath purchased me ill friends,
And I for you, God knows, have, undeserved,
Been ill spoken of in every place, [379
Therefore henceforth frequent my house no more.
MOS. I'll see your husband in despite of you.—
Yet, Arden, I protest to thee by heaven,
Thou ne'er shalt see me more after this night;
I'll go to Rome rather than be forsworn.
ARD. Tush! I'll have no such vows made in my house. [389
AL. Yes, I pray you, husband, let him swear;
And, on that condition, Mosbie, pledge me here.
MOS. Ay, as willingly as I mean to live.
ARD. Come, Alice, is our supper ready yet?
AL. It will by then you have played a game at tables. [399

[4] stubborn.

ARD. Come, Master Mosbie, what shall we play for?
MOS. Three games for a French crown, sir, and please you.
ARD. Content. [*They play at tables.*

Enter WILL *and* SHAKEBAG *behind.*

WILL. <Can he not take him yet? what a spite is that?
AL. Not yet, Will; take heed he see thee not.
WILL. I fear he will spy me as I [410 am coming.
MICH. To prevent that, creep betwixt my legs.>
MOS. One ace, or else I lose the game.
ARD. Marry, sir, there's two for failing.[5]
MOS. Ah, Master Arden, now I can take you. [418
[WILL *flings a towel over* ARDEN'S *head, and drags him to the floor.*
ARD. Mosbie! Michael! Alice! what will you do?
WILL. Nothing but take you up, sir, nothing else.
MOS. There's for the pressing iron you told me of. [*Stabs him.*
SHAKE. And there's for the ten pound in my sleeve. [*Stabs him.*
AL. What! groans thou?—Nay, then give me the weapon!— [430
Take this for hindering Mosbie's love and mine. [*Stabs him.*
MICH. O, mistress!
WILL. Ah, that villain will betray us all.
MOS. Tush! fear him not; he will be secret.
MICH. Why, dost thou think I will betray myself?
SHAKE. In Southwark dwells a bonny northern lass, [441
The widow Chambly; I'll to her house now,
And if she will not give me harborough,
I'll make booty of the quean, even to her smock.
WILL. Shift for yourselves; we two will leave you now.

[5] in case one is not sufficient.

AL. First lay the body in the counting-house.

[*They lay the body in the counting-house.*

WILL. We have our gold: Mistress Alice, adieu;
Mosbie, farewell; and Michael, farewell too. [*A knocking is heard.*

Enter SUSAN.

SU. Mistress, the guests are at the doors.
Hearken, they knock: what, shall I let them in?

AL. Mosbie, go thou and bear them company. [*Exit* MOSBIE.
And, Susan, fetch water and wash away this blood.

[SUSAN *goes out, and returns with a pail of water, with which she begins washing the floor.*

SU. The blood cleaveth to the ground and will not out.

AL. But with my nails I'll scrape away the blood.
[*She tries to wash out the stain.*
The more I strive, the more the blood appears!

SU. What's the reason, Mistress, can you tell?

AL. Because I blush not at my husband's death.

MOSBIE *re-enters.*

MOS. How now? what's the matter? is all well?

AL. Ay, well, if Arden were alive again.
In vain we strive, for here his blood remains.

MOS. Why, strew rushes on it, can you not?
This wench doth nothing. Fall unto the work.

AL. 'Twas thou that made me murder him.

MOS. What of that?

AL. Nay, nothing, Mosbie, so it be not known.

MOS. Keep thou it close, and 'tis unpossible.

AL. Ah, but I cannot! was he not slain by me?
My husband's death torments me at the heart.

MOS. It shall not long torment thee gentle Alice;
I am thy husband, think no more of him

ADAM FOWLE *and* BRADSHAW *enter.*

BRAD. How now, Mistress Arden? what ail you weep?

MOS. Because her husband is abroad so late.
A couple of ruffians threatened him yesternight;
And she, poor soul, is afraid he should be hurt.

AD. Is't nothing else? tush! he'll be here anon.

GREENE *enters.*

GRE. Now, Mistress Arden, lack you any guests?

AL. Ah, Master Greene, did you see my husband lately?

GRE. I saw him walking behind the Abbey even now.

FRANKLIN *enters.*

AL. I do not like this being out so late.—
Master Franklin, where did you leave my husband?

FRANK. Believe me, I saw him not since morning.
Fear you not, he'll come anon; meantime
You may do well to bid his guests sit down.

AL. Ay, so they shall.—Master Bradshaw, sit you there;
I pray you, be content, I'll have my will.—
Master Mosbie, sit you in my husband's seat.

MICH. <Susan, shall thou and I wait on them?
Or, an thou sayest the word, let us sit down too.

SU. Peace; we have other matters now in hand.

I fear me, Michael, all will be bewrayed.
MICH. Tush, so it be known that I shall marry thee in the morning, I care not though I be hanged ere night. But to prevent the worst, I'll buy some rats-bane. [550
SU. Why, Michael, wilt thou poison thyself?
MICH. No, but my mistress; for I fear she'll tell.
SU. Tush, Michael; fear not her, she's wise enough.>
MOS. Sirrah Michael, give's a cup of beer.—
Mistress Arden, here's to your husband.
AL. My husband! [560
FRANK. What ails you, woman, to cry so suddenly?
AL. Ah, neighbors, a sudden qualm came o'er my heart;
My husband being forth torments my mind:
I know something's amiss; he is not well,
Or else I should have heard of him ere now.
MOS. <She will undo us through her foolishness.> [571
GRE. Fear not, Mistress Arden, he's well enough.
AL. Tell not me; I know he is not well:
He was not wont for to stay thus late.—
Good Master Franklin, go and seek him forth;
And, if you find him, send him home to me, [580
And tell him what a fear he hath put me in.
FRANK. <I like not this; I pray God all be well.>
I'll seek him out, and find him if I can.
[*Exeunt* FRANKLIN, MOSBIE, *and* GREENE.
AL. <Michael, how shall I do to rid the rest away?
MICH. Leave that to my charge, [590 let me alone.> 'Tis very late, Master Bradshaw, and there are many false knaves abroad, and you have many narrow lanes to pass.
BRAD. Faith, friend Michael, and thou sayest true.
Therefore I pray thee light's forth and lend's a link.
[*Exeunt* BRADSHAW, ADAM, *and* MICHAEL. [600
AL. Michael, bring them to the doors, but do not stay;
You know I do not love to be alone.—
Go, Susan, and bid thy brother come.—
But wherefore should he come? Here is nought but fear.—
Stay, Susan, stay, and help to counsel me.
SU. Alas! I counsel? fear frights away my wits. [610
[*They open the counting-house door, and look upon* ARDEN.
AL. See, Susan, where thy quondam master lies.—
Sweet Arden, smeared in blood and filthy gore.
SU. My brother, you and I shall rue this deed.
AL. Come, Susan, help to lift his body forth, [620
And let our salt tears be his obsequies.

MOSBIE *and* GREENE *re-enter.*

MOS. How now, Alice, whither will you bear him?
AL. Sweet Mosbie, art thou come? Then weep that will:
I have my wish in that I joy thy sight.
GRE. Well, it behoves us to be circumspect.
MOS. Ay, for Franklin thinks that we have murdered him. [631
AL. Ay, but he cannot prove it for his life.
We'll spend this night in dalliance and in sport.

MICHAEL *re-enters.*

MICH. O mistress, the Mayor and all the watch
Are coming towards our house with glaives and bills. [640
AL. Make the door fast; let them not come in.
MOS. Tell me, sweet Alice, how shall I escape?

Al. Out at the back-door, over the pile of wood;
And for one night lie at the Flower-de-luce.
Mos. That is the next way to betray myself.
Gre. Alas, Mistress Arden, the watch will take me here,
And cause suspicion, where else would be none.
Al. Why, take that way that Master Mosbie doth.
But first convey the body to the fields.
[Susan *and* Michael *carry out the body.*
Mos. Until to-morrow, sweet Alice, now farewell:
And see you confess nothing in any case.
Gre. Be resolute, Mistress Alice; betray us not,
But cleave to us as we will stick to you.
[*Exeunt* Mosbie *and* Greene.
Al. Now, let the judge and juries do their worst:
My house is clear; and now I fear them not.

Susan *and* Michael *return.* Susan *is in a state of fearful excitement.*

Su. As we went, it snowed all the way,
Which makes me fear our footsteps will be spied.
Al. Peace, fool, the snow will cover them again.
Su. But it had done before we came back again.
Al. Hark, hark, they knock!—Go, Michael, let them in.

The Mayor *and the* Watch *enter.*

How now, Master Mayor, have you brought my husband home?
Mayor. I saw him come into your house an hour ago.
Al. You are deceived; it was a Londoner.
Mayor. Mistress Arden, know you not one that is called Black Will?
Al. I know none such: what mean these questiöns?
Mayor. I have the Council's warrant to apprehend him.
Al. <I am glad it is no worse.>
Why, Master Mayor, think you I harbor any such?
Mayor. We are informed that here he is;
And therefore pardon us, for we must search.
Al. Ay, search, and spare you not, through every room.
Were my husband at home, you would not offer this.—

Franklin *enters.*

Master Franklin, what mean you come so sad?
Frank. Arden, thy husband and my friend, is slain.
Al. Ah, by whom? Master Franklin, can you tell?
Frank. I know not; but behind the Abbey
There he lies murdered in most piteous case.
Mayor. But, Master Franklin, are you sure 'tis he?
Frank. I am too sure; would God I were deceived!
Al. Find out the murderers, let them be known.
Frank. Ay, so they shall: come you along with us.
Al. Wherefore?
Frank. Know you this hand-towel and this knife?
Su. <Ah, Michael, through this thy negligence
Thou hast betrayëd and undone us all.
Mich. I was so afraid I knew not what I did:
I thought I had thrown them both into the well.>
Al. It is the pig's blood we had to supper.
But wherefore stay you? find out the murderers.
Mayor. I fear me you'll prove one of them yourself.
Al. I one of them? what mean such questiöns?

FRANK. I fear me he was murdered in this house
And carried to the fields; for from that place
Backwards and forwards may you see
The print of many feet within the snow.
And look about this chamber where we are,
And you shall find part of his guiltless blood;
For in his slipshoe did I find some rushes,
Which argueth he was murdered in this room.
MAYOR. Look in the place where he was wont to sit.—
[*They look on the floor at the scene of the murder.*
See, see! his blood! it is too manifest.
AL. It is a cup of wine that Michael shed.
MICH. Ay, truly.
FRANK. It is his blood, which, strumpet, thou hast shed.
But, if I live, thou and thy 'complices
Which have conspired and wrought his death shall rue it.
AL. Ah, Master Franklin, God and heaven can tell
I loved him more than all the world beside.
But bring me to him, let me see his body.
FRANK. Bring that villain and Mosbie's sister too;
And one of you go to the Flower-de-luce,
And seek for Mosbie, and apprehend him too. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

SHAKEBAG *has made his way to London. He enters an obscure street.*

SHAKE. The widow Chambly in her husband's days I kept;
And, now he's dead, she is grown so stout [6]
She will not know her old companiöns.
I came thither, thinking to have had harbor
As I was wont;
And she was ready to thrust me out at doors;
But, whether she would or no, I got me up,
And, as she followed me, I spurned her down the stairs,
And broke her neck, and cut her tapster's throat;
And now I am going to fling them in the Thames.
I have the gold; what care I, though it be known!
I'll cross the water, and take sanctuary. [*Exit.*

[6] proud.

SCENE III

ALICE, MICHAEL, *and* SUSAN *have been taken by the* MAYOR *and* WATCH *and* FRANKLIN *to the spot behind the Abbey where* ARDEN'S *body lies, and* MOSBIE *also has been brought there.*

MAYOR. See, Mistress Arden, where your husband lies;
Confess this foul fault and be penitent.
AL. Arden, sweet husband, what shall I say?
The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds;
This blood condemns me, and, in gushing forth,
Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it.
Forgive me, Arden: I repent me now,
And, would my death save thine, thou shouldst not die.
Rise up, sweet Arden, and enjoy thy love;
And frown not on me when we meet in heaven:
In heaven I'll love thee, though on earth I did not.
MAYOR. Say, Mosbie, what made thee murder him?
FRANK. Study not for an answer; look not down:
His purse and girdle found at thy bed's head
Witness sufficiently thou didst the deed;
It bootless is to swear thou didst it not.

Mos. I hired Black Will and Shakebag, ruffians both,
And they and I have done this murderous deed.
But wherefore stay we? Come, and bear me hence.
Frank. Those ruffians shall not escape; I will up to London,
And get the Council's warrant to apprehend them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Will *has made his way to the Kentish Coast, meaning to escape to the Continent.*

Will. Shakebag, I hear, hath taken sanctuary;
But I am so pursued with hues and cries
For petty robberies that I have done,
That I can come unto no sanctuary.
Therefore must I in some oyster-boat
At last be fain to go on board some hoy,
And so to Flushing. There is no staying here.
At Sittingburgh the watch was like to take me;
And, had not I with my buckler covered my head,
And run full blank at all adventures,
I am sure I had ne'er gone further than that place;
For the constable had twenty warrants to apprehend me;
Besides that, I robbed him and his man once at Gadshill.
Farewell, England! I'll to Flushing now. [*Exit* Will.

Scene V

In the Justice-room at Feversham, Mosbie, Alice, Michael, Susan, *and* Bradshaw *are being tried by the* Mayor *for the murder of* Arden.

Mayor. Come, make haste and bring away the prisoners.
Brad. Mistress Arden, you are now going to God,
And I am by the law condemned to die
About a letter I brought from Master Greene.
I pray you, Mistress Arden, speak the truth:
Was I ever privy to your intent or no?
Al. What should I say? You brought me such a letter;
But I dare swear thou knewest not the contents.
Leave now to trouble me with worldly things,
And let me meditate upon my savior Christ,
Whose blood must save me for the blood I shed.
Mos. How long shall I live in this hell of grief?
Convey me from the presence of that strumpet.
Al. Ah, but for thee I had never been a strumpet.
What cannot oaths and protestations do,
When men have opportunity to woo?
I was too young to sound thy villainies;
But now I find it and repent too late.
Su. Ah, gentle brother, wherefore should I die?
I knew not of it till the deed was done.
Mos. For thee I mourn more than for myself;
But let it suffice I cannot save thee now.
Mich. And if your brother and my mistress
Had not promised me you in marriage,
I had ne'er given consent to this foul deed.
Mayor. Leave to accuse each other now,
And listen to the sentence I shall give.
Bear Mosbie and his sister to London straight,
Where they in Smithfield must be executed;
Bear Mistress Arden unto Canterbury,
Where her sentence is she must be burnt;
Michael and Bradshaw in Feversham must suffer death.
Al. Let my death make amends for all my sins.
Mos. Fie upon women! this shall be my song;
But bear me hence, for I have lived too long.

Su. Seeing no hope on earth, in heaven is my hope.
Mich. Faith, I care not, seeing I die with Susan.
Brad. My blood be on his head that gave the sentence.
Mayor. To speedy execution with them all! [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE

Franklin *enters, to speak a chorus.*

Frank. Thus have you seen the truth of Arden's death.
As for the ruffians, Shakebag and Black Will,
The one took sanctuary, and, being sent for out,
Was murderëd in Southwark, as he passed
To Greenwich, where the Lord Protector lay.
Black Will was burned in Flushing on a stage;
Green was hanged at Osbridge in Kent;
The painter fled; and how he died we know not.
But this above the rest is to be noted:
Arden lay murdered in that plot of ground
Which he by force and violence held from Reede;
And in the grass his body's print was seen
Two years and more after the deed was done.
Gentlemen, we hope you'll pardon this naked tragedy,
Wherein no filëd[7] points are foisted in
To make it gracious to the ear or eye;
For simple truth is graciöus enough,
And needs no other points of glosing stuff.

[7] polished.

EDWARD II

BY

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

INTRODUCTION

Marlowe's masterpiece was entered in the Stationers' Register, July 6, 1593—very shortly after its author's death. No edition of that year is, however, extant, the earliest known edition being one of the next year. Other editions followed in 1598, 1612, and 1622. Of the date of its production nothing is known. It has been attributed to 1590 but it is more reasonable to believe that it came almost at the close of the author's career. Almost the only clue we possess is the fact that it borrows (as was cleverly proved by Professor Tucker Brooke) from the "Contention" plays; but, as we cannot definitely date them, we are not much further forward. We may perhaps date it tentatively 1592–3. Its main source is Holinshed; and, though there is a tremendous compression of time, the historical order of events is closely followed.

Chronicle plays are but seldom satisfactory: the inherent faults of the species are against them. This play shares those disadvantages: it is an interesting, but not a great, play till well on in the fourth act. It is when the pathetic portion of it is reached that we begin to recognize its excellence. What Lamb calls "the pangs of abdicating royalty" have never been better portrayed. The great flaw in the play is the delineation of the Queen. In the early part of the play she is a truly loyal, loving wife; in the latter part she is a deceitful and cruel snake. This extraordinary change in her is never made in any way probable.

It is interesting to compare the play with Shakespeare's "Richard II," but, in doing so, we have to remember that the advantages were all with Shakespeare. He was some three years older when he wrote it than when Marlowe did his work; and he had the advantage of having Marlowe's effort to build on. The subject he took was very similar and he undoubtedly took Marlowe for his model. In the circumstances the Shakespeare play should undoubtedly be the better; but is it? If we consider the works first on the score of characterization, the Shakespeare play undeniably has the advantage: in "Edward II" there is a real, though not altogether successful, attempt at psychology in the presentment of the King. But Shakespeare went beyond it in his portrayal of Bolingbroke; his subsidiary characters are better drawn than those in the Marlowe play; and there is no such utter failure as there is in the case of Isabella. But, if we turn to construction, there is another tale to tell. "Edward II" is, on the whole, well put together;

"Richard II," on the other hand, is one of the worst-constructed plays in the language, with its duplication of accusation and recrimination scenes, leading absolutely nowhere; with its vagueness as to the truth in the series of accusations and denials, so that the reader does not know where his sympathies ought to rest, or, indeed, where they are expected to rest; with its gross contradictions; and with its failure to make us feel the importance of Richard's minions, who play but a trivial part in the drama. It may, of course, be urged that the duplicating of the accusation scenes has an historical basis; but Shakespeare's duty was to make a good play, and, without falsifying history in the slightest, he might have omitted one of these scenes, to the great advantage of his play, and clarified the other, without sacrificing any of its power. If we consider the purely literary quality, there is not much to choose between the two plays: Shakespeare's is both far above and far below its rival. With the exception of a purple passage in the opening scene, "Edward II" does not aim at presenting us with fine poetry; while, if "Richard II" does so with eminent success in spots, in other spots it lets us down with a bump. In II 1, for instance, we have a magnificent outburst of patriotism followed by a lot of silly word-play and some heavy-footed verse. As a rule the blank verse is splendid, and the rhyming passages very poor indeed. Where the scales tip in favor of "Edward II" is in the dramatic quality. The object of each play is to stir the spectator's (or the reader's) pity; and in this there can hardly be a question that Marlowe is by far the more successful: we are moved, and deeply moved, by the story of Edward's sufferings, while Richard's move us scarcely at all. Shakespeare's drama has the finer opening—one of the finest in any of his plays—but Marlowe's has decidedly the finer climax; and, if "Edward" has little of the glowing color of "Richard," it is happily free from the irritating word-play that drowns so much of the glory in gloom. However fine a play "Richard II" may be in many respects, "Edward II" has the better claim on our respect.

CHARACTERS

King Edward the Second.
Prince Edward, *his Son, afterwards* King Edward the Third.
Earl of Kent, *Brother to Edward the Second.*
Gaveston.
Archbishop of Canterbury.
Bishop of Coventry.
Bishop of Winchester.
Warwick.
Lancaster.
Pembroke.
Arundel.
Leicester.
Berkeley.
Mortimer.
Mortimer, *the Elder, his Uncle.*
Spencer.
Spencer, *the Elder, his Father.*
Baldock.
Beaumont.
Trussel.
Gurney.
Matrevis.
Lightborn.
Sir John of Hainault.
Levune.
Rice ap Howell.
James.
Queen Isabella, *wife to King Edward the Second.*
Niece *to King Edward the Second, daughter to the Duke of Gloucester.*
Ladies, Abbot, Monks, Herald, Nobles, Poor Men, Mower, Champion, Messengers, Soldiers, Attendants, Prisoners, Horse-boy, Drummer, and Fifers.

Place: *England.*
Time: *The early part of the 14th Century.*

THE TROUBLESOME REIGN AND LAMENTABLE DEATH OF EDWARD THE SECOND

ACT ONE

Scene I

Gaveston, *the favorite of the* Prince of Wales *during the reign of* Edward I, *has been banished from the realm; but, immediately on the* Prince's *accession to the throne, he receives a letter bidding him return. He has posted back at once from France, and has arrived in London. In a street of the capital, he glances again through the letter that has caused him such delight.* [10

Gaveston. "My father is deceased! Come, Gaveston,
And share the kingdom with thy dearest friend."
Ah, words that make me surfeit with delight!
What greater bliss can hap to Gaveston
Than live and be the favorite of a king!
Sweet prince, I come; these, these thy amorous lines [20
Might have enforced me to have swum from France,
And, like Leander, gasped upon the sand,
So thou wouldst smile, and take me in thine arms.
The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul;
Not that I love the city, or the men; [29
But that it harbors him I hold so dear—
The king, upon whose bosom let me die,[1]
And with the world be still at enmity.
What need the arctic people love starlight,
To whom the sun shines both by day and night?

[1] Dyce emends to *lie*, perhaps correctly.

Farewell base stooping to the lordly peers!
My knee shall bow to none but to the king. [41
As for the multitude, that are but sparks
Raked up in embers of their poverty
[*snapping his fingers*] *Tanti*,[2] I'll fawn first on the wind
That glanceth at my lips and flieth away.

Three Poor Men *enter. They serve no purpose save in illustration of Gaveston's character and to introduce the magnificent burst of poetry that follows their departure.* [52

But how now, what are these?
P. Men. Such as desire your worship's service.
Gav. What canst thou do?
1 P. Man. I can ride.
Gav. But I have no horses.—What art thou?
2 P. Man. A traveller. [60
Gav. Let me see: thou would'st do well
To wait at my trencher and tell me lies at dinner time;
And, as I like your discoursing, I'll have you.—
And what art thou?
3 P. Man. A soldier that hath served against the Scot.
Gav. Why, there are hospitals for such as you. [71
I have no war; and therefore, sir, begone.
3 P. Man. Farewell, and perish by a soldier's hand,
That wouldst reward them with an hospital.
Gav. <Ay, ay, these words of his move me as much

[2] So much for them.

As if a goose should play the porpentine,[3]
And dart her plumes, thinking to pierce my breast,
But yet it is no pain to speak men fair;
I'll flatter these, and make them live in hope.>
You know that I came lately out of France,
And yet I have not viewed my lord the king;
If I speed well, I'll entertain you all.

ALL. We thank your worship.

GAV. I have some business: leave me to myself.

ALL. We will wait here about the court.

GAV. Do. [*Exeunt.*]—These are not men for me:
I must have wanton poets, pleasant wits,
Musicians, that, with touching of a string,
May draw the pliant king which way I please.
Music and poetry is his delight;
Therefore I'll have Italian masks by night,
Sweet speeches, comedies, and pleasing shows;
And, in the day, when he shall walk abroad,
Like sylvan nymphs my pages shall be clad;
My men, like satyrs grazing on the lawns,
Shall with their goat-feet dance an antic hay.[4]
Sometime a lovely boy in Dian's shape,
With hair that gilds the water as it glides,
Crownets of pearl about his naked arms,
And in his sportful hands an olive tree,
To hide those parts which men delight to see,
Shall bathe him in a spring; and there, hard by,
One, like Actaeon, peeping through the grove,
Shall by the angry goddess be transformed,
And, running in the likeness of an hart,
By yelping hounds pulled down, and seem to die.
Such things as these best please his majesty,
My lord.—
Here comes the king, and the nobles from the parliament. I'll stand aside.

[*Retires into the background.*

Enter KING EDWARD, LANCASTER, *the* MORTIMERS, *the* EARL *of* KENT, *the* EARL *of* WARWICK, *and Attendants. The Nobles, who are bitterly opposed to* GAVESTON, *have been told by* EDWARD *that he has been recalled, and are clashing with the new sovereign on the subject.*

K. EDW. Lancaster!

LAN. My lord.

GAV. <That Earl of Lancaster do I abhor.>

K. EDW. Will you not grant me this? <In spite of them
I'll have my will; and these two Mortimers,
That cross me thus, shall know I am displeased.>

E. MOR. If you love us, my lord, hate Gaveston.

GAV. <That villain Mortimer! I'll be his death.>

Y. MOR. Mine uncle here, this earl, and I myself
Were sworn to your father at his death,
That he should ne'er return into the realm;
And know, my lord, ere I will break my oath,
This sword of mine, that should offend your foes,
Shall sleep within the scabbard at thy need,
And underneath thy banners march who will,
For Mortimer will hang his armor up.

GAV. <*Mort Dieu!*>

K. EDW. Well, Mortimer, I'll make thee rue these words.
Beseems it thee to contradict thy king?
Frown'st thou thereat, aspiring Lancaster?

[3] porcupine.
[4] a rural dance.

The sword shall plane the furrows of thy brows,
And hew these knees that now are grown so stiff.
I will have Gaveston; and you shall know
What danger 'tis to stand against your king.
GAV. <Well done, Ned!>
LAN. My lord, why do you thus incense your peers,
That naturally would love and honor you,
But for that base and obscure Gaveston?
Four earldoms have I, besides Lancaster—
Derby, Salisbury, Lincoln, Leicester—
These will I sell, to give my soldiers pay,
Ere Gaveston shall stay within the realm;
Therefore, if he be come, expel him straight.
KENT. Barons and earls, your pride hath made me mute;
But now I'll speak, and to the proof, I hope.
I do remember, in my father's days,
Lord Percy of the north, being highly moved,
Braved Moubery[5] in presence of the king;
For which, had not his highness loved him well,
He should have lost his head; but with his look
The undaunted spirit of Percy was appeased,
And Moubery and he were reconciled;
Yet dare you brave the king unto his face!—
Brother, revenge it; and let these their heads
Preach upon poles, for trespass of their tongues.
WAR. O, our heads!
K. EDW. Ay, yours; and therefore I would wish you grant—
WAR. Bridle thy anger, gentle Mortimer.
Y. MOR. I cannot, nor I will not; I must speak.—
Cousin, our hands I hope shall fence our heads,
And strike off his that makes you threaten us.—
Come, uncle, let us leave the brain-sick king,
And henceforth parle with our naked swords.
E. MOR. Wiltshire hath men enough to save our heads.
WAR., *sarcastically*. All Warwickshire will love him for my sake.
LAN., *in the same vein*. And northward Gaveston hath many friends.—
Adieu, my lord; and either change your mind,
Or look to see the throne, where you should sit,
To float in blood, and at thy wanton head
The glozing[6] head of thy base minion thrown.
[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD, KENT, GAVESTON, *and Attendants*.
K. EDW. I cannot brook these haughty menaces.
Am I a king, and must be overruled?—
Brother, display my ensigns in the field;
I'll bandy[7] with the barons and the earls,
And either die or live with Gaveston.
GAV. <I can no longer keep me from my lord.>
[*Comes forward, kneels, and kisses the* KING'S *hand*.
K. EDW. What, Gaveston! welcome!—Kiss not my hand:
Embrace me, Gaveston, as I do thee.
Why shouldst thou kneel? Know'st thou not who I am?
Thy friend, thyself, another Gaveston!
Not Hylas was more mourned of Hercules,
Than thou hast been of me since thy exile.
GAV. And, since I went from hence, no soul in hell
Hath felt more torment than poor Gaveston.
K. EDW. I know it.—Brother, welcome home my friend.—

[5] Mowbray, but the spelling indicates the pronunciation.
[6] flattering.
[7] contend.

Now let the treacherous Mortimers conspire,
And that high-minded Earl of Lancaster;
I have my wish, in that I joy thy sight;
And sooner shall the sea o'erwhelm my land
Than bear the ship that shall transport thee hence.
I here create thee Lord High Chamberlain,
Chief Secretary to the state and me,
Earl of Cornwall, King and Lord of Man.

GAV. My lord, these titles far exceed my worth.

KENT. Brother, the least of these may well suffice
For one of greater birth than Gaveston.

K. EDW. Cease, brother; for I cannot brook these words.—
Thy worth, sweet friend, is far above my gifts.
Therefore, to equal it, receive my heart.
If for these dignities thou be envied,
I'll give thee more; for but to honor thee
Is Edward pleased with kingly regiment.[8]
Fear'st thou thy person? Thou shalt have a guard.
Wantest thou gold? Go to my treasury.
Wouldst thou be loved and feared? Receive my seal;
Save or condemn, and in our name command
Whatso thy mind affects or fancy likes.

GAV. It shall suffice me to enjoy your love,
Which whiles I have, I think myself as great
As Cæsar riding in the Roman street,
With captive kings at his triumphant car.

Enter the BISHOP OF COVENTRY.

K. EDW. Whither goes my lord of Coventry so fast?

B. OF COV. To celebrate your father's exequies.
But is that wicked Gaveston returned?

K. EDW. Ay, priest, and lives to be revenged on thee,
That wert the only cause of his exile.

GAV. 'Tis true; and, but for reverence of these robes,
Thou shouldst not plod one foot beyond this place.

B. OF COV. I did no more than I was bound to do;
And, Gaveston, unless thou be reclaimed
As then I did incense the parliament,
So will I now, and thou shalt back to France.

GAV. Saving your reverence, you must pardon me.

K. EDW. Throw off his golden mitre, rend his stole,
And in the channel christen him anew.

[LINCOLN *and some of the* KING'S *attendants assault the* BISHOP, *and tear his episcopal robes off his back.*

KENT. Ah, brother, lay not violent hands on him!
For he'll complain unto the see of Rome.

GAV. Let him complain unto the see of hell;
I'll be revenged on him for my exile.

K. EDW. No, spare his life, but seize upon his goods.
Be thou lord bishop and receive his rents
And make him serve thee as thy chaplain.
I give him thee: here, use him as thou wilt.

GAV. He shall to prison, and there die in bolts.

K. EDW. Ay, to the Tower, the Fleet or where thou wilt.

B. OF COV. For this offence, be thou accurst of God!

K. EDW. Who's there? Convey this priest to the Tower.

B. OF COV. True, true.

[*The* BISHOP *is taken away by Attendants.*

K. EDW. But in the meantime, Gaveston, away,
And take possession of his house and goods.
Come, follow me, and thou shalt have my guard
To see it done, and bring thee safe again.

GAV. What should a priest do with so fair a house?

[8] rule.

A prison may best beseem his holiness.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The news of the treatment of the BISHOP *arouses* WARWICK *and* LANCASTER. *They are discussing the matter when they meet the two* MORTIMERS.

WAR. 'Tis true, the bishop is in the Tower,
And goods and body given to Gaveston.
LAN. What! will they tyrannize upon the church?
Ah, wicked king! accursëd Gaveston! [10
This ground, which is corrupted with their steps,
Shall be their timeless[9] sepulchre or mine.
Y. MOR. Well, let that peevish Frenchman guard him sure;
Unless his breast be sword-proof, he shall die.
E. MOR. How now! why droops the Earl of Lancaster? [19
Y. MOR. Wherefore is Guy of Warwick discontent?
LAN. That villain Gaveston is made an earl.
E. MOR. An earl!
WAR. Ay, and besides Lord Chamberlain of the realm,
And Secretary too, and Lord of Man.
E. MOR. We may not, nor we will not suffer this. [29
Y. MOR. Why post we not from hence to levy men?
LAN. "My Lord of Cornwall" now at every word!
And happy is the man whom he vouchsafes,
For vailing of his bonnet, one good look.
Thus, arm in arm, the king and he doth march:
Nay, more, the guard upon his lordship waits; [40
And all the court begins to flatter him.
WAR. Thus leaning on the shoulder of the king,
He nods and scorns and smiles at those that pass.
E. MOR. Doth no man take exceptions at the slave?

[9] untimely.

LAN. All stomach[10] him, but none dare speak a word.
Y. MOR. Ah, that bewrays[11] their baseness, Lancaster! [51
Were all the earls and barons of my mind,
We'd hale him from the bosom of the king,
And at the court-gate hang the peasant up,
Who, swoln with venom of ambitious pride,
Will be the ruin of the realm and us. [60

Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY *and an* ATTENDANT.

WAR. Here comes my lord of Canterbury's grace.
LAN. His countenance bewrays he is displeased.
A. OF CANT. First were his sacred garments rent and torn,
Then laid they violent hands upon him; next [70
Himself imprisoned, and his goods asseized:
This certify the Pope. Away, take horse.
[*Exit* ATTENDANT.
LAN. My lord, will you take arms against the king?
A. OF CANT. What need I? God himself is up in arms,
When violence is offered to the church.
Y. MOR. Then will you join with us, that be his peers, [81
To banish or behead that Gaveston?
A. OF CANT. What else, my lords? for it concerns me near;
The bishopric of Coventry is his.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, *who has more reason than the Nobles and the Church to object to the return of* GAVESTON.

Y. MOR. Madam, whither walks your majesty so fast? [90
Q. ISAB. Unto the forest, gentle Mortimer,
To live in grief and baleful discontent;
For now my lord the king regards me not,
But dotes upon the love of Gaveston.

[10] object to.
[11] betrays.

He claps his cheeks, and hangs about his neck,
Smiles in his face, and whispers in his ears;
And when I come he frowns, as who should say,
"Go whither thou wilt, seeing I have Gaveston."

E. Mor. Is it not strange that he is thus bewitched?

Y. Mor. Madam, return unto the court again.
That sly inveigling Frenchman we'll exile,
Or lose our lives; and yet, ere that day come,
The king shall lose his crown; for we have power,
And courage too, to be revenged at full.

Q. Isab. But yet lift not your swords against the king.

Lan. No; but we will lift Gaveston from hence.

War. And war must be the means, or he'll stay still.

Q. Isab. Then let him stay; for rather than my lord
Shall be oppressed by civil mutinies,
I will endure a melancholy life,
And let him frolic with his miniön.

A. of Cant. My lords, to ease all this, but hear me speak:—
We and the rest that are his counsellors,
Will meet, and with a general consent
Confirm his banishment with our hands and seals.

Lan. What we confirm the king will frustrate.

Y. Mor. Then may we lawfully revolt from him.

War. But say, my lord, where shall this meeting be?

A. of Cant. At the New Temple.

Y. Mor. Content.

A. of Cant. And, in the meantime, I'll entreat you all
To cross to Lambeth, and there stay with me.

Lan. Come then, let's away.

Y. Mor. Madam, farewell!

Q. Isab. Farewell, sweet Mortimer, and, for my sake,
Forbear to levy arms against the king.

Y. Mor. Ay, if words will serve; if not, I must.

[*Exeunt the Nobles and the* Archbishop

Scene III

Gaveston, *speaking to* Kent, *shows his contempt for the disaffected nobles.*

Gav. Edmund, the mighty Prince of Lancaster,
That hath more earldoms than an ass can bear,
And both the Mortimers, two goodly men,
With Guy of Warwick, that redoubted knight,
Are gone towards Lambeth—there let them remain!

Scene IV

As arranged, the four discontented Nobles, with Pembroke *added to the number, and with the* Archbishop of Canterbury, *are met in the New Temple to decree the banishment of* Gaveston. *They are seated at a table. Servants are in attendance.*

Lan. Here is the form of Gaveston's exile:
May it please your lordship to subscribe your name.

A. of Cant. Give me the paper.

[*He subscribes, as do the others after him.*

Lan. Quick, quick, my lord; I long to write my name.

War. But I long more to see him banished hence.

Y. Mor. The name of Mortimer shall fright the king,
Unless he be declined from that base peasant.

The King, Gaveston, *and* Kent *enter and take seats at the head of the Council table.*

K. Edw. What, are you moved that Gaveston sits here?
It is our pleasure; we will have it so.

Lan. Your grace doth well to place him by your side,

For nowhere else the new earl is so safe.
E. Mor. What man of noble birth can brook this sight?
Quam male conveniunt!
See what a scornful look the peasant casts!
Pem. Can kingly lions fawn on creeping ants?
War. Ignoble vassal, that like Phaëton
Aspir'st unto the guidance of the sun!
Y. Mor. Their downfall is at hand, their forces down;
We will not thus be faced and overpeered.
K. Edw. Lay hands on that traitor Mortimer!
E. Mor. Lay hands on that traitor Gaveston!
Kent. Is this the duty that you owe your king?
War. We know our duties—let him know his peers.
K. Edw. Whither will you bear him? stay, or ye shall die.
E. Mor. We are no traitors; therefore threaten not.
Gav. No, threaten not, my lord, but pay them home!
Were I a king——
Y. Mor. Thou, villain? wherefore talk'st thou of a king,
That hardly art a gentleman by birth?
K. Edw. Were he a peasant, being my miniön,
I'll make the proudest of you stoop to him.
Lan. My lord, you may not thus disparage us.—
Away, I say, with hateful Gaveston!
E. Mor. And with the Earl of Kent that favors him.
[*Attendants remove* Kent *and* Gaveston.
K. Edw. Nay, then, lay violent hands upon your king.—
Here, Mortimer, sit thou in Edward's throne.—
Warwick and Lancaster, wear you my crown.—
Was ever king thus over-ruled as I?
Lan. Learn then to rule us better and the realm.
Y. Mor. What we have done our heart-blood shall maintain.
War. Think you that we can brook this upstart pride?
K. Edw. Anger and wrathful fury stops my speech.
A. of Cant. Why are you moved? Be patiënt, my lord,
And see what we, your counsellors, have done.
Y. Mor. My lords, now let us all be resolute,
And either have our wills or lose our lives.
K. Edw. Meet you for this, proud overdaring peers?
Ere my sweet Gaveston shall part from me,
This isle shall fleet[12] upon the oceän,
And wander to the unfrequented Inde.
A. of Cant. You know that I am legate to the Pope.
On your allegiance to the see of Rome,
Subscribe, as we have done, to his exile.
Y. Mor. Curse him, if he refuse; and then may we
Depose him and elect another king.
K. Edw. Ay, there it goes! but yet I will not yield,
Curse me, depose me, do the worst you can.
Lan. Then linger not, my lord, but do it straight.
A. of Cant. Remember how the bishop was abused!
Either banish him that was the cause thereof
Or I will presently discharge these lords
Of duty and allegiance due to thee.
K. Edw. <It boots me not to threat; I must speak fair.>
The legate of the Pope will be obeyed.
My lord, you shall be Chancellor of the realm;
Thou, Lancaster, High Admiral of our fleet;
Young Mortimer and his uncle shall be earls;
And you, Lord Warwick, President of the North;

[12] float.

And [*to* PEMBROKE] thou, of Wales. If this content you not,
Make several kingdoms of this monarchy,
And share it equally amongst you all,
So I may have some nook or corner left,
To frolic with my dearest Gaveston.

A. OF CANT. Nothing shall alter us, we are resolved.

LAN. Come, come, subscribe.

Y. MOR. Why should you love him whom the world hates so? [141

K. EDW. Because he loves me more than all the world.
Ah, none but rude and savage-minded men
Would seek the ruin of my Gaveston;
You that be noble-born should pity him.

WAR. You that are princely-born should shake him off.
For shame! subscribe, and let the lown depart. [151

E. MOR. Urge him, my lord.

A. OF CANT. Are you content to banish him the realm?

K. EDW. I see I must, and therefore am content.
Instead of ink, I'll write it with my tears. [*Subscribes.*

Y. MOR. <The king is love-sick for his miniön.> [160

K. EDW. 'Tis done; and now, accursëd hand, fall off!

LAN. Give it me; I'll have it published in the streets.

Y. MOR. I'll see him presently[13] despatched away.

A. OF CANT. Now is my heart at ease.

WAR. And so is mine.

PEM. This will be good news to the common sort. [170

E. MOR. Be it or no, he shall not linger here.

[*Exeunt all except* KING EDWARD.

K. EDW. How fast they run to banish him I love!
They would not stir, were it to do me good.
Why should a king be subject to a priest?
Proud Rome, that hatchest such imperial grooms, [180
For these thy superstitious taper-lights,
Wherewith thy antichristian churches blaze,
I'll fire thy crazëd buildings, and enforce
The papal towers to kiss the lowly ground;
With slaughtered priests make Tiber's channel swell,
And banks raised higher with their sepulchres!
As for the peers that back the clergy thus, [191
If I be king, not one of them shall live.

As a result, presumably, of the speed with which ill-news travels, GAVESTON *has already heard of his banishment. He re-enters.*

GAV. My lord, I hear it whispered everywhere,
That I am banished and must fly the land. 200

K. EDW. 'Tis true, sweet Gaveston—O! were it false!
The legate of the Pope will have it so.
And thou must hence, or I shall be deposed.
But I will reign to be revenged of them;
And therefore, sweet friend, take it patiently.
Live where thou wilt, I'll send thee gold enough; [210
And long thou shalt not stay; or, if thou dost,
I'll come to thee: my love shall ne'er decline.

GAV. Is all my hope turned to this hell of grief?

K. EDW. Rend not my heart with thy too piercing words:
Thou from this land, I from myself am banished. [220

GAV. To go from hence grieves not poor Gaveston;
But to forsake you, in whose gracious looks
The blessedness of Gaveston remains;
For nowhere else seeks he felicity.

K. EDW. And only this torments my wretched soul,
That, whether I will or no, thou must depart. [230

[13] immediately.

Be governor of Ireland in my stead,
And there abide till fortune call thee home.
Here, take my picture, and let me wear thine.
[*They exchange portraits in miniature.*
O, might I keep thee here as I do this,
Happy were I! but now most miserable!
GAV. 'Tis something to be pitied of a king.
K. EDW. Thou shalt not hence—I'll hide thee, Gaveston.
GAV. I shall be found, and then 'twill grieve me more.
K. EDW. Kind words and mutual talk makes our grief greater;
Therefore, with dumb embracement, let us part.—
Stay, Gaveston, I cannot leave thee thus.
GAV. For every look, my lord drops down a tear.
Seeing I must go, do not renew my sorrow.
K. EDW. The time is little that thou hast to stay,
And, therefore, give me leave to look my fill.
But come, sweet friend, I'll bear thee on thy way.
GAV. The peers will frown.
K. EDW. I pass not for their anger.—Come, let's go;
O, that we might as well return as go!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. ISAB. Whither goes my lord?
K. EDW. Fawn not on me, French strumpet! Get thee gone!
Q. ISAB. On whom but on my husband should I fawn?
GAV. On Mortimer! with whom, ungentle queen—
I say no more. Judge you the rest, my lord.
Q. ISAB. In saying this, thou wrong'st me, Gaveston.
Is't not enough that thou corrupt'st my lord,
And art a bawd to his affectiöns,
But thou must call mine honor thus in question?
GAV. I mean not so; your grace must pardon me.
K. EDW. Thou art too familiar with that Mortimer,
And by thy means is Gaveston exíled;
But I would wish thee reconcile the lords,
Or thou shalt ne'er be reconciled to me.
Q. ISAB. Your highness knows it lies not in my power.
K. EDW. Away then! touch me not.—Come, Gaveston.
Q. ISAB. Villain! 'tis thou that robb'st me of my lord.
GAV. Madam, 'tis you that rob me of my lord.
K. EDW. Speak not unto her; let her droop and pine.
Q. ISAB. Wherein, my lord, have I deserved these words?
Witness the tears that Isabella sheds,
Witness this heart, that, sighing for thee, breaks,
How dear my lord is to poor Isabel.
K. EDW. And witness Heaven how dear thou art to me!
There weep; for till my Gaveston be repealed,
Assure thyself thou com'st not in my sight.
[*Exeunt* EDWARD *and* GAVESTON.
Q. ISAB., *sinking into a chair*. O miserable and distressëd queen!
Would, when I left sweet France and was embarked,
That charming Circe, walking on the waves,
Had changed my shape, or at the marriage-day
The cup of Hymen had been full of poison,
Or with those arms that twined about my neck
I had been stifled, and not lived to see
The king my lord thus to abandon me!
Like frantic Juno will I fill the earth
With ghastly murmur of my sighs and cries;
For never doted Jove on Ganymede
So much as he on cursëd Gaveston.
But that will more exasperate his wrath;

I must entreat him: I must speak him fair,
And be a means to call home Gaveston.
And yet he'll ever dote on Gaveston.
And so am I for ever miserable.

Re-enter LANCASTER, WARWICK, PEMBROKE, *the* ELDER MORTIMER, *and* YOUNG MORTIMER.

LAN. Look where the sister of the King of France [340
Sits wringing of her hands, and beats her breast!
WAR. The king, I fear, hath ill-entreated her.
PEM. Hard is the heart that injures such a saint.
Y. MOR. I know 'tis 'long of Gaveston she weeps.
E. MOR. Why? He is gone. [349
Y. MOR. Madam, how fares your grace?
Q. ISAB. Ah, Mortimer! now breaks the king's hate forth,
And he confesseth that he loves me not.
Y. MOR. Cry quittance, madam, then; and love not him.
Q. ISAB. No, rather will I die a thousand deaths!
And yet I love in vain: he'll ne'er love me.
LAN. Fear ye not, madam; now [360 his minion's gone,
His wanton humor will be quickly left.
Q. ISAB. O never, Lancaster! I am enjoined
To sue upon you all for his repeal;
This wills my lord, and this must I perform,
Or else be banished from his highness' presence. [369
LAN. For his repeal? Madam, he comes not back,
Unless the sea cast up his shipwracked body.
WAR. And, to behold so sweet a sight as that,
There's none here but would run his horse to death.
Y. MOR. But, madam, would you have us call him home? [379
Q. ISAB. Ay, Mortimer, for till he be restored,
The angry king hath banished me the court;
And, therefore, as thou lov'st and tend'rest me,
Be thou my advocate unto these peers.
Y. MOR. What! would you have me plead for Gaveston?
E. MOR. Plead for him that will, I am resolved. [390
LAN. And so am I, my lord. Dissuade the queen.
Q. ISAB. O Lancaster! let him dissuade the king;
For 'tis against my will he should return.
WAR. Then speak not for him; let the peasant go.
Q. ISAB. 'Tis for myself I speak, and not for him. [400
PEM. No speaking will prevail, and therefore cease.
Y. MOR. Fair queen, forbear to angle for the fish
Which, being caught, strikes him that takes it dead;
I mean that vile torpedo,[14] Gaveston,
That now, I hope, floats on the Irish seas.
Q. ISAB. Sweet Mortimer, sit down by me awhile, [411
And I will tell thee reasons of such weight
As thou wilt soon subscribe to his repeal.
Y. MOR. It is impossible; but speak your mind.
Q. ISAB. Then thus—but none shall hear it but ourselves.
[*Talks to* YOUNG MORTIMER *apart*.
LAN. My lords, albeit the queen [420 win Mortimer,
Will you be resolute, and hold with me?
E. MOR. Not I, against my nephew.
PEM. Fear not, the queen's words cannot alter him.
WAR. No? Do but mark how earnestly she pleads!
LAN. And see how coldly his looks make denial!
WAR. She smiles; now, for my life, [430 his mind is changed!

[14] electric eel.

LAN. I'll rather lose his friendship, I, than grant.
Y. MOR. Well, of necessity it must be so.
My lords, that I abhor base Gaveston,
I hope your honors make no questiön;
And therefore, though I plead for his repeal, [439
'Tis not for his sake, but for our avail;
Nay, for the realm's behoof, and for the king's.
LAN. Fie, Mortimer, dishonor not thyself!
Can this be true, 'twas good to banish him?
And is this true,[15] to call him home again?
Such reasons make white black, and dark night day. [450
Y. MOR. My lord of Lancaster, mark the respect.[16]
LAN. In no respect can contraries be true.
Q. ISAB. Yet, good my lord, hear what he can allege.
WAR. All that he speaks is nothing; we are resolved.
Y. MOR. Do you not wish that Gaveston were dead? [460
PEM. I would he were!
Y. MOR. Why, then, my lord, give me but leave to speak.
E. MOR. But, nephew, do not play the sophister.
Y. MOR. This which I urge is of a burning zeal
To mend the king and do our country good.
Know you not Gaveston hath store of gold, [471
Which may in Ireland purchase him such friends
As he will front the mightiest of us all?
And, whereas he shall live and be beloved,
'Tis hard for us to work his overthrow.
WAR. Mark you but that, my lord of Lancaster.
Y. MOR. But, were he here, detested as he is, [480
How easily might some base slave be suborned
To greet his lordship with a poniärd,
And none so much as blame the murderer,
But rather praise him for that brave attempt,
And in the chronicle enrol his name
For purging of the realm of such a plague! [490
PEM. He saith true.
LAN. Ay, but how chance this was not done before?
Y. MOR. Because, my lords, it was not thought upon.
Nay, more, when he shall know it lies in us
To banish him, and then to call him home,
'Twill make him vail the top-flag of [500 his pride,
And fear to offend the meanest nobleman.
E. MOR. But how if he do not, nephew?
Y. MOR. Then may we with some color[17] rise in arms;
For, howsoever we have borne it out,
'Tis treason to be up against the king.
So we shall have the people of our side,
Which for his father's sake lean to the king, [510
But cannot brook a night-grown mush-rump,
Such a one as my lord of Cornwall is,
Should bear us down of the nobility.
And, when the commons and the nobles join,
'Tis not the king can buckler Gaveston;
We'll pull him from the strongest hold he hath. [519
My lords, if to perform this I be slack,
Think me as base a groom as Gaveston.
LAN. On that condition, Lancaster will grant.
WAR. And so will Pembroke and I.
E. MOR. And I.
Y. MOR. In this I count me highly gratified,
And Mortimer will rest at your command. [529

[15] Neilson suggests "good" as an emendation.
[16] consideration.
[17] show of reason.

Q. Isab. And, when this favor Isabel forgets,
Then let her live abandoned and forlorn.—
But see, in happy time, my lord the king,
Having brought the Earl of Cornwall on his way,
Is new returned. This news will glad him much;
Yet not so much as me. I love him more
Than he can Gaveston; would he love me
But half so much, then were I treble-blest.

Such is the swift passage of time in Elizabethan drama that already Gaveston *is in Ireland or so far on his way thither that he cannot be reached before he arrives there.* King Edward *now enters, mourning for him. His Maj-esty is accompanied by* Beaumont, *clerk of the crown.*

K. Edw. He's gone, and for his absence thus I mourn.
Did never sorrow go so near my heart
As doth the want of my sweet Gaveston;
And, could my crown's revénue bring him back,
I would freely give it to his enemies,
And think I gained, having bought so dear a friend.
Q. Isab. <Hark how he harps upon his miniön!>
K. Edw. My heart is as an anvil unto sorrow,
Which beats upon it like the Cyclops' hammers,
And with the noise turns up my giddy brain,
And makes me frantic for my Gaveston.
Ah, had some bloodless Fury rose from hell,
And with my kingly sceptre struck me dead,
When I was forced to leave my Gaveston!
Lan. <*Diablo!* What passions call you these?>
Q. Isab. My gracious lord, I come to bring you news.
K. Edw. That you have parleyed with your Mortimer!
Q. Isab. That Gaveston, my lord, shall be repealed.
K. Edw. Repealed! The news is too sweet to be true.
Q. Isab. But will you love me, if you find it so?
K. Edw. If it be so, what will not Edward do?
Q. Isab. For Gaveston, but not for Isabel.
K. Edw. For thee, fair queen, if thou lov'st Gaveston.
I'll hang a golden tongue about thy neck,
Seeing thou hast pleaded with so good success.
Q. Isab., *taking his hands in hers* No other jewels hang about my neck
Than these, my lord; nor let me have more wealth
Than I may fetch from this rich treasury.
O how a kiss revives poor Isabel!
K. Edw. Once more receive my hand and let this be
A second marriage 'twixt thyself and me
Q. Isab. And may it prove more happy than the first!—
My gentle lord, bespeak these nobles fair,
That wait attendance for a gracious look
And on their knees salute your majesty
K. Edw. Courageous Lancaster, embrace thy king!
And, as gross vapors perish by the sun,
Even so let hatred with thy sovereign's smile.
Live thou with me as my companiön.
Lan. This salutation overjoys my heart
K. Edw. Warwick shall be my chiefest counsellor:
These silver hairs will more adorn my court
Than gaudy silks, or rich embroidery.
Chide me, sweet Warwick, if I go astray
War. Slay me, my lord, when I offend your grace.

K. Edw. In solemn triumphs, and in public shows,
Pembroke shall bear the sword before the king.
Pem. And with this sword Pembroke will fight for you.
K. Edw. But wherefore walks young Mortimer aside?
Be thou commander of our royal fleet;
Or, if that lofty office like thee not,
I make thee here Lord Marshal of [640
the realm.
Y. Mor. My lord, I'll marshal so your enemies,
As England shall be quiet, and you safe.
K. Edw. And as for you, Lord Mortimer of Chirke,
Whose great achievements in our foreign war
Deserves no common place nor mean reward, [650
Be you the general of the levied troops
That now are ready to assail the Scots.
E. Mor. In this your grace hath highly honored me,
For with my nature war doth best agree.
Q. Isab. Now is the King of England rich and strong,
Having the love of his renownëd peers.
K. Edw. Ay, Isabel, ne'er was my heart so light.— [660
Clerk of the crown, direct our warrant forth
For Gaveston to Ireland: Beaumont, fly
As fast as Iris or Jove's Mercury.
Beau. It shall be done, my gracious lord. [*Exit.*
K. Edw. Lord Mortimer, we leave you to your charge.—
Now let us in, and feast it royally. [669
Against our friend the Earl of Cornwall comes,
We'll have a general tilt and tournament;
And then his marriage shall be solemnized;
For wot you not that I have made him sure [18]
Unto our cousin,[19] the Earl of Gloucester's heir?

[18] affianced him.
[19] Relative: here, niece.

Lan. Such news we hear, my lord. [680
K. Edw. That day, if not for him, yet for my sake,
Who in the triumph will be challenger,
Spare for no cost; we will requite your love.
War. In this, or aught, your highness shall command us.
K. Edw. Thanks, gentle Warwick: come, let's in and revel. [689
[*Exeunt all except the* Mortimers.
E. Mor. Nephew, I must to Scotland; thou stayest here.
Leave now t'oppose thyself against the king.
Thou seest by nature he is mild and calm,
And, seeing his mind so dotes on Gaveston,
Let him without controlment have his will.
The mightiest kings have had their [700
miniöns:
Great Alexander loved Hephestion;
The conquering Hercules [20] for Hylas wept;
And for Patroclus stern Achilles drooped;
And not kings only, but the wisest men:
The Roman Tully loved Octavius;
Grave Socrates, wild Alcibiades.
Then let his grace, whose youth is flexible, [710
And promiseth as much as we can wish,
Freely enjoy that vain, light-headed earl;
For riper years will wean him from such toys.
Y. Mor. Uncle, his wanton humor grieves not me;
But this I scorn, that one so basely born
Should by his sovereign's favor grow so pert,
And riot it with the treasure of the [720
realm.
While soldiers mutiny for want of pay,
He wears a lord's revénue on his back,
And, Midas-like, he jets it [21] in the court,
With base outlandish cullions [22] at his heels,
Whose proud fantastic liveries make such show

[20] Qq., Hector.
[21] struts.
[22] rascals.

As if that Proteus, god of shapes, appeared.
I have not seen a dapper Jack so brisk;
He wears a short Italian hooded cloak
Larded with pearl, and, in his Tuscan cap,
A jewel of more value than the crown.
While others walk below, the king and he
From out a window laugh at such as we,
And flout our train, and jest at our attire.
Uncle, 'tis this make me impatiënt.
E. Mor. But, nephew, now you see the king is changed.
Y. Mor. Then so am I, and live to do him service;
But, whiles I have a sword, a hand, a heart,
I will not yield to any such upstárt.
You know my mind; come, uncle, let's away. [*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

Scene I

The Earl of Gloucester *is deceased, and two of his dependents,* Baldock *and* Spencer, *are in the dead man's castle, talking over their prospects.*

Bald. Spencer, seeing that our lord the Earl of Gloucester's dead,
Which of the nobles dost thou mean to serve?
Y. Spen. Not Mortimer, nor any of his side,
Because the king and he are enemies.
Baldock, learn this of me, a factious lord
Shall hardly do himself good, much less us;
But he that hath the favor of a king,
May with one word advance us while we live.
The liberal Earl of Cornwall is the man
On whose good fortune Spencer's hope depends.
Bald. What, mean you then to be his follower?
Y. Spen. No, his companion; for he loves me well,
And would have once preferred me to the king.
Bald. But he is banished; there's small hope of him.
Y. Spen. Ay, for a while; but, Baldock, mark the end.
A friend of mine told me in secrecy
That he's repealed, and sent for back again;
And even now a post came from the court
With letters to our lady from the king;
And, as she read, she smiled, which makes me think
It is about her lover Gaveston.
Bald. 'Tis like enough; for since he was exiled
She neither walks abroad nor comes in sight.
But I had thought the match had been broke off,
And that his banishment had changed her mind.
Y. Spen. Our lady's first love is not wavering;
My life for thine she will have Gaveston.
Bald. Then hope I by her means to be preferred,
Having read unto her since she was a child.
Y. Spen. Then, Baldock, you must cast the scholar off,
And learn to court it like a gentleman.
'Tis not a black coat and a little band,
A velvet-caped coat, faced before with serge,
And smelling to a nosegay all the day,
Or holding of a napkin in your hand,
Or saying a long grace at a table's end,
Or making low legs[1] to a nobleman,
Or looking downward with your eyelids close,
And saying, "Truly, an't may please your honor,"
Can get you any favor with great men;
You must be proud, bold, pleasant, resolute,
And now and then stab, as occasion serves.
Bald. Spencer, thou know'st I hate such formal toys,
And use them but of mere hypocrisy.
Mine old lord whiles he lived was so precise,

[1] bows.

That he would take exceptions at my buttons,
And, being like pin's heads, blame me for the bigness,
Which made me curate-like in mine attire,
Though inwardly licentiöus enough
And apt for any kind of villainy.
I am none of these common pedants, I,
That cannot speak without *propterea quod*.[2]

Y. Spen. But one of those that saïth *quando-quidem*,[3]
And hath a special gift to form a verb.

Bald. Leave off this jesting; here my lady comes.

Enter King Edward's Niece.

Niece. <The grief for his exíle was not so much
As is the joy of his returning home.
This letter came from my sweet Gaveston
(What need'st thou, love, thus to excuse thyself?
I know thou couldst not come and visit me):
[*Reading.*] "I will not long be from thee, though I die."
This argues the entire love of my lord.
"When I forsake thee, death seize on my heart."
But stay thee here, where Gaveston shall sleep.
[*Puts the letter into her bosom.*
Now to the letter of my lord the king.
He wills me to repair unto the court,
And meet my Gaveston. Why do I stay,
Seeing that he talks thus of my marriage-day?>
Who's there?—Baldock,
See that my coach be ready; I must hence.

Bald. It shall be done, madam.

Niece. And meet me at the park-pale presently.— [*Exit* Baldock.
Spencer, stay you and bear me company,
For I have joyful news to tell thee of:
My lord of Cornwall is a-coming over,
And will be at the court as soon as we.

Y. Spen. I knew the king would have him home again.

Niece. If all things sort out as I hope they will,
Thy service, Spencer, shall be thought upon.

Y. Spen. I humbly thank your ladyship.

Niece. Come, lead the way; I long till I am there. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

The King, *accompanied by* Isabella, Kent, Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, *and Attendants, is in Tynemouth, before the castle, awaiting the return of his favorite, and full of fears lest he may have been cast away on the voyage from Ireland.*

K. Edw. The wind is good, I wonder why he stays;
I fear me he is wracked upon the sea.

Q. Isab. <Look, Lancaster, how passionate he is;
And still his mind runs on his miniön!>

Lan. My lord,—

K. Edw. How now! what news? Is Gaveston arrived?

Y. Mor. <Nothing but Gaveston!> What means your grace?
You have matters of more weight to think upon;
The King of France sets foot in Normandy.

K. Edw. A trifle! we'll expel him when we please.
But tell me, Mortimer, what's thy device
Against the stately triumph we decreed?

Y. Mor. A homely one, my lord, not worth the telling.

K. Edw. Pray thee let me know it.

Y. Mor. But, seeing you are so desirous, thus it is:
A lofty cedar-tree, fair flourishing,
On whose top-branches kingly eagles perch,
And by the bark a canker[4] creeps me up,
And gets into the highest bough of all:
The motto, *Aeque tandem*.[5]

K. Edw. And what is yours, my lord of Lancaster?

[2] because. [3] since.
[4] canker-worm.
[5] Justly at last.

LAN. My lord, mine's more obscure than Mortimer's.
Pliny reports there is a flying fish
Which all the other fishes deadly hate,
And therefore, being pursued, it takes the air:
No sooner is it up, but there's a fowl
That seizeth it; this fish, my lord, I bear:
The motto this: *Undique mors est.*[6]
K. EDW. Proud Mortimer! ungentle Lancaster! [51
Is this the love you bear your sovereign?
Is this the fruit your reconcilement bears?
Can you in words make show of amity,
And in your shields display your rancorous minds?
What call you this but private libelling
Against the Earl of Cornwall and my brother? [60
Q. ISAB. Sweet husband, be content, they all love you.
K. EDW. They love me not that hate my Gaveston.—
I am that cedar, shake me not too much;
And you the eagles; soar ye ne'er so high,
I have the jesses[7] that will pull you down; [68
And *Aeque tandem* shall that canker cry
Unto the proudest peer of Britainy.—
Though thou compar'st him to a flying fish,
And threatenest death whether he rise or fall,
'Tis not the hugest monster of the sea
Nor foulest harpy that shall swallow him.
Y. MOR. <If in his absence thus he favors him,
What will he do whenas he shall be present? [80
LAN. That shall we see; look where his lordship comes.>

Enter GAVESTON.

K. EDW. My Gaveston!
Welcome to Tynemouth! Welcome to thy friend!
Thy absence made me droop and pine away;
For, as the lovers of fair Danaë,
When she was locked up in a brazen tower, [91
Desired her more, and waxed outrageous,
So did it fare with me; and now thy sight
Is sweeter far than was thy parting hence,
Bitter and irksome to my sobbing heart.
GAV. Sweet lord and king, your speech preventeth[8] mine, [99
Yet have I words left to express my joy:
The shepherd nipped with biting winter's rage
Frolics not more to see the painted spring
Than I do to behold your majesty.
K. EDW. Will none of you salute my Gaveston?
[*The Nobles answer this appeal by greeting* GAVESTON *in the most scornful and insulting manner.*
LAN. Salute him? yes. Welcome, [110 Lord Chamberlain!
Y. MOR. Welcome is the good Earl of Cornwall!
WAR. Welcome, Lord Governor of the Isle of Man!
PEM. Welcome, Master Secretary!
KENT. Brother, do you hear them?
K. EDW. Still will these earls and barons use me thus.
GAV. My Lord, I cannot brook these injuries. [121
Q. ISAB. <Ay me, poor soul, when these begin to jar.>
K. EDW. Return it to their throats, I'll be thy warrant.
GAV. Base, leaden earls, that glory in your birth,
Go sit at home and eat your tenants' beef,
And come not here to scoff at Gaveston,
Whose mounting thoughts did never creep so low [131
As to bestow a look on such as you.
LAN. Yet I disdain not to do this for you.
[*Draws his sword and offers to stab* GAVESTON.
K. EDW. Treason! treason! where's the traitor?

[6] Death on all sides.
[7] The strap attaching the hawk's legs to the falconer's leash.
[8] anticipates.

PEM. Here! here!
K. EDW. Convey hence Gaveston; they'll murder him.
GAV. The life of thee shall salve this foul disgrace.
Y. MOR. Villain! *thy* life, unless I miss mine aim. [*Wounds* GAVESTON.
Q. ISAB. Ah! furious Mortimer, what hast thou done?
Y. MOR. No more than I would answer, were he slain.
[GAVESTON, *attended, retires into the castle.*
K. EDW. Yes, more than thou canst answer, though he live.
Dear shall you both aby[9] this riotous deed.
Out of my presence! Come not near the court.
Y. MOR. I'll not be barred the court for Gaveston.
LAN. We'll hale him by the ears unto the block.
K. EDW. Look to your own heads; his is sure enough.
WAR. Look to your own crown, if you back him thus.
KENT. Warwick, these words do ill beseem thy years.
K. EDW. Nay, all of them conspire to cross me thus:
But, if I live, I'll tread upon their heads
That think with high looks thus to tread me down.
Come, Edmund, let's away, and levy men;
'Tis war that must abate these barons' pride.
[*The* KING, *the* QUEEN, *and* KENT *enter the castle.*
WAR. Let's to our castles, for the king is moved.
Y. MOR. Moved may he be, and perish in his wrath!
LAN. Cousin, it is no dealing with him now;
He means to make us stoop by force of arms;
And therefore let us jointly here protest
To persecute that Gaveston to the death.
Y. MOR. By heaven, the abject villain shall not live!
WAR. I'll have his blood, or die in seeking it.
PEM. The like oath Pembroke takes.
LAN. And so doth Lancaster.
Now send our heralds to defy the king;
And make the people swear to put him down.

A POST *comes in bearing letters, which he hands to* MORTIMER.

Y. MOR. Letters! From whence?
POST. From Scotland, my lord.
LAN. Why, how now, cousin, how fares all our friends?
Y. MOR. My uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.
LAN. We'll have him ransomed, man; be of good cheer.
Y. MOR. They rate his ransom at five thousand pound.
Who should defray the money but the king,
Seeing he is taken prisoner in his wars?
I'll to the king.
LAN. Do, cousin; and I'll bear thee company.
WAR. Meantime, my lord of Pembroke and myself
Will to Newcastle here, and gather head.[10]
Y. MOR. About it then, and we will follow you.
LAN. Be resolute and full of secrecy.
WAR. I warrant you.
[*Exit, with* PEMBROKE.
Y. MOR. Cousin, and if he will not ransom him,
I'll thunder such a peal into his ears,
As never subject did unto his king.
LAN. Content; I'll bear my part—[*Calling.*] Hallo! who's there?

A GUARD *comes forth from the castle gates.*

Y. MOR. Ay, marry, such a guard as this doth well.
LAN. Lead on the way.
GUARD. Whither will your lordships?
Y. MOR. Whither else but to the king?
GUARD. His highness is disposed to be alone.

[9] rue.

[10] troops.

LAN. Why, so he may; but we will speak to him.

GUARD. You may not in, my lord. [240

Y. MOR. May we not?

The KING *and his brother come out from the castle grounds, to see what the disturbance is about.*

K. EDW. How now!

What noise is this? Who have we there? Is't you?

[*Seeing that he is face to face with some of his rebellious Nobles, and wishing to have nothing more to do* [250 *with them, the* KING *turns to go.*

Y. MOR. Nay, stay, my lord, I come to bring you news:

Mine uncle's taken prisoner by the Scots.

K. EDW. Then ransom him.

LAN. 'Twas in your wars; you should ransom him.

Y. MOR. And you shall ransom him, or else—

KENT. What! Mortimer, you will not threaten him? [261

K. EDW. Quiet yourself, you shall have the broad seal,

To gather for him thoroughout the realm.

LAN. Your minion Gaveston hath taught you this.

Y. MOR. My lord, the family of the Mortimers

Are not so poor but, would they sell their land, [270

'Twould levy men enough to anger you.

We never beg, but use such prayers as these.

K. EDW. Shall I still be haunted thus?

Y. MOR. Nay, now you're here alone, I'll speak my mind.

LAN. And so will I; and then, my lord, farewell.

Y. MOR. The idle triumphs, masques, lascivious shows, [280

And prodigal gifts bestowed on Gaveston,

Have drawn thy treasury dry, and made thee weak;

The murmuring commons overstretchëd hath.[11]

LAN. Look for rebellion; look to be deposed.

Thy garrisons are beaten out of France

And, lame and poor, lie groaning at the gates. [29

The wild O'Neill, with swarms of Irish kerns,[12]

Lives uncontrolled within the English pale.

Unto the walls of York the Scots made road,[13]

And unresisted drave away rich spoils.

Y. MOR. The haughty Dane commands the narrow seas, [29

While in the harbor ride thy ships unrigged.

LAN. What foreign prince sends thee ambassadors?

Y. MOR. Who loves thee, but a sort[14] of flatterers?

LAN. Thy gentle queen, sole sister to Valois,

Complains that thou hast left her all forlorn. [30

Y. MOR. Thy court is naked, being bereft of those

That make a king seem glorious to the world;

I mean the peers, whom thou should'st dearly love.

Libels are cast again thee in the street;

Ballads and rhymes made of thy overthrow.

LAN. The Northern borderers, seeing their houses burnt, [32

Their wives and children slain, run up and down,

Cursing the name of thee and Gaveston.

Y. MOR. When wert thou in the field with banner spread?

But once; and then thy soldiers marched like players,

With garish robes, not armor; and thyself, [32

Bedaubed with gold, rode laughing at the rest,

Nodding and shaking of thy spangled crest,

Where women's favors hung like labels down.

[11] Dodsley suggested "The murmuring commons, overstretched, break."

[12] irregulars. [13] inroads. [14] set.

LAN. And thereof came it, that the fleering[15] Scots,
To England's high disgrace, have made this jig: [339
"Maids of England, sore may you mourn
For your lemans[16] you have lost at Bannocksbourn,
With a heave and a ho!
What weeneth the King of England,
So soon to have won Scotland?
With a rombelow!"
Y. MOR. Wigmore shall fly, to set my uncle free.
LAN. And, when 'tis gone, our swords shall purchase more. [350
If ye be moved, revenge it as you can;
Look next to see us with our ensigns spread. [*Exit, with* MORTIMER.
K. EDW. My swelling heart for very anger breaks!
How oft have I been baited by these peers,
And dare not be revenged, for their power is great! [359
Yet, shall the crowing of these cockerels
Affright a lion? Edward, unfold thy paws,
And let their lives' blood slake thy fury's hunger.
If I be cruel and grow tyrannous,
Now let them thank themselves, and rue too late.
KENT. My lord, I see your love to Gaveston [369
Will be the ruin of the realm and you;
For now the wrathful nobles threaten wars,
And therefore, brother, banish him for ever.
K. EDW. Art thou an enemy to my Gaveston?
KENT. Ay, and it grieves me that I favored him.
K. EDW. Traitor, begone! whine thou with Mortimer. [380
KENT. So will I, rather than with Gaveston.
K. EDW. Out of my sight, and trouble me no more!
KENT. No marvel though thou scorn thy noble peers,
When I thy brother am rejected thus.
K. EDW. Away! [*Exit* KENT.
Poor Gaveston, that has no friend but me, [390
Do what they can, we'll live in Tynemouth here,
And, so I walk with him about the walls,
What care I though the earls begirt us round?—
Here comes she that's cause of all these jars.

QUEEN ISABELLA, *the* KING'S NIECE, *and two other Ladies, attended by* GAVESTON, BALDOCK, *and* SPENCER, *come from the castle.* [401

Q. ISAB. My lord, 'tis thought the earls are up in arms.
K. EDW. Ay, and 'tis likewise thought you favor 'em.
Q. ISAB. Thus do you still suspect me without cause?
NIECE. Sweet uncle! speak more kindly to the queen.
GAV. <My lord, dissemble with her, speak her fair.> [411
K. EDW. Pardon me, sweet, I forgot myself.
Q. ISAB. Your pardon is quickly got of Isabel.
K. EDW. The younger Mortimer is grown so brave,
That to my face he threatens civil wars.
GAV. Why do you not commit him to the Tower? [420
K. EDW. I dare not, for the people love him well.
GAV. Why, then, we'll have him privily made away.
K. EDW. Would Lancaster and he had both caroused
A bowl of poison to each other's health!
But let them go, and tell me what are these?
NIECE. Two of my father's servants whilst he lived;— [431
May't please your grace to entertain them now.
K. EDW. Tell me, where wast thou born? What is thine arms?
BALD. My name is Baldock, and my gentry

[15] jeering. [16] lovers.

I fetched from Oxford, not from heraldry.
K. Edw. The fitter art thou, Baldock, for my turn:
Wait on me; and I'll see thou shalt not want.
Bald. I humbly thank your majesty.
K. Edw., *indicating* Spencer. Knowest thou him, Gaveston?
Gav. Ay, my lord;
His name is Spencer; he is well allied;
For my sake, let him wait upon your grace;
Scarce shall you find a man of more desert.
K. Edw. Then, Spencer, wait upon me; for his sake
I'll grace thee with a higher style ere long.
Y. Spen. No greater titles happen unto me
Than to be favored of your majesty!
K. Edw. Cousin, this day shall be your marriage-feast.—
And, Gaveston, think that I love thee well
To wed thee to our niece, the only heir
Unto the Earl of Gloucester, late deceased.
Gav. I know, my lord, many will stomach[17] me;
But I respect neither their love nor hate.
K. Edw. The headstrong barons shall not limit me:
He that I list to favor shall be great.
Come, let's away; and when the marriage ends,
Have at the rebels and their 'complices!

Scene III

Kent, *cast off by the* King, *seeks the revolting Nobles* (Lancaster, Mortimer, Warwick, Pembroke, *and others*), *who are still in Tynemouth.*

Kent. My lords, of love to this our native land
I come to join with you and leave the king;
And in your quarrel and the realm's behoof
Will be the first that shall adventure life.

Lan. I fear me, you are sent of policy,
To undermine us with a show of love.
War. He is your brother, therefore have we cause
To cast[18] the worst and doubt of your revolt.
Kent. Mine honor shall be hostage of my truth;
If that will not suffice, farewell, my lords.
Y. Mor. Stay, Edmund; never was Plantagenet
False of his words; and therefore trust we thee.
[Lancaster *and* Kent *converse apart.*
Pem. But what's the reason you should leave him now?
Kent. I have informed the Earl of Lancaster.
Lan. And it sufficeth. Now, my lords know this,
That Gaveston is secretly arrived,
And here in Tynemouth frolics with the king.
Let us with these our followers scale the walls,
And suddenly surprise them unawares.
Y. Mor. I'll give the onset.
War. And I'll follow thee.
Y. Mor. This tottered[19] ensign of my ancestors,
Which swept the desert shore of that dead sea
Whereof we got the name of Mortimer,
Will I advance upon this castle walls.
Drums, strike alarum; raise them from their sport;
And ring aloud the knell of Gaveston!
Lan. None be so hardy as to touch the king;
But neither spare you Gaveston nor his friends. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The Nobles have delivered their assault on Tynemouth Castle. Spencer *enters to the* King, *in a part of the castle not yet attacked.* Edward's *only concern is for the safety of* Gaveston.

K. Edw. O tell me, Spencer, where is Gaveston?

[17] Take exception to.
[18] suspect.
[19] tattered.

SPEN. I fear me he is slain, my gracious lord.
K. EDW. No, here he comes; now let them spoil and kill. [11

QUEEN ISABELLA, KING EDWARD'S NIECE, GAVESTON, *and certain loyal Nobles enter.*

Fly, fly, my lords: the earls have got the hold;
Take shipping and away to Scarborough;
Spencer and I will post away by land.
GAV. O stay, my lord, they will not injure you. [20
K. EDW. I will not trust them; Gaveston, away!
GAV. Farewell, my lord.
K. EDW. Lady, farewell.
NIECE. Farewell, sweet uncle, till we meet again.
K. EDW. Farewell, sweet Gaveston; and farewell, niece.
Q. ISAB. No farewell to poor Isabel thy queen? [30
K. EDW. Yes, yes, for Mortimer your lover's sake.
Q. ISAB. Heavens can witness I love none but you!
[*The* KING *and* SPENCER *go out one way; all the others, save the* QUEEN, *another way.*
From my embracements thus he breaks away.
O that mine arms could close this isle about, [41
That I might pull him to me where I would!
Or that these tears that drizzle from mine eyes
Had power to mollify his stony heart,
That when I had him we might never part.

LANCASTER, WARWICK, MORTIMER, *and other Barons enter. Alarums.*

LAN. I wonder how he scaped! [51
Y. MOR. Who's this? The queen!
Q. ISAB. Ay, Mortimer, the miserable queen,
Whose pining heart her inward sighs have blasted,
And body with continual mourning wasted.
These hands are tired with haling of my lord [60
From Gaveston, from wicked Gaveston;
And all in vain; for, when I speak him fair,
He turns away, and smiles upon his minion.
Y. MOR. Cease to lament; and tell us where's the king?
Q. ISAB. What would you with the king? Is't him you seek?
LAN. No, madam, but that cursëd Gaveston. [71
Far be it from the thought of Lancaster
To offer violence to his sovereign.
We would but rid the realm of Gaveston.
Tell us where he remains, and he shall die.
Q ISAB. He's gone by water unto Scarborough;
Pursue him quickly, and he cannot scape;
The king hath left him, and his train is small. [81
WAR. Forslow[20] no time, sweet Lancaster; let's march.
Y. MOR. How comes it that the king and he is parted?
Q. ISAB. That thus your army, going several ways,
Might be of lesser force, and with the power
That he intendeth presently to raise [90
Be easily suppressed; therefore be gone.
Y. MOR. Here in the river rides a Flemish hoy;
Let's all aboard, and follow him amain.
LAN. The wind that bears him hence will fill our sails.
Come, come aboard, 'tis but an hour's sailing.
Y. MOR. Madam, stay you within this castle here. [100
Q. ISAB. No, Mortimer, I'll to my lord the king.
Y. MOR. Nay, rather sail with us to Scarborough.
Q. ISAB. You know the king is so suspiciöus,

[20] waste.

As, if he hear I have but talked with you,
Mine honor will be called in questiön;
And therefore, gentle Mortimer, be gone.
Y. Mor. Madam, I cannot stay to answer you;
But think of Mortimer as he deserves.
[*Exeunt all except* Queen Isabella.
Q. Isab. So well hast thou deserved, sweet Mortimer,
As Isabel could live with thee for ever!
In vain I look for love at Edward's hand,
Whose eyes are fixed on none but Gaveston;
Yet once more I'll importune him with prayers.
If he be strange and not regard my words,
My son and I will over into France,
And to the king my brother there complain,
How Gaveston hath robbed me of his love;
But yet I hope my sorrows will have end,
And Gaveston this blessëd day be slain.

Scene V

Gaveston, *in flight from the Barons, pauses for a moment in open country to take breath.*

Gav. Yet, lusty lords, I have escaped your hands,
Your threats, your 'larums, and your hot pursuits;
And, though divorcëd from King Edward's eyes,
Yet liveth Pierce of Gaveston unsurprised,[21]
Breathing in hope (*malgrado*[22] all your beards
That muster rebels thus against your king)
To see his royal sovereign once again.

Warwick, Lancaster, Pembroke, Mortimer, *and* Soldiers *suddenly appear on the scene, together with* James *and other attendants of* Pembroke.

War. Upon him, soldiers, take away his weapons.
Y. Mor. Thou proud disturber of thy country's peace,
Corrupter of thy king, cause of these broils,
Base flatterer, yield! and, were it not for shame,
Shame and dishonor to a soldier's name,
Upon my weapon's point here shouldst thou fall,
And welter in thy gore.
Lan. Monster of men,
That, like the Greekish strumpet, trained[23] to arms
And bloody wars so many valiant knights,
Look for no other fortune, wretch, than death!
King Edward is not here to buckler thee.
War. Lancaster, why talk'st thou to the slave?
Go, soldiers, take him hence, for, by my sword,
His head shall off. Gaveston, short warning
Shall serve thy turn; it is our country's cause
That here severely we will execute
Upon thy person. Hang him at a bough.
Gav. My lord!——
War. Soldiers, have him away;—
But, for thou wert the favorite of a king,
Thou shalt have so much honor at our hands[24]—
Gav. I thank you all, my lords: then I perceive,
That heading is one, and hanging is the other,
And death is all.

Enter the Earl of Arundel.

Lan. How now, my lord of Arundel?
Arun. My lords, King Edward greets you all by me.
War. Arundel, say your message.
Arun. His majesty,
Hearing that you had taken Gaveston,
Entreateth you by me, yet but he may
See him before he dies; for why, he says
And sends you word, he knows that die he shall.
And if you gratify his grace so far,
He will be mindful of the courtesy.

[21] untaken. [22] Ital., despite.
[23] drew.
[24] Apparently a line in which Warwick declares in favor of beheading has dropped out.

WAR. How now?
GAV. Renownëd Edward, how thy name
Revives poor Gaveston!
WAR. No, it needeth not.—
Arundel, we will gratify the king
In other matters; he must pardon us in this.—
Soldiers, away with him!
GAV. Why, my lord of Warwick,
Will not these delays beget my hopes.[25]
I know it, lords, it is this life you aim at,
Yet grant King Edward this.
Y. MOR. Shalt thou appoint
What we shall grant?—Soldiers, away with him!
Thus we'll gratify the king:
We'll send his head by thee; let him bestow
His tears on that, for that is all he gets
Of Gaveston, or else his senseless trunk.
LAN. Not so, my lords, lest he bestow more cost
In burying him than he hath ever earned.
ARUN. My lords, it is his majesty's request;
And, in the honor of a king, he swears
He will but talk with him and send him back.
WAR. When? can you tell? Arundel, no; we wot
He that the care of his realm remits,
And drives his nobles to these exigents[26]
For Gaveston, will, if he sees[27] him once.
Violate any promise to possess him.
ARUN. Then, if you will not trust his grace in keep,
My lords, I will be pledge for his return.
Y. MOR. 'Tis honorable in thee to offer this;
But, for we know thou art a noble gentleman,
We will not wrong thee so, to make away
A true man for a thief.
GAV. How mean'st thou, Mortimer? That is over-base.
Y. MOR. Away, base groom, robber of king's renown!
Question with thy companions and thy mates.
PEM. My Lord Mortimer, and you, my lords, each one,
To gratify the king's request therein,
Touching the sending of this Gaveston,
Because his majesty so earnestly
Desires to see the man before his death,
I will upon mine honor undertake
To carry him and bring him back again;—
Provided this, that you, my lord of Arundel,
Will join with me.
WAR. Pembroke, what wilt thou do?
Cause yet more bloodshed? Is it not enough
That we have taken him, but must we now
Leave him on "had I wist," and let him go?
PEM. My lords, I will not over-woo your honors,
But, if you dare trust Pembroke with the prisoner,
Upon mine oath, I will return him back.
ARUN. My lord of Lancaster, what say you in this?
LAN. Why, I say, let him go on Pembroke's word.
PEM. And you, Lord Mortimer?
Y. MOR. How say you, my lord of Warwick?
WAR. Nay, do your pleasures, I know how 'twill prove.
PEM. Then give him me.
GAV. Sweet sovereign, yet I come
To see thee ere I die.
WAR. <Yet not perhaps,
If Warwick's wit and policy prevail.>
Y. MOR. My lord of Pembroke, we deliver him you;
Return him on your honor.—Sound, away!
[WARWICK, LANCASTER *and* MORTIMER *march off, with the* SOLDIERS.
PEM. My lord, you shall go with me.
My house is not far hence; out of the way
A little, but our men shall go along.
We that have pretty wenches to our wives,

[25] This is invariably printed as a question.
[26] extremes.
[27] B, "zease," which may stand for "seize."

Sir, must not come so near and baulk their lips.

ARUN. 'Tis very kindly spoke, my lord of Pembroke;
Your honor hath an adamant,[28] of power
To draw a prince.

PEM. So, my lord.—Come hither, James:
I do commit this Gaveston to thee;
Be thou this night his keeper; in the morning
We will discharge thee of thy charge. Be gone.

GAV. <Unhappy Gaveston, whither goest thou now?>

[GAVESTON *goes off with* JAMES *and the other attendants of* PEMBROKE, *leaving only* PEMBROKE, ARUNDEL, *and a* HORSE-BOY.

HORSE-BOY. My lord, we'll quickly be at Cobham.

[*The two Lords and he go off in another direction.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

On the road to Boroughbridge, WARWICK *and some of his men have fallen on* JAMES *and the other guardians of* GAVESTON *and demanded the favorite's surrender to them.*

GAV. O treacherous Warwick! thus to wrong thy friend.

JAMES. I see it is your life these arms pursue.

GAV. Weaponless must I fall, and die in bands?
O! must this day be period of my life?
Centre of all my bliss? An ye be men,
Speed to the king.

WAR. My lord of Pembroke's men,
Strive you no longer: I will have that Gaveston.

JAMES. Your lordship does dishonor to yourself,
And wrong[s] our lord, your honorable friend.

WAR. No, James, it is my country's cause I follow.—
Go, take the villain; soldiers, come away.
We'll make quick work.—Commend me to your master,
My friend, and tell him that I watched it well.
Come, let thy shadow[1] parley with King Edward.

GAV. Treacherous earl, shall I not see the king?

WAR. The king of Heaven, perhaps; no other king.—
Away!

[*Exeunt* WARWICK *and his men with* GAVESTON.

JAMES. Come, fellows, it booted not for us to strive.
We will in haste go certify our lord.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

KING EDWARD *is near Boroughbridge. He is accompanied by* SPENCER, BALDOCK, *and some Nobles, soldiers, drummer, and fifers.*

K. EDW. I long to hear an answer from the barons
Touching my friend, my dearest Gaveston.
Ah, Spencer, not the riches of my realm
Can ransom him! Ah, he is marked to die!
I know the malice of the younger Mortimer;
Warwick I know is rough, and Lancaster
Inexorable, and I shall never see
My lovely Pierce, my Gaveston, again!
The barons overbear me with their pride.

Y. SPEN. Were I King Edward, England's sovëreign,
Son to the lovely Eleanor of Spain,
Great Edward Longshanks' issue, would I bear
These braves, this rage, and suffer uncontrolled
These barons thus to beard me in my land,
In mine own realm? My lord, pardon my speech:
Did you retain your father's magnanimity,[2]
Did you regard the honor of your name,

[28] magnet.

[1] ghost. [2] spirit.

You would not suffer thus your majesty
Be counterbuffed of[3] your nobility.
Strike off their heads, and let them preach on poles!
No doubt, such lessons they will teach the rest,
As by their preachments they will profit much,
And learn obedience to their lawful king.

K. Edw. Yea, gentle Spencer, we have been too mild,
Too kind to them, but now have drawn our sword;
And, if they send me not my Gaveston,
We'll steel it on their crest, and poll[4] their tops.

Bald. This haught[5] resolve becomes your majesty,
Not to be tied to their affectiön,[6]
As though your highness were a schoolboy still,
And must be awed and governed like a child.

Enter the Elder Spencer, *with his truncheon and soldiers.*

E. Spen. Long live my sovëreign, the noble Edward,
In peace triumphant, fortunate in wars!

K. Edw. Welcome, old man, com'st thou in Edward's aid?
Then tell thy prince of whence, and what thou art.

E. Spen. Lo, with a band of bowmen and of pikes,
Brown bills and targeteers, four hundred strong,
Sworn to defend King Edward's royal right,
I come in person to your majesty,
Spencer, the father of Hugh Spencer there,
Bound to your highness everlastingly,
For favors done, in him, unto us all.

K. Edw. Thy father, Spencer?

Y. Spen. True, an it like your grace,
That pours, in lieu of all your goodness shown,
His life, my lord, before your princely feet.

K. Edw. Welcome ten thousand times, old man, again.
Spencer, this love, this kindness to thy king,
Argues thy noble mind and disposition.
Spencer, I here create thee Earl of Wiltshire,
And daily will enrich thee with our favor,
That, as the sunshine, shall reflect o'er thee.
Beside, the more to manifest our love,
Because we hear Lord Bruce doth sell his land,
And that the Mortimers are in hand[7] withal,
Thou shalt have crowns of us t' outbid the barons;
And, Spencer, spare them not, but lay it on.——
[*Flinging money to the* Elder Spencer's *men.*
Soldiers, a largess; and thrice welcome all!

Y. Spen. My lord, here comes the queen.

Enter Queen Isabella, *her son, and* Levune.

K. Edw. Madam, what news?

Q. Isab. News of dishonor, lord, and discontent.
Our friend Levune, faithful and full of trust,
Informeth us, by letters and by words,
That Lord Valois our brother, King of France,
Because your highness hath been slack of homage,
Hath seizëd Normandy into his hands.
[*Handing letter to the* King.
These be the letters, this the messenger.

K. Edw. Welcome, Levune.—Tush, sib,[8] if this be all,
Valois and I will soon be friends again.—
But to my Gaveston; shall I never see,
Never behold thee now?—Madam, in this matter,
We will employ you and your little son;

[3] thwarted by. [4] crop.
[5] bold. [6] humor.
[7] negotiation.
[8] May possibly be an abbreviation for Isabella; but is more probably the old English word.

You shall go parley with the king of France.—
Boy, see you bear you bravely to the king,
And do your message with a majesty.
P. Edw. Commit not to my youth things of more weight
Than fits a prince so young as I to bear,
And fear not, lord and father, Heaven's great beams
On Atlas' shoulder shall not lie more safe
Than shall your charge committed to my trust.
Q. Isab. Ah, boy! this towardness makes thy mother fear
Thou art not marked to many days on earth.
K. Edw. Madam, we will that you with speed be shipped,
And this our son; Levune shall follow you
With all the haste we can despatch him hence.
Choose of our lords to bear you company,
And go in peace; leave us in wars at home.
Q. Isab. Unnatural wars, where subjects brave their king;
God end them once! My lord, I take my leave,
To make my preparatiön for France.
[*Exit with* Prince Edward.

Enter Arundel.[9]

K. Edw. What, Lord Arundel, dost thou come alone?
Arun. Yea, my good lord, for Gaveston is dead.
K. Edw. Ah, traitors! have they put my friend to death?—
Tell me, Arundel, died he ere thou cam'st,
Or didst thou see my friend to take his death?
Arun. Neither, my lord; for, as he was surprised,
Begirt with weapons and with enemies round,
I did your highness' message to them all
Demanding him of them, entreating rather,
And said, upon the honor of my name
That I would undertake to carry him
Unto your highness and to bring him back.
K. Edw. And tell me, would the rebels deny me that?
Y. Spen. Proud recreants!
K. Edw. Yea, Spencer, traitors all
Arun. I found them at the first inexorable;
The Earl of Warwick would not bide the hearing;
Mortimer hardly; Pembroke and Lancaster
Spake least; and, when they flatly had denied,
Refusing to receive me pledge for him,
The Earl of Pembroke mildly thus bespake:
"My lords, because our sovereign sends for him
And promiseth he shall be safe returned
I will this undertake, to have him hence
And see him re-delivered to your hands."
K. Edw. Well, and how fortune that he came not?
Y. Spen. Some treason, or some villainy, was cause.
Arun. The Earl of Warwick seized him on his way;
For, being delivered unto Pembroke's men,
Their lord rode home, thinking his prisoner safe;
But, ere he came, Warwick in ambush lay,
And bare him to his death; and in a trench
Strake off his head, and marched unto the camp.
Y. Spen. A bloody part, flatly 'gainst law of arms!
K. Edw. O shall I speak, or shall I sigh and die?
Y. Spen. My lord, refer your vengeance to the sword
Upon these barons; hearten up your men;

[9] Both in the text and in the stage directions Qq. have Matrevis; but it is obviously Arundel.

Let them not unrevenged murder your friends!
Advance your standard, Edward, in the field,
And march to fire them from their starting-holes.
K. Edw., *kneeling*. By earth, the common mother of us all;
By Heaven, and all the moving orbs thereof;
By this right hand; and by my father's sword,
And all the honors 'longing to my crown,
I will have heads and lives for him, as many
As I have manors, castles, towns, and towers!— [*Rises.*
Treacherous Warwick! traitorous Mortimer!
If I be England's king, in lakes of gore
Your headless trunks, your bodies will I trail,
That you may drink your fill and quaff in blood
And stain my royal standard with the same,
That so my bloody colors may suggest
Remembrance of revenge immortally
On your accursëd traitorous progeny.
You villains, that have slain my Gaveston!
And in this place of honor and of trust,
Spencer, sweet Spencer, I adopt thee here:
And merely of our love we do create thee
Earl of Gloucester, and Lord Chamberlain,
Despite of times, despite of enemies.
Y. Spen. My lord, here's a messenger from the barons
Desires access unto your majesty.
K. Edw. Admit him near.

Enter the Herald *from the Barons with his coat of arms.*

Her. Long live King Edward, England's lawful lord!
K. Edw. So wish not they, I wis, that sent thee hither.
Thou com'st from Mortimer and his 'complices.
A ranker rout of rebels never was.
Well, say thy message.
Her. The barons, up in arms, by me salute
Your highness with long life and happiness;
And bid me say, as plainer to your grace,
That, if without effusiön of blood
You will this grief have ease and remedy,
That from your princely person you remove
This Spencer, as a putrifying branch
That deads the royal vine, whose golden leaves
Empale your princely head, your diadem,
Whose brightness such pernicious upstarts dim,
Say they; and lovingly advise your grace,
To cherish virtue and nobility,
And have old servitors in high esteem,
And shake off smooth dissembling flatterers.
This granted, they, their honors, and their lives,
Are to your highness vowed and consecrate.
Y. Spen. Ah, traitors! will they still display their pride?
K. Edw. Away, tarry no answer, but be gone!
Rebels, will they appoint their sovereign
His sports, his pleasures, and his company?
Yet, ere thou go, see how I do divorce
Spencer from me. [*Embraces* Spencer.]
—Now get thee to thy lords,
And tell them I will come to chastise them
For murdering Gaveston. Hie thee, get thee gone!
Edward with fire and sword follows at thy heels. [*Exit* Herald.
My lords, perceive you how these rebels swell?—
Soldiers, good hearts, defend your sovereign's right,
For now, even now, we march to make them stoop.
Away! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

After alarums and excursions and a great fight on the battlefield at Boroughbridge, a retreat is sounded within. Then enter the King, *the two* Spencers, *and the loyal Nobles.*

K. Edw. Why do we sound retreat? Upon them, lords!
This day I shall pour vengeance with my sword [9
On those proud rebels that are up in arms
And do confront and countermand their king.
Y. Spen. I doubt it not, my lord, right will prevail.
E. Spen. 'Tis not amiss, my liege, for either part
To breathe awhile; our men, with sweat and dust [19
All choked well near, begin to faint for heat;
And this retire refresheth horse and man.
Y. Spen. Here come the rebels.

Enter Mortimer, Lancaster, Warwick, Pembroke, *and others of the disaffected Nobles.*

Y. Mor. Look, Lancaster, yonder is Edward
Among his flatterers.
Lan. And there let him be, [30
Till he pay dearly for their company.
War. And shall, or Warwick's sword shall smite in vain.
K. Edw. What, rebels, do you shrink and sound retreat?
Y. Mor. No, Edward, no; thy flatterers faint and fly.
Lan. Th'ad best betimes forsake them,[10] and their trains;[11]
For they'll betray thee, traitors as [40
they are.
Y. Spen. Traitor on thy face, rebellious Lancaster!
Pem. Away, base upstart, bravest thou nobles thus?
E. Spen. A noble attempt and honorable deed,
Is it not, trow ye, to assemble aid
And levy arms against your lawful king?
K. Edw. For which ere long their heads shall satisfy, [51
To appease the wrath of their offended king.
Y. Mor. Then, Edward, thou wilt fight it to the last,
And rather bathe thy sword in subjects' blood
Than banish that pernicious company?
K. Edw. Ay, traitors all, rather than thus be braved, [60
Make England's civil towns huge heaps of stones,
And ploughs to go about our palace-gates
War. A desperate and unnatural resolution!—Alarum! to the fight!
St. George for England, and the barons' right!
K. Edw. Saint George for England, and King Edward's right! [68
[*Alarums are sounded, and, after the silly fashion of the Elizabethan theatre, the two parties go out different ways, to meet on the battlefield.*

Scene IV

The King *is victorious, and captures* Kent, Lancaster, Warwick, *and* Mortimer, *who are brought in prisoners. The* King *is surrounded by his adherents, including* Spencer, Levune, *and* Baldock.

K. Edw. Now, lusty lords, now, not by chance of war,
But justice of the quarrel and the cause,
Vailed is your pride; methinks you hang the heads, [1
But we'll advance them, traitors. Now 'tis time
To be avenged on you for all your brave
And for the murder of my dearest friend
To whom right well you knew our soul was knit,
Good Pierce of Gaveston, my sweet favorite.
Ah, rebels! recreants! you made him away. [2

[10] This has been emended to "Thou'd best betimes forsake them"; but taken in conjunction with the preceding line, the quartos are probably right.
[11] plots.

KENT. Brother, in regard of thee and of thy land,
)id they remove that flatterer from thy throne.
K. EDW. So, sir, you have spoke; away, avoid our presence!— [*Exit* KENT.
ccursëd wretches, was't in regard of us,
Vhen we had sent our messenger to request [29
.e might be spared to come to speak with us,
nd Pembroke undertook for his return,
hat thou, proud Warwick, watched the prisoner,
oor Pierce, and headed [12] him 'gainst law of arms?
or which thy head shall overlook the rest,
s much as thou in rage outwent'st the rest. [40
WAR. Tyrant, I scorn thy threats and menaces;
; is but temporal that thou canst inflict.
LAN. The worst is death, and better die to live
han live in infamy under such a king.
K. EDW. Away with them, my lord of Winchester! [49
hese lusty leaders, Warwick and Lancaster,
charge you roundly, off with both their heads!
way!
WAR. Farewell, vain world!
LAN. Sweet Mortimer, farewell.
Y. MOR. England, unkind to thy nobility,
roan for this grief, behold how thou art maimed! [60
K. EDW. Go, take that haughty Mortimer to the Tower,
here see him safe bestowed; and, for the rest,
o speedy execution on them all.
egone!
Y. MOR. What, Mortimer! can ragged stony walls
mmure thy virtue, that aspires to Heaven? [70

[12] beheaded.

No, Edward, England's scourge, it may not be;
Mortimer's hope surmounts his fortune far.
[*The captive Barons are led off.*
K. EDW. Sound drums and trumpets! March with me, my friends,
Edward this day hath crowned him king anew. [79
[*The* KING *marches off with his forces, leaving only* SPENCER, LEVUNE, *and* BALDOCK.
Y. SPEN. Levune, the trust that we repose in thee
Begets the quiet of King Edward's land.
Therefore begone in haste, and with advice [13]
Bestow that treasure on the lords of France, [89
That, therewith all enchanted, like the guard
That suffered Jove to pass in showers of gold
To Danaë, all aid may be denied
To Isabel, the queen, that now in France
Makes friends, to cross the seas with her young son,
And step into his father's regiment.[14]
LEVUNE. That's it these barons and the subtle queen [100
Long levelled at.
BAL. Yea, but, Levune, thou seest
These barons lay their heads on blocks together;
What they intend the hangman frustrates clean.
LEVUNE. Have you no doubt, my lords, I'll clap so close [15]
Among the lords of France with England's gold [110
That Isabel shall make her plaints in vain,
And France shall be obdúrate with her tears.
Y. SPEN. Then make for France amain; Levune, away!
Proclaim King Edward's wars and victories. [*Exeunt.*

[13] wisely.
[14] rule.
[15] work so secretly.

ACT FOUR

Scene I

KENT *has been banished the* KING'S *presence and is now near the Tower of London, where he is waiting for* MORTIMER, *whose escape has been planned.*

KENT. Fair blows the wind for France; blow gentle gale,
Till Edmund be arrived for England's good!
Nature, yield to my country's cause in this.
A brother? No, a butcher of thy friends!
Proud Edward, dost thou banish me thy presence?
But I'll to France, and cheer the wrongëd queen,
And certify what Edward's looseness is.
Unnatural king! to slaughter noblemen
And cherish flatterers! Mortimer, I stay
Thy sweet escape: stand gracious, gloomy night,
To his device.

Enter YOUNG MORTIMER, *disguised.*

Y. MOR. Holla! who walketh there? Is't you, my lord?
KENT. Mortimer, 'tis I;
But hath thy potion wrought so happily?
Y. MOR. It hath, my lord; the warders, all asleep,
I thank them, gave me leave to pass in peace.
But hath your grace got shipping unto France?
KENT. Fear it not. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

ISABELLA *and* PRINCE EDWARD *are in Paris, where, although sent by the* KING *as his emissary, she has been trying to arouse the French Court to the assistance of the rebellious Barons.*

Q. ISAB. Ah, boy! our friends do fail us all in France:
The lords are cruel, and the king unkind;
What shall we do?
P. EDW. Madam, return to England,
And please my father well, and then a fig
For all my uncle's friendship here i
France.
I warrant you, I'll win his highnes
quickly;
'A loves me better than a thousand Spen
cers.
Q. ISAB. Ah, boy, thou art deceived, a
least in this,
To think that we can yet be tuned to
gether.
No, no, we jar too far. Unkind Valois!
Unhappy Isabel! when France rejects,
Whither, oh, whither dost thou bend th
steps?

Enter SIR JOHN *of* HAINAULT.

SIR J. Madam, what cheer?
Q. ISAB. Ah! good Sir John o
Hainault,
Never so cheerless, nor so far distressed
SIR J. I hear, sweet lady, of the king'
unkindness;
But droop not, madam; noble minds con
temn
Despair. Will your grace with me t
Hainault,
And there stay time's advantage wit
your son?
How say you, my lord, will you go wit
your friends,
And share of[1] all our fortunes equally
P. EDW. So pleaseth the queen, m
mother, me it likes.
The King of England, nor the court o
France,
Shall have me from my gracious mother'
side,
Till I be strong enough to break a staff
And then have at the proudest Spencer'
head.
SIR J. Well said, my lord.
Q. ISAB. O, my sweet heart, how do
moan thy wrongs,
Yet triumph in the hope of thee, m
joy!—
Ah, sweet Sir John! even to the utmos
verge
Of Europe, or the shore of Tanaïs,
Will we with thee to Hainault—so we
will.

[1] Tucker Brooke's emendation for B's "shak
off."

The marquis is a noble gentleman;
His grace, I dare presume, will welcome me.
But who are these?

Enter KENT *and* YOUNG MORTIMER.

KENT. Madam, long may you live,
Much happier than your friends in England do!
Q. ISAB. Lord Edmund and Lord Mortimer alive! [71
Welcome to France! The news was here, my lord,
That you were dead, or very near your death.
Y. MOR. Lady, the last was truest of the twain;
But Mortimer, reserved for better hap,
Hath shaken off the thraldom of the Tower,— [80
And lives t' advance your standard, good my lord.
P. EDW. How mean you? An the king, my father, lives?
No, my Lord Mortimer, not I, I trow.
Q. ISAB. Not, son! why not? I would it were no worse.—
But, gentle lords, friendless we are in France.
Y. MOR. Monsieur le Grand, a [90 noble friend of yours,
Told us, at our arrival, all the news:
How hard the nobles, how unkind the king
Hath showed himself; but, madam, right makes room
Where weapons want; and, though a many friends
Are made away, as Warwick, Lancaster,
And others of our party and faction,
Yet have we friends, assure your [101 grace, in England
Would cast up caps, and clap their hands for joy,
To see us there, appointed for[2] our foes.
KENT. Would all were well, and Edward well reclaimed,
For England's honor, peace, and quietness.
Y. MOR. But by the sword, my lord, 't must be deserved;[3] [111

[2] equipped to engage. [3] earned.

The king will ne'er forsake his flatterers.
SIR J. My lords of England, sith th' ungentle king
Of France refuseth to give aid of arms
To this distressèd queen his sister here,
Go you with her to Hainault. Doubt ye not,
We will find comfort, money, men, and friends [120
Ere long, to bid the English king a base.[4]—
How say, young prince? What think you of the match?
P. EDW. I think King Edward will outrun us all.
Q. ISAB. Nay, son, not so; and you must not discourage
Your friends, that are so forward in your aid. [130
KENT. Sir John of Hainault, pardon us, I pray;
These comforts that you give our woful queen
Bind us in kindness all at your command.
Q. ISAB. Yea, gentle brother; and the God of heaven
Prosper your happy motion, good Sir John. [140
Y. MOR. This noble gentleman, forward in arms,
Was born, I see, to be our anchor-hold.
Sir John of Hainault, be it thy renown
That England's queen and nobles in distress
Have been by thee restored and comforted.
SIR J. Madam, along, and you, my lords, with me, [150
That England's peers may Hainault's welcome see. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The KING *is in his palace with* ARUNDEL, *the two* SPENCERS, *and others.*

K. EDW. Thus, after many threats of wrathful war,
Triumpheth England's Edward with his friends;

[4] A reference to the game of prisoners' base.

And triumph Edward with his friends uncontrolled!
My lord of Gloucester, do you hear the news?
Y. Spen. What news, my lord?
K. Edw. Why, man, they say there is great execution
Done through the realm; my lord of Arundel,
You have the note, have you not?
Arun., *handing the* King *a paper.*
From the Lieutenant of the Tower, my lord.
K. Edw. I pray let us see it. What have we there?—
Read it, Spencer.
[*Hands the note to* Spencer, *who reads the names.*
Why, so; they barked apace a month ago:
Now, on my life, they'll neither bark nor bite.—
Now, sirs, the news from France? Gloucester, I trow
The lords of France love England's gold so well
As Isabella gets no aid from thence.
What now remains? Have you proclaimed, my lord,
Reward for them can bring in Mortimer?
Y. Spen. My lord, we have; and, if he be in England,
'A will be had ere long, I doubt it not.
K. Edw. "If," dost thou say? Spencer, as true as death,
He is in England's ground; our portmasters
Are not so careless of their king's command.

Enter a Post.

How now, what news with thee? From whence come these?
Post. Letters, my lord, and tidings forth of France:—
To you, my lord of Gloucester, from Levune.
[*Gives letters to* Young Spencer.
K. Edw. Read.
Y. Spen. "My duty to your honor premised, &c., I have, according to instructions in that behalf, dealt with the King of France his lords, and effected that the queen, all discontented and discomforted, is gone: whither, if you ask, with Sir John of Hainault, brother to the marquis, into Flanders. With them are gone Lord Edmund and the Lord Mortimer, having in their company divers of your nation and others; and, as constant report goeth, they intend to give King Edward battle in England sooner than he can look for them. This is all the news of import.
Your honor's in all service, Levune."
K. Edw. Ah, villains! hath that Mortimer escaped?
With him is Edmund gone associate?
And will Sir John of Hainault lead the round?
Welcome, a' God's name, madam, and your son;
England shall welcome you and all your rout.
Gallop apace, bright Phoebus, through the sky,
And dusky night, in rusty iron car;
Between you both, shorten the time, I pray,
That I may see that most desirëd day
When we may meet these traitors in the field.
Ah, nothing grieves me but my little boy
Is thus misled to countenance their ills.
Come, friends, to Bristow,[5] there to make us strong;
And, winds, as equal be to bring them in
As you injurious were to bear them forth! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Isabella, Prince Edward, Kent, Mortimer, *and* Sir John *of* Hainault *have landed near Harwich, with forces.*

Q. Isab. Now, lords, our loving friends and countrymen,
Welcome to England all, with prosperous winds!
Our kindest friends in Belgia have we left,
To cope[6] with friends at home; a heavy case

[5] Bristol. [6] struggle.

When force to force is knit, and sword and glaive
In civil broils make kin and countrymen
Slaughter themselves in others, and their sides
With their own weapons gored! But what's the help?
Misgoverned kings are cause of all this wrack;
And, Edward, thou art one among them all
Whose looseness hath betrayed thy land to spoil,
Who made the gutters overflow with blood.
Of thine own people patron shouldst thou be,
But thou—
Y. Mor. Nay, madam, if you be a warrior,
You must not grow so passionate in speeches.
Lords,
Sith that we are by sufferance of Heaven
Arrived and armëd in this prince's right,
Here for our country's cause swear we to him
All homage, fealty, and forwardness;
And, for the open wrongs and injuries
Edward hath done to us, his queen, and land,
We come in arms to wreak[7] it with the sword;
That England's queen in peace may repossess
Her dignities and honors; and withal
We may remove these flatterers from the king,
That havocs England's wealth and treasury.
Sir J. Sound trumpets, my lord, and forward let us march.
Edward will think we come to flatter him.
Kent. I would he never had been flattered more. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

The King's *troops have been routed near Bristol.* Edward, Spencer, *and* Baldock *rush on to the stage in confusion.*

Y. Spen. Fly, fly, my lord! the queen is over-strong;
Her friends do multiply, and yours do fail.
Shape we our course to Ireland, there to breathe.
K. Edw. What! was I born to fly and run away,
And leave the Mortimers conquerors behind?
Give me my horse, and let's re'nforce our troops
And in this bed of honor die with fame.
Bald. O no, my lord, this princely resolution
Fits not the time; away! we are pursued. [*They rush off.*

Enter Kent, *with sword and target. He is in a relenting mood.*

Kent. This way he fled; but I am come too late.—
Edward, alas! my heart relents for thee.—
Proud traitor, Mortimer, why dost thou chase
Thy lawful king, thy sovereign, with thy sword?—
Vile wretch! and why hast thou, of all unkind,
Borne arms against thy brother and thy king?
Rain showers of vengeance on my cursëd head,
Thou God, to whom in justice it belongs
To punish this unnatural revolt!—
Edward, this Mortimer aims at thy life!
O fly him, then!—But, Edmund, calm this rage;
Dissemble, or thou diest; for Mortimer
And Isabel do kiss, while they conspire;
And yet she bears a face of love forsooth.
Fie on that love that hatcheth death and hate!
Edmund, away! Bristow to Longshanks' blood
Is false. Be not found single for suspect:[8]

[7] revenge.

[8] Lest you be suspected.

Proud Mortimer pries near unto thy walks.

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA, PRINCE EDWARD, MORTIMER, SIR JOHN *of* HAINAULT, *and attendants.*

Q. ISAB. Successful battle gives the God of kings
To them that fight in right and fear his wrath.
Since, then, successfully we have prevailed,
Thankëd be Heaven's great architect, and you.
Ere farther we proceed, my noble lords,
We here create our well-belovëd son,
Of love and care unto his royal person,
Lord Warden of the realm; and, sith the fates
Have made his father so unfortunate,
Deal you, my lords, in this, my loving lords,
As to your wisdoms fittest seems in all.
KENT. Madam, without offence, if I may ask,
How will you deal with Edward in his fall?
P. EDW. Tell me, good uncle, what Edward do you mean?
KENT. Nephew, your father; I dare not call him king.
Y. MOR. My lord of Kent, what needs these questiöns?
'Tis not in her controlment, nor in ours;
But, as the realm and parliament shall please,
So shall your brother be disposëd of.—
[*To* ISABELLA.] <I like not this relenting mood in Edmund.
Madam, 'tis good to look to him betimes.
Q. ISAB. My lord, the Mayor of Bristow knows our mind.
Y. MOR. Yea, madam, and they scape not easily
That fled the field.>
Q. ISAB. Baldock is with the king.
A goodly chancellor, is he not, my lord?
SIR J. So are the Spencers, the father and the son.
KENT. This Edward is the ruin of the realm.

Enter RICE AP HOWELL *and the* MAYOR OF BRISTOL, *and others, with the* ELDER SPENCER *prisoner.*

RICE. God save Queen Isabel and her princely son!—
Madam, the mayor and citizens of Bristow,
In sign of love and duty to this presence
Present by me this traitor to the state
Spencer, the father to that wanton Spencer,
That, like the lawless Catiline of Rome,
Revelled in England's wealth and treasury.
Q. ISAB. We thank you all.
Y. MOR. Your loving care in this
Deserveth princely favors and reward.
But where's the king and the other Spencer fled?
RICE. Spencer the son, created Earl of Gloucester,
Is with that smooth-tongued scholar Baldock gone,
And shipped but late for Ireland with the king.
Y. MOR. <Some whirlwind fetch them back or sink them all!>
They shall be started thence, I doubt it not.
P. EDW. Shall I not see the king my father yet?
KENT. <Unhappy's Edward, chased from England's bounds.>
SIR J. Madam, what resteth?[9] why stand you in a muse?
Q. ISAB. I rue my lord's ill-fortune; but alas!
Care of my country called me to this war.
Y. MOR. Madam, have done with care and sad complaint;
Your king hath wronged your country and himself,
And we must seek to right it as we may.—
Meanwhile, have hence this rebel to the block.—
Your lordship cannot privilege your head.
E. SPEN. Rebel is he that fights against his prince;

[9] remains.

So fought not they that fought in Edward's right.
Y. Mor. Take him away; he prates.—
Exeunt Attendants with the Elder Spencer.
You, Rice ap Howell,
Shall do good service to her majesty,
Being of countenance in your country here,
To follow these rebellious runagates.—
We in meanwhile, madam, must take advice
How Baldock, Spencer, and their complices
May in their fall be followed to their end.

Scene VI

The King, Spencer, *and* Baldock, *having failed in their attempt to reach Ireland, have disguised themselves and sought shelter in the abbey of Neath, where the* Abbot *and* Monks *have received them in friendly fashion.*

Abbot, Have you no doubt, my lord; have you no fear;
As silent and as careful we will be,
To keep your royal person safe with us,
Free from suspect and fell invasiön
Of such as have your majesty in chase
Yourself and those your chosen company),
As danger of this stormy time requires.
K. Edw. Father, thy face should harbor no deceit.
O! hadst thou ever been a king, thy heart,
Pierced deeply with sense of my distress,
Could not but take compassion of my state.
Stately and proud, in riches and in train,
Whilom I was, powerful and full of pomp:
But what is he whom rule and empery
Have not in life or death made miserable?—
Come, Spencer; come, Baldock; come, sit down by me;
Make trial now of that philosophy
That in our famous nurseries of arts
Thou suck'dst from Plato and from Aristotle.—
Father, this life contemplative is Heaven.—
O that I might this life in quiet lead!—
But we, alas! are chased; and you, my friends,
Your lives and my dishonor they pursue.—
Yet, gentle monks, for treasure, gold, nor fee,
Do you betray us and our company.
Monks. Your grace may sit secure, if none but we
Do wot of your abode.
Y. Spen. Not one alive; but shrewdly I suspect
A gloomy fellow in a mead below.—
'A gave a long look after us, my lord;
And all the land I know is up in arms—
Arms that pursue our lives with deadly hate.
Bald. We were embarked for Ireland, wretched we!
With awkward winds and sore tempests driven
To fall on shore, and here to pine in fear
Of Mortimer and his confederates.
K. Edw. Mortimer! who talks of Mortimer?
Who wounds me with the name of Mortimer,
That bloody man?—Good father, on thy lap
Lay I this head, laden with mickle care.
O might I never open these eyes again!
Never again lift up this drooping head!
O never more lift up this dying heart!
Y. Spen. Look up, my lord.—Baldock, this drowsiness
Betides no good.
Enter, with Welsh hooks, Rice ap Howell, *a* Mower, *and* Leicester.
Here even we are betrayed.
Mow. Upon my life, those be the men ye seek.
Rice. Fellow, enough.—My lord, I pray be short;
A fair commission warrants what we do.

LEICES. <The queen's commission, urged by Mortimer;
What cannot gallant Mortimer with the queen?
Alas; see where he sits, and hopes unseen [90
T'escape their hands that seek to reave his life.
Too true it is, *"Quem dies vidit veniens superbum,*
Hunc dies vidit fugiens jacentem." [10]
But, Leicester, leave to grow so passionate.>
Spencer and Baldock, by no other names,
I do arrest you of high treason here. [99
Stand not on titles, but obey the arrest;
'Tis in the name of Isabel the queen.—
My lord, why droop you thus?

K. EDW. O day, the last of all my bliss on earth!
Centre of all misfortune! O my stars,
Why do you lour unkindly on a king?—
Comes Leicester, then, in Isabella's name,
To take my life, my company from me?
Here, man, rip up this panting breast of mine, [110
And take my heart, in rescue of my friends!

RICE. Away with them!

Y. SPEN. It may become thee yet
To let us take our farewell of his grace.

ABBOT. <My heart with pity earns [11] to see this sight;
A king to bear these words and proud commands!> [119

K. EDW. Spencer, ah, sweet Spencer, thus then must we part?

Y. SPEN. We must, my lord; so will the angry Heavens.

K. EDW. Nay, so will hell and cruel Mortimer;
The gentle Heavens have not to do in this.

BALD. My lord, it is in vain to grieve or storm. [129
Here humbly of your grace we take our leaves;
Our lots are cast; I fear me, so is thine.

K. EDW. In Heaven we may, in earth ne'er shall we meet.—
And, Leicester, say, what shall become of us?

LEICES. Your majesty must go to Killingworth.

K. EDW. Must! it is somewhat hard, when kings must go. [140

LEICES. Here is a litter ready for your grace,
That waits your pleasure, and the day grows old.

RICE. As good be gone, as stay and be benighted.

K. EDW. A litter hast thou? Lay me in a hearse, [148
And to the gates of hell convey me hence;
Let Pluto's bells ring out my fatal knell,
And hags howl for my death at Charon's shore,
For friends hath Edward none but these and these,
And these must die under a tyrant's sword.

RICE. My lord, be going; care not for these,
For we shall see them shorter by the heads. [160

K. EDW. Well, that shall be shall be: part we must!—
Sweet Spencer, gentle Baldock, part we must!—
Hence, feignëd weeds! unfeignëd are my woes; [*Throws off his disguise.*
Father, farewell!—Leicester, thou stay'st for me,
And go I must.—Life, farewell, with my friends. [170

[*He goes out with* LEICESTER.

Y. SPEN. O! is he gone? Is noble Edward gone,
Parted from hence, never to see us more?
Rent, sphere of Heaven! and, fire, forsake thy orb!
Earth, melt to air; gone is my sovëreign;
Gone, gone, alas! never to make return.

BALD. Spencer, I see our souls are fleeted hence; [180
We are deprived the sunshine of our life:
Make for a new life, man; throw up thy eyes

[10] He who is proud at dawn is prostrate at the close of day."
[11] grieves.

And heart and hand to Heaven's immortal throne;
Pay nature's debt with cheerful countenance;
Reduce we all our lessons unto this:
To die, sweet Spencer, therefore live we all;
Spencer, all live to die, and rise to fall.

RICE. Come, come, keep these preachments till you come to the place appointed. You, and such as you are, have made wise work in England. Will your lordships away?

MOW. Your worship, I trust, will remember me?

RICE. Remember thee, fellow! what else? Follow me to the town.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

The KING *is in Kenilworth (or, as it is called here, Killingworth) Castle, the seat of the* EARL OF LEICESTER. *The* BISHOP OF WINCHESTER *and* TRUSSEL *have come to persuade him to abdicate.* LEICESTER *is present.*

LEICES. Be patient, good my lord, cease to lament;
Imagine Killingworth Castle were your court,
And that you lay for pleasure here a space,
Not of compulsion or necessity.

K. EDW. Leicester, if gentle words might comfort me,
Thy speeches long ago had eased my sorrows;
For kind and loving hast thou always been.
The griefs of private men are soon allayed,
But not of kings. The forest deer, being struck,
Runs to an herb that closeth up the wounds;
But, when the imperial lion's flesh is gored,
He rends and tears it with his wrathful paw,
[And,] highly scorning that the lowly earth
Should drink his blood, mounts up to the air;
And so it fares with me, whose dauntless mind
The ambitious Mortimer would seek to curb,
And that unnatural queen, false Isabel,
That thus hath pent and mewed me in a prison;
For such outrageous passions cloy my soul,
As[1] with the wings of rancor and disdain
Full often am I soaring up to Heaven,
To plain[2] me to the gods against them both;
But, when I call to mind I am a king,
Methinks I should revenge me of my wrongs
That Mortimer and Isabel have done;
But what are kings, when regiment[3] is gone,
But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?
My nobles rule, I bear the name of king;
I wear the crown, but am controlled by them,
By Mortimer, and my unconstant queen,
Who spots my nuptial bed with infamy,
Whilst I am lodged within this cave of care,
Where sorrow at my elbow still attends,
To company my heart with sad laments,
That bleeds within me for this strange exchange.
But tell me, must I now resign my crown,
To make usurping Mortimer a king?

B. OF WIN. Your grace mistakes; it is for England's good
And princely Edward's right we crave the crown.

K. EDW. No, 'tis for Mortimer, not Edward's head;
For he's a lamb, encompassëd by wolves,
Which in a moment will abridge his life.
But, if proud Mortimer do wear this crown,
Heavens turn it to a blaze of quenchless fire,
Or like the snaky wreath of Tisiphon
Engirt the temples of his hateful head!
So shall not England's vine be perishëd,

[1] that. [2] complain. [3] rule.

But Edward's name survives, though Edward dies.
LEICES. My lord, why waste you thus the time away?
They stay your answer; will you yield your crown?
K. EDW. Ah, Leicester, weigh how hardly I can brook
To lose my crown and kingdom without cause; [91
To give ambitious Mortimer my right,
That like a mountain overwhelms my bliss,
In which extreme my mind here murdered is.
But what the heavens appoint I must obey! [*Taking off the crown.*
Here, take my crown; the life of Edward too; [100
Two kings in England cannot reign at once.
But stay awhile, let me be king till night,
That I may gaze upon this glittering crown;
So shall my eyes receive their last content,
My head, the latest honor due to it,
And jointly both yield up their wishëd right.— [111
Continue ever, thou celestial sun;
Let never silent night possess this clime:
Stand still, you watches of the element;
All times and seasons, rest you at a stay,
That Edward may be still fair England's king!
But day's bright beams doth vanish fast away, [120
And needs I must resign my wishëd crown.—
Inhuman creatures, nursed with tiger's milk,
Why gape you for your sovereign's overthrow?
My diadem I mean, and guiltless life.
See, monsters, see, I'll wear my crown again! [*He puts on the crown.*
What, fear you not the fury of your king?— [131
But, hapless Edward, thou art fondly led;
They pass[5] not for thy frowns as late they did,
But seek to make a new-elected king,
Which fills my mind with strange despairing thoughts,
Which thoughts are martyrëd with endless torments, [140
And in this torment comfort find I none
But that I feel the crown upon my head;—
And therefore let me wear it yet awhile
TRUS. My lord, the parliament must have present news,
And therefore say, will you resign or no?
K. EDW., *furiously*. I'll not resign, but whilst I live [be king.]
Traitors, begone and join you with Mortimer! [151
Elect, conspire, install, do what you will
Their blood and yours shall seal these treacheries.
B. OF WIN. This answer we'll return, and so farewell.
[*Turns to go; as does* TRUSSEL
LEICES. <Call them again, my lord, and speak them fair;
For, if they go, the prince shall lose [160 his right.
K. EDW. Call thou them back: I have no power to speak.>
LEICES. My lord, the king is willing to resign.
B. OF WIN., *turning back*. If he be not, let him choose.
K. EDW. O would I might, but heavens and earth conspire [169
To make me miserable! [*Taking the crown off again.*] Here receive my crown.—
Receive it? No, these innocent hands of mine
Shall not be guilty of so foul a crime.
He of you all that most desires my blood
And will be called the murderer of a king,
Take it. What, are you moved? Pity you me? [180
Then send for unrelenting Mortimer,

[4] foolishly.
[5] care.

And Isabel, whose eyes, being turned to steel,
Will sooner sparkle fire than shed a tear.—
Yet stay, for rather than I will look on them,
Here, here! [*Gives the crown.*
Now, sweet God of Heaven,
Make me despise this transitory pomp,
And sit for aye enthronizëd in Heaven!
Come, death, and with thy fingers close my eyes,
Or, if I live, let me forget myself.

B. of Win. My lord—

K. Edw. Call me not lord; away! out of my sight!—
Ah, pardon me: grief makes me lunatic!
Let not that Mortimer protect my son;
More safety is there in a tiger's jaws,
Than his embracements. [*Bringing forth a handkerchief, which he hands the Bishop.*] Bear this to the queen,
Wet with my tears, and dried again with sighs;
If with the sight thereof she be not moved,
Return it back and dip it in my blood.
Commend me to my son, and bid him rule
Better than I. Yet how have I transgressed,
Unless it be with too much clemency?

Trus. And thus most humbly do we take our leave.

K. Edw. Farewell;

Exeunt the Bishop of Winchester *and* Trussel.

I know the next news that they bring
Will be my death; and welcome shall it be;
To wretched men, death is felicity.

Enter Berkeley [*called here* Bartley], *who gives a paper to* Leicester.

Leices. Another post! what news brings he?

K. Edw. Such news as I expect.—
Come, Berkeley, come,
And tell thy message to my naked breast.

Berk. My lord, think not a thought so villainous
Can harbor in a man of noble birth.
To do your highness service and devoir,
And save you from your foes, Berkeley would die.

Leices. My lord, the council of the queen commands
That I resign my charge.

K. Edw. And who must keep me now? Must you, my lord?

Berk. Ay, my most gracious lord; so 'tis decreed.

K. Edw., *taking the paper.* By Mortimer, whose name is written here!
Well may I rend his name that rends my heart! [*Tears it.*
This poor revenge has something eased my mind.
So may his limbs be torn, as is this paper!
Hear me, immortal Jove, and grant it too!

Berk. Your grace must hence with me to Berkeley straight.

K. Edw. Whither you will; all places are alike,
And every earth is fit for burial.

Leices. Favor him, my lord, as much as lieth in you.

Berk. Even so betide my soul as I use him.

K. Edw. Mine enemy hath pitied my estate,
And that's the cause that I am now removed.

Berk. And thinks your grace that Berkeley will be cruel?

K. Edw. I know not; but of this am I assured,
That death ends all, and I can die but once.
Leicester, farewell!

Leices. Not yet, my lord; I'll bear you on your way. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Isabella, *in the royal palace in London, talks with* Mortimer.

Y. Mor. Fair Isabel, now have we our desire;

The proud corrupters of the light-brained king
Have done their homage to the lofty gallows,
And he himself lies in captivity.
Be ruled by me, and we will rule the realm. [11
In any case take heed of childish fear;
For now we hold an old wolf by the ears,
That, if he slip, will seize upon us both,
And gripe the sorer, being griped himself.
Think therefore, madam, that imports us much
To erect[6] your son with all the speed we may,
And that I be protector over him; [20
For our behoof will bear the greater sway
Whenas a king's name shall be underwrit.

Q. Isab. Sweet Mortimer, the life of Isabel,
Be thou persuaded that I love thee well;
And therefore, so the prince my son be safe,
Whom I esteem as dear as these mine [30 eyes,
Conclude against his father what thou wilt,
And I myself will willingly subscribe.

Y. Mor. First would I hear news that he were deposed,
And then let me alone to handle him.

Enter Messenger.

Letters! from whence? [39

Mess. From Killingworth, my lord.

Q. Isab. How fares my lord the king?

Mess. In health, madam, but full of pensiveness.

Q. Isab. Alas, poor soul, would I could ease his grief!

Enter the Bishop of Winchester *with the crown.*

Thanks, gentle Winchester. [*To the* Messenger.] Sirrah, be gone. [49

[*Exit* Messenger.

B. of Win. The king hath willingly resigned his crown.

[6] crown.

Q. Isab. O happy news! send for th prince, my son.

B. of Win. Further, or[7] this letter wa sealed, Lord Berkeley came,
So that he now is gone from Killing worth;
And we have heard that Edmund laid plot [6
To set his brother free; no more but s
The lord of Berkeley is so pitiful
As Leicester that had charge of him b fore.

Q. Isab. Then let some other be h guardiän.

Y. Mor. Let me alone, here is th privy seal. [6

[*Exit the* Bishop of Wincheste

[*Calling to* Attendants *within.*] Who there? Call hither Gurney an Matrevis.—
To dash the heavy-headed Edmund drift,
Berkeley shall be discharged, the kin removed,
And none but we shall know where h lieth.

Q. Isab. But, Mortimer, as long as h survives, [8
What safety rests for us, or for my son

Y. Mor. Speak, shall he presently b despatched and die?

Q. Isab. I would he were, so 'twer not by my means.

Enter Matrevis *and* Gurney.

Y. Mor. Enough.—
Matrevis, write a letter presently
Unto the lord of Berkeley from ourse
That he resign the king to thee an Gurney; [9
And, when 'tis done, we will subscrib our name.

Mat. It shall be done, my lord.

Y. Mor. Gurney.

Gur. My lor

Y. Mor. As thou intend'st to rise b Mortimer,
Who now makes Fortune's wheel tur as he please, [10
Seek all the means thou canst to mak him droop,

[7] ere.

And neither give him kind word nor good look.
GUR. I warrant you, my lord.
Y. MOR. And this above the rest: because we hear
That Edmund casts[8] to work his liberty,
Remove him still from place to place by night,
Till at the last he come to Killingworth,
And then from thence to Berkeley back again;
And by the way, to make him fret the more,
Speak curstly to him; and in any case
Let no man comfort him: if he chance to weep,
But amplify his grief with bitter words.
MAT. Fear not, my lord, we'll do as you command.
Y. MOR. So now, away; post thitherwards amain.
Q. ISAB. Whither goes this letter? To my lord the king?
Commend me humbly to his majesty,
And tell him that I labor all in vain
To ease his grief and work his liberty;
And bear him this as witness of my love.
[*Gives a ring.*
MAT. I will, madam.
[*Exit with* GURNEY.
Y. MOR. Finely dissembled. Do so still, sweet queen.

Enter PRINCE EDWARD *and* KENT *talking with him.*

<Here comes the young prince with the Earl of Kent.
Q. ISAB. Something he whispers in his childish ears.
Y. MOR. If he have such access unto the prince,
Our plots and stratagems will soon be dashed.
Q. ISAB. Use Edmund friendly, as if all were well.>
Y. MOR. How fares my honorable lord of Kent?
KENT. In health, sweet Mortimer.—How fares your grace?
Q. ISAB. Well, if my lord your brother were enlarged.
KENT. I hear of late he hath deposed himself.
Q. ISAB. The more my grief.
Y. MOR. And mine.
KENT. <Ah, they do dissemble!>
Q. ISAB. Sweet son, come hither, I must talk with thee.
Y. MOR. Thou, being his uncle and the next of blood,
Do look to be protector over the prince.
KENT. Not I, my lord; who should protect the son,
But she that gave him life? I mean, the queen.
P. EDW. Mother, persuade me not to wear the crown:
Let him be king: I am too young to reign.
Q. ISAB. But be content, seeing 'tis his highness' pleasure.
P. EDW. Let me but see him first, and then I will.
KENT. Ay, do, sweet nephew.
Q. ISAB. Brother, you know it is impossible.
P. EDW. Why, is he dead?
Q. ISAB. No, God forbid!
KENT. I would those words proceeded from your heart.
Y. MOR. Inconstant Edmund, dost thou favor him,
That wast the cause of his imprisonment?
KENT. The more cause have I now to make amends.
Y. MOR. <I tell thee, 'tis not meet that one so false
Should come about the person of a prince.>
[*To* PRINCE EDWARD.] My lord, he hath betrayed the king his brother,
And therefore trust him not.
P. EDW. But he repents, and sorrows for it now.
Q. ISAB. Come, son, and go with this gentle lord and me.
P. EDW. With you I will, but not with Mortimer.
Y. MOR. Why, youngling, 'sdain'st thou so of Mortimer?

[8] plots.

Then I will carry thee by force away.
P. Edw. Help, uncle Kent! Mortimer will wrong me.
Q. Isab. Brother Edmund, strive not; we are his friends;
Isabel is nearer than the Earl of Kent.
Kent. Sister, Edward is my charge, redeem him. [211
Q. Isab. Edward is my son, and I will keep him.
Kent. Mortimer shall know that he hath wronged me!—
<Hence will I haste to Killingworth Castle,
And rescue aged Edward from his foes,
To be revenged on Mortimer and thee.>
[*He goes out one way, and the rest, another way.*

Scene III

Mortimer, Gurney, *and soldiers have brought the* King *to Kenilworth Castle, in an outhouse of which the scene is laid.*

Mat. My lord, be not pensive, we are your friends.
Men are ordained to live in misery;
Therefore come: dalliance dangereth our lives. [9
K. Edw. Friends, whither must unhappy Edward go?
Will hateful Mortimer appoint no rest?
Must I be vexëd like the nightly bird
Whose sight is loathsome to all wingëd fowls?
When will the fury of his mind assuage?
When will his heart be satisfied with blood?
If mine will serve, unbowel straight this breast, [20
And give my heart to Isabel and him;
It is the chiefest mark they level at.
Gur. Not so, my liege; the queen hath given this charge
To keep your grace in safety;[9]
Your passions make your dolors to increase.
K. Edw. This usage makes my misery to increase. [29
But can my air[10] of life continue long
When all my senses are annoyed wit stench?
Within a dungeon England's king is kep
Where I am starved for want of suste nance.
My daily diet is heart-breaking sobs,
That almost rents the closet of my hear
Thus lives old Edward not relieved b any, [3
And so must die, though pitiëd by many
O, water, gentle friends, to cool my thirs
And clear my body from foul excrements
Mat. Here's channel[11] water, as ou charge is given.
Sit down, for we'll be barbers to you grace.
K. Edw., *struggling*. Traitors, away What, will you murder me,
Or choke your sovereign with puddl water? [5
Gur. No; but wash your face, an shave away your beard,
Lest you be known and so be rescuëd.
Mat. Why strive you thus? You labor is in vain!
K. Edw. The wren may strive agains the lion's strength,
But all in vain: so vainly do I strive
To seek for mercy at a tyrant's hand.
[*They wash him with puddle water, an shave his beard away.* [6
Immortal powers! that knows the pain ful cares
That wait upon my poor distressëd sou
O level all your looks upon these darin men,
That wrongs their liege and sovereign England's king!
O Gaveston, it is for thee I am wronged
For me, both thou and both the Spen- [7 cers died!
And for your sakes a thousand wrong I'll take.
The Spencers' ghosts, wherever they re main,
Wish well to mine; then tush, for ther I'll die.
Mat. 'Twixt theirs and yours shall b no enmity.

[9] Apparently there is something missing here.
[10] breath.
[11] drain.

Come, come away; now put the torches out,
We'll enter in by darkness to Killingworth.

Enter KENT.

GUR. How now, who comes there?
MAT. Guard the king sure: it is the Earl of Kent.
K. EDW. O gentle brother, help to rescue me!
MAT. Keep them asunder; thrust in the king.
KENT. Soldiers, let me but talk to him one word.
GUR. Lay hands upon the earl for this assault.
KENT. Lay down your weapons, traitors! Yield the king!
[*Soldiers seize him.*
MAT. Edmund, yield thou thyself, or thou shalt die.
KENT. Base villains, wherefore do you gripe me thus?
GUR. Bind him and so convey him to the court.
KENT. Where is the court but here? Here is the king;
And I will visit him; why stay you me?
MAT. The court is where Lord Mortimer remains;
Thither shall your honor go; and so farewell.
Exeunt MATREVIS *and* GURNEY, *with* KING EDWARD.
KENT. O miserable is that commonweal,
Where lords keep courts, and kings are locked in prison!
SOL. Wherefore stay we? On, sirs, to the court!
KENT. Ay, lead me whither you will, even to my death,
Seeing that my brother cannot be released.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

In a room in the royal palace in London, MORTIMER *is alone, with a letter in his hand.*

Y. MOR. The king must die, or Mortimer goes down;
The commons now begin to pity him.
Yet he that is the cause of Edward's death
Is sure to pay for it when his son's of age;
And therefore will I do it cunningly.
This letter, written by a friend of ours,
Contains his death, yet bids them save his life.
[*Reading.*] *"Edwardum occidere nolite timere, bonum est:*
Fear not to kill the king, 'tis good he die."
But read it thus, and that's another sense:
"Edwardum occidere nolite, timere bonum est:
Kill not the king, 'tis good to fear the worst."
Unpointed as it is, thus shall it go,
That, being dead, if it chance to be found,
Matrevis and the rest may bear the blame,
And we be quit that caused it to be done.
Within this room is locked the messenger
That shall convey it and perform the rest;
And, by a secret token that he bears,
Shall he be murdered when the deed is done.—
[*Calling.*] Lightborn, come forth!

Enter LIGHTBORN.

Art thou as resolute as thou wast?
LIGHT. What else, my lord? And far more resolute.
Y. MOR. And hast thou cast how to accomplish it?
LIGHT. Ay, ay, and none shall know which way he died.
Y. MOR. But at his looks, Lightborn, thou wilt relent.
LIGHT. Relent! ha, ha! I use much to relent.
Y. MOR. Well, do it bravely, and be secret.
LIGHT. You shall not need to give instructions;
'Tis not the first time I have killed a man.

I learned in Naples how to poison flowers;
To strangle with a lawn[12] thrust through the throat;
To pierce the windpipe with a needle's point;
Or, whilst one is asleep, to take a quill
And blow a little powder in his ears;
Or open his mouth and pour quicksilver down.
And yet I have a braver way than these.
Y. Mor. What's that?
Light. Nay, you shall pardon me; none shall know my tricks.
Y. Mor. I care not how it is, so it be not spied.
Deliver this to Gurney and Matrevis. [*Gives letter.*
At every ten mile end thou hast a horse.
[*Giving money.*] Take this; away! and never see me more.
Light. No?
Y. Mor. No;
Unless thou bring me news of Edward's death.
Light. That will I quickly do. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*
Y. Mor. The prince I rule; the queen do I command;
And, with a lowly congé to the ground,
The proudest lords salute me as I pass;
I seal, I cancel, I do what I will.
Feared am I more than loved; let me be feared,
And, when I frown, make all the court look pale.
I view the prince with Aristarchus' eyes,
Whose looks were as a breeching to a boy.
They thrust upon me the protectorship,
And sue to me for that that I desire,
While at the council-table, grave enough
And not unlike a bashful puritan,
First I complain of imbecility,[13]
Saying it is *onus quam gravissimum*,[14]
Till, being interrupted by my friends,
Suscepi that *provinciam*[15] as they term it;
And, to conclude, I am Protector now.
Now is all sure: the queen and Mortimer
Shall rule the realm, the king; and none rule us.
Mine enemies will I plague, my friends advance;
And what I list command who dare control?
"*Major sum quam cui possit fortuna nocere.*"[16]
And that this be the coronation-day
It pleaseth me and Isabel the queen.
[*Trumpets within.*
The trumpets sound, I must go take my place.

[12] fine linen rag.
[13] incapacity.
[14] A very heavy burden.
[15] I have undertaken that office.

Scene V

In the great hall of the palace are gathered in state the young King, *who has just been crowned, the* Queen, Mortimer, *the* Archbishop of Canterbury, *who has performed the ceremony, the* Champion, *and* Nobles.

A of Cant. Long live King Edward, by the grace of God
King of England and Lord of Ireland!
Cham. If any Christian, Heathen, Turk, or Jew,
Dares but affirm that Edward's not true king,
And will avouch his saying with the sword,
I am the champion that will combat him.
Y. Mor. None comes, sound trumpets.
[*Trumpets sound.*
K. Edw. Third. Champion, here's to thee. [*Gives a purse.*
Q. Isab. Lord Mortimer, now take him to your charge.

Enter Soldiers, with Kent *prisoner.*

Y. Mor. What traitor have we there with blades and bills?
Sol. Edmund, the Earl of Kent.
K. Edw. Third. What hath he done?
Sol. 'A would have taken the king away perforce,
As we were bringing him to Killingworth.
Y. Mor. Did you attempt this rescue, Edmund? Speak.

[16] "I am too great to harm."

KENT. Mortimer, I did; he is our king,
And thou compell'st this prince to wear the crown.
Y. MOR. Strike off his head! he shall have martial law.
KENT. Strike off my head! Base traitor, I defy thee! [41
K. EDW. THIRD. My lord, he is my uncle, and shall live.
Y. MOR. My lord, he is your enemy, and shall die.
KENT. Stay, villains!
K EDW. THIRD. <Sweet mother, if I cannot pardon him,
Entreat my Lord Protector for his life.
Q. ISAB. Son, be content; I dare not speak a word. [51
K. EDW. THIRD. Nor I, and yet methinks I should command;
But, seeing I cannot, I'll entreat for him.>
My lord, if you will let my uncle live,
I will requite it when I come to age.
Y. MOR. 'Tis for your highness' good, and for the realm's.—
How often shall I bid you bear him [60 hence?
KENT. Art thou king? Must I die at thy command?
Y. MOR. At our command.—Once more, away with him.
KENT. Let me but stay and speak; I will not go.
Either my brother or his son is king,
And none of both them thirst for Edmund's blood; [70
And therefore, soldiers, whither will you hale me?
[*Soldiers hale* KENT *away.*
K. EDW. THIRD. What safety may I look for at his hands,
If that my uncle shall be murdered thus?
Q. ISAB. Fear not, sweet boy, I'll guard thee from thy foes;
Had Edmund lived, he would have sought thy death. [81
Come, son, we'll ride a-hunting in the park.
K. EDW. THIRD. And shall my uncle Edmund ride with us?
Q. ISAB. He is a traitor; think not on him. Come. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

MATREVIS *and* GURNEY *discuss matters in a room in Berkeley Castle. There is a bed in it. There is a door, centre back, leading into the deposed* KING'S *dungeon.*

MAT. Gurney, I wonder the king dieth[18] not,
Being in a vault up to the knees in water, [9
To which the channels of the castle run,
From whence a damp continually ariseth
That were enough to poison any man,
Much more a king brought up so tenderly.
GUR. And so do I, Matrevis: yesternight
I opened but the door, to throw him meat,
And I was almost stifled with the savor.
MAT. He hath a body able to endure
More than we can inflict; and there- [21 fore now
Let us assail his mind another while.
GUR. Send for him out thence, and I will anger him.
MAT. But stay, who's this?

Enter LIGHTBORN.

LIGHT., *giving a letter.* My Lord Protector greets you.
GUR. What's here? I know not how [30 to construe it.
MAT. Gurney, it was left unpointed for the nonce;
"Edwardum occidere nolite timere;"
That's his meaning.
LIGHT. Know ye this token? [*Giving the token.*] I must have the king.
MAT. Ay, stay awhile, thou shalt have answer straight.—
<This villain's sent to make away the king. [41
GUR. I thought as much.
MAT. And, when the murder's done,

[18] B, dies.

See how he must be handled for his labor.
"Pereat iste!" [19] Let him have the king.>
What else? Here is the keys; this is the lock; [20]
Do as you are commanded by my lord.
LIGHT. I know what I must do. Get you away; [51
Yet be not far off, I shall need your help;
See that in the next room I have a fire,
And get me a spit, and let it be red-hot.[21]
MAT. Very well.
GUR. Need you anything besides?
LIGHT. What else? A table and a feather-bed.
GUR. That's all?
LIGHT. Ay, ay; so, when I call you, [60 bring it in.
MAT. Fear not you that.
GUR. Here's a light, to go into the dungeon.
[*Gives a light, and then exit with* MATREVIS.
LIGHT. So now
Must I about this gear; [22] ne'er was there any [69
So finely handled as this king shall be.
[*Opens the dungeon, where the deposed* KING *is seen standing in mire.*
Foh! here's a place indeed, with all my heart!
K. EDW. Who's there? What light is that? Wherefore com'st thou?
LIGHT. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
K. EDW. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks. [80
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
LIGHT. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were used,
For she relents at this your misery;
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears, [90
To see a king in this most piteous state?

[19] This man must die.
[20] B, lake.
[21] There may have been some alteration of business, for this red-hot spit has no use.
[22] work.

K. EDW. Weep'st thou already? Li awhile to me;
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney is,
Or as Matrevis', hewn from the Cau casus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done m tale: [9
This dungeon where they keep me is th sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
LIGHT. O villains!
K. EDW. And there [23] in mire an puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and, lest that should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being king; [11
So that, for want of sleep and sustenanc
My mind's distempered, and my body numbed,
And whether I have limbs or no I kno not.
O, would my blood dropped out fro every vein,
As dŏth this water from my tattere robes. [11
Tell Isabel, the queen, I looked not thu
When for her sake I ran at tilt in Franc
And there unhorsed the Duke of Cler mont.
LIGHT. O speak no more, my lord this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself awhil
K. EDW. These looks of thine can ha bor nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brow
Yet stay awhile; forbear thy bloody han
And let me see the stroke before it [13 comes,
That even then, when I shall lose m life,
My mind may be more steadfast on m God.
LIGHT. What means your highness t mistrust me thus?
K. EDW. What mean'st thou to dis semble with me thus? [14

[23] Qy., here.

LIGHT. These hands were never stained with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
K. EDW. Forgive my thought for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left [*giving jewel*]; receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
O, if thou harborest murder in thy heart,
Let this gift change thy mind, and save thy soul!
Know that I am a king: O, at that name
I feel a hell of grief! Where is my crown?
Gone, gone! and do I remain alive?
LIGHT. You're overwatched,[24] my lord; lie down and rest.
K. EDW., *coming into the room, and lying on the bed.* But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now, as I speak, they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
LIGHT. If you mistrust me, I'll be- gone, my lord.
K. EDW. No, no, for, if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
[*The* KING *drops off to sleep for a moment.*
LIGHT. <He sleeps.>
K. EDW., *waking.* O let me not die yet! Stay, O stay a while!
LIGHT. How now, my lord?
K. EDW. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me, if I sleep, I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
LIGHT. To rid thee of thy life.—Matrevis, come!

[24] worn out for lack of sleep.

Enter MATREVIS *and* GURNEY.

K. EDW. I am too weak and feeble to resist.—
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul!
LIGHT. Run for the table.
[*Exit* MATREVIS.
K. EDW. O spare me, or despatch me in a trice.
[MATREVIS *brings in a table.*
LIGHT. So, lay the table down, and stamp on it,
But not too hard, lest that you bruise his body.
[KING EDWARD *is murdered.*
MAT. I fear me that this cry will raise the town,
And therefore, let us take horse and away.
LIGHT. Tell me, sirs, was it not bravely done?
GUR. Excellent well: take this for thy reward.
[*Stabs* LIGHTBORN, *who dies.*
Come, let us cast the body in the moat,
And bear the king's to Mortimer our lord:
Away! [*Exeunt, with the bodies.*

SCENE VII

MATREVIS *has come to the royal palace, to report to* MORTIMER.

Y. MOR. Is't done, Matrevis, and the murderer dead?
MAT. Ay, my good lord; I would it were undone!
Y. MOR. Matrevis, if thou now growest penitent,
I'll be thy ghostly father; therefore choose,
Whether thou wilt be secret in this
Or else die by the hand of Mortimer.
MAT. Gurney, my lord, is fled, and will, I fear,
Betray us both; therefore let me fly.
Y. MOR. Fly to the savages!
MAT. I humbly thank your honor.
[*Exit.*
Y. MOR. As for myself, I stand as Jove's huge tree,

And others are but shrubs compared to me.
All tremble at my name, and I fear none;
Let's see who dare impeach me for his death!

Enter QUEEN ISABELLA.

Q. ISAB. Ah, Mortimer, the king my son hath news
His father's dead and we have murdered him! [30
Y. MOR. What if he have? The king is yet a child.
Q. ISAB. Ay,[25] but he tears his hair, and wrings his hands,
And vows to be revenged upon us both.
Into the council-chamber he is gone,
To crave the aid and succor of his peers.
Ay me! see where he comes, and they with him.
Now, Mortimer, begins our tragedy. [40

Enter KING EDWARD THE THIRD, LORDS, *and Attendants.*

1 LORD.[26] Fear not, my lord, know that you are a king.
K. EDW. THIRD. Villain!—
Y. MOR. How now, my lord!
K. EDW. THIRD. Think not that I am frighted with thy words!
My father's murdered through thy treachery; [50
And thou shalt die, and on his mournful hearse
Thy hateful and accursed head shall lie,
To witness to the world that by thy means
His kingly body was too soon interred.
Q. ISAB. Weep not, sweet son!
K. EDW. THIRD. Forbid me not to weep, he was my father; [59
And, had you loved him half so well as I,
You could not bear his death thus patiently;
But you, I fear, conspired with Mortimer.
1 LORD. Why speak you not unto my lord the king?
Y. MOR. Because I think it scorn to be accused.
Who is the man dares say I murdered him? [70
K. EDW. THIRD. Traitor! in me my loving father speaks,
And plainly saith 'twas thou that murderedst him.
Y. MOR. But hath your grace no other proof than this?
K. EDW. THIRD. Yes, [*showing a letter*] if this be the hand of Mortimer.
Y. MOR. <False Gurney hath betrayed me and himself.> [81
Q. ISAB. <I feared as much; murder cannot be hid.>
Y. MOR. It is my hand; what gather you by this?
K. EDW. THIRD. That thither thou didst send a murderer.
Y. MOR. What murderer? Bring forth the man I sent.
K. EDW. THIRD. Ah, Mortimer, thou knowest that he is slain; [91
And so shalt thou be too.—Why stays he here?
Bring him unto a hurdle, drag him forth;
Hang him, I say, and set his quarters up;
But bring his head back presently to me.
Q. ISAB. For my sake, sweet son, pity Mortimer!
Y. MOR. Madam, entreat not; I will rather die, [100
Than sue for life unto a paltry boy.
K. EDW. THIRD. Hence with the traitor, with the murderer!
Y. MOR. Base Fortune, now I see, that in thy wheel
There is a point, to which when men aspire,
They tumble headlong down: that point I touched,
And, seeing there was no place to [110 mount up higher,
Why should I grieve at my declining fall?—
Farewell, fair queen; weep not for Mortimer,
That scorns the world, and, as a traveller
Goes to discover countries yet unknown.
K. EDW. THIRD. What! suffer you the traitor to delay? [119

[25] B, Ay, ay.
[26] This and four other speeches in the scene are given in B to "Lords."

[*Young* Mortimer *is taken away by* Second Lord *and some Attendants.*

Q. Isab. As thou receivedst thy life from me,
Spill not the blood of gentle Mortimer!
K. Edw. Third. This argues that you spilt my father's blood,
Else would you not entreat for Mortimer.
Q. Isab. I spill his blood? No! [129
K. Edw. Third. Ay, madam, you; for so the rumor runs.
Q. Isab. That rumor is untrue; for loving thee
Is this report raised on poor Isabel.
K. Edw. Third. <I do not think her so unnatural.
1 Lord. My lord, I fear me it will prove too true.>
K. Edw. Third. Mother, you are suspected for his death, [140
And therefore we commit you to the Tower
Till farther trial may be made thereof;
If you be guilty, though I be your son,
Think not to find me slack or pitiful.
Q. Isab. Nay, to my death, for too long have I lived
Whenas my son thinks to abridge my days.
K. Edw. Third. Away with her; her words enforce these tears, [151
And I shall pity her if she speak again.
Q. Isab. Shall I not mourn for my belovëd lord,
And with the rest accompany him to his grave?
1 Lord. Thus, madam, 'tis the king's will you shall hence.
Q. Isab. He hath forgotten me; stay, I am his mother. [160
1 Lord. That boots not; therefore, gentle madam, go.
Q. Isab. Then come, sweet death, and rid me of this grief.

[*Exit with* First Lord.

Re-enter Second Lord, *with the head of* Young Mortimer.

2 Lord. My lord, here is the head of Mortimer. [169
K. Edw. Third. Go fetch my father's hearse, where it shall lie;
And bring my funeral robes. [*Exeunt Attendants.*] Accursëd head,
Could I have ruled thee then, as I do now,
Thou hadst not hatched this monstrous treachery!—
Here comes the hearse; help me to mourn, my lords. [179

Re-enter Attendants with the hearse and funeral robes.

Sweet father, here unto thy murdered ghost
I offer up this wicked traitor's head;
And let these tears, distilling from mine eyes,
Be witness of my grief and innocency.

THE OLD WIVES' TALE

BY

GEORGE PEELE

INTRODUCTION

Peele's masterpiece can hardly be said to have had a source, though it may be described as having a multitude of sources, since it is made up of a *rifacimento* of folk-lore stories. It is a delightful piece of work, with its dainty nursery lyrical vein and its very natural style of story-telling, an extra touch of naturalness being supplied by the gammer's forgetfulness. Both the folk-tale spirit and the folk-tale tone are admirably caught. It must have been a very striking novelty in the stage history of the time, for the idea of having the characters come in to act the story being told was decidedly original. It seems like an anticipation of Pirandello; but it is entirely destitute of either psychology or the Pirandellian metaphysics. There was probably not a single one of the Elizabethans, with perhaps the solitary exception of Beaumont, who could have carried out successfully Peele's idea; but the idea is none the less commendable on that account. It is full of humorous possibilities, of which Peele made no use whatever. It has been urged that it bears a close resemblance to the conception of "The Knight of the Burning Pestle;" but the resemblance is purely superficial, the fundamental principle being entirely different: in the one case, members of the audience come on to the stage to take part in the performance; in the other, the very people whose doings are being narrated come to play their own parts.

That may not have been the only novelty in Peele's romantic farce: there may have been novelty also in opening it in the dark; but that is, of course, a comparatively minor matter. The date of the play is altogether indefinite; but it is usually, for no good reason, ascribed to 1590. The crudeness of Sacrapant's manner of giving information to the audience seems to imply an early date; but we are not perhaps justified in regarding as another such indication the many repetitions of speeches by characters other than those who originally made them. The purpose was to impress the actual words on the minds of the audience, just as the interlocutor in a nigger minstrel show used to repeat the conundrums asked by the funny man, lest the point should be missed by the audience. Chambers thinks it was acted by the Queen's men before they left London in 1594. No one is likely to dispute that, especially as the play was entered in the Stationers' Register in April, 1595. The name Erestus was probably taken from "Soliman

and Perseda;" but that does not help us much, since the date of that play is not known. More important is the fact that the name Sacrapant and some three lines of the text are taken from "Orlando Furioso," for that play is known to have been acted in February, 1591–2, and cannot date before 1591, since it is based on Harington's translation of Ariosto's poem, registered for printing February 26, 1590–1. "The Old Wives' Tale" cannot, therefore, be earlier than 1591, and the ridicule of Gabriel Harvey may perhaps warrant us in accepting a date of not earlier than 1593, if we assume Peele to have been joining Nashe in his warfare against the writer of hexameters. The question is, however, complicated by the fact that there seems to have been revision, Frolic in the beginning being called Franticke; Stephen, the churchwarden, being once named Simon in the stage directions; and the Clown having two names. Also Huanebango is introduced on his second appearance, as if he had not been seen before. The Harvey burlesque may have been a late addition, and the original version have dated back to about 1591; but we had perhaps best be conservative and date the play 1593.

It is a question whether the title should be given as "The Old Wife's Tale" or "The Old Wives' Tale." In the original the doubtful word is given as "Wives," without any apostrophe. It is sometimes treated as meaning "the tale told by the old wife;" but does it not rather mean "a tale such as is told by old wives"? To treat it in that way retains the actual word used, merely adding the apostrophe; and that is the form adopted here.

CHARACTERS

ANTIC.
FROLIC.
FANTASTIC.
CLUNCH, *a smith.*
MADGE, *his wife.*
SACRAPANT.
CALYPHA, THELEA, } *brothers to Delia.*
EUMENIDES.
ERESTUS.
LAMPRISCUS.
HUANEBANGO.

COREBUS, *or* BOOBY.
WIGGEN.
CHURCHWARDEN.
SEXTON.
GHOST OF JACK.
FRIAR.
DELIA, *sister to Calypha and Thelea.*
VENELIA, *betrothed to Erestus.*
ZANTIPPA, CELANTA, } *daughters to Lampriscus.*
HOSTESS.
HEADS.
Harvest-men, Furies, Fiddlers, &c.

PLACE: *England.*

ANTIC, FROLIC, *and* FANTASTIC *are lost in a wood.*

ANT. How now, fellow Frolic! What, all amort?[1] Doth this sadness become thy madness? What though we have lost our way in the woods, yet never hang the head as though thou hadst no hope to live till to-morrow; for Fantastic and I will warrant thy life to-night for twenty in the hundred. [10

FRO. Antic and Fantastic, as I am frolic franion,[2] never in all my life was I so dead slain. What, to lose our way in the wood, without either fire or candle, so uncomfortable! *O cœlum! O terra! O Maria!* O Neptune!

FAN. Why makes thou it so strange, seeing Cupid hath led our young master to the fair lady, and she is the only saint that he hath sworn to serve? [20

FRO. What resteth, then, but we commit him to his wench, and each of us take his stand up in a tree, and sing out our ill fortune to the tune of *"O man in desperation"?*

ANT. Desperately spoken, fellow Frolic, in the dark; but seeing it falls out thus, let us rehearse the old proverb: [28

"Three merry men, and three merry men,
And three merry men be we;
I in the wood, and thou on the ground,
And Jack sleeps in the tree."

FAN. Hush! a dog in the wood, or a wooden[3] dog! O comfortable hearing! I had even as lief the chamberlain of the White Horse had called me up to bed.

FRO. Either hath this trotting cur gone out of his circuit, or else are we near some village, which should not be far off, for I perceive the glimmering of a [40 glow-worm, a candle, or a cat's eye, my life for a halfpenny!

[1] dejected. [2] reckless fellow.
[3] mad.

Enter CLUNCH, *a smith, with a lantern and candle.*

In the name of my own father, be thou ox or ass that appearest, tell us what thou art.

SMITH. What am I? Why, I am Clunch the smith. What are you? What make you in my territories at this time of the night? [51

ANT. What do we make, dost thou ask? Why, we make faces, for fear; such as, if thy mortal eyes could behold, would make thee water the long seams of thy side slops,[4] smith.

FRO. And, in faith, sir, unless your hospitality do relieve us, we are like to wander, with a sorrowful heigh-ho, among the owlets and hobgoblins of the forest. [60 Good Vulcan, for Cupid's sake that hath cozened us all, befriend us as thou mayest; and command us howsoever, wheresoever, whensoever, in whatsoever, for ever and ever.

SMITH. Well, masters, it seems to me you have lost your way in the wood; in consideration whereof, if you will go with Clunch to his cottage, you shall have [69 house-room and a good fire to sit by, although we have no bedding to put you in.

ALL. O blessed smith, O bountiful Clunch!

SMITH. For your further entertainment, it shall be as it may be, so and so. [*They have now come to* CLUNCH'S *cottage and a dog is heard barking.*

Hark! this is Ball my dog, that bids you all welcome in his own language. Come, take heed for stumbling on the [80 threshold.—Open door, Madge; take in guests.

[4] trousers.

MADGE *opens the cottage door, and all pass in.*

MADGE. Welcome, Clunch and good fellows all that come with my good-man. For my good-man's sake, come on, sit down; here is a piece of cheese, and a pudding of my own making. [89

ANT. Thanks, gammer; a good example for the wives of our town.

FRO. Gammer, thou and thy good-man sit lovingly together; we come to chat, and not to eat.

SMITH. Well, masters, if you will eat nothing, take away. Come, what do we to pass away the time? Lay a crab[5] in the fire to roast for lamb's-wool.[6] What, shall we have a game at trump or ruff to drive away the time? How say you? [100

FAN. This smith leads a life as merry as a king with Madge his wife.—Sirrah Frolic, I am sure thou art not without some round or other; no doubt but Clunch can bear his part.

FRO. Else think you me ill brought up; so set to it when you will. [*They sing.*

Whenas the rye reach to the chin
And chopcherry, chopcherry ripe within,
Strawberries swimming in the cream, [110
And school-boys playing in the stream;
Then, O, then, O, then, O, my true-love said,
Till that time come again
She could not live a maid.

ANT. This sport does well; but methinks, gammer, a merry winter's tale would drive away the time trimly. Come, I am sure you are not without a score. [120

FAN. I'faith, gammer, a tale of an hour long were as good as an hour's sleep.

FRO. Look you, gammer, of the giant and the king's daughter, and I know not what. I have seen the day, when I was a little one, you might have drawn me a mile after you with such a discourse.

MADGE. Well, since you be so importunate, my good-man shall fill the pot and get him to bed; they that ply their [130 work must keep good hours. One of you go lie with him; he is a clean-skinned man, I tell you, without either spavin or wind-gall: so I am content to drive away the time with an old wives' winter's tale.

FAN. No better hay in Devonshire; o' my word, gammer, I'll be one of your audience.

FRO. And I another, that's flat. [139

ANT. Then must I to bed with the good-man.—*Bona nox,* gammer.—Good night, Frolic.

SMITH. Come on, my lad, thou shalt take thy unnatural rest with me.

[*Exeunt* ANTIC *and the* SMITH.

FRO. Yet this vantage shall we have of them in the morning, to be ready at the sight thereof extempore.

MADGE. Now this bargain, my masters, must I make with you, that you will [150 say hum and ha to my tale, so shall I know you are awake.

BOTH. Content, gammer, that will we do.

MADGE. Once upon a time, there was a king, or a lord, or a duke, that had a fair daughter, the fairest that ever was, as white as snow and as red as blood; and once upon a time his daughter was stolen away; and he sent all his men [160 to seek out his daughter; and he sent so long, that he sent all his men out of his land.

FRO. Who dressed his dinner, then?

MADGE. Nay, either hear my tale, or kiss my tail.

FAN. Well said! On with your tale, gammer. [168

MADGE. O Lord, I quite forgot! There was a conjurer, and this conjurer could do any thing, and he turned himself into a great dragon, and carried the king's daughter away in his mouth to a castle that he made of stone; and there he kept her I know not how long, till at last all the king's men went out so long that her two brothers went to seek her. O, I forget! she (he, I would say,) turned a proper[7] young man to a bear in the night, and a man in the day, and [180 keeps[8] by a cross that parts three several ways; and he made his lady run mad.—

[5] crab-apple. [6] a drink.

[7] handsome.
[8] lives.

Gods me bones, who comes here?

Enter the Two Brothers, CALYPHA *and* THELEA.

FRO. Soft, gammer, here some come to tell your tale for you.

FAN. Let them alone; let us hear what they will say.

CAL. Upon these chalky cliffs of Albion
We are arrivëd now with tedious toil;
And compassing the wide world round about,
To seek our sister, to seek fair Delia forth,
Yet cannot we so much as hear of her.

THEL. O fortune cruel, cruel and unkind!
Unkind in that we cannot find our sister,
Our sister, hapless in her cruel chance!
Soft! who have we here?

Enter Senex (ERESTUS) *at the cross, stooping to gather.*

CAL. Now, father, God be your speed! What do you gather there?

EREST. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws, and things that I gather on the ground, my son.

CAL. Hips and haws, and sticks and straws! Why, is that all your food, father?

EREST. Yea, son.

THEL. Father, here is an alms-penny for me; and if I speed in that I go for, I will give thee as good a gown of grey as ever thou didst wear.

CAL. And, father, here is another alms-penny for me; and, if I speed in my journey, I will give thee a palmer's staff of ivory, and a scallop-shell of beaten gold.

EREST. Was she fair?

THEL. Ay, the fairest for white, and the purest for red, as the blood of the deer, or the driven snow.

EREST. Then hark well, and mark well, my old spell:
Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside at every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
For, when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about:
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood.

CAL. Brother, heard you not what the old man said?
"Be not afraid of every stranger;
Start not aside for every danger;
Things that seem are not the same;
Blow a blast at every flame;
[For when one flame of fire goes out,
Then comes your wishes well about:]
If any ask who told you this good,
Say, the white bear of England's wood."

THEL. Well, if this do us any good,
Well fare the white bear of England's wood! [*Exeunt the Two Brothers.*

EREST. Now sit thee here, and tell a heavy tale,
Sad in thy mood, and sober in thy cheer;
Here sit thee now, and to thyself relate
The hard mishap of thy most wretched state.
In Thessaly I lived in sweet content,
Until that fortune wrought my overthrow;
For there I wedded was unto a dame,
That lived in honor, virtue, love, and fame;
But Sacrapant, that cursëd sorcerer,
Being besotted with my beauteous love,
My dearest love, my true betrothëd wife,
Did seek the means to rid me of my life;
But, worse than this, he with his chanting spells
Did turn me straight unto an ugly bear;
And, when the sun doth settle in the west,
Then I begin to don my ugly hide.
And all the day I sit, as now you see,
And speak in riddles, all inspired with rage,
Seeming an old and miserable man,
And yet I am in April of my age.

Enter VENELIA, *his lady, mad; and goes out again.*

See where Venelia, my betrothëd love,
Runs madding, all enraged, about the woods,
All by his cursëd and enchanting spells.—

Enter LAMPRISCUS, *with a pot of honey.*

But here comes Lampriscus, my discontented neighbor. How now, neighbor! You look toward the ground as well as I; you muse on something.

LAMP. Neighbor, on nothing but on the matter I so often moved to you. If you do anything for charity, help me; if for neighborhood or brotherhood, help me: never was one so cumbered as is poor [290 Lampriscus; and, to begin, I pray receive this pot of honey, to mend your fare.

EREST. Thanks, neighbor, set it down; honey is always welcome to the bear. And now, neighbor, let me hear the cause of your coming.

LAMP. I am, as you know, neighbor, a man unmarried; and lived so unquietly with my two wives that I keep every year holy the day wherein I buried them [300 both: the first was on Saint Andrew's day, the other on Saint Luke's.

EREST. And now, neighbor, you of this country say your custom is out. But on with your tale, neighbor.

LAMP. By my first wife, whose tongue wearied me alive, and sounded in my ears like the clapper of a great bell, whose talk was a continual torment to all that dwelt by her or lived nigh her, you [310 have heard me say I had a handsome daughter.

EREST. True, neighbor.

LAMP. She it is that afflicts me with her continual clamors, and hangs on me like a burr. Poor she is, and proud she is; as poor as a sheep new-shorn, and as proud of her hopes as a peacock of her tail well-grown.

EREST. Well said, Lampriscus! You speak it like an Englishman. [321

LAMP. As curst as a wasp, and as froward as a child new-taken from the mother's teat; she is to my age as smoke to the eyes or as vinegar to the teeth.

EREST. Holily praised, neighbor! As much for the next.

LAMP. By my other wife I had a daughter so hard-favored, so foul and ill-faced, that I think a grove full of golden [330 trees, and the leaves of rubies and diamonds, would not be a dowry answerable to her deformity.

EREST. Well, neighbor, now you have spoke, hear me speak. Send them to the well for the water of life; there shall they find their fortunes unlooked for. Neighbor, farewell.

LAMP. Farewell, and a thousand! [*Exit* EREST US.] And now goeth poor [340 Lampriscus to put in execution this excellent counsel. [*Exit.*

FRO. Why, this goes round without a fiddling-stick: but, do you hear, gammer, was this the man that was a bear in the night and a man in the day?

MADGE. Ay, this is he; and this man that came to him was a beggar, and dwelt upon a green.—But soft! who comes here? O, these are the harvest-men; ten to one they sing a song of mowing. [351

Enter the Harvest-men singing, with this song double repeated:

All ye that lovely lovers be,
Pray you for me.
Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,
And sow sweet fruits of love;
In your sweet hearts well may it prove!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter HUANEBANGO *with his two-hand sword, and* COREBUS, *the clown, who has in his hand a piece of cake.* [362

FAN. Gammer, what is he?

MADGE. O, this is one that is going to the conjurer. Let him alone; hear what he says.

HUAN. Now, by Mars and Mercury, Jupiter and Janus, Sol and Saturnus, Venus and Vesta, Pallas and Prosperpina, and by the honor of my house, Polimack- [370 eroeplacidus, it is a wonder to see what this love will make silly fellows adventure, even in the wane of their wits and infancy of their discretion. Alas, my friend! what fortune calls thee forth to seek thy fortune among brazen gates, enchanted towers, fire and brimstone, thunder and lightning? Beauty, I tell thee, is peerless, and she precious whom thou affectest. Do off these desires, good [380 countryman; good friend, run away from

hyself; and, so soon as thou canst, forget
er whom none must inherit but he that
an monsters tame, labors achieve, riddles
bsolve, loose enchantments, murder
nagic, and kill conjuring; and that is
he great and mighty Huanebango.

Cor. Hark you, sir, hark you. First
now I have here the flurting feather, and
ave given the parish the start for [390
he long stock: now, sir, if it be no more
ut running through a little lightning and
hunder, and "riddle me, riddle me,
hat's this?" I'll have the wench from
he conjurer, if he were ten conjurers.

Huan. I have abandoned the court and
onorable company, to do my devoir
gainst this sore sorcerer and mighty
nagician: if this lady be so fair as she is
aid to be, she is mine, she is mine; [400
*neus, mea, meum, in contemptum om-
ium grammaticorum.*

Cor. *O falsum Latinum!*
The fair maid is *minum,*
Cum apurtinantibus gibletis and all.

Huan. If she be mine, as I assure my-
elf the heavens will do somewhat to
eward my worthiness, she shall be allied
o none of the meanest gods, but be in-
ested in the most famous stock of [410
Huanebango,—Polimackeroeplacidus my
randfather, my father Pergopolineo, my
nother Dionora de Sardinia, famously
escended.

Cor. Do you hear, sir? Had not you a
ousin that was called Gusteceridis?

Huan. Indeed, I had a cousin that
ometime followed the court infortu-
ately, and his name Bustegusteceridis.

Cor. O Lord, I know him well! He is
he knight of the neat's-feet. [421

Huan. O, he loved no capon better!
He hath oftentimes deceived his boy of
is dinner; that was his fault, good Bus-
egusteceridis.

Cor. Come, shall we go along?

Enter Erestus *at the cross.*

Soft! here is an old man at the cross; let
s ask him the way thither.—Ho, you
affer! I pray you tell where the wise
nan the conjurer dwells. [431

Huan. Where that earthly goddess keepeth her abode, the commander of my thoughts, and fair mistress of my heart.

Erest. Fair enough, and far enough from thy fingering, son.

Huan. I will follow my fortune after mine own fancy, and do according to mine own discretion. [440

Erest. Yet give something to an old man before you go.

Huan. Father, methinks a piece of this cake [*pointing to* Corebus' cake] might serve your turn.

Erest. Yea, son.

Huan. Huanebango giveth no cakes for alms; ask of them that give gifts for poor beggars.—Fair lady, if thou wert once shrined in this bosom, I would [450 buckler thee haratantara. [*Exit.*

Cor. Father, do you see this man? You little think he'll run a mile or two for such a cake, or pass[9] for a pudding. I tell you, father, he has kept such a begging of me for a piece of this cake! Whoo! he comes upon me with "a superfantial substance, and the foison[10] of the earth," that I know not what he means. If he came to me thus, and said, [460 "My friend Booby," or so, why, I could spare him a piece with all my heart; but when he tells me how God hath enriched me above other fellows with a cake, why, he makes me blind and deaf at once. Yet, father, here is a piece of cake for you, as hard as the world goes.

[*Gives cake.*

Erest. Thanks, son; but list to me;
He shall be deaf when thou shalt not see.
Farewell, my son: things may so hit, [471
Thou mayst have wealth to mend thy wit.

Cor. Farewell, father, farewell; for I must make haste after my two-hand sword that is gone before. [*Exit.*

Enter Sacrapant *in his study.*

Sac. The day is clear, the welkin bright and grey,
The lark is merry and records[11] [480 her notes;

[9] care. [10] abundance. [11] sings.

Each thing rejoiceth underneath the sky,
But only I, whom heaven hath in hate,
Wretched and miserable Sacrapant.
In Thessaly was I born and brought up;
My mother Meroe hight, a famous witch,
And by her cunning I of her did learn
To change and alter shapes of mortal men. [489
There did I turn myself into a dragon,
And stole away the daughter to the king,
Fair Delia, the mistress of my heart;
And brought her hither to revive the man
That seemeth young and pleasant to behold,
And yet is aged, crooked, weak, and numb.
Thus by enchanting spells I do deceive
Those that behold and look upon my face; [500
But well may I bid youthful years adieu.

Enter DELIA *with a pot in her hand.*

See where she comes from whence my sorrows grow!
How now, fair Delia! where have you been?

DEL. At the foot of the rock for running water, and gathering roots for your dinner, sir. [509

SAC. Ah, Delia, fairer art thou than the running water, yet harder far than steel or adamant!

DEL. Will it please you to sit down, sir?

SAC. Ay, Delia, sit and ask me what thou wilt,
Thou shalt have it brought into thy lap.

DEL. Then, I pray you, sir, let me have the best meat from the King of England's table, and the best wine in all France, brought in by the veriest knave in all Spain. [521

SAC. Delia, I am glad to see you so pleasant.
Well, sit thee down.—
Spread, table, spread;
Meat, drink, and bread;
Ever may I have
What I ever crave,
When I am spread,
For meat for my black cock, [530
And meat for my red.

Enter a FRIAR *with a chine of beef and a pot of wine.*

Here, Delia, will ye fall to?

DEL. Is this the best meat in England

SAC. Yea.

DEL. What is it?

SAC. A chine of English beef, meat fo a king and a king's followers. [53

DEL. Is this the best wine in France

SAC. Yea.

DEL. What wine is it?

SAC. A cup of neat wine of Orleans that never came near the brewers i England.

DEL. Is this the veriest knave in a Spain?

SAC. Yea.

DEL. What, is he a friar? 54

SAC. Yea, a friar indefinite, and knave infinite.

DEL. Then, I pray ye, Sir Friar, tel me before you go, which is the mos greediest Englishman?

FRI. The miserable and most covetou usurer.

SAC. Hold thee there, friar. [*Exi* FRIAR.] But, soft!
Who have we here? Delia, away, b gone! [56

Enter the Two Brothers.

Delia, away! for beset are we.—
But heaven or hell shall rescue he for me.

[*Exeunt* DELIA *and* SACRAPANT

CAL. Brother, was not that Delia di appear,
Or was it but her shadow that was here

THEL. Sister, where art thou? Delia come again! [57
He calls, that of thy absence doth com plain.—
Call out, Calypha, that she may hear,
And cry aloud, for Delia is near.

ECHO. Near.

CAL. Near! O, where? Hast tho any tidings?

ECHO. Tidings.

THEL. Which way is Delia, then; o that, or this? [58

ECHO. This.

CAL. And may we safely come where Delia is?

ECHO. Yes.

THEL. Brother, remember you the white bear of England's wood?
Start not aside for every danger,
Be not afeard of every stranger;
Things that seem are not the same."

CAL. Brother, [590
Why do we not, then, courageously enter?

THEL. Then, brother, draw thy sword and follow me.

Re-enter SACRAPANT *the Conjurer: it lightens and thunders;* THELEA *falls down.*

CAL. What, brother, dost thou fall?

SAC. Ay, and thou too, Calypha.

CALYPHA *falls down. Enter Two Furies.*
Celeste dæmones! Away with them:
Go, carry them straight to Sacrapanto's cell, [601
There in despair and torture for to dwell.
[*Exeunt Furies with the Two Brothers.*
These are Thenores' sons of Thessaly,
That come to seek Delia their sister forth;
But, with a potion I to her have given,
My arts have made her to forget herself.
Removes a turf, and shows a light in a glass. [610
See here the thing which doth prolong my life;
With this enchantment I do any thing;
And, till this fade, my skill shall still endure,
And never none shall break this little glass,
But she that's neither wife, widow, nor maid. [619
Then cheer thyself; this is thy destiny,
Never to die but by a dead man's hand.
[*Exit.*

Enter EUMENIDES, *the wandering knight,*
and ERESTUS, *the old man at the cross.*

EUM. Tell me, Time,
Tell me, just Time, when shall I Delia see?
When shall I see the loadstar of my life?
When shall my wand'ring course end with her sight, [630
Or I but view my hope, my heart's delight? [*Seeing* ERESTUS.
Father, God speed! If you tell fortunes, I pray, good father, tell me mine.

EREST. Son, I do see in thy face
Thy blessed fortune work apace.
I do perceive that thou hast wit;
Beg of thy fate to govern it;
For wisdom governed by advice
Makes many fortunate and wise. [640
Bestow thy alms, give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at thy call.
Farewell, my son! Dream of no rest,
Till thou repent that thou didst best.
[*Exit.*

EUM. This man hath left me in a labyrinth:
He biddeth me give more than all,
Till dead men's bones come at my call;
He biddeth me dream of no rest, [650
Till I repent that I do best.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Enter WIGGEN, COREBUS, CHURCHWARDEN, *and* SEXTON.

WIG. You may be ashamed, you whoreson scald Sexton and Churchwarden, if you had any shame in those shameless faces of yours, to let a poor man lie so long above ground unburied. A rot on you all, that have no more compassion of a good fellow when he is gone! [661

CHURCH. What, would you have us to bury him, and to answer it ourselves to the parish?

SEX. Parish me no parishes; pay me my fees, and let the rest run on in the quarter's accounts, and put it down for one of your good deeds, a' God's name! for I am not one that curiously stands upon merits. [670

COR. You whoreson, sodden-headed sheep's-face, shall a good fellow do less service and more honesty to the parish, and will you not, when he is dead, let him have Christmas burial?

WIG. Peace, Corebus! As sure as Jack was Jack, the frolic'st franion amongst you, and I, Wiggen, his sweet sworn brother, Jack shall have his funerals, or

some of them shall lie on God's dear earth for it, that's once.[12] [681

Church. Wiggen, I hope thou wilt do no more than thou dar'st answer.

Wig. Sir, sir, dare or dare not, more or less, answer or not answer, do this, or have this. [*Sets upon the parish officials with a pike-staff.*

Sex. Help, help, help!

[Eumenides *awakes and comes to them.*

Eum. Hold thy hands, good fellow. [690

Cor. Can you blame him, sir, if he take Jack's part against this shake-rotten parish that will not bury Jack?

Eum. Why, what was that Jack?

Cor. Who, Jack, sir? Who, our Jack, sir? As good a fellow as ever trod upon neat's-leather.

Wig. Look you, sir; he gave fourscore and nineteen mourning gowns to the parish when he died, and because he [700 would not make them up a full hundred, they would not bury him: was not this good dealing?

Church. O Lord, sir, how he lies! He was not worth a halfpenny, and drunk out every penny; and now his fellows, his drunken companions, would have us to bury him at the charge of the parish. An we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, [710 and thatch the chancel. He shall lie above ground till he dance a galliard about the church-yard, for Steven Loach.

Wig. *Sic argumentaris, Domine* Loach; —"an we make many such matches, we may pull down the steeple, sell the bells, and thatch the chancel!"—in good time, sir, and hang yourselves in the bell-ropes, when you have done. *Domine, opponens præpono tibi hanc quæstionem,* whether will you have the ground broken or [721 your pates broken first? For one of them shall be done presently; and, to begin mine, I'll seal it upon your coxcomb.

Eum. Hold thy hands, I pray thee, good fellow; be not too hasty.

Cor. You capon's face, we shall have you turned out of the parish one of these days, with never a tatter to your arse; then you are in worse taking than Jack. [73

Eum. Faith, and he is bad enough This fellow does but the part of a friend to seek to bury his friend. How much will bury him?

Wig. Faith, about some fifteen or six teen shillings will bestow him honestly.

Sex. Ay, even thereabouts, sir.

Eum. Here, hold it, then; <and I have left me but one poor three half-pence Now do I remember the words the old [74 man spake at the cross, "Bestow all thou hast," and this is all, "till dead men's bones come at thy call."> Here, hold i [*gives money*]; and so, farewell.

Wig. God, and all good, be with you sir! [*Exit* Eumenides.] Nay, you cor morants, I'll bestow one peal of[13] Jack at mine own proper costs and charges.

Cor. You may thank God the long staf and the bilbo-blade crossed not your [75 coxcomb.—Well, we'll to the church-stile and have a pot, and so trill-lill.

[*Exit with* Wiggen

Church. *and* Sex. Come, let's go.

[*Exeunt*

Fan. But, hark you, gammer, methink this Jack bore a great sway in the parish

Madge. O, this Jack was a marvellous fellow! he was but a poor man, but very well beloved. You shall see anon [76 what this Jack will come to.

Enter the Harvest-men, hand-in-hand with women, singing.

Fro. Soft! who have we here? Ou amorous harvesters.

Fan. Ay, ay, let us sit still, and le them alone.

[*They begin to sing, the song doubled*

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping
To reap our harvest-fruit! [77
And thus we pass the year so long,
And never be we mute.

[*Exeunt the Harvest-men*

Enter Huanebango *and* Corebus, *the clown.*

Fro. Soft! who have we here?

Madge. O, this is a choleric gentleman All you that love your lives, keep out o

[12] That's flat.

[13] on.

e smell of his two-hand sword. Now
es he to the conjurer. [780
Fan. Methinks the conjurer should
t the fool into a juggling-box.
Huan. Fee, fa, fum,
Here is the Englishman—
Conquer him that can—
Come for his lady bright,
To prove himself a knight,
And win her love in fight.
Cor. Who-haw, Master Bango, are you
re? Hear you, you had best sit down
re, and beg an alms with me. [791
Huan. Hence, base cullion! Here is
that commandeth ingress and egress
th his weapon, and will enter at his
luntary, whosoever saith no.
1 Voice *and flame of fire;* Huanebango
falls down.
Voice. No.
Madge. So with that they kissed, and
oiled the edge of as good a two- [800
nd sword as ever God put life in. Now
es Corebus in, spite of the conjurer.

Enter Sacrapant, *the Conjurer, and Two Furies.*

Sac. Away with him into the open
fields,
be a ravening prey to crows and kites:
Huanebango *is carried out by the Two*
Furies.
id, for this villain, let him wander [810
up and down,
naught but darkness and eternal night.
[*Strikes* Corebus *blind.*
Cor. Here hast thou slain Huan, a
slashing knight,
id robbëd poor Corebus of his sight.
Sac. Hence, villain, hence!—[*Exit*
orebus.] Now I have unto Delia
iven a potion of forgetfulness, [819
iat, when she comes, she shall not know
her brothers.
, where they labor, like to country-
slaves,
ith spade and mattock, on this en-
chanted ground!
ow will I call her by another name;
or never shall she know herself again,
Until that Sacrapant hath breathed his
last.
See where she comes. [830

Enter Delia.

Come hither, Delia, take this goad; here
hard
At hand two slaves do work and dig for
gold:
Gore them with this, and thou shalt have
enough. [*Gives her a goad.*
Del. Good sir, I know not what you
mean.
Sac. <She hath forgotten to be [840
Delia,
But not forgot the same she should
forget;
But I will change her name.>
Fair Berecynthia (so this country calls
you),
Go ply these strangers, wench; they dig
for gold. [*Exit.*
Del. O heavens, how [849
Am I beholding to this fair young man!
But I must ply these strangers to their
work:
See where they come.

Enter the Two Brothers in their shirts, with spades, digging.

Cal. O brother, see where Delia is!
Thel. O Delia,
Happy are we to see thee here!
Del. What tell you me of Delia, prat-
ing swains? [860
I know no Delia, nor know I what you
mean.
Ply you your work, or else you're like to
smart.
Cal. Why, Delia, know'st thou not thy
brothers here?
We come from Thessaly to seek thee
forth;
And thou deceiv'st thyself, for thou art
Delia. [870
Del. Yet more of Delia? Then take
this, and smart.
[*Pricks them with the goad.*
What, feign you shifts for to defer your
labor?

Work, villains, work; it is for gold you dig.

THEL. Peace, brother, peace: this vild enchanter
Hath ravished Delia of her senses clean,
And she forgets that she is Delia. [881

CAL. Leave, cruel thou, to hurt the miserable.—
Dig, brother, dig, for she is hard as steel.
[*They dig, and descry a light in a glass under a little hill.*

THEL. Stay, brother; what hast thou descried?

DEL. Away, and touch it not; 'tis something that [890
My lord hath hidden there.
[*Covers the light again.*

Re-enter SACRAPANT.

SAC. Well said![14] thou plyest these pioners[15] well.—
Go, get you in, you laboring slaves.—
[*Exeunt the Two Brothers.*
Come, Berecynthia, let us in likewise,
And hear the nightingale record her [899 notes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter ZANTIPPA, *the curst daughter, to the Well of Life, with a pot in her hand.*

ZAN. Now for a husband, house, and home: God send a good one or none, I pray God! My father hath sent me to the well for the water of life, and tells me, if I give fair words, I shall have a husband. But here comes Celanta, my sweet sister, I'll stand by and hear what she says. [910

Enter CELANTA, *the foul*[16] *wench, to the well for water with a pot in her hand.*

CEL. My father hath sent me to the well for water, and he tells me, if I speak fair, I shall have a husband, and none of the worst. Well, though I am black,[16] I am sure all the world will not forsake me; and, as the old proverb is, though I am black, I am not the devil. [919

ZAN. Marry-gup with a murrain, I know wherefore thou speakest that: but go thy ways home as wise as thou cames or I'll set thee home with a wanion.

[*She strikes her pitcher against her si ter's, and breaks them both, an then exit.*

CEL. I think this be the curstest quea in the world. You see what she is, little fair, but as proud as the devil, an the veriest vixen that lives upon [93 God's earth. Well, I'll let her alone, an go home and get another pitcher, and, fo all this, get me to the well for wate [*Exi*

Enter two Furies out of the Conjurer cell and lay HUANEBANGO *by the Well Life and then exeunt. Re-enter* ZAN TIPPA *with a pitcher to the well.*

ZAN. Once again for a husband; and in faith, Celanta, I have got the start [94 of you; belike husbands grow by the wel side. Now my father says I must rul my tongue. Why, alas, what am I, then A woman without a tongue is as a soldie without his weapon. But I'll have m water, and be gone.

[*She offers to dip her pitcher in, and* HEAD *speaks in the well.*

HEAD. Gently dip, but not too deep,
For fear you make the golden beard [95 to weep.
Fair maiden, white and red,
Stroke me smooth, and comb my head
And thou shalt have some cockell-bread

ZAN. What is this?
"Fair maiden, white and red,
Comb me smooth, and stroke my head,
And thou shalt have some cockell bread"?
"Cockell" call'st thou it, boy? Faith, I' give you cockell-bread. [96

[*She breaks her pitcher upon the* HEAD *then it thunders and lightens; an* HUANEBANGO, *who is deaf an cannot hear, rises up.*

HUAN. Philida, philerídos, pamphilida florida, flortos:
Dub dub-a-dub, bounce, quoth the gun with a sulphurous huff-snuff: [96

[14] done. [15] diggers. [16] ugly.

Vaked with a wench, pretty peat, pretty
love, and my sweet pretty pigsnie,
ıst by thy side shall sit surnamed great
Huanebango:
ıfe in my arms will I keep thee, threat
Mars or thunder Olympus.
Zan. <Foh, what greasy groom have
e here? He looks as though he crept
ıt of the backside of the well, and
eaks like a drum perished at the west
d.> [980
Huan. "O, that I might—but I may
not," woe to my destiny there-
fore!"—
iss that I clasp! but I cannot. Tell
me, my destiny, wherefore?
Zan. <Whoop! now I have my dream.
id you never hear so great a wonder
this? Three blue beans in a blue
adder; rattle, bladder, rattle.> [989
Huan. <I'll now set my countenance,
d to her in prose; it may be this rim-
m-ruff is too rude an encounter.>
et me, fair lady, if you be at leisure,
vel with your sweetness, and rail upon
at cowardly conjurer, that hath cast
e, or congealed me, rather, into an un-
nd sleep, and polluted my carcass.
Zan. <Laugh, laugh, Zantippa; thou
ıst thy fortune, a fool and a husband
ıder one.> [1000
Huan. Truly, sweet-heart, as I seem,
out some twenty years, the very April
mine age.
Zan. <Why, what a prating ass is
is!>
Huan. Her coral lips, her crimson chin,
er silver teeth so white within,
er golden locks, her rolling eye,
er pretty parts—let them go by—
eigh-ho, hath wounded me; [1010
hat I must die this day to see!
Zan. By Gogs-bones, thou art a flout-
g knave. "Her coral lips, her crimson
in"! ka,[17] wilshaw!
Huan. True, my own, and my own be-
use mine, and mine because mine, ha,
a! Above a thousand pounds in pos-
ibility, and things fitting thy desire in
ossession. [1019

[17] quotha.

Zan. <The sot thinks I ask of his lands. Lob be your comfort, and cuckold be your destiny.> Hear you, sir; an if you will have us, you had best say so betime.

Huan. True, sweet-heart, and will royalize thy progeny with my pedigree. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenides, *the wandering knight.*

Eum. Wretched Eumenides, still un-
fortunate, [1030
Envied by fortune and forlorn by fate,
Here pine and die, wretched Eumenides;
Die in the spring, the April of my age!
Here sit thee down, repent what thou
hast done:
I would to God that it were ne'er begun!

Enter the Ghost of Jack.

Jack. You are well overtaken, sir.
Eum. Who's that? [1039
Jack. You are heartily well met, sir.
Eum. Forbear, I say; who is that which pincheth me?

Jack. Trusting in God, good Master Eumenides, that you are in so good health as all your friends were at the making hereof, God give you good morrow, sir! Lack you not a neat, handsome, and cleanly young lad, about the age of fifteen or sixteen years, that can run by your horse, and, for a need, [1050 make your mastership's shoes as black as ink? How say you, sir?

Eum. Alas, pretty lad, I know not how to keep myself, and much less a servant, my pretty boy; my state is so bad.

Jack. Content yourself, you shall not be so ill a master but I'll be as bad a servant. Tut, sir, I know you, though you know not me. Are not you the man, [1060 sir, deny it if you can, sir, that came from a strange place in the land of Catita, where Jack-an-apes flies with his tail in his mouth, to seek out a lady as white as snow and as red as blood? Ha, ha! have I touched you now?

Eum. <I think this boy be a spirit.> How knowest thou all this? [1068

JACK. Tut, are not you the man, sir, deny it if you can, sir, that gave all the money you had to the burying of a poor man, and but one three half-pence left in your purse? Content you, sir, I'll serve you, that is flat.

EUM. Well, my lad, since thou art so impor[tu]nate, I am content to entertain thee, not as a servant, but a copartner in my journey. But whither shall we go? for I have not any money more than one bare three half-pence. [1080

JACK. Well, master, content yourself, for, if my divination be not out, that shall be spent at the next inn or alehouse we come to: for, master, I know you are passing hungry; therefore I'll go before and provide dinner until that you come; no doubt but you'll come fair and softly after.

EUM. Ay, go before; I'll follow thee.

JACK. But do you hear, master? Do you know my name? 1091

EUM. No, I promise thee, not yet.

JACK. Why, I am Jack.

EUM. Jack! Why, be it so, then.

[*Exit* JACK.

EUMENIDES *is now in the inn. The* HOSTESS *and* JACK *are setting meat on the table, and fiddlers come in to provide music during the meal; but* EUMENIDES *walks up and down, and will eat no meat.*

HOST. How say you, sir? Do you [1101 please to sit down?

EUM. Hostess, I thank you, I have no great stomach.

HOST. Pray, sir, what is the reason your master is so strange? Doth not this meat please him?

JACK. Yes, hostess, but it is my master's fashion to pay before he eats; therefore, a reckoning, good hostess. [1110

HOST. Marry, shall you, sir, presently.

[*Exit.*

EUM. Why, Jack, what dost thou mean? Thou knowest I have not any money; therefore, sweet Jack, tell me what shall I do?

JACK. Well, master, look in your purse.

EUM. Why, faith, it is a folly, for have no money.

JACK. Why, look you, master; do s much for me. [112

EUM., *looking into his purse.* Alas Jack, my purse is full of money!

JACK. "Alas," master! does that wor belong to this accident? Why, methink I should have seen you cast away you cloak, and in a bravado dance a galliar round about the chamber. Why, mas ter, your man can teach you more wi than this. [113

Re-enter HOSTESS.

Come, hostess, cheer up my master.

HOST. You are heartily welcome; and if it please you to eat of a fat capon, fairer bird, a finer bird, a sweeter bird, crisper bird, a neater bird, your worshi never eat of.

EUM. Thanks, my fine, eloquent hostess

JACK. But hear you, master, one word b the way. Are you content I shall [114 be halves in all you get in your journey

EUM. I am, Jack, here is my hand.

JACK. Enough, master, I ask no more

EUM. Come, hostess, receive you money; and I thank you for my good entertainment. [*Gives money*

HOST. You are heartily welcome, sir.

EUM. Come, Jack, whither go we now

JACK. Marry, master, to the conjurer' presently. [115

EUM. Content, Jack.—Hostess, fare well. [*Exeunt*

Enter COREBUS, *blind, and* CELANTA, *th foul wench, to the Well for water.*

COR. Come, my duck, come: I hav now got a wife. Thou art fair, ar thou not?

CEL. My Corebus, the fairest alive make no doubt of that.

COR. Come, wench, are we almost a the well? [116

CEL. Ay, Corebus, we are almost a the well now. I'll go fetch some water; sit down while I dip my pitcher in.

[*A* HEAD *comes up with ears of corn, and she combs them into her lap.*

1 Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
or fear you make the golden beard to
weep.
iir maiden, white and red,
omb me smooth, and stroke my head,
nd thou shalt have some cockell-bread.
A Second Head *comes up full of gold; she combs it into her lap.*
2 Head. Gently dip, but not too deep,
or fear thou make the golden beard to
weep.
iir maid, white and red,
omb me smooth, and stroke my head,
nd every hair a sheaf shall be,
nd every sheaf a golden tree.
Cel. O, see, Corebus, I have combed a
eat deal of gold into my lap, and a
eat deal of corn!
Cor. Well said, wench! now we shall
ve just enough. God send us coiners
coin our gold. But come, shall we go
me, sweet-heart?
Cel. Nay, come, Corebus, I will lead
u.
Cor. So, Corebus, things have well hit;
hou hast gotten wealth to mend thy
wit. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Jack *and* Eumenides, *the wandering knight.*

Jack. Come away, master, come.
Eum. Go along, Jack, I'll follow thee.
ck, they say it is good to go cross-
gged, and say his prayers backward;
w sayest thou?
Jack. Tut, never fear, master; let me
one. Here sit you still; speak not a
ord; and, because you shall not be en-
ed with his enchanting speeches, with
is same wool I'll stop your ears: and
, master, sit still, for I must to the
njurer. [*Exit.*

Enter Sacrapant, *the conjurer, to the wandering knight.*

Sac. How now! What man art thou
that sits so sad?
Why dost thou gaze upon these stately
trees
Without the leave and will of Sacrapant?
What, not a word but mum? Then, Sacrapant,
Thou art betrayed.

Re-enter Jack, *invisible, and takes* Sacrapant's *wreath from his head, and his sword out of his hand.*

What hand invades the head of Sacrapant?
What hateful Fury doth envy my happy state?
Then, Sacrapant, these are thy latest days.
Alas, my veins are numbed, my sinews shrink,
My blood is pierced, my breath fleeting away,
And now my timeless date is come to end!
He in whose life his actions hath been so foul,
Now in his death to hell descends his soul. [*Dies.*

Jack. O, sir, are you gone? Now I hope we shall have some other coil.—Now, master, how like you this? The conjurer he is dead, and vows never to trouble us more. Now get you to your fair lady, and see what you can do with her.—Alas, he heareth me not all this while; but I will help that.

[*Pulls the wool out of the ears of* Eumenides.

Eum. How now, Jack! What news?

Jack. Here, master, take this sword, and dig with it at the foot of this hill.

[Eumenides *digs, and spies a light in a glass.*

Eum. How now, Jack! What is this?

Jack. Master, without this the conjurer could do nothing; and, so long as this light lasts, so long doth his art endure, and, this being out, then doth his art decay.

Eum. Why, then, Jack, I will soon put out this light.

Jack. Ay, master, how?

Eum. Why, with a stone I'll break the glass, and then blow it out.

Jack. No, master, you may as soon break the smith's anvil as this little vial;

nor the biggest blast that ever Boreas blew cannot blow out this little light; but she that is neither maid, wife, nor widow. Master, wind this horn, and see what will happen. [1269

[EUMENIDES *winds the horn.*

VENELIA *enters, breaks the glass, blows out the light, and goes out again.*

So, master, how like you this? This is she that ran madding in the woods, his betrothed love that keeps the cross; and now, this light being out, all are restored to their former liberty. And now, master, to the lady that you have so long looked for. [1279

[JACK *draws a curtain, and reveals* DELIA *sitting asleep.*

EUM. God speed, fair maid, sitting alone,—there is once; God speed, fair maid,—there is twice; God speed, fair maid,— that is thrice.

DEL. Not so, good sir, for you are by.

JACK. Enough, master, she hath spoke; now I will leave her with you. [*Exit.*

EUM. Thou fairest flower of these western parts, [1290

Whose beauty so reflecteth in my sight
As doth a crystal mirror in the sun;
For thy sweet sake I have crossed the frozen Rhine;
Leaving fair Po, I sailed up Danuby
As far as Saba, whose enhancing streams
Cut twixt the Tartars and the Russiäns;
These have I crossed for thee, fair Delia:
Then grant me that which I have sued for long. [1300

DEL. Thou gentle knight, whose fortune is so good
To find me out and set my brothers free,
My faith, my heart, my hand I give to thee.

EUM. Thanks, gentle madam; but here comes Jack; thank him, for he is the best friend that we have.

Re-enter JACK, *with a head in his hand.*

How now, Jack! What hast thou there?

JACK. Marry, master, the head of [1311 the conjurer.

EUM. Why, Jack, that is impossible he was a young man.

JACK. Ah, master, so he deceived the that beheld him! But he was a mise able, old, and crooked man, though each man's eye he seemed young an fresh; for, master, this conjurer took th shape of the old man that kept the [132 cross, and that old man was in the like ness of the conjurer. But now, maste wind your horn.

EUMENIDES *winds his horn. Enter* VE NELIA, *the Two Brothers, and* ERESTU

EUM. Welcome, Erestus! Welcome, fair Venelia!—
Welcome, Thelea and Calypha both!
Now have I her that I so long hav sought; [133
So saith fair Delia, if we have your con sent.

CAL. Valiant Eumenides, thou well de servest
To have our favors; so let us rejoice
That by thy means we are at liberty.
Here may we joy each in other's sigh
And this fair lady have her wanderin knight. [133

JACK. So, master, now ye think yo have done; but I must have a saying t you. You know you and I were part ners, I to have half in all you got.

EUM. Why, so thou shalt, Jack.

JACK. Why, then, master, draw you sword, part your lady, let me have ha of her presently.

EUM. Why, I hope, Jack, thou dos but jest. I promised thee half I got, bu not half my lady. [135

JACK. But what else, master? Hav you not gotten her? Therefore divid her straight, for I will have half; ther is no remedy.

EUM. Well, ere I will falsify my wor unto my friend, take her all. Here, Jack I'll give her thee.

JACK. Nay, neither more nor less master, but even just half. [135

EUM. Before I will falsify my faith unto my friend, I will divide her. Jack thou shalt have half.

Cal. Be not so cruel unto our sister, ntle knight.

Thel. O, spare fair Delia! She de- rves no death.

Eum. Content yourselves; my word is ıssed to him.—Therefore prepare thy- lf, Delia, for thou must die.

Del. Then farewell, world! Adieu, ıumenides! [1371

Eumenides *offers to strike, and* Jack *stays him.*

Jack. Stay, master; it is sufficient I ve tried your constancy. Do you now member since you paid for the burying a poor fellow?

Eum. Ay, very well, Jack.

Jack. Then, master, thank that good ed for this good turn; and so [1380 od be with you all!

[*Descends out of their sight.*

Eum. Jack, what, art thou gone? Then farewell, Jack!—

ome, brothers, and my beauteous Delia, restus, and thy dear Venelia,

e will to Thessaly with joyful hearts.

All. Agreed: we follow thee and Delia.

[*Exeunt all except* Frolic, Fantastic, *and* Madge.

Fan. What, gammer, asleep? [1391

Madge. By the mass, son, 'tis almost day; and my windows shut at the cock's- crow.

Fro. Do you hear, gammer? Methinks this Jack bore a great sway amongst them.

Madge. O, man, this was the ghost of the poor man that they kept such a coil to bury; and that makes him to [1400 help the wandering knight so much. But come, let us in: we will have a cup of ale and a toast this morning, and so de- part.[18]

Fan. Then you have made an end of your tale, gammer?

Madge. Yes, faith: when this was done, I took a piece of bread and cheese, and came my way; and so shall you have, too, before you go, to your breakfast. [1410

[18] part.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

It was in 1600 that "The Merchant of Venice" first found its way into print. There was another quarto prior to the issue of the folio, this being the Jaggard quarto of 1619, printed with a fraudulent date of 1600. But the play, though not printed till almost the close of 1600, was entered in the Stationers' Register as far back as July, 1598. It is to be noted that it is there described as "The Marchant of Venyce, or otherwise called the Jewe of Venyce." We know, then, that it was in existence as an acting play prior to July, 1598, and that the first quarto can contain no matter later than 1600. How far back are we to go before July, 1598, for its first staging?

The source is Ser Giovanni's "Il Pecerone;" but that Shakespeare drew from it directly may be doubted: it was his habit to build on the work of other dramatists; and, if there was an early play on the subject, we may be tolerably sure that Shakespeare used it. That there was such a play as far back as 1579 we know from Stephen Gosson. In his "School of Abuse," he speaks of a play called "The Jew," which he describes as "representing the greediness of worldly choosers and bloody minds of usurers." The old play, therefore, contained both the casket story and the pound-of-flesh story. Further proof is afforded by Spenser's writing to Gosson in that year, stating that he is more bound to him "than any merchant in Italy to a Jew there." The play was therefore presumably new in 1579. If there be anything of that old play left in Shakespeare's drama, it is in the doggrel with which Gratiano makes his exit in the opening scene and the similar verse with which the next scene ends. To put such work down as in Shakespeare's early manner, as most writers on Shakespeare do, is to show a woeful ignorance of Shakespeare's genius. By 1587, the earliest date at which he can have begun writing, doggrel verse had been cast aside as antiquated by every dramatist of any ability whatever; and we are asked to believe that the potentially greatest of all of them was the only one who failed to recognize its out-of-dateness. Of all the silly things that have been written about Shakespeare, that is probably the silliest. We may be quite sure that, with Marlowe's example before him, he never, even from his earliest days, descended to doggrel, save for purposes of burlesque. We may then regard these few lines as fragments of an older drama, probably the one of which Gosson speaks.

It is not easy to understand Shakespeare's allowing them to remain; but that he should have written them—!

The problem as to when Shakespeare first worked on it is not easily answered; but there are several reasons for regarding the play as mainly of 1594. In August of that year, when the Chamberlain's men and the Admiral's men were acting at the one theatre, there was a "Venesyon Comodey" produced; but, as this was the property of the Admiral's, it is unlikely to have been Shakespeare's play. It is more to the point that Malone discovered in Portia's speech on music, in III 2, an allusion to the coronation of Henry IV of France in February, 1593–4. That reference is hardly to be controverted; but there is much stronger proof than that of a date of 1594. In that year there was an outburst of anti-Semitism in England, as a result of the trial of Dr. Lopez, the Queen's physician, on a charge of having plotted to take the Queen's life. This trial began in February, 1593–4; and it is significant that there were in that year (commencing February 4) no less than fifteen revivals of Marlowe's "Jew of Malta," which was undoubtedly the inspiration of Shakespeare's play. If the Admiral's men thus took advantage of the popular feeling, we may be certain that the Chamberlain's men did no less, especially as Essex was bitterly antagonistic to Lopez and presided at his trial. The chances are, then, that not later than the early part of 1594, perhaps while it was still 1593 by the old reckoning, Shakespeare was commissioned to make capital of the anti-Semitic fury of the populace. But there is one reference which, though it belongs to 1594, must be later than June 7, when the unfortunate Lopez (of whose guilt there is no certainty) was hanged. When Gratiano, in V 1, talks of "a Wolf, who hanged for human slaughter," we are given what Dr. Wilson describes as "a kind of translated pun on the name Lopez." This passage was probably inserted when the play was already on the boards, for we are not to suppose that the company and its poet did not take advantage of the popular excitement till the cause for it was over.

There are signs that the play has not come to us in its original form. Every preparation is made for a masque at Bassanio's; but nothing comes of it, the banquet scene probably having been cut out in revision—a banquet scene in which both Shylock and his deceitful daughter participate. We have, again, the obscurity of the Bellario episode, which seems to need a scene of explication—such a scene as it probably had in the original version. Then there is the change in the final scene, where Portia is said to be returning with a hermit, though perhaps this is only camouflage. Somewhat doubtfully too we may regard the opening of the play, in which the unexplained melancholy of Antonio seems to strike a tragic note; but too much importance

must not be attached to this, because, presumably, Shakespeare never had any intention of departing from the story's happy ending. Also we have the fact that in I 2 we have six suitors listed, and only four coming to bid farewell. In the review of their characteristics that Portia gives, Shakespeare may on revision have raised the number to six by including among the number an Englishman and a Scot. Finally, we have the reference, in III 5, to Launcelot's having got "the Moor" with child. It seems likely that the reference is to some incident in the original version, omitted on revision. We may be quite certain that no such allusion would be made purposelessly: it must be a remnant, left in by gross carelessness.

"The Merchant of Venice" is one of the finest tragi-comedies in the language; but it is far from being flawless. The incredible finale, with the news of three of Antonio's argosies coming safe to land, is a sad blot; but what is much more serious is that we can feel sympathy with none of the characters we are supposed to sympathize with, save Portia. Bassanio is a tuft-hunting adventurer; Gratiano, a vulgarian; Jessica a disloyal and dishonest daughter. There is no objection to these being what they are; but there is objection to our being asked to accept them as worthy of admiration. Antonio, who is so, is scarcely real. Shylock is by far the greatest and the most compelling figure; and he, framed on the heroic scale, fails at the finish. Had he but been true to himself, what would have become of Portia's forensic trickery? One feels that the real Shylock would have paid the price and not have collapsed as meanly as he did at the finish, when he even consented to become a Christian.

Something must be said of what has been called the puzzle of the "three Sallies." There is a character whose name is given sometimes as "Solanio" and sometimes as "Salanio." There is another whose name is given variously as "Salerino" and "Salarino;" and there is a third who is styled "Salerio." Modern editors have either given these three as Salanio, Salarino, and Salerio, or have combined the first and the third, having only a Salanio and a Salarino. In the original quarto the name of the first is always, except on three occasions, given as "Solanio;" and it is so given here. Salerio makes his first appearance in III 2, just when Salarino has dropped out, and is described by Gratiano as his "old Venetian friend," as Salarino has been. In view of the similarity of their names, the probability of their being the one individual is considerable. Salerio certainly is not Solanio, since the latter appears in the next scene, being in Venice while Salerio is in Belmont. It is true that it is only in the folio that the character in III 3 is given as "Solanio," the first quarto naming him "Salerio," and the second "Salarino;" but, as has been said, it could not have been

Salerio, and the first quarto, if it does give the name as "Salerio," sideheads it once as "Sal.", and once as "Sol;" so that we are justified in regarding "Salerio" as a misprint for "Solanio." If there be but two of these "Sallies," instead of three, it is not, then, Solanio who must be absorbed. But, if Salerio be identified with Salarino, which is the right name? On this score we may agree with Professor Dover Wilson that the fact that Salerio's name is the only one of the three appearing in the text ought to settle the question, though one need not agree with him that the verse in III 2 requires the shorter name. There is still the question whether it is Salerio or Solanio who appears in IV 1. Professor Wilson accepts the latter; but the first quarto definitely says Salerio, and there is not the slightest reason why Salerio, who was "a messenger from Venice" in III 2, should not have returned to Venice with Bassanio and Gratiano. The real puzzle about him in that scene is as to the capacity in which he acts: he seems to be a sort of doorkeeper, presumably official.

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF VENICE.
PRINCE OF MOROCCO } *Suitors to Portia.*
PRINCE OF ARRAGON }
ANTONIO, *a Merchant of Venice.*
BASSANIO, *his Friend.*
GRATIANO } *Friends to Antonio and Bassanio.*
SOLANIO }
SALERIO }
LORENZO, *in love with Jessica.*
SHYLOCK, *a rich Jew.*
TUBAL, *a Jew, his Friend.*
LAUNCELOT GOBBO, *Servant to Shylock.*
OLD GOBBO, *Father to Launcelot.*
LEONARDO, *Servant to Bassanio.*
BALTHAZAR } *Servants to Portia.*
STEPHANO }
PORTIA, *a rich Heiress.*
NERISSA, *her Waiting-maid.*
JESSICA, *Daughter to Shylock.*
Magnificoes of Venice, Officers of th
Court of Justice, Gaoler, Servant
and other Attendants.

PLACE: *Venice and the vicinity.*
TIME: *16th century.*

ACT ONE

Scene I

Antonio, "the Merchant of Venice," is in a melancholy mood and can give his friends Solanio *and* Salerio *no reason for it; yet they cannot twit him out of it. He is a wealthy man with many rich freights at sea. He is well known to be a hater of Jewish money-lenders. The scene is a public place in Venice.*

Ant. In sooth, I know not why I am so sad:
It wearies me; you say it wearies you;
But how I caught it, found it, or came by it,
What stuff 'tis made of, whereof it is born,
I am to learn;
And such a want-wit sadness makes of me
That I have much ado to know myself.

Sal. Your mind is tossing on the oceän;
There, where your argosies with portly sail—
Like signiors and rich burghers on the flood,
Or, as it were, the pageants of the sea—
Do overpeer the petty traffickers,
That curtsy to them, do them reverence,
As they fly by them with their woven wings.

Sol. Believe me, sir, had I such venture forth,
The better part of my affections would
Be with my hopes, abroad. I should be still
Plucking the grass to know where sits the wind;
Peering in maps for ports and piers and roads;
And every object that might make me fear
Misfortune to my ventures, out of doubt
Would make me sad.

Sal. My wind, cooling my broth,
Would blow me to an ague, when I thought
What harm a wind too great might do at sea.
I should not see the sandy hour-glass run
But I should think of shallows and of flats,
And see my wealthy "Andrew" docked in sand
Vailing her high-top lower than her ribs
To kiss her burial. Should I go to church
And see the holy edifice of stone,
And not bethink me straight of dangerous rocks,
Which, touching but my gentle vessel's side,
Would scatter all her spices on the stream,
Enrobe the roaring waters with my silks,
And, in a word, but even now worth this,
And now worth nothing? Shall I have the thought
To think on this, and shall I lack the thought
That such a thing bechanced would make me sad?
But tell not me: I know Antonio
Is sad to think upon his merchandise.

Ant. Believe me, no: I thank my fortune for it,
My ventures are not in one bottom trusted,
Nor to one place; nor is my whole estate
Upon the fortune of this present gear:[1]
Therefore, my merchandise makes me not sad.

Sol. Why, then you are in love.
Ant. Fie, fie!
Sol. Not in love neither? Then let us say you are sad,

[1] Business. B and all editors, "year."

Because you are not merry; and 'twere as easy
For you to laugh and leap and say you are merry,
Because you are not sad. Now, by two-headed Janus,
Nature hath framed strange fellows in her time:
Some that will evermore peep through their eyes
And laugh like parrots at a bag-piper,
And other of such vinegar aspect
That they'll not show their teeth in way of smile,
Though Nestor swear the jest be laughable.

SOL. Here comes Bassanio, your most noble kinsman,
Gratiano, and Lorenzo. Fare ye well:
We leave you now with better company.

SAL. I would have stayed till I had made you merry,
If worthier friends had not prevented me.

ANT. Your worth is very dear in my regard.
I take it, your own business calls on you,
And you embrace th' occasion to depart.

Enter BASSANIO *(who has been seeking* ANTONIO), LORENZO, *and* GRATIANO.

SAL. Good morrow, my good lords.

BASS. Good signiors both, when shall we laugh? say when?
You grow exceeding strange: must it be so?

SAL. We'll make our leisures to attend on yours.

[*Exeunt* SALERIO *and* SOLANIO.

LOR. My lord Bassanio, since you have found Antonio,
We too will leave you; but, at dinner-time,
I pray you, have in mind where we must meet.

BASS. I will not fail you.

GRA. You look not well, Signior Antonio;
You have too much respect upon the world:
They lose it that do buy it with much care:
Believe me, you are marvellously changed.

ANT. I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano;
A stage where every man must play a part,
And mine a sad one.

GRA. Let me play the fool:
With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come;
And let my liver rather heat with wine
Than my heart cool with mortifying groans.
Why should a man, whose blood is warm within,
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster,
Sleep when he wakes, and creep into the jaundice
By being peevish? I tell thee what, Antonio—
I love thee, and it is my love that speaks—
There are a sort of men whose visages
Do cream and mantle like a standing pond,
And do a wilful stillness entertain,
With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit;
As who should say, "I am Sir Oracle,
And when I ope my lips let no dog bark!"
O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
That therefore only are reputed wise
For saying nothing; when, I am very sure,
If they should speak, would almost damn those ears
Which, hearing them, would call their brothers fools.
I'll tell thee more of this another time;
But fish not, with this melancholy bait,
For this fool-gudgeon, this opiniön.—
Come, good Lorenzo.—Fare ye well awhile:
I'll end my exhortation after dinner.

LOR. Well, we will leave you then till dinner-time.
I must be one of these same dumb-wise men,
For Gratiano never lets me speak.

GRA. Well, keep me company but two years moe,

Thou shalt not know the sound of thine own tongue.

ANT. Farewell: I'll grow a talker for this gear.

GRA. Thanks, i' faith; for silence is only commendable

In a neat's tongue dried and a maid not vendible. [190

[*Exeunt* GRATIANO *and* LORENZO, *leaving* BASSANIO *free to broach to* ANTONIO *the matter he has on his mind. He is already indebted to his friend for considerable sums, and now wants to borrow more.*

ANT., *relieved to be rid of the voluble* GRATIANO. Is that anything now? [199

BASS. Gratiano speaks an infinite deal of nothing, more than any man in all Venice. His reasons are as two grains of wheat hid in two bushels of chaff: you shall seek all day ere you find them, and, when you have them, they are not worth the search.

ANT. Well, tell me now, what lady is the same

To whom you swore a secret pilgrimage,

That you to-day promised to tell me of?

BASS. 'Tis not unknown to you, [211 Antonio,

How much I have disabled mine estate,

By something showing a more swelling port

Than my faint means would grant continuance;

Nor do I now make moan to be abridged

From such a noble rate; but my chief care [220

Is, to come fairly off from the great debts

Wherein my time, something too prodigal,

Hath left me gaged. To you, Antonio,

I owe the most, in money and in love;

And from your love I have a warranty

To unburthen all my plots and purposes

How to get clear of all the debts I owe.

ANT. I pray you, good Bassanio, let me know it; [229

And if it stand, as you yourself still do,

Within the eye of honor, be assured,

My purse, my person, my extremest means,

Lie all unlocked to your occasiöns.

BASS. In my school-days, when I had lost one shaft,

I shot his fellow of the self-same flight

The self-same way with more advisëd watch, [239

To find the other forth, and, by adventuring both,

I oft found both. I urge this childhood proof,

Because what follows is pure innocence.

I owe you much, and, like a wilful youth,

That which I owe is lost; but, if you please

To shoot another arrow that self way

Which you did shoot the first, I do not doubt, [250

As I will watch the aim, or to find both

Or bring your latter hazard back again,

And thankfully rest debtor for the first.

ANT. You know me well, and herein spend but time

To wind about my love with circumstance;

And, out of doubt, you do me now more wrong [259

In making question of my uttermost

Than if you had made waste of all I have:

Then do but say to me what I should do

That in your knowledge may by me be done,

And I am pressed unto it: therefore speak.

BASS. In Belmont is a lady, richly left,

And she is fair, and, fairer than that word, [270

Of wondrous virtues; sometimes from her eyes

I did receive fair speechless messages.

Her name is Portia; nothing undervalued

To Cato's daughter, Brutus' Portiä;

Nor is the wide world ignorant of her worth,

For the four winds blow in from every coast [279

Renownëd suitors; and her sunny locks

Hang on her temples like a golden fleece,

Which makes her seat of Belmont Colchos' strand,

And many Jasons come in quest of her.

O my Antonio! had I but the means

To hold a rival place with one of them,
I have a mind presages me such thrift,
That I should questionless be fortunate.

ANT. Thou know'st that all my fortunes are at sea; [290

Neither have I money, nor commodity,
To raise a present sum: therefore go forth;
Try what my credit can in Venice do.
That shall be racked, even to the uttermost,
To furnish thee to Belmont, to fair Portia.
Go, presently inquire, and so will I, [299
Where money is, and I no question make
To have it of my trust or for my sake.

SCENE II

PORTIA, *a rich heiress, has a multitude of noble wooers; but her father has made an absurd will, devising that she must marry the man who chooses from amongst three caskets the one which the testator has designated. All of her first batch of suitors have, however, been repelled by the coldness of her reception of them, and are about to depart without submitting to the test, which carries with it certain undesirable conditions.* [11

PORTIA *is in her orchard (in Belmont) with her somewhat platitudinous maid,* NERISSA.

POR. By my troth, Nerissa, my little body is aweary of this great world.

NER. You would be, sweet madam, if your miseries were in the same abundance as your good fortunes are; and yet, for aught I see, they are as sick that surfeit [20 with too much as they that starve with nothing. It is no mean happiness, therefore, to be seated in the mean: superfluity comes sooner by white hairs, but competency lives longer.

POR. Good sentences, and well pronounced.

NER. They would be better if well followed. [29

POR. If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages princes' palaces. It is a good divine that follows his own instructions: I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done than be one of the twenty to follow mine own teaching. The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness the youth, to skip o'er the meshes of [40 good counsel the cripple. But this reasoning is not in the fashion to choose me a husband. O me, the word "choose"! I may neither choose whom I would nor refuse whom I dislike; so is the will of a living daughter curbed by the will of a dead father. Is it not hard, Nerissa, that I cannot choose one nor refuse none?

NER. Your father was ever virtuous, and holy men at their death have good [50 inspirations; therefore, the lottery that he hath devised in these three chests of gold, silver, and lead, whereof who chooses his meaning chooses you, will, no doubt, never be chosen by any rightly but one who you[2] shall rightly love. But what warmth is there in your affection towards any of these princely suitors that are already come? [59

POR. I pray thee, over-name them, and, as thou namest them, I will describe them; and, according to my description, level at my affection.

NER. First, there is the Neapolitan prince.

POR. Ay, that's a colt indeed, for he doth nothing but talk of his horse; and he makes it a great appropriation to his own good parts that he can shoe him himself. I am much afeard my lady his mother played false with a smith. [71

NER. Then is there the County Palatine.

POR. He doth nothing but frown, as who should say, "An you will not have me, choose." He hears merry tales and smiles not: I fear he will prove the weeping philosopher when he grows old, being so full of unmannerly sadness in his youth. I had rather be married to a [80 death's-head with a bone in his mouth than to either of these. God defend me from these two!

[2] The "you" is objective.

Ner. How say you by the French lord, Monsieur Le Bon?

Por. God made him, and therefore let him pass for a man. In truth, I know it is a sin to be a mocker; but he! why, he hath a horse better than the Neapolitan's, a better bad habit of frowning [90 than the Count Palatine; he is every man in no man; if a throstle sing, he falls straight a-capering; he will fence with his own shadow: if I should marry him, I should marry twenty husbands. If he would despise me, I would forgive him; for, if he love me to madness, I shall never requite him.

Ner. What say you, then, to Falconbridge, the young baron of England? [100

Por. You know I say nothing to him, for he understands not me, nor I him: he hath neither Latin, French, nor Italian; and you will come into the court and swear that I have a poor pennyworth in the English. He is a proper man's picture, but, alas! who can converse with a dumb-show? How oddly he is suited! [3] I think he bought his doublet in Italy, his round hose in France, his bonnet in [110 Germany, and his behavior everywhere.

Ner. What think you of the Scottish lord, his neighbor?

Por. That he hath a neighborly charity in him, for he borrowed a box of the ear of the Englishman and swore he would pay him again when he was able: I think the Frenchman became his surety and sealed under for another. [119

Ner. How like you the young German, the Duke of Saxony's nephew?

Por. Very vildly in the morning, when he is sober, and most vildly in the afternoon, when he is drunk: when he is best, he is a little worse than a man, and, when he is worst, he is little better than a beast. An the worst fall that ever fell, I hope I shall make shift to go without him. [129

Ner. If he should offer to choose, and choose the right casket, you should refuse to perform your father's will, if you should refuse to accept him.

[3] dressed.

Por. Therefore, for fear of the worst, I pray thee, set a deep glass of Rhenish wine on the contrary casket, for, if the devil be within and that temptation without, I know he will choose it. I will do anything, Nerissa, ere I will be married to a sponge. [140

Ner. You need not fear, lady, the having any of these lords: they have acquainted me with their determinations; which is, indeed, to return to their home and to trouble you with no more suit, unless you may be won by some other sort than your father's imposition depending on the caskets. [148

Por. If I live to be as old as Sibylla, I will die as chaste as Diana, unless I be obtained by the manner of my father's will. I am glad this parcel of wooers are so reasonable, for there is not one among them but I dote on his very absence, and I pray God grant them a fair departure.

Ner., *who has a woman's instinct for understanding her mistress's feelings.* Do you not remember, lady, in your father's time, a Venetian, a scholar and a soldier, that came hither in the company of [160 the Marquis of Montferrat?

Por. Yes, yes: it was Bassanio. [*Checking herself, and pretending indifference.*] As I think, so was he called.

Ner. True, madam: he, of all the men that ever my foolish eyes looked upon, was the best deserving a fair lady.

Por. I remember him well, and I remember him worthy of thy praise. [169

Enter a Servant.

How now! what news?

Serv. The four strangers seek for you, madam, to take their leave; and there is a forerunner come from a fifth, the Prince of Morocco, who brings word the prince his master will be here to-night.

Por. If I could bid the fifth welcome with so good heart as I can bid the other four farewell, I should be glad of his approach: if he have the condition of a [180 saint and the complexion of a devil, I had rather he should shrive me than wive me.—

Come, Nerissa.—Sirrah, go before.—
Whiles we shut the gate upon one wooer,
another knocks at the door.
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Bassanio *has approached* Shylock *for the required loan.* Shylock *is a notorious usurer, with a fierce hatred of* Antonio, *for reasons which are partly racial and religious, since he regards* Antonio, *not unjustly, as a Jew-hater and a Jew-baiter. The scene is a public place in Venice on the same day as that on which* Bassanio *asked* Antonio *for another loan.*

Shy. Three thousand ducats; well.

Bass. Ay, sir, for three months.

Shy. For three months; well.

Bass. For the which, as I told you, Antonio shall be bound.

Shy. Antonio shall become bound; well.

Bass. May you stead me? Will you pleasure me? Shall I know your answer?

Shy. Three thousand ducats, for three months, and Antonio bound.

Bass. Your answer to that.

Shy. Antonio is a good man.

Bass. Have you heard any imputation to the contrary?

Shy. Ho, no, no, no, no: my meaning in saying he is a good man is to have you understand me that he is sufficient. Yet, his means are in supposition: he hath an argosy bound to Tripolis, another to the Indies; I understand moreover upon the Rialto, he hath a third at Mexico, a fourth for England, and other ventures he hath, squandered abroad. But ships are but boards, sailors but men: there be land-rats and water-rats, land-thieves, and water-thieves—I mean pirates—and then there is the peril of waters, winds, and rocks. The man is, notwithstanding, sufficient. Three thousand ducats; I think, I may take his bond.

Bass. Be assured you may.

Shy. I will be assured I may; and, that I may be assured, I will bethink me. May I speak with Antonio?

Bass. If it please you to dine with us.

Shy., *contemptuously.* Yes, to smell pork! to eat of the habitation which your prophet the Nazarite conjured the devil into! I will buy with you, sell with you, talk with you, walk with you, and so following; but I will not eat with you, drink with you, nor pray with you. What news on the Rialto? Who is he comes here?

Enter Antonio.

Bass. This is Signior Antonio.

Shy. <How like a fawning publican he looks![4]
I hate him for he is a Christiän;
But more for that, in low simplicity,
He lends out money gratis, and brings down
The rate of usance here with us in Venice.
If I can catch him once upon the hip,
I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him.
He hates our sacred nation, and he rails,
Even there where merchants most do congregate,
On me, my bargains, and my well-won thrift,
Which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe,
If I forgive him!>

Bass. Shylock, do you hear?

Shy. I am debating of my present store,
And, by the near guess of my memory,
I cannot instantly raise up the gross
Of full three thousand ducats. What of that?
Tubal, a wealthy Hebrew of my tribe,
Will furnish me. But soft! how many months
Do you desire?—[*To* Antonio.] Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

Ant. Shylock, albeit I neither lend nor borrow
By taking nor by giving of excess,
Yet, to supply the ripe wants of my friend,
I'll break a custom.—[*To* Bassanio.] Is he yet possessed

[4] Should not this line be Antonio's?

How much ye would?
SHY. Ay, ay, three thousand ducats.
ANT. And for three months.
SHY. I had forgot; three months; you told me so.—
Well then, your bond; and, let me see—
[*meditates*] But hear you:
Methought you said you neither lend nor borrow
Upon advantage.
ANT. I do never use it.
SHY. When Jacob grazed his uncle Laban's sheep—
This Jacob from our holy Abram was,
As his wise mother wrought in his behalf,
The third possessor: ay, he was the third—
ANT. And what of him? did he take interest?
SHY. No; not take interest; not, as you would say,
Directly interest. Mark what Jacob did:
When Laban and himself were compromised,
That all the eanlings which were streaked and pied
Should fall as Jacob's hire, the ewes, being rank,
In end of autumn turnëd to the rams;
And, when the work of generation was
Between these woolly breeders in the act,
The skilful shepherd pilled[5] me certain wands,
And, in the doing of the deed of kind,
He stuck them up before the fulsome ewes,
Who, then conceiving, did in eaning time
Fall parti-colored lambs; and those were Jacob's.
This was a way to thrive; and he was blest;
And thrift is blessing, if men steal it not.
ANT. This was a venture, sir, that Jacob served for;
A thing not in his power to bring to pass,
But swayed and fashioned by the hand of heaven.
Was this inserted to make interest good?
Or is your gold and silver ewes and rams?

[5] peeled.

SHY. I cannot tell; I make it breed as fast.
But note me, signior.
ANT. <Mark you this, Bassanio:
The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul, producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling cheek,
A goodly apple rotten at the heart.
O, what a goodly outside falsehood hath!>
SHY., *to himself*. Three thousand ducats; 'tis a good round sum.
Three months from twelve, then let me see the rate.
ANT. Well, Shylock, shall we be beholding to you?
SHY. Signior Antonio, many a time and oft
In the Rialto you have rated me
About my moneys and my usances.
Still have I borne it with a patient shrug,
For suff'rance is the badge of all our tribe.
You call me misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
And spit[6] upon my Jewish gaberdine,
And all for use of that which is mine own.
Well, then, it now appears you need my help.
Go to, then; you come to me, and you say,
"Shylock, we would have moneys:" you say so;
You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
And foot me as you spurn a stranger cur
Over your threshold: moneys is your suit.
What should I say to you? Should I not say,
"Hath a dog money? Is it possible
A cur can lend three thousand ducats?" or
Shall I bend low, and, in a bondman's key,
With bated breath and whisp'ring humbleness,
Say this:

[6] original, "spet."

"Fair sir, you spet[7] on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys"? [199
ANT., *angrily*. I am as like to call thee so again,
To spit on thee again, to spurn thee too.
If thou wilt lend this money, lend it not
As to thy friend—for when did friendship take
A breed of barren metal of his friend?—
But lend it rather to thine enemy;
Who, if he break, thou mayst with better face
Exact the penalty. [210
SHY. Why, look you, how you storm!
I would be friends with you, and have your love,
Forget the shames that you have stained me with,
Supply your present wants, and take no doit
Of usance for my moneys, and you'll not hear me:
This is kind I offer. [220
BASS. This were kindness.
SHY. This kindness will I show.
Go with me to a notary, seal me there
Your single bond; and, in a merry sport,
If you repay me not on such a day,
In such a place, such sum or sums as are
Expressed in the condition, let the forfeit
Be nominated for an equal pound [229
Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken
In what part of your body pleaseth me.
ANT. Content, in faith: I'll seal to such a bond,
And say there is much kindness in the Jew.
BASS. You shall not seal to such a bond for me:
I'll rather dwell in my necessity.
ANT. Why, fear not, man; I will not forfeit it: [240
Within these two months, that's a month before
This bond expires, I do expect return
Of thrice three times the value of this bond.
SHY. O father Abram! what these Christians are,
Whose own hard dealing[8] teaches them suspect
The thoughts of others.—[*To* BASSANIO.] Pray you, tell me this: [251
If he should break his day, what should I gain
By the exaction of the forfeiture?
A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man,
Is not so estimable, profitable neither,
As flesh of muttons, beefs, or goats. I say,
To buy his favor, I extend this friendship: [261
If he will take it, so; if not, adieu;
And, for my love, I pray you wrong me not.
ANT. Yes, Shylock, I will seal unto this bond.
SHY. Then meet me forthwith at the notary's;
Give him direction for this merry bond,
And I will go and purse the ducats [270
straight,
See to my house, left in the fearful guard
Of an unthrifty knave, and presently
I will be with you.
ANT. Hie thee, gentle Jew.
[*Exit* SHYLOCK.
This Hebrew will turn Christian: he grows kind.
BASS. I like not fair terms and a villain's mind. [280
ANT. Come on: in this there can be no dismay;
My ships come home a month before the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

SCENE I

The braggartly PRINCE OF MOROCCO *has arrived at Belmont in accordance with the warning given of his coming.* PORTIA *has explained to him the conditions attending the trial to which her suitors are*

[7] spat.

[8] Original, "dealings," probably a misreading of the MS.

to be subjected; but he is determined to proceed with the experiment. He is busily engaged at present (it is the morning after his arrival) in telling PORTIA *what a fine fellow he is. The attendants of both are present in the room in which the conversation takes place.*

MOR. Mislike me not for my complexiön,
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun,
To whom I am a neighbor and near bred.
Bring me the fairest creature northward born,
Where Phœbus' fire scarce thaws the icicles,
And let us make incision for your love,
To prove whose blood is reddest, his or mine.
I tell thee, lady, this aspéct of mine
Hath feared the valiant. By my love, I swear
The best regarded virgins of our clime
Have loved it too. I would not change this hue,
Except to steal your thoughts, my gentle queen.
POR. In terms of choice I am not solely led
By nice direction of a maiden's eyes;
Besides, the lott'ry of my destiny
Bars me the right of voluntary choosing;
But, if my father had not scanted me,
And hedged me by his wit to yield myself
His wife who wins me by that means I told you,
Yourself, renownëd prince, then stood as fair
As any comer I have looked on yet
For my affection.
MOR. Even for that I thank you:
Therefore, I pray you, lead me to the caskets
To try my fortune. By this scimitar,
That slew the Sophy and a Persian prince
That won three fields of Sultan Solyman,
I would outstare the sternest eyes that look,
Outbrave the heart most daring on the earth,
Pluck the young sucking cubs from the she-bear,
Yea, mock the lion when he roars for prey,
To win thee, lady. But, alas the while!
If Hercules and Lichas play at dice,
Which is the better man? The greater throw
May turn by fortune from the weaker hand.
So is Alcides beaten by his page;
And so may I, blind fortune leading me,
Miss that which one unworthier may attain,
And die with grieving.
POR. You must take your chance;
And either not attempt to choose at all,
Or swear before you choose, if you choose wrong,
Never to speak to lady afterward
In way of marriage: therefore be advised.
MOR. Nor will not: come, bring me unto my chance.
POR. First, forward to the temple: after dinner
Your hazard shall be made.
MOR. Good fortune then!
To make me blest or cursed'st among men! [*Cornets, and exeunt.*

SCENE II

In one of the streets of Venice, LAUNCELOT GOBBO *debates with himself whether or not he should quit the services of his ungenerous master,* SHYLOCK.

LAUN. Certainly my conscience will serve me to run from this Jew my master. The fiend is at mine elbow, and tempts me, saying to me, "Gobbo, Launcelot Gobbo, good Launcelot," or "good Gobbo," or "good Launcelot Gobbo, use your legs, take the start, run away." My conscience says, "No; take heed, honest Launcelot; take heed, honest Gobbo;" or, as aforesaid, "honest Launcelot Gobbo; do not run; scorn running with thy heels." Well, the most courageous fiend bids me pack: *"Via!"* says the fiend; "away!" says the fiend; "for the heavens, rouse up a brave mind," says the fiend,

"and run." Well, my conscience, hang- [20 ing about the neck of my heart, says very wisely to me, "My honest friend Launcelot, being an honest man's son,"—or rather an honest woman's son—for, indeed, my father did something smack, something grow to, he had a kind of taste —well, my conscience says, "Launcelot, budge not." "Budge," says the fiend. "Budge not," says my conscience. "Conscience," say I, "you counsel well;" [30 "fiend," say I, "you counsel well:" to be ruled by my conscience, I should stay with the Jew my master, who, God bless the mark! is a kind of devil; and, to run away from the Jew, I should be ruled by the fiend, who, saving your reverence, is the devil himself. Certainly, the Jew is the very devil incarnal; and, in my conscience, my conscience is but a kind of hard conscience, to offer to counsel me [40 to stay with the Jew. The fiend gives the more friendly counsel. I will run, fiend; my heels are at your commandment; I will run.

Old Gobbo, *almost blind, comes hobbling in, feeling his way carefully. He is carrying a basket, with a present for the Jew. He is on his way to see his son.* [48

Gob. Master young man, you; I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun. <O heavens! this is my true-begotten father, who, being more than sand-blind, high-gravel blind, knows me not: I will try confusions with him.>

Gob. Master young gentleman, I pray you, which is the way to Master Jew's?

Laun., *in a changed voice.* Turn up on your right hand at the next turning, but, at the next turning of all, on your left; marry, at the very next turning, turn [60 of no hand, but turn down indirectly to the Jew's house.

Gob. By God's sonties,[1] 'twill be a hard way to hit. Can you tell me whether one Launcelot, that dwells with him, dwell with him or no?

Laun. Talk you of young Master Launcelot? <Mark me now; now will I raise the waters.> Talk you of young Master Launcelot? [70

Gob. No master, sir, but a poor man's son: his father, though I say it, is an honest, exceeding poor man, and, God be thanked, well to live.

Laun. Well, let his father be what a' will, we talk of young Master Launcelot.

Gob. Your worship's friend, and Launcelot, sir.

Laun. But I pray you, *ergo,* old man, *ergo,* I beseech you, talk you of young Master Launcelot? [81

Gob. Of Launcelot, an 't please your mastership.

Laun. *Ergo,* Master Launcelot. Talk not of Master Launcelot, father; for the young gentleman—according to Fates and Destinies and such odd sayings, the Sisters Three and such branches of learning —is, indeed, deceased; or, as you would say in plain terms, gone to heaven. [90

Gob. Marry, God forbid! the boy was the very staff of my age, my very prop.

Laun. <Do I look like a cudgel or a hovel-post, a staff or a prop?> [*Speaking in his own voice.*] Do you know me, father?

Gob. Alack the day! I know you not, young gentleman: but I pray you, tell me, is my boy—God rest his soul!—alive or dead? [100

Laun. Do you not know me, father?

Gob. Alack, sir, I am sand-blind; I know you not.

Laun. Nay, indeed, if you had your eyes, you might fail of the knowing me: it is a wise father that knows his own child. Well, old man, I will tell you news of your son. [*Kneels.*] Give me your blessing; truth will come to light; murder cannot be hid long; a man's son may; but, in the end, truth will out. [111

Gob. Pray you, sir, stand up. I am sure you are not Launcelot, my boy.

Laun. Pray you, let's have no more fooling about it, but give me your blessing: I am Launcelot, your boy that was, your son that is, your child that shall be.

Gob. I cannot think you are my son.

Laun. I know not what I shall think

[1] saints.

of that; but I am Launcelot, the [120 Jew's man, and I am sure Margery your wife is my mother.

Gob. Her name is Margery, indeed: I'll be sworn, if thou be Launcelot, thou art mine own flesh and blood. Lord-worshipped might he be! [*feeling* Launcelot's *face*] what a beard hast thou got! thou hast got more hair on thy chin than Dobbin my phil-horse [2] has on his tail.

Laun. It should seem then that [130 Dobbin's tail grows backward: I am sure he had more hair on his tail than I have on my face, when I last saw him.

Gob. Lord! how art thou changed! How dost thou and thy master agree? I have brought him a present. How gree [3] you now?

Laun. Well, well; but, for mine own part, as I have set up my rest to run away, so I will not rest till I have run [140 some ground. My master's a very Jew. Give him a present! give him a halter: I am famished in his service; you may tell every finger I have with my ribs. Father, I am glad you are come: give me your present to one Master Bassanio, who, indeed, gives rare new liveries. If I serve not him, I will run as far as God has any ground. O rare fortune! here comes the man. To him, father; for I am a Jew if I serve the Jew any longer. [151

Enter Bassanio, *with* Leonardo *and other Servants.*

Bass. You may do so; but let it be so hasted that supper be ready at the very furthest by five of the clock. See these letters delivered; put the liveries to making; and desire Gratiano to come anon to my lodging. [*Exit a Servant.*

Laun. To him, father. [160

Gob. God bless your worship!

Bass. Gramercy! Wouldst thou aught with me?

Gob. Here's my son, sir, a poor boy,—

Laun. Not a poor boy, sir, but the rich Jew's man; that would, sir, as my father shall specify—

Gob. He hath a great infection, sir, as one would say, to serve— [169

[2] cart-horse. [3] agree.

Laun. Indeed, the short and the long is, I serve the Jew, and have a desire, as my father shall specify—

Gob. His master and he, saving your worship's reverence, are scarce cater-cousins [4]—

Laun. To be brief, the very truth is that the Jew, having done me wrong, doth cause me, as my father, being, I hope, an old man, shall frutify unto you— [179

Gob. I have here a dish of doves that I would bestow upon your worship, and my suit is—

Laun. In very brief, the suit is impertinent to myself, as your worship shall know by this honest old man; and, though I say it, though old man, yet poor man, my father.

Bass. One speak for both. What would you?

Laun. Serve you, sir. [190

Gob. That is the very defect of the matter, sir.

Bass. I know thee well; thou hast obtained thy suit:
Shylock thy master spoke with me this day,
And hath preferred thee, if it be preferment
To leave a rich Jew's service, to become
The follower of so poor a gentleman. [200

Laun. The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough.

Bass. Thou speak'st it well.—Go, father, with thy son.—
Take leave of thy old master, and inquire
My lodging out.—[*To his followers.*] Give him a livery [209
More guarded [5] than his fellows': see it done.

Laun. Father, in. [*Flattering himself on having falsified the poor opinion generally held of him.*] I cannot get a service, no; I have ne'er a tongue in my head. Well, [*looking on his palm*] if any man in Italy have a fairer table which doth offer to swear upon a book, I shall have good fortune. Go to; here's a simple line

[4] friends.
[5] ornamented.

of life: here's a small trifle of wives: [220
alas! fifteen wives is nothing: aleven[6]
widows and nine maids is a simple coming-in for one man; and then to scape drowning thrice, and to be in peril of my life with the edge of a feather-bed; here are simple scapes. Well, if Fortune be a woman, she's a good wench for this gear, Father, come; I'll take my leave of the Jew in the twinkling of an eye. [229

[LAUNCELOT *leads the old man out.*

BASS. I pray thee, good Leonardo, think on this:
These things being bought, and orderly bestowed,
Return in haste, for I do feast to-night
My best-esteemed acquaintance: hie thee, go.

LEON. My best endeavors shall be done herein. [239

GRATIANO, *entering, meets* LEONARDO *as he is going out.*

GRA. Where is your master?

LEON. Yonder, sir, he walks. [*Exit.*

GRA. Signior Bassanio!—

BASS. Gratiano!

GRA. I have a suit to you.

BASS. You have obtained it.

GRA. You must not deny me: I must go with you to Belmont. [249

BASS. Why then, you must. But hear thee, Gratiano:
Thou art too wild, too rude and bold of voice;
Parts that become thee happily enough,
And in such eyes as ours appear not faults;
But where thou art not known, why, there they show
Something too liberal. Pray thee, take pain [260
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest, through thy wild behavior,
I be misconstrued in the place I go to,
And lose my hopes.

GRA. Signior Bassanio, hear me:
If I do not put on a sober habit,
Talk with respect, and swear but now and then, [269
Wear prayer-books in my pocket, look demurely,
Nay more, while grace is saying, hood mine eyes
Thus with my hat, and sigh, and say "amen;"
Use all the observance of civility,
Like one well studied in a sad ostent[7]
To please his grandam; never trust me more. [279

BASS. Well, we shall see your bearing.

GRA. Nay, but I bar to-night; you shall not gauge me
By what we do to-night.

BASS. No, that were pity:
I would entreat you rather to put on
Your boldest suit of mirth, for we have friends
That purpose merriment. But fare you well:
I have some business. [290

GRA. And I must to Lorenzo and the rest;
But we will visit you at supper-time.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE III

LAUNCELOT *has told* JESSICA *that he is quitting her father's service. He is about to leave the house.*

JES. I am sorry thou wilt leave my father so:
Our house is hell, and thou, a merry devil,
Didst rob it of some taste of tediousness.
But fare thee well; there is a ducat for thee; [10
And, Launcelot, soon at supper shalt thou see
Lorenzo, who is thy new master's guest:
Give him this letter; do it secretly;
And so farewell: I would not have my father
See me in talk with thee.

LAUN., *crying.* Adieu! tears exhibit my tongue. Most beautiful pagan, most sweet Jew! If a Christian did not play the [20
knave and get thee, I am much deceived. But, adieu! these foolish drops do somewhat drown my manly spirit: adieu!

[6] An old form of eleven.

[7] behavior.

JES. Farewell, good Launcelot.
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
Alack, what heinous sin is it in me
To be ashamed to be my father's child!
But, though I am a daughter to his blood,
I am not to his manners. O Lorenzo!
If thou keep promise, I shall end this strife,
Become a Christian, and thy loving wife.

SCENE IV

It is four o'clock on the afternoon of the same day. LORENZO *has arranged with* GRATIANO, SALERIO, *and* SOLANIO, *to take part in a masque at* BASSANIO'S.

LOR. Nay, we will slink away in supper-time,
Disguise us at my lodging, and return,
All in an hour.
GRA. We have not made good preparatiön.
SAL. We have not spoke us yet of torch-bearers.
SOL. 'Tis vild, unless it may be quaintly ordered,
And better, in my mind, not undertook.
LOR. 'Tis now but four o'clock: we have two hours
To furnish us.

Enter LAUNCELOT, *with the letter.*

Friend Launcelot, what's the news?
LAUN., *handing him the letter.* An it shall please you to break up this, it shall seem to signify.
LOR. I know the hand: in faith, 'tis a fair hand;
And whiter than the paper it writ on
Is the fair hand that writ.
GRA. Love news, in faith.
LAUN. By your leave, sir.
LOR. Whither goest thou?
LAUN. Marry, sir, to bid my old master, the Jew, to sup to-night with my new master, the Christian.
LOR. Hold here, take this. [*Gives him money.*] <Tell gentle Jessica I will not fail her; speak it privately. Go.> [*Exit* LAUNCELOT.] Gentlemen, will you prepare you for this masque to-night? I am provided of a torch-bearer.
SAL. Ay, marry, I'll be gone about it straight.
SOL. And so will I.
LOR. Meet me and Gratiano
At Gratiano's lodging some hour hence.
SAL. 'Tis good we do so.
[*Exeunt* SALERIO *and* SOLANIO.
GRA. Was not that letter from fair Jessica?
LOR. I must needs tell thee all. She hath directed
How I shall take her from her father's house;
What gold and jewels she is furnished with;
What page's suit she hath in readiness
If e'er the Jew her father come to heaven,
It will be for his gentle daughter's sake;
And never dare misfortune cross her foot,
Unless she do it under this excuse,
That she is issue to a faithless Jew.
Come, go with me: [*handing* GRATIANO *the letter*] peruse this as thou goest.
Fair Jessica shall be my torch-bearer.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

A little later, LAUNCELOT *is saying good-bye to* SHYLOCK, *in front of the latter's house.*

SHY. Well, thou shalt see, thy eyes shall be thy judge,
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.—
[*Calling.*] What, Jessica! [*To* LAUNCELOT.] Thou shalt not gormandize,
As thou hast done with me—What, Jessica!—
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out—
Why, Jessica, I say!
LAUN., *calling also, in mockery.* Why Jessica!
SHY. Who bids thee call? I do not bid thee call.
LAUN. Your worship was wont to tell me that I could do nothing without bidding.

Enter JESSICA *from the house.*

JES. Call you? What is your will?
SHY., *handing her keys.* I am bid forth to supper, Jessica:
There are my keys.—But wherefore should I go?
I am not bid for love; they flatter me;
But yet I'll go, in hate, to feed upon [29
The prodigal Christian.—Jessica, my girl,
Look to my house. I am right loath to go:
There is some ill a-brewing towards my rest,
For I did dream of money-bags to-night.
LAUN. I beseech you, sir, go: my young master doth expect your reproach.
SHY. So do I his.
LAUN. And they have conspired together: I will not say you shall see a masque; but, if you do, then it was not [40 for nothing that my nose fell a-bleeding on Black Monday last, at six a'clock i' the morning, falling out that year on Ash-Wednesday was four year in the afternoon.
SHY. What! are there masques?—Hear you me, Jessica:
Lock up my doors; and, when you hear the drum [49
And the vile squealing of the wry-necked fife,
Clamber not you up to the casements then,
Nor thrust your head into the public street,
To gaze on Christian fools with varnished faces,
But stop my house's ears (I mean, my casements); [59
Let not the sound of shallow foppery enter
My sober house. By Jacob's staff I swear
I have no mind of feasting forth to-night;
But I will go.—Go you before me, sirrah;
Say I will come.
LAUN. I will go before, sir. [*To* JESSICA.] <Mistress, look out at window, for all this.
There will come a Christian by
Will be worth a Jewess' eye.> [70
[*Exit* LAUNCELOT.
SHY., *suspiciously.* What says that fool of Hagar's offspring, ha?
JES. His words were, "Farewell, mistress;" nothing else.
SHY. The patch is kind enough, but a huge feeder,
Snail-slow in profit; and he sleeps by day [79
More than the wild cat: drones hive not with me;
Therefore I part with him, and part with him
To one that I would have him help to waste
His borrowed purse. Well, Jessica, go in:
Perhaps I will return immediately.
Do as I bid you; shut doors after you:
"Fast bind, fast find," [89
A proverb never stale in thrifty mind.
[*Exit.*
JES. Farewell; and, if my fortune be not crossed,
I have a father, you a daughter, lost.
[*Exit, into the house.*

SCENE VI

The scene is the same; but it is now dark, being about 9 o'clock in the evening. GRATIANO *and* SALERIO, *both masked, enter.* LORENZO *has arranged with them to help him in* JESSICA'S *elopement.*

GRA. This is the penthouse under which Lorenzo
Desired us to make stand.
SAL. His hour is almost past.
GRA. And it is marvel he out-dwells his hour, [11
For lovers ever run before the clock.
SAL. O! ten times faster Venus' pigeons fly
To seal love's bonds new-made than they are wont
To keep obligëd faith unforfeited!
GRA. That ever holds: who riseth from a feast
With that keen appetite that he sits [20 down?
Where is the horse that doth untread again
His tedious measures with the unbated fire

That he did pace them first? All things that are,
Are with more spirit chasëd than enjoyed.
How like a younker or a prodigal
The scarfëd[8] bark puts from her native bay,
Hugged and embracëd by the strumpet wind!
How like the prodigal doth she return,
With over-weathered ribs and ragged sails,
Lean, rent, and beggared by the strumpet wind!

SAL. Here comes Lorenzo: more of this hereafter.

Enter LORENZO.

LOR. Sweet friends, your patience for my long abode;[9]
Not I, but my affairs, have made you wait.
When you shall please to play the thieves for wives,
I'll watch as long for you then. Approach;
Here dwells my father Jew.—[*Calling softly.*] Ho! who's within?

JESSICA, *dressed in boy's clothes, appears at the casement above.*

JES. Who are you? Tell me, for more certainty,
Albeit I'll swear that I do know your tongue.

LOR. Lorenzo, and thy love.

JES. Lorenzo, certain; and my love indeed;
For whom love I so much? And now who knows
But you, Lorenzo, whether I am yours?

LOR. Heaven and thy thoughts are witness that thou art.

JES. Here, catch this casket; it is worth the pains. [*Throws down a casket.*
I am glad 'tis night, you do not look on me,
For I am much ashamed of my exchange;
But love is blind, and lovers cannot see
The pretty follies that themselves commit;
For, if they could, Cupid himself would blush
To see me thus transformëd to a boy.

LOR. Descend, for you must be my torch-bearer.

JES. What! must I hold a candle to my shames?
They in themselves, good sooth, are too, too light.
Why, 'tis an office of discovery, love,
And I should be obscured.

LOR. So are you, sweet,
Even in the lovely garnish of a boy;
But come at once;
For the close night doth play the runaway,
And we are stayed for at Bassanio's feast.[10]

JES. I will make fast the doors, and gild myself
With some more ducats, and be with you straight. [*Exit above.*

GRA. Now, by my hood, a Gentile, and no Jew.

LOR. Beshrew me, but I love her heartily;
For she is wise, if I can judge of her;
And fair she is, if that mine eyes be true;
And true she is, as she hath proved herself;
And therefore, like herself, wise, fair, and true,
Shall she be placëd in my constant soul.—

Enter JESSICA.

What, art thou come?—On, gentlemen; away!
Our masquing mates by this time for us stay.
[*Exit with* JESSICA *and* SALERIO.

As GRATIANO *is about to accompany them,* ANTONIO *enters.*

ANT. Who's there?

GRA. Signior Antonio!

ANT. Fie, fie, Gratiano! where are all the rest?
'Tis nine o'clock; our friends all stay for you.

[8] bedecked. [9] delay.

[10] But surely it was somewhat risky to take the girl to a feast at which her father was to be present.

No masque to-night: the wind is come about;
Bassanio presently will go aboard:
I have sent twenty out to seek for you.
GRA. I am glad on 't: I desire no more delight
Than to be under sail and gone to-night.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII

We now jump backward to the afternoon of the same day. In the room of PORTIA'S *house at Belmont which holds the three caskets, the* PRINCE OF MOROCCO *is to make his choice.* PORTIA *is present with her attendants.*

POR. Go, draw aside the curtains, and discover [8
The several caskets to this noble prince.—
[*The curtains behind which the caskets are concealed are drawn aside. The* PRINCE *advances to inspect them.*
Now make your choice.
MOR. The first, of gold, which this inscription bears:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
The second, silver, which this promise carries: [19
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
This third, dull lead, with warning all as blunt:
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
How shall I know if I do choose the right?
POR. The one of them contains my picture, prince:
If you choose that, then I am yours [30
withal.
MOR. Some god direct my judgment! Let me see:
I will survey the inscriptions back again:
What says this leaden casket?
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath."
Must give: For what? for lead? hazard for lead? [39
This casket threatens. Men that hazard all
Do it in hope of fair advantages:
A golden mind stoops not to shows of dross;
I'll then nor give nor hazard aught for lead.
What says the silver, with her virgin hue?
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves." [49
As much as he deserves! Pause there, Morocco,
And weigh thy value with an even hand.
If thou be'st rated by thy estimation,
Thou dost deserve enough; and yet enough
May not extend so far as to the lady:
And yet to be afeard of my deserving
Were but a weak disabling of myself.
As much as I deserve! Why, that's the lady: [60
I do in birth deserve her, and in fortunes,
In graces, and in qualities of breeding;
But more than these, in love I do deserve.
What if I strayed no farther, but chose here?
Let's see once more this saying graved in gold:
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire." [70
Why, that's the lady: all the world desires her;
From the four corners of the earth they come,
To kiss this shrine, this mortal-breathing saint:
The Hyrcanian deserts and the vasty wilds
Of wide Arabia are as thoroughfares now
For princes to come view fair Portiä: [80
The watery kingdom, whose ambitious head
Spits in the face of heaven, is no bar
To stop the foreign spirits, but they come,
As o'er a brook, to see fair Portiä.
One of these three contains her heavenly picture.
Is't like that lead contains her? 'Twere damnation [90
To think so base a thought: it were too gross

To rib her cerecloth in the óbscure grave.
Or shall I think in silver she's immured,
Being ten times undervalued to tried gold?
O sinful thought! Never so rich a gem
Was set in worse than gold. They have in England [99
A coin that bears the figure of an angel
Stampëd in gold, but that's insculped upon;
But here an angel in a golden bed
Lies all within. Deliver me the key:
Here do I choose; and thrive I as I may!
POR., *handing him a key.* There, take it, prince; and, if my form lie there,
Then I am yours. [108
[*He unlocks the golden casket.*
MOR. O hell! what have we here?
A carrion Death, within whose empty eye
There is a written scroll. I'll read the writing.

All that glisters is not gold;
Often have you heard that told:
Many a man his life hath sold
But my outside to behold:
Gilded tombs do worms infold.
Had you been as wise as bold,
Young in limbs, in judgment old, [120
Your answer had not been inscrolled:
"Fare you well; your suit is cold."

Cold, indeed; and labor lost:
Then, farewell, heat, and welcome, frost!
Portia, adieu. I have too grieved a heart
To take a tedious leave: thus losers part.
[*He goes out dejectedly.*
POR. A gentle riddance! Draw the curtains: go. [129
Let all of his complexion choose me so.

SCENE VIII

In a street in Venice SALERIO *and* SOLANIO, *having met, the next morning, discuss the latest doings of* BASSANIO *and* SHYLOCK.

SAL. Why, man, I saw Bassanio under sail:
With him is Gratiano gone along;
And in their ship I am sure Lorenzo is not. [9
SOL. The villain Jew with outcries raised the duke,
Who went with him to search Bassanio's ship.
SAL. He came too late, the ship was under sail;
But there the duke was given to understand
That in a gondola were seen together
Lorenzo and his amorous Jessica.
Besides, Antonio certified the duke [20
They were not with Bassanio in his ship.
SOL. I never heard a passion so confused,
So strange, outrageous, and so variable,
As the dog Jew did utter in the streets:
"My daughter! O my ducats! O my daughter! [31
Fled with a Christian! O my Christian ducats!
Justice! the law! my ducats, and my daughter!
A sealëd bag, two sealëd bags of ducats,
Of double ducats, stol'n from me by my daughter!
And jewels! two stones, two rich and precious stones,
Stol'n by my daughter! Justice! find the girl!
She hath the stones upon her, and the ducats." [40
SAL. Why, all the boys in Venice follow him,
Crying his stones, his daughter, and his ducats.
SOL. Let good Antonio look he keep his day,
Or he shall pay for this.
SAL. Marry, well remembered.
I reasoned with a Frenchman yesterday,
Who told me, in the narrow seas that part [51
The French and English, there miscarriëd
A vessel of our country richly fraught.
I thought upon Antonio when he told me,
And wished in silence that it were not his.
SOL. You were best to tell Antonio what you hear;
Yet do not suddenly, for it may grieve him. [60
SAL. A kinder gentleman treads not the earth.

I saw Bassanio and Antonio part:
Bassanio told him he would make some speed
Of his return; he answered, "Do not so;
Slubber not business for my sake, Bassanio,
But stay the very riping of the time;
And, for the Jew's bond which he hath [70
of me,
Let it not enter in your mind of love:
Be merry, and employ your chiefest thoughts
To courtship and such fair ostents of love
As shall conveniently become you there;"
And even there, his eye being big with tears,
Turning his face, he put his hand behind him, [81
And with affection wondrous sensible [11]
He wrung Bassanio's hand; and so they parted.

Sol. I think he only loves the world for him.
I pray thee, let us go and find him out,
And quicken his embracëd heaviness
With some delight or other. [89

Sal. Do we so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IX

The morning after the Moroccan Prince's departure, the Prince of Arragon *is about to try his luck with the caskets.* Nerissa *enters the room that contains them and instructs a servitor to make all ready for the* Prince.

Ner. Quick, quick, I pray thee; draw the curtain straight:
The Prince of Arragon hath ta'en his oath, [10
And comes to his election presently.

Flourish of Cornets. Enter the Prince of Arragon, Portia, *and their respective Trains.*

Por. Behold, there stands the caskets, noble prince:
If you choose that wherein I am contained,
Straight shall our nuptial rites be solemnized; [20
But, if you fail, without more speech, my lord,
You must be gone from hence immediately.

Ar. I am enjoined by oath to observe three things:
First, never to unfold to any one
Which casket 'twas I chose; next, if I fail
Of the right casket, never in my life [30
To woo a maid in way of marriäge;
Lastly,
If I do fail in fortune of my choice,
Immediately to leave you and be gone.

Por. To these injunctions every one doth swear
That comes to hazard for my worthless self.

Ar. And so have I addressed me. Fortune now [40
To my heart's hope! Gold, silver, and base lead.
[*Reads the inscription on the leaden casket,*
"Who chooseth me must give and hazard all he hath:"
You shall look fairer, ere I give or hazard.
What says the golden chest? ha! let me see: [49
"Who chooseth me shall gain what many men desire."
What many men desire! that "many" may be meant
By the fool multitude, that choose by show,
Not learning more than the fond eye doth teach;
Which pries not to th' interior, but, like the martlet, [59
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Even in the force and road of casualty.
I will not choose what many men desire,
Because I will not jump with common spirits
And rank me with the barbarous multitude.
Why, then to thee, thou silver treasure-house;

[11] sensitive.

Tell me once more[12] what title thou dost bear:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
And well said too; for who shall go about
To cozen fortune and be honorable
Without the stamp of merit? Let none presume
To wear an undeservëd dignity.
O! that estates, degrees, and offices
Were not derived corruptly, and that clear honor
Were purchased by the merit of the wearer.
How many then should cover that stand bare;
How many be commanded that command;
How much low peasantry would then be gleaned
From the true seed of honor; and how much honor
Picked from the chaff and ruin of the times
To be new varnished! Well, but to my choice:
"Who chooseth me shall get as much as he deserves."
I will assume desert.—Give me a key for this,
And instantly unlock my fortunes here.
[PORTIA *gives him the key, and he opens the silver casket.*

POR. Too long a pause for that which you find there.

AR. What's here? the portrait of a blinking idiot,
Presenting me a schedule! I will read it.
How much unlike art thou to Portiä!
How much unlike my hopes and my deservings!
"Who chooseth me shall have as much as he deserves."
Did I deserve no more than a fool's head?
Is that my prize? are my deserts no better?

POR. To offend and judge are distinct offices,
And of opposëd natures.

AR. What is here?

The fire seven times tried this:
Seven times tried that judgment is
That did never choose amiss.
Some there be that shadows kiss;
Such have but a shadow's bliss:
There be fools alive, I wis,
Silvered o'er; and so was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will ever be your head:
So be gone, sir: you are sped.

Still more fool I shall appear
By the time I linger here:
With one fool's head I came to woo,
But I go away with two.—
Sweet, adieu. I'll keep my oath,
Patiently to bear my wroth.
[*Exit* ARRAGON *with his Train.*

POR. Thus hath the candle singed the moth.
O, these deliberate fools! when they do choose,
They have the wisdom by their wit to lose.

NER. The ancient saying is no heresy:
"Hanging and wiving goes by destiny."

POR. Come, draw the curtain, Nerissa.

Enter a SERVANT.

SER. Where is my lady?

POR. Here; what would my lord?[13]

SER. Madam, there is alighted at your gate
A young Venetian, one that comes before
To signify th' approaching of his lord,
From whom he bringeth sensible regreets,[14]
To wit—besides commends and courteous breath—
Gifts of rich value. Yet I have not seen
So likely an embassador of love.
A day in April never came so sweet,
To show how costly summer was at hand,
As this fore-spurrer comes before his lord.

POR. No more, I pray thee: I am half afeard
Thou wilt say anon he is some kin to thee,

[12] ARRAGON would seem to have read its inscription before. Probably part of the speech has been cut out.

[13] The language of the next speech would lead to the belief that the speaker was a woman; but the use of this word "lord" seems to negative that idea.

[14] substantial greetings.

Thou spend'st such high-day wit in praising him.
Come, come, Nerissa; for I long to see
Quick Cupid's post, that comes so mannerly.
NER. Bassanio, Lord Love, if thy [170
will it be! [*Exeunt.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

Almost three months have elapsed, and yet ANTONIO's *ships have not returned.* SOLANIO *and* SALERIO *meet once again in one of the streets of Venice to discuss the latest news and the situation.*

SOL. Now, what news on the Rialto?

SAL. Why, yet it lives there unchecked that Antonio hath a ship of rich lading wracked on the narrow seas; the Goodwins, I think they call the place; a very [10 dangerous flat, and fatal, where the carcasses of many a tall ship lie buried, as they say, if my gossip Report be an honest woman of her word.

SOL. I would she were as lying a gossip in that as ever knapped[1] ginger or made her neighbors believe she wept for the death of a third husband. But it is true, without any slips of prolixity or crossing the plain highway of talk, that the [20 good Antonio, the honest Antonio—O, that I had a title good enough to keep his name company!—

SAL. Come, the full stop.

SOL. Ha! what sayst thou? Why, the end is, he hath lost a ship.

SAL. I would it might prove the end of his losses.

SOL. Let me say "amen" betimes, lest the devil cross my prayer; for here [30 he comes—in the likeness of a Jew.

Enter SHYLOCK.

How now, Shylock! what news among the merchants?

SHY. You knew, none so well, none so well as you, of my daughter's flight.

SAL. That's certain: I, for my part, knew the tailor that made the wings she flew withal.

[1] chewed.

SOL. And Shylock, for his own part, [40 knew the bird was fledged; and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

SHY. She is damned for it.

SAL. That's certain, if the devil may be her judge.

SHY. My own flesh and blood to rebel!

SOL. Out upon it, old carrion! rebels it at these years? [49

SHY. I say my daughter is my flesh and blood.

SAL. There is more difference between thy flesh and hers than between jet and ivory; more between your bloods than there is between red wine and Rhenish. But tell us, do you hear whether Antonio have had any loss at sea or no?

SHY. There I have another bad match: a bankrupt, a prodigal, who dare scarce show his head on the Rialto; a beg- [60 gar, that used to come so smug upon the mart. [*Venomously.*] Let him look to his bond: he was wont to call me usurer; let him look to his bond: he was wont to lend money for a Christian courtesy; let him look to his bond.

SAL., *alarmed.* Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh: what's that good for? [69

SHY., *snarlingly.* To bait fish withal: if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me half a million, laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies; and what's his reason? I am a Jew. Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the [80 same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his [90

humility? Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example? Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute; and it shall go hard but I will better the instruction.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Gentlemen, my master Antonio is at his house, and desires to speak with you both. [100

SAL. We have been up and down to seek him.

Enter TUBAL.

SOL. Here comes another of the tribe: a third cannot be matched, unless the devil himself turn Jew.

[*Exeunt* SOLANIO, SALERIO *and* SERVANT.

SHY. How now, Tubal! what news from Genoa? Hast thou found my daughter?

TUB. I often came where I did hear of her, but cannot find her. [111

SHY. Why there, there, there! a diamond gone, cost me two thousand ducats in Frankfort! The curse never fell upon our nation till now; I never felt it till now; two thousand ducats in that; and other precious, precious jewels. I would my daughter were dead at my foot, and the jewels in her ear! would she were hearsed at my foot, and the ducats in [120 her coffin! No news of them? Why, so: and I know not what's spent in the search. Why, thou—loss upon loss! the thief gone with so much, and so much to find the thief; and no satisfaction, no revenge: nor no ill luck stirring but what lights on my shoulders; no sighs but of my breathing; no tears but of my shedding.

TUB. Yes, other men have ill luck too. Antonio, as I heard in Genoa,— [130

SHY. What, what, what? ill luck, ill luck?

TUB. —hath an argosy cast away, coming from Tripolis.

SHY. I thank God! I thank God! Is it true? is it true?

TUB. I spoke with some of the sailors that escaped the wrack.

SHY. I thank thee, good Tubal. Good news, good news! ha, ha! Where? [140 in Genoa?

TUB. Your daughter spent in Genoa, as I heard, one night, fourscore ducats.

SHY. Thou stick'st a dagger in me: I shall never see my gold again: fourscore ducats at a sitting! fourscore ducats!

TUB. There came divers of Antonio's creditors in my company to Venice, that swear he cannot choose but break. [149

SHY. I am very glad of it: I'll plague him; I'll torture him: I am glad of it.

TUB. One of them showed me a ring that he had of your daughter—for a monkey.

SHY. Out upon her! Thou torturest me, Tubal: it was my turquoise; I had it of Leah, when I was a bachelor: I would not have given it for a wilderness of monkeys. [159

TUB. But Antonio is certainly undone.

SHY. Nay, that's true, that's very true. Go, Tubal, fee me an officer; bespeak him a fortnight before. I will have the heart of him, if he forfeit; for, were he out of Venice, I can make what merchandise I will. Go, go, Tubal, and meet me at our synagogue; go, good Tubal; at our synagogue, Tubal.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

It is the room with the caskets again. BASSANIO *and* GRATIANO *have been at Belmont a considerable time.* PORTIA *fears to have her lover go to his test, lest he should choose wrongly, and the trial has been put off time after time. At length he is to do it; but even now* PORTIA *is seeking to postpone the day of choosing.* NERISSA *and other of her servants and* GRATIANO *are present; and there are also musicians and a boy singer. It is morning.*

POR. I pray you, tarry: pause a [12
day or two
Before you hazard; for, in choosing
wrong,
I lose your company: therefore, forbear
awhile.
There's something tells me (but it is not
love),

I would not lose you; and, you know yourself,
Hate counsels not in such a quality.
But lest you should not understand me well—
And yet a maiden hath no tongue but thought—
I would detain you here some month or two
Before you venture for me. I could teach you
How to choose right; but then I am forsworn.
So will I never be: so may you miss me;
But if you do, you 'll make me wish a sin,
That I had been forsworn. Beshrew your eyes,
They have o'erlooked me and divided me:
One half of me is yours, the other half —yours—
Mine own, I would say; but, if mine, then yours,
And so all yours. O! these naughty times
Put bars between the owners and their rights;
And so, though yours, not yours. Prove it so;
Let fortune go to hell for it, not I.
I speak too long; but 'tis to peise[2] the time,
To eke it and to draw it out in length,
To stay you from election.

BASS. Let me choose;
For, as I am, I live upon the rack.

POR. Upon the rack, Bassanio! then confess
What treason there is mingled with your love.

BASS. None but that ugly treason of mistrust,
Which makes me fear th' enjoying of my love:
There may as well be amity and life
'Tween snow and fire as treason and my love.

POR. Ay, but I fear you speak upon the rack,
Where men enforcëd do speak anything.

[2] weigh.

BASS. Promise me life, and I'll confe
the truth.

POR. Well then, confess, and live.

BASS. "Confess" and "lov
Had been the very sum of my confessio
O happy torment, when my torturer
Doth teach me answers for deliveranc
But let me to my fortune and the caske

POR. Away then! I am locked in o
of them:
If you do love me, you will find me out.
Nerissa and the rest, stand all aloof. [
[BASSANIO *goes over to the caskets a*
examines each in turn.
Let music sound while he doth make
choice;
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-li
end,
Fading in music: that the comparison
May stand more proper, my eye shall
the stream
And wat'ry death-bed for him. He m
win;
And what is music then? then music is
Even as the flourish when true subje
bow
To a new-crownëd monarch: such it is
As are those dulcet sounds in break
day
That creep into the dreaming brid
groom's ear,
And summon him to marriage. [1
Now he goes,
With no less presence, but with mu
more love,
Than young Alcides, when he did
deem
The virgin tribute paid by howling Tr
To the sea-monster: I stand for sacrific
The rest aloof are the Dardanian wiv
With bleared visages, come forth to vi
The issue of th' exploit. Go, Hercule
Live thou, I live: with much, much mo
dismay
I view the fight than thou that mak
the fray.

[*A Song by the boy, whilst* BASSAN
considers the caskets.

Tell me where is fancy bred,
Or in the heart or in the head?
How begot, how nourishëd?

Reply, reply. [120
It is engendered in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring fancy's knell:
I'll begin it: Ding, dong, bell.
ALL. Ding, dong, bell.

BASS. So may the outward shows be least themselves: [128
The world is still deceived with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt
But, being seasoned with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damnëd error, but some sober brow
Will bless it and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple but assumes
Some mark of virtue on his outward parts. [139
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars,
Who, inward searched, have livers white as milk;
And these assume but valor's excrement
To render them redoubted! Look on beauty, [150
And you shall see 'tis purchased by the weight;
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it:
So are those crispëd[3] snaky golden locks
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind,
Upon supposëd fairness, often known
To be the dowry of a second head, [160
The skull that bred them, in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the guilëd shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
To entrap the wisest. Therefore, thou gaudy gold, [169
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee;
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threat'nest than dost promise aught,
Thy paleness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I: joy be the consequence! [180
POR. <How all the other passions fleet to air,
As doubtful thoughts, and rash-embraced despair,
And shudd'ring fear, and green-eyed jealousy.
O love! be moderate; allay thy ecstasy;
In measure rain thy joy; scant this excess;
I feel too much thy blessing; make [190
it less,
For fear I surfeit!>
[*She gives him the key of the leaden casket, which he opens.*
BASS. What find I here?
Fair Portia's counterfeit! What demi-god
Hath come so near creation? Move these eyes? [199
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion? Here are severed lips,
Parted with sugar breath; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends. Here, in her hairs
The painter plays the spider, and hath woven
A golden mesh t' entrap the hearts of men
Faster than gnats in cobwebs. But [210
her eyes!
How could he see to do them? having made one,
Methinks it should have power to steal both his
And leave itself unfurnished: yet look, how far
The substance of my praise doth wrong this shadow [219
In underprizing it, so far this shadow

[3] curled.

Doth limp behind the substance. Here's the scroll,
The continent and summary of my fortune:

"You that choose not by the view,
Chance as fair and choose as true!
Since this fortune falls to you,
Be content, and seek no new.
If you be well pleased with this
And hold your fortune for your bliss,
Turn you where your lady is [231
And claim her with a loving kiss."

A gentle scroll!—Fair lady, by your leave; [*Kisses her.*
I come by note, to give and to receive.
Like one of two contending in a prize,
That thinks he hath done well in people's eyes,
Hearing applause and universal shout,
Giddy in spirit, still gazing in a doubt [240
Whether those peals of praise be his or no;
So, thrice-fair lady, stand I, even so,
As doubtful whether what I see be true,
Until confirmed, signed, ratified by you.

Por. You see me, Lord Bassanio, where I stand,
Such as I am: though for myself alone
I would not be ambitious in my wish, [249
To wish myself much better; yet, for you
I would be trebled twenty times myself,
A thousand times more fair, ten thousand times
More rich;
That, only to stand high in your account,
I might in virtues, beauties, livings, friends,
Exceed account: but the full sum of me
Is sum of nothing; which, to term in gross, [260
Is an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised;
Happy in this, she is not yet so old
But she may learn; happier than this,
She is not bred so dull but she can learn;
Happiest of all is that her gentle spirit
Commits itself to yours to be directed,
As from her lord, her governor, her king.
Myself and what is mine to you and yours [270
Is now converted: but now I was the lord
Of this fair mansion, master of my servants,
Queen o'er myself; and even now, but now,
This house, these servants, and this same myself
Are yours, my lord. I give them with this ring; [280
[*She takes a ring from her finger, and gives it to* Bassanio.
Which when you part from, lose, or give away,
Let it presage the ruin of your love,
And be my vantage to exclaim on you.

Bass. Madam, you have bereft me of all words;
Only my blood speaks to you in my veins;
And there is such confusion in my powers,
As, after some oration fairly spoke [291
By a belovëd prince, there doth appear
Among the buzzing pleasëd multitude;
Where every something, being blent together,
Turns to a wild of nothing, save of joy,
Expressed and not expressed. But, when this ring
Parts from this finger, then parts life from hence: [300
O! then be bold to say Bassanio's dead.

Ner. My lord and lady, it is now our time,
That have stood by and seen our wishes prosper,
To cry, good joy. Good joy, my lord and lady!

Gra. My Lord Bassanio and my gentle lady, [309
I wish you all the joy that you can wish;
For I am sure you can wish none from me;
And, when your honors mean to solemnize
The bargain of your faith, I do beseech you,
Even at that time I may be married too.

Bass. With all my heart, so thou canst get a wife.

Gra. I thank your lordship, you have got me one. [320

My eyes, my lord, can look as swift as yours:
You saw the mistress, I beheld the maid;
You loved, I loved; for intermissiön
No more pertains to me, my lord, than you.
Your fortune stood upon the caskets there;
And so did mine too, as the matter falls;
For, wooing here until I sweat again, [330
And swearing till my very roof was dry
With oaths of love, at last, if promise last,
I got a promise of this fair one here
To have her love, provided that your fortune
Achieved her mistress.

POR. Is this true, Nerissa?

NER. Madam, it is, so you stand pleased withal. [340

BASS. And do you, Gratiano, mean good faith?

GRA. Yes, faith, my lord.

BASS. Our feast shall be much honored in your marriage.

GRA. We'll play with them the first boy for a thousand ducats.

NER. What! and stake down?

GRA. No; we shall ne'er win at that sport, and stake down. [350

But who comes here? Lorenzo and his infidel?
What! and my old Venetian friend, Salerio?

Enter LORENZO, JESSICA, *and* SALERIO.

BASS. Lorenzo, and Salerio, welcome hither,
If that the youth of my new interest here
Have power to bid you welcome. By your leave, [361
I bid my very friends and countrymen,
Sweet Portia, welcome.

POR. So do I, my lord:
They are entirely welcome.

LOR. I thank your honor. For my part, my lord,
My purpose was not to have seen you here; [369
But, meeting with Salerio by the way,
He did entreat me, past all saying nay,
To come with him along.

SAL. I did, my lord,
And I have reason for it. Signior Antonio
Commends him to you.

[*Gives* BASSANIO *a letter.*

BASS. Ere I ope his letter,
I pray you, tell me how my good friend doth. [380

SAL. Not sick, my lord, unless it be in mind;
Nor well, unless in mind: his letter there
Will show you his estate.

GRA. Nerissa, cheer yond stranger; bid her welcome.
Your hand, Salerio. What's the news from Venice?
How doth that royal merchant, good Antonio? [390
I know he will be glad of our success;
We are the Jasons; we have won the fleece.

SAL. I would you had won the fleece that he hath lost.

POR. <There are some shrewd contents in yond same paper,
That steals the color from Bassanio's cheek: [399
Some dear friend dead, else nothing in the world
Could turn so much the constitutiön
Of any constant man.—What, worse and worse!>
With leave, Bassanio; I am half yourself;
And I must freely have the half of anything
That this same paper brings you.

BASS., *with deep feeling.* O sweet [410 Portia!
Here are a few of the unpleasant'st words
That ever blotted paper. Gentle lady,
When I did first impart my love to you,
I freely told you all the wealth I had
Ran in my veins, I was a gentleman;
And then I told you true; and yet, dear lady,
Rating myself at nothing, you shall see
How much I was a braggart. When I told you [421

My state was nothing, I should then have told you
That I was worse than nothing; for, indeed,
I have engaged myself to a dear friend,
Engaged my friend to his mere enemy,
To feed my means. Here is a letter, lady; [429
The paper as the body of my friend,
And every word in it a gaping wound,
Issuing life-blood.—But is it true, Salerio?
Hath all his ventures failed? What, not one hit?
From Tripolis, from Mexico, and England,
From Lisbon, Barbary, and India?
And not one vessel scape the dreadful touch
Of merchant-marring rocks? [440
SAL. Not one, my lord.
Besides, it should appear that, if he had
The present money to discharge the Jew,
He would not take it. Never did I know
A creature that did bear the shape of man
So keen and greedy to confound a man.
He plies the duke at morning and at night, [450
And doth impeach the freedom of the state,
If they deny him justice: twenty merchants,
The duke himself, and the magnificoes
Of greatest port,[4] have all persuaded with him;
But none can drive him from the envious plea [459
Of forfeiture, of justice, and his bond.
JES. When I was with him, I have heard him swear
To Tubal and to Chus, his countrymen,
That he would rather have Antonio's flesh
Than twenty times the value of the sum
That he did owe him; and I know, my lord,
If law, authority, and power deny not,
It will go hard with poor Antonio. [470
POR. Is it your dear friend that is thus in trouble?

[4] highest-standing.

BASS. The dearest friend to me, the kindest man,
The best-conditioned and unwearied spirit
In doing courtesies, and one in whom
The ancient Roman honor more appears
Than any that draws breath in Italy.
POR. What sum owes he the Jew? [479
BASS. For me, three thousand ducats.
POR. What, no more?
Pay him six thousand, and deface the bond;
Double six thousand, and then treble that,
Before a friend of this description
Shall lose a hair thorough Bassanio's fault.
First go with me to church and call me wife, [490
And then away to Venice to your friend;
For never shall you lie by Portia's side
With an unquiet soul. You shall have gold
To pay the petty debt twenty times over.
When it is paid, bring your true friend along.
My maid Nerissa and myself, meantime
Will live as maids and widows. Come, away! [500
For you shall hence upon your wedding-day.
Bid your friends welcome, show a merry cheer;
Since you are dear bought, I will love you dear.
But let me hear the letter of your friend.

BASS. "Sweet Bassanio, my ships have all miscarried, my creditors grow cruel, my estate is very low, my bond to the Jew [510 is forfeit; and, since, in paying it, it is impossible I should live, all debts are cleared between you and I, if I might but see you at my death. Notwithstanding, use your pleasure: if your love do not persuade you to come, let not my letter."

POR. O love, dispatch all business, and be gone!
BASS. Since I have your good leave to go away, [520
I will make haste; but, till I come again,
No bed shall e'er be guilty of my stay,

Nor rest be interposer 'twixt us twain.
[*Exit with* Gratiano *and* Salerio.

Scene III

Antonio, *accompanied by* Solanio, *has persuaded his gaoler to take him to intercede with* Shylock. *In front of the Jew's house they meet him; but he proves obdurate.*

Shy. Gaoler, look to him: tell not me of mercy;
This is the fool that lent out money gratis.
Gaoler, look to him.
Ant. Hear me yet, good Shylock.
Shy. I'll have my bond; speak not against my bond:
I have sworn an oath that I will have my bond.
Thou call'dst me dog before thou hadst a cause,
But, since I am a dog, beware my fangs.
The duke shall grant me justice. I do wonder,
Thou naughty gaoler, that thou art so fond
To come abroad with him at his request.
Ant. I pray thee, hear me speak.
Shy. I'll have my bond; I will not hear thee speak:
I'll have my bond; and therefore speak no more.
I'll not be made a soft and dull-eyed fool,
To shake the head, relent, and sigh, and yield
To Christian intercessors. Follow not;
I'll have no speaking; I will have my bond.
[*Exit into his house.*
Sol. It is the most impenetrable cur
That ever kept with men.
Ant. Let him alone:
I'll follow him no more with bootless prayers.
He seeks my life; his reason well I know.
I oft delivered from his forfeitures
Many that have at times made moan to me;
Therefore he hates me.
Sol. I am sure the duke
Will never grant this forfeiture to hold.
Ant. The duke cannot deny the course of law;
For the commodity that strangers have
With us in Venice, if it be denied,
'Twill much impeach the justice of the state,
Since that the trade and profit of the city
Consisteth of all nations. Therefore, go:
These griefs and losses have so bated[5] me,
That I shall hardly spare a pound of flesh
To-morrow to my bloody creditor.—
Well, gaoler, on.—Pray God, Bassanio come
To see me pay his debt; and then I care not!
[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Bassanio *has barely left her before* Portia *begins to think of ways whereby she can follow him, and she has hit upon a plan which she has revealed to no one.* Lorenzo *and* Jessica *are with her, and she is attended by* Nerissa *and* Balthazar.

Lor. Madam, although I speak it in your presence,
You have a noble and a true conceit
Of god-like amity, which appears most strongly
In bearing thus the absence of your lord;
But, if you knew to whom you show this honor,
How true a gentleman you send relief,
How dear a lover of my lord your husband,
I know you would be prouder of the work
Than customary bounty can enforce you.
Por. I never did repent for doing good,
Nor shall not now: for, in companiöns
That do converse and waste the time together,
Whose souls do bear an equal yoke of love,
There must be needs a like proportiön
Of lineaments, of manners, and of spirit;
Which makes me think that this Antonio,

[5] weakened.

Being the bosom lover of my lord,
Must needs be like my lord. If it be so,
How little is the cost I have bestowed
In purchasing the semblance of my soul
From out the state of hellish cruelty!
This comes too near the praising of myself;
Therefore, no more of it: hear other things.
Lorenzo, I commit into your hands
The husbandry and manage of my house
Until my lord's return: for mine own part,
I have toward heaven breathed a secret vow
To live in prayer and contemplatiön,
Only attended by Nerissa here,
Until her husband and my lord's return.
There is a monastery two miles off,
And there will we abide. I do desire you
Not to deny this impositiön,
The which my love and some necessity
Now lays upon you.

LOR. Madam, with all my heart:
I shall obey you in all fair commands.

POR. My people do already know my mind,
And will acknowledge you and Jessica
In place of Lord Bassanio and myself.
So fare you well till we shall meet again.

LOR. Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you!

JES. I wish your ladyship all heart's content.

POR. I thank you for your wish, and am well pleased
To wish it back on you: fare you well, Jessica.

[*Exeunt* JESSICA *and* LORENZO.

Now, Balthazar,
As I have ever found thee honest-true,
So let me find thee still. Take this same letter,
And use thou all the endeavor of a man
In speed to Padua: see thou render this
Into my cousin's hand, Doctor Bellario;
And look, what notes and garments he doth give thee,
Bring them, I pray thee, with imagined speed,
Unto the tranect, to the common ferry
Which trades to Venice. Waste no time in words,
But get thee gone: I shall be there before thee.

BALTH. Madam, I go with all convenient speed. [*Exit.*

POR. Come on, Nerissa: I have work in hand
That you yet know not of: we'll see our husbands
Before they think of us.

NER. Shall they see us?

POR. They shall, Nerissa; but in such a habit
That they shall think we are accomplishëd
With that we lack. I'll hold thee any wager,
When we are both accoutred like young men,
I'll prove the prettier fellow of the two,
And wear my dagger with the braver grace,
And speak between the change of man and boy
With a reed voice, and turn two mincing steps
Into a manly stride, and speak of frays
Like a fine bragging youth, and tell quaint[6] lies,
How honorable ladies sought my love,
Which I denying, they fell sick and died:
I could not do withal; then I'll repent,
And wish, for all that, that I had not killed them;
And twenty of these puny lies I'll tell,
That men shall swear I have discontinued school.
Above a twelvemonth. I have within my mind
A thousand raw tricks of these bragging Jacks,
Which I will practise.

NER. Why, shall we turn to men?

POR. Fie, what a question's that,
If thou wert near a lewd interpreter!
But come: I'll tell thee all my whole device
When I am in my coach, which stays for us

[6] artistic.

At the park gate; and therefore haste away,
For we must measure twenty miles today. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Later in the day, toward dinner-time, Jessica *is in* Portia's *garden with* Bassanio's *man,* Launcelot.

Laun. Yes, truly; for, look you, the sins of the father are to be laid upon the children; therefore, I promise you, I fear you. I was always plain with you, and so now I speak my agitation of the matter: therefore be of good cheer; for, truly, I think you are damned. There [10 is but one hope in it that can do you any good, and that is but a kind of bastard hope neither.

Jes. And what hope is that, I pray thee?

Laun. Marry, you may partly hope that your father got you not, that you are not the Jew's daughter.

Jes. That were a kind of bastard hope, indeed: so the sins of my mother should be visited upon me. [21

Laun. Truly, then, I fear you are damned both by father and mother: thus, when I shun Scylla, your father, I fall into Charybdis, your mother: well, you are gone both ways.

Jes. I shall be saved by my husband; he hath made me a Christian.

Laun. Truly the more to blame he: we were Christians enow before; e'en [30 as many as could well live one by another. This making of Christians will raise the price of hogs: if we grow all to be pork-eaters, we shall not shortly have a rasher on the coals for money.

Jes. I'll tell my husband, Launcelot, what you say: here he comes.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. I shall grow jealous of you shortly, Launcelot, if you thus get my [40 wife into corners.

Jes. Nay, you need not fear us, Lorenzo: Launcelot and I are out. He tells me flatly, there is no mercy for me in heaven, because I am a Jew's daughter: and he says you are no good member of the commonwealth, for, in converting Jews to Christians, you raise the price of pork. [49

Lor. I shall answer that better to the commonwealth than you can the getting up of the negro's belly: the Moor is with child by you, Launcelot.

Laun. It is much that the Moor should be more than reason; but, if she be less than an honest woman, she is indeed more than I took her for.

Lor. How every fool can play upon the word! I think the best grace of wit will shortly turn into silence, and discourse [60 grow commendable in none only but parrots. Go in, sirrah: bid them prepare for dinner.

Laun. That is done, sir; they have all stomachs.

Lor. Goodly Lord, what a wit-snapper are you! then bid them prepare dinner.

Laun. That is done too, sir; only, "cover" is the word.

Lor. Will you cover, then, sir? [70

Laun. Not so, sir, neither; I know my duty.

Lor. Yet more quarrelling with occasion! Wilt thou show the whole wealth of thy wit in an instant? I pray thee, understand a plain man in his plain meaning: go to thy fellows; bid them cover the table, serve in the meat, and we will come in to dinner. [79

Laun. For the table, sir, it shall be served in; for the meat, sir, it shall be covered; for your coming in to dinner, sir, why, let it be as humors and conceits shall govern. [*Exit.*

Lor. O dear discretion, how his words are suited!
The fool hath planted in his memory
An army of good words: and I do know
A many fools that stand in better place,
Garnished like him, that for a tricksy [90 word
Defy the matter. How cheer'st thou, Jessica?
And now, good sweet, say thy opiniön;

How dost thou like the Lord Bassanio's wife?

JES. Past all expressing. It is very meet
The Lord Bassanio live an upright life,
For, having such a blessing in his lady,
He finds the joys of heaven here on [101
earth;
And, if on earth he do not mean it, then
In reason he should never come to heaven.
Why, if two gods should play some heavenly match,
And on the wager lay two earthly women,
And Portia one, there must be something else [110
Pawned with the other, for the poor rude world
Hath not her fellow.

LOR. Even such a husband
Hast thou of me as she is for a wife.

JES. Nay, but ask my opinion too of that.

LOR. I will anon; first, let us go to dinner. [119

JES. Nay, let me praise you while I have a stomach.

LOR. No, pray thee, let it serve for table-talk;
Then howsoe'er thou speak'st, 'mong other things
I shall digest it.

JES. Well, I'll set you forth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The DUKE *and the Magnificoes of Venice are seated in the Court of Justice to hear* SHYLOCK'S *case against* ANTONIO. ANTONIO, GRATIANO *and many others are present; but* SHYLOCK *has not yet arrived.* SALERIO *stands near the entrance.*

DUKE. What, is Antonio here?

ANT. Ready, so please your Grace.

DUKE. I am sorry for thee: thou art come to answer [11
A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Uncapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

ANT. I have heard
Your Grace hath ta'en great pains to qualify
His rigorous course; but, since he stands obdúrate,
And that no lawful means can carry me
Out of his envy's reach, I do oppose [21
My patience to his fury, and am armed
To suffer with a quietness of spirit
The very tyranny and rage of his.

DUKE. Go one, and call the Jew into the court.

SAL. He's ready at the door: he comes, my lord.

Enter SHYLOCK.

DUKE. Make room, and let him [30
stand before our face.—
Shylock, the world thinks, and I think so too,
That thou but lead'st this fashion of thy malice
To the last hour of act; and then, 'tis thought,
Thou'lt show thy mercy and remorse[1] more strange
Than is thy strange apparent cruelty; [40
And, where thou now exact'st the penalty,
Which is a pound of this poor merchant's flesh,
Thou wilt not only loose the forfeiture,
But, touched with human gentleness and love,
Forgive a moi'ty of the principal,
Glancing an eye of pity on his losses,
That have of late so huddled on his back,
Enow to press a royal merchant down, [50
And pluck commiseration of his state
From brassy bosoms and rough hearts of flint,
From stubborn Turks and Tartars, never trained
To offices of tender courtesy.
We all expect a gentle answer, Jew.

SHY. I have possessed your Grace of what I purpose; [59
And by our holy Sabbath have I sworn
To have the due and forfeit of my bond:
If you deny it, let the danger light
Upon your charter and your city's freedom.

[1] pity.

You'll ask me why I rather choose to have
A weight of carrion flesh than to receive
Three thousand ducats. I'll not answer that;
But say it is my humor: is it answered?
What if my house be troubled with a rat,
And I be pleased to give ten thousand ducats
To have it baned?[2] What, are you answered yet?
Some men there are love not a gaping pig;
Some, that are mad if they behold a cat;
And others, when the bagpipe sings i' the nose,
Cannot contain their urine: for affection,
Mistress of passion, sways it to the mood
Of what it likes, or loathes. Now, for your answer:
As there is no firm reason to be rendered,
Why he cannót abide a gaping pig;
Why he, a harmless necessary cat;
Why he, a wauling bagpipe, but, of force,
Must yield to such inevitable shame
As to offend, himself being offended;
So can I give no reason, nor I will not,
More than a lodged hate and a certain loathing
I bear Antonio, that I follow thus
A losing suit against him. Are you answered?

BASS. This is no answer, thou unfeeling man,
To excuse the current of thy cruelty.

SHY. I am not bound to please thee with my answer.

BASS. Do all men kill the things they do not love?

SHY. Hates any man the thing he would not kill?

BASS. Every offence is not a hate at first.

SHY. What! wouldst thou have a serpent sting thee twice?

ANT. I pray you, think[3] you question with a[4] Jew:
You may as well go stand upon the beach,
And bid the main flood bate his usual height;
You may as well use question with the wolf
Why he hath made the ewe bleat for the lamb;
You may as well forbid the mountain pines
To wag their high tops, and to make no noise
When they are fretted with the gusts of heaven;
You may as well do anything most hard,
As seek to soften that (than which what's harder?)
His Jewish heart: therefore, I do beseech you,
Make no more offers, use no further means;
But, with all brief and plain conveniency,
Let me have judgment, and the Jew his will.

BASS. For thy three thousand ducats here is six.

SHY. If every ducat in six thousand ducats
Were in six parts and every part a ducat,
I would not draw them; I would have my bond.

DUKE. How shalt thou hope for mercy, rend'ring none?

SHY. What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?
You have among you many a purchased slave,
Which, like your asses and your dogs and mules,
You use in abject and in slavish parts,
Because you bought them: shall I say to you,
Let them be free, marry them to your heirs?
Why sweat they under burdens? let their beds
Be made as soft as yours, and let their palates
Be seasoned with such viands? You will answer,
"The slaves are ours:" so do I answer you:

[2] poisoned. [3] bear in mind that. [4] B, the.

The pound of flesh which I demand of him
Is dearly bought; 'tis mine and I will have it.
If you deny me, fie upon your law! [169
There is no force in the decrees of Venice.
I stand for judgment: answer; shall I have it?

DUKE. Upon my power I may dismiss this court,
Unless Bellario, a learned doctor,
Whom I have sent for to determine this,
Come here to-day.

SAL. My lord, here stays without
A messenger with letters from the doctor, [180
New come from Padua.

DUKE. Bring us the letters: call the messenger. [*An officer goes out.*

BASS. Good cheer, Antonio! What, man, courage yet!
The Jew shall have my flesh, blood, bones, and all,
Ere thou shalt lose for me one drop of blood. [189

[SHYLOCK *proceeds to whet a butcher's knife upon the sole of his shoe.*

ANT. I am a tainted wether of the flock,
Meetest for death: the weakest kind of fruit
Drops earliest to the ground; and so let me:
You cannot better be employed, Bassanio,
Than to live still and write mine epitaph.

Enter NERISSA, *dressed like a lawyer's clerk.* [201

DUKE. Came you from Padua, from Bellario?

NER. From both, my lord. Bellario greets your Grace. [*Presents a letter.*

BASS. Why dost thou whet thy knife so earnestly?

SHY. To cut the forfeiture from that bankrupt there. [210

GRA. Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen; but no metal can,
No, not the hangman's axe, bear half the keenness
Of thy sharp envy. Can no prayers pierce thee?

SHY. No, none that thou hast wit enough to make. [220

GRA. O, be thou damned, inexorable dog!
And for thy life let justice be accused.
Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith,
To hold opinion with Pythagoras,
That souls of animals infuse themselves
Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter, [230
Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
Infused itself in thee; for thy desires
Are wolfish, bloody, starved, and ravenous.

SHY. Till thou canst rail the seal from off my bond, [239
Thou but offend'st thy lungs to speak so loud:
Repair thy wit, good youth, or it will fall
To cureless ruin. I stand here for law.

DUKE. This letter from Bellario doth commend
A young and learned doctor to our court.
Where is he?

NER. He attendeth here hard by,
To know your answer, whether you'll [250 admit him.

DUKE. With all my heart: some three or four of you
Go give him courteous conduct to this place.
Meantime, the court shall hear Bellario's letter.

CLERK. "Your Grace shall understand that at the receipt of your letter I am very sick; but in the instant that your messen- [260 ger came, in loving visitation was with me a young doctor of Rome; his name is Balthazar. I acquainted him with the cause in controversy between the Jew and Antonio the merchant: we turned o'er many books together: he is furnished with my

opinion; which, bettered with his own learning—the greatness whereof I cannot enough commend—comes with him, at my importunity, to fill up your Grace's request in my stead. I beseech you, let his lack of years be no impediment to let him lack a reverend estimation, for I never knew so young a body with so old a head. I leave him to your gracious acceptance, whose trial shall better publish his commendation."

DUKE. You hear the learn'd Bellario, what he writes;
And here, I take it, is the doctor come.

Enter PORTIA, *disguised as a doctor of laws.*

Give me your hand. Came you from old Bellario?

POR. I did, my lord.

DUKE. You are welcome: take your place.

Are you acquainted with the difference
That holds this present question in the court?

POR. I am informëd thoroughly of the cause.

Which is the merchant here, and which the Jew?

DUKE. Antonio and old Shylock, both stand forth.

POR. Is your name Shylock?

SHY. Shylock is my name.

POR. Of a strange nature is the suit you follow;
Yet in such rule that the Venetian law
Cannot impugn you as you do proceed.—
[*To* ANTONIO.] You stand within his danger, do you not?

ANT. Ay, so he says.

POR. Do you confess the bond?

ANT. I do.

POR. Then must the Jew be merciful.

SHY. On what compulsion must I? tell me that.

POR. The quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronëd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronëd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,
That in the course of justice none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy,
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy. I have spoke thus much
To mitigate the justice of thy plea,
Which, if thou follow, this strict court of Venice
Must needs give sentence 'gainst the merchant there.

SHY. My deeds upon my head! I crave the law,
The penalty and forfeit of my bond.

POR. Is he not able to discharge the money?

BASS. Yes, here I tender it for him in the court;
Yea, twice the sum: if that will not suffice,
I will be bound to pay it ten times o'er,
On forfeit of my hands, my head, my heart.
If this will not suffice, it must appear
That malice bears down truth. And, I beseech you,
Wrest once the law to your authority:
To do a great right, do a little wrong,
And curb this cruel devil of his will.

Por. It must not be. There is no power in Venice
Can alter a decree establishëd:
'Twill be recorded for a precedent; [370
And many an error by the same example
Will rush into the state. It cannot be.
Shy. A Daniel come to judgment! yea, a Daniel!
O wise young judge, how I do honor thee!
Por. I pray you, let me look upon the bond.
Shy. Here 'tis, most reverend doctor; here it is. [380
Por. Shylock, there's thrice thy money offered thee.
Shy. An oath, an oath; I have an oath in heaven:
Shall I lay perjury upon my soul?
No, not for Venice.
Por. Why, this bond is forfeit;
And lawfully by this the Jew may claim
A pound of flesh, to be by him cut off
Nearest the merchant's heart. Be merciful: [391
Take thrice thy money; bid me tear the bond.
Shy. When it is paid according to the tenor.
It doth appear you are a worthy judge;
You know the law, your expositiön
Hath been most sound: I charge you by the law, [399
Whereof you are a well-deserving pillar,
Proceed to judgment: by my soul I swear
There is no power in the tongue of man
To alter me. I stay here on my bond.
Ant. Most heartily I do beseech the court
To give the judgment.
Por. Why then, thus it is:
You must prepare your bosom for his knife. [410
Shy. O noble judge! O excellent young man!
Por. For the intent and purpose of the law
Hath full relation to the penalty,
Which here appeareth due upon the bond.
Shy. 'Tis very true! O wise and upright judge! [419
How much more elder art thou than thy looks!
Por. Therefore lay bare your bosom.
Shy. Ay, his breast:
So says the bond—doth it not, noble judge?—
"Nearest his heart:" those are the very words.
Por. It is so. Are there balance here to weigh
The flesh? [430
Shy. I have them ready.
Por. Have by some surgeon, Shylock, on your charge,
To stop his wounds, lest he do bleed to death.
Shy. Is it so nominated in the bond?
Por. It is not so expressed; but what of that?
'Twere good you do so much for charity.
Shy. I cannot find it: 'tis not in [440
the bond.
Por. Come, merchant, have you anything to say?
Ant. But little: I am armed and well prepared.—
Give me your hand, Bassanio: fare you well!
Grieve not that I am fall'n to this for you;
For herein Fortune shows herself more kind [451
Than is her custom: it is still her use
To let the wretched man outlive his wealth,
To view with hollow eye and wrinkled brow
An age of poverty; from which ling'ring penance
Of such a misery doth she cut me off.
Commend me to your honorable wife: [460
Tell her the process of Antonio's end;
Say how I loved you, speak me fair in death;
And, when the tale is told, bid her be judge
Whether Bassanio had not once a love.
Repent not you that you shall lose your friend;

And he repents not that he pays your debt;
For, if the Jew do cut but deep enough,
I'll pay it instantly—with all my heart.
BASS. Antonio, I am married to a wife
Which is as dear to me as life itself;
But life itself, my wife, and all the world,
Are not with me esteemed above thy life:
I would lose all, ay, sacrifice them all,
Here to this devil, to deliver you.
POR. Your wife would give you little thanks for that,
If she were by to hear you make the offer.
GRA. I have a wife, whom, I protest, I love:
I would she were in heaven, so she could
Entreat some power to change this currish Jew.
NER. <'Tis well you offer it behind her back;
The wish would make else an unquiet house.>
SHY. These be the Christian husbands! I have a daughter;
Would any of the stock of Barabbas
Had been her husband rather than a Christian!—
We trifle time; I pray thee, pursue sentence.
POR. A pound of that same merchant's flesh is thine:
The court awards it; and the law doth give it.
SHY. Most rightful judge!
POR. And you must cut this flesh from off his breast:
The law allows it; and the court awards it.
SHY. Most learnëd judge!—a sentence! come, prepare!
POR. Tarry a little: there is something else.
This bond doth give thee here no jot of blood;
The words expressly are "a pound of flesh:"
Then take thy bond, take thou thy pound of flesh;
But, in the cutting it, if thou dost shed
One drop of Christian blood, thy lands and goods
Are, by the laws of Venice, confiscate
Unto the state of Venice.
GRA. O upright judge!—Mark, Jew: O learned judge!
SHY. Is that the law?
POR. Thyself shalt see the act;
For, as thou urgest justice, be assured
Thou shalt have justice, more than thou desir'st.
GRA. O learned judge! Mark, Jew: a learned judge!
SHY. I take this offer then: pay the bond thrice,
And let the Christian go.
BASS. Here is the money.
POR. Soft!
The Jew shall have all justice; soft! no haste:
He shall have nothing but the penalty.
GRA. O Jew! an upright judge, a learned judge!
POR. Therefore prepare thee to cut off the flesh.
Shed thou no blood; nor cut thou less, nor more,
But just a pound of flesh: if thou tak'st more,
Or less, than a just pound, be it but so much
As makes it light or heavy in the substance,
Or the division of the twentieth part
Of one poor scruple, nay, if the scale do turn
But in the estimation of a hair,
Thou diest, and all thy goods are confiscate.
GRA. A second Daniël, a Daniel, Jew!
Now, infidel, I have thee on the hip.
POR. Why doth the Jew pause? take thy forfeiture.
SHY. Give me my principal, and let me go.
BASS. I have it ready for thee; here it is.
POR. He hath refused it in the open court:

He shall have merely justice, and his bond.

GRA. A Daniel, still say I; a second Daniel!—

I thank thee, Jew, for teaching me that word.

SHY. Shall I not have barely my principal?

POR. Thou shalt have nothing but the forfeiture,

To be so taken at thy peril, Jew. [580

SHY. Why, then the devil give him good of it!

I'll stay no longer question.

POR. Tarry, Jew:

The law hath yet another hold on you.

It is enacted in the laws of Venice,

If it be proved against an alien

That, by direct or indirect attempts,

He seek the life of any citizen,

The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive [591

Shall seize one half his goods; the other half

Comes to the privy coffer of the state;

And the offender's life lies in the mercy

Of the duke only, 'gainst all other voice.

In which predicament, I say, thou stand'st;

For it appears by manifest proceeding,

That indirectly, and directly too, [600

Thou hast contrived against the very life

Of the defendant; and thou hast incurred

The danger formerly by me rehearsed.[5]

Down therefore, and beg mercy of the duke.

GRA. Beg that thou mayst have leave to hang thyself:

And yet, thy wealth being forfeit to the state, [610

Thou hast not left the value of a cord;

Therefore thou must be hanged at the state's charge.

DUKE. That thou shalt see the difference of our spirit,

I pardon thee thy life before thou ask it.

For half thy wealth, it is Antonio's;

The other half comes to the general state,

Which humbleness may drive into a fine.

POR. Ay, for the state, not for Antonio. [621

SHY. Nay, take my life and all; pardon not that:

You take my house, when you do take the prop

That doth sustain my house; you take my life,

When you do take the means whereby I live. [630

POR. What mercy can you render him, Antonio?

GRA. A halter gratis; nothing else, for God's sake!

ANT. So please my lord the duke and all the court,

To quit the fine for one half of his goods,

I am content; so he will let me have

The other half in use, to render it,

Upon his death, unto the gentleman [640

That lately stole his daughter:

Two things provided more, that, for this favor,

He presently become a Christiän;

The other, that he do record a gift,

Here in the court, of all he dies possessed,

Unto his son Lorenzo and his daughter.

DUKE. He shall do this, or else I do recant [649

The pardon that I late pronouncëd here.

POR. Art thou contented, Jew? what dost thou say?

SHY., *beaten*. I am content.

POR. Clerk, draw a deed of gift.

SHY. I pray you, give me leave to go from hence:

I am not well. Send the deed after me,

And I will sign it.

DUKE. Get thee gone; but do it.

GRA. In christening, thou shalt have two godfathers; [661

Had I been judge, thou shouldst have had ten more,

To bring thee to the gallows, not the font.

[SHYLOCK *totters out, a broken man.*

DUKE. Sir, I entreat you home with me to dinner.

POR. I humbly do desire your Grace of pardon: [670

[5] pronounced.

I must away this night toward Padua,
And it is meet I presently set forth.
DUKE. I am sorry that your leisure serves you not.
Antonio, gratify this gentleman,
For, in my mind, you are much bound to him.
[*Exeunt* DUKE, *Magnificoes, and Train.*
BASS. Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend [680
Have by your wisdom been this day acquitted
Of grievous penalties; in lieu whereof,
Three thousand ducats, due unto the Jew,
We freely cope your courteous pains withal.
ANT. And stand indebted, over and above,
In love and service to you evermore. [690
POR. He is well paid that is well satisfied;
And I, delivering you, am satisfied,
And therein do account myself well paid:
My mind was never yet more mercenary.
I pray you know me when we meet again.
I wish you well; and so I take my leave.
BASS. Dear sir, of force I must attempt you further: [700
Take some remembrance of us, as a tribute,
Not as a fee. Grant me two things, I pray you;
Not to deny me, and to pardon me.
POR. You press me far, and therefore I will yield.—
[*To* ANTONIO.] Give me your gloves, I'll wear them for your sake;—
[*To* BASSANIO.] And, for your love, I'll take this ring from you. [711
Do not draw back your hand; I'll take no more;
And you, in love, shall not deny me this.
BASS. This ring, good sir? alas! it is a trifle;
I will not shame myself to give you this.
POR. I will have nothing else but only this; [719
And now methinks I have a mind to it.
BASS. There's more depends on this than on the value.
The dearest ring in Venice will I give you,
And find it out by proclamatiön:
Only for this, I pray you, pardon me.
POR. I see, sir, you are liberal in offers:
You taught me first to beg, and now methinks
You teach me how a beggar should [730 be answered.
BASS. Good sir, this ring was given me by my wife;
And, when she put it on, she made me vow
That I should never sell nor give nor lose it.
POR. That 'scuse serves many men to save their gifts. [739
An if your wife be not a madwoman,
And know how well I have deserved the ring,
She would not hold out enemy for ever,
For giving it to me. [*Going.*] Well, peace be with you.
[*Exeunt* PORTIA *and* NERISSA.
ANT. My Lord Bassanio, let him have the ring:
Let his deservings and my love withal
Be valued 'gainst your wife's commandëment. [751
BASS. Go, Gratiano; run, and overtake him;
Give him the ring; and bring him, if thou canst,
Unto Antonio's house. Away! make haste. [*Exit* GRATIANO.
Come, you and I will thither presently,
And in the morning early will we both
Fly toward Belmont. Come, An- [760 tonio. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *still disguised, have quitted the Court and are now in the street.* PORTIA *must have come from* BELLARIO *armed with the necessary deed for* SHYLOCK *to sign, for there has been no time to prepare one since judgment was given against* SHYLOCK. *However that may be, she has such a deed with her.*

Por. Inquire the Jew's house out, give him this deed,
And let him sign it. We'll away to-night,
And be a day before our husbands home:
This deed will be well welcome to Lorenzo.

Enter Gratiano.

Gra. Fair sir, you are well o'erta'en.
My Lord Bassanio upon more advice
Hath sent you here this ring, and doth entreat
Your company at dinner.
Por. That cannot be.
His ring I do accept most thankfully;
And so, I pray you, tell him. Furthermore,
I pray you, show my youth old Shylock's house.
Gra. That will I do.
Ner. Sir, I would speak with you.—
[*To* Portia.] <I'll see if I can get my husband's ring,
Which I did make him swear to keep for ever.
Por. Thou mayst, I warrant. We shall have old swearing
That they did give the rings away to men;
But we'll outface them and outswear them too.>
Away! make haste: thou know'st where I will tarry.
Ner. Come, good sir, will you show me to this house? [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

Scene I

It is long after twelve o'clock on the night following the next day. Lorenzo *and* Jessica *are in the grounds of* Portia's *palace at Belmont, awaiting her return. They are still lovers.*

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees
And they did make no noise; in such a night
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Troyan walls,
And sighed his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew,
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismayed away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wild sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gathered the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice,
As far as Belmont.
Jes. In such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he loved her well,
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. In such a night
Did Pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love—and he forgave it her.
Jes. I would out-night you, did nobody come;
But, hark! I hear the footing of a man.

Enter Stephano.

Lor. Who comes so fast in silence of the night?
Steph. A friend.
Lor. "A friend!" what friend? your name, I pray you, friend.
Steph. Stephano is my name; and I bring word
My mistress will before the break of day
Be here at Belmont: she doth stray about
By holy crosses, where she kneels and prays
For happy wedlock hours.
Lor. Who comes with her?

STEPH. None but a holy hermit and her maid.
I pray you, is my master yet returned?
LOR. He is not, nor we have not heard from him.—
But go we in, I pray thee, Jessica;
And ceremoniously let us prepare
Some welcome for the mistress of the house. [69

Enter LAUNCELOT.

LAUN., *calling*. Sola, sola! wo, ha, ho! sola, sola!
LOR. Who calls?
LAUN. Sola! did you see Master Lorenzo?—
[*Calling*.] Master Lorenzo! sola, sola!
LOR. Leave hollaing, man; here.
LAUN. Sola! where? where?
LOR. Here. [79
LAUN. Tell him there's a post come from my master, with his horn full of good news: my master will be here ere morning. [*Exit*.
LOR. Sweet soul, let's in, and there expect their coming.
And yet no matter; why should we go in?
My friend Stephano, signify, I pray you,
Within the house, your mistress is at hand; [90
And bring your music forth into the air.— [*Exit* STEPHANO.
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears: soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica: look, how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright [101
gold:
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it. [111

Enter Musicians.

Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music. [*Music*.
JES. I am never merry when I hear sweet music.
LOR. The reason is, your spirits are attentive: [120
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood;
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand, [131
Their savage eyes turned to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music: therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage
But music for the time doth change his nature. [141
The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted. Mark the music. [150

Enter PORTIA *and* NERISSA, *at a distance*.

POR. That light we see is burning in my hall.
How far that little candle throws his beams!
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.
NER. When the moon shone, we did not see the candle.

POR. So doth the greater glory dim the less:
A substitute shines brightly as a king
Until a king be by; and then his state
Empties itself, as doth an inland brook
Into the main of waters. Music! hark!
NER. It is your music, madam, of the house.
POR. Nothing is good, I see, without respect:
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day.
NER. Silence bestows that virtue on it, madam.
POR. The crow doth sing as sweetly as the lark
When neither is attended, and I think
The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
When every goose is cackling, would be thought
No better a musician than the wren.
How many things by season seasoned are
To their right praise and true perfectiön!
Peace, ho! the moon sleeps with Endymion,
And would not be awaked!
[*The music ceases.*
LOR. That is the voice,
Or I am much deceived, of Portiä.
POR. He knows me as the blind man knows the cuckoo,
By the bad voice.
LOR. Dear lady, welcome home.
POR. We have been praying for our husbands' welfare,
Which speed, we hope, the better for our words.
Are they returned?
LOR. Madam, they are not yet;
But there is come a messenger before,
To signify their coming.
POR. Go in, Nerissa:
Give order to my servants that they take
No note at all of our being absent hence;—
Nor you, Lorenzo;—Jessica, nor you.
[*A tucket sounds.*
LOR. Your husband is at hand; I hear his trumpet.
We are no tell-tales, madam; fear you not.
POR. This night methinks is but the daylight sick;
It looks a little paler: 'tis a day
Such as the day is when the sun is hid.

Enter BASSANIO, ANTONIO, GRATIANO, *and their Followers.*

BASS. We should hold day with the Antipodes,
If you would walk in absence of the sun.
POR. Let me give light; but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband,
And never be Bassanio so for me:
But God sort all! You are welcome home, my lord.
BASS. I thank you, madam. Give welcome to my friend:
This is the man, this is Antonio,
To whom I am so infinitely bound.
POR. You should, in all sense, be much bound to him,
For, as I hear, he was much bound for you.
ANT. No more than I am well acquitted of.
POR. Sir, you are very welcome to our house:
It must appear in other ways than words,
Therefore I scant this breathing courtesy.

NERISSA *meantime has been engaged in private conversation, with* GRATIANO. *The latter is already in difficulties, her first inquiry being about the ring which she has inveigled from him.*

GRA. By yonder moon I swear you do me wrong;
In faith, I gave it to the judge's clerk:
Would he were gelt that had it, for my part,
Since you do take it, love, so much at heart.
POR. A quarrel, ho, already! what's the matter?
GRA. About a hoop of gold, a paltry ring

That she did give [to] me, whose posy was,
For all the world, like cutlers' poetry
Upon a knife, "Love me, and leave me not."

NER., *with feigned anger*. What talk you of the posy or the value?
You swore to me, when I did give it you,
That you would wear it till your hour of death,
And that it should lie with you in your grave:
Though not for me, yet for your vehement oaths,
You should have been respective[1] and have kept it.
Give it a judge's clerk! no, God's my judge,
The clerk will ne'er wear hair on's face that had it.

GRA. He will, an if he live to be a man.

NER. Ay, if a woman live to be a man.

GRA. Now, by this hand, I gave it to a youth,
A kind of boy, a little scrubbëd boy,
No higher than thyself, the judge's clerk,
A prating boy, that begged it as a fee:
I could not, for my heart, deny it him.

POR. You were to blame—I must be plain with you—
To part so slightly with your wife's first gift;
A thing stuck on with oaths upon your finger,
And riveted so with faith unto your flesh.
I gave my love a ring, and made him swear
Never to part with it; and here he stands.
I dare be sworn for him he would not leave it
Nor pluck it from his finger for the wealth
That the world masters. Now, in faith, Gratiano,
You give your wife too unkind a cause of grief:
And 'twere to me, I should be mad at it.

[1] conscientious.

BASS. <Why, I were best to cut my left hand off,
And swear I lost the ring defending it.>

GRA. My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away
Unto the judge that begged it, and indeed
Deserved it too; and then the boy, his clerk,
That took some pains in writing, he begged mine;
And neither man nor master would take aught
But the two rings.

POR. What ring gave you, my lord?
Not that, I hope, that you received of me.

BASS. If I could add a lie unto a fault,
I would deny it; but you see my finger
Hath not the ring upon it; it is gone.

POR. Even so void is your false heart of truth.
By heaven, I will ne'er come in your bed
Until I see the ring.

NER. Nor I in yours,
Till I again see mine.

BASS. Sweet Portiä,
If you did know to whom I gave the ring,
If you did know for whom I gave the ring,
And would conceive for what I gave the ring,
And how unwillingly I left the ring,
When naught would be accepted but the ring,
You would abate the strength of your displeasure.

POR. If you had known the virtue of the ring,
Or half her worthiness that gave the ring,
Or your own honor to contain the ring,
You would not then have parted with the ring.
What man is there so much unreasonable,
If you had pleased to have defended it
With any terms of zeal, wanted the modesty
To urge the thing held as a ceremony?
Nerissa teaches me what to believe:

I'll die for't but some woman had the ring.
BASS. No, by mine honor, madam, by my soul,
No woman had it; but a civil doctor,
Which did refuse three thousand ducats of me,
And begged the ring, the which I did deny him,
And suffered him to go displeased away;
Even he that did uphold the very life
Of my dear friend. What should I say, sweet lady?
I was enforced to send it after him;
I was beset with shame and courtesy;
My honor would not let ingratitude
So much besmear it. Pardon me, good lady,
For, by these blessëd candles of the night,
Had you been there, I think you would have begged
The ring of me, to give the worthy doctor.
POR. Let not that doctor e'er come near my house.
Since he hath got the jewel that I loved,
And that which you did swear to keep for me,
I will become as liberal as you;
I'll not deny him anything I have;
No, not my body, nor my husband's bed.
Know him I shall, I am well sure of it:
Lie not a night from home; watch me like Argus:
If you do not, if I be left alone,
Now, by mine honor, which is yet mine own,
I'll have that doctor for my bedfellow.
NER. And I his clerk; therefore be well advised
How you do leave me to mine own protection.
GRA. Well, do you so: let me not take him, then;
For if you do, I'll mar the young clerk's pen.
ANT. I am th' unhappy subject of these quarrels.
POR. Sir, grieve not you; you are welcome notwithstanding.
BASS. Portia, forgive me this enforcëd wrong;
And, in the hearing of these many friends,
I swear to thee, even by thine own fair eyes,
Wherein I see myself,—
POR. Mark you but that!
In both my eyes he doubly sees himself;
In each eye, one: swear by your double self;
And there's an oath of credit.
BASS. Nay, but hear me:
Pardon this fault, and by my soul I swear
I never more will break an oath with thee.
ANT. I once did lend my body for his wealth,
Which, but for him that had your husband's ring,
Had quite miscarried: I dare be bound again,
My soul upon the forfeit, that your lord
Will never more break faith advisedly.
POR. Then you shall be his surety. [*Produces the ring.*] Give him this;
And bid him keep it better than the other.
ANT. Here, Lord Bassanio; swear to keep this ring.
BASS. By heaven! it is the same I gave the doctor!
POR. I had it of him: pardon me, Bassanio,
For, by this ring, the doctor lay with me.
NER., *returning Gratiano his ring.* And pardon me, my gentle Gratiano;
For that same scrubbëd boy, the doctor's clerk,
In lieu of this last night did lie with me.
GRA. Why, this is like the mending of highways
In summer, where the ways are fair enough.
What! are we cuckolds ere we have deserved it?
POR. Speak not so grossly. You are all amazed:
Here is a letter; read it at your leisure;
It comes from Padua, from Bellario:
There you shall find that Portia was the doctor;
Nerissa, there, her clerk: Lorenzo here

Shall witness I set forth as soon as you
And but even now returned; I have not yet
Entered my house. Antonio, you are welcome;
And I have better news in store for you
Than you expect: unseal this letter soon;
There you shall find three of your argosies
Are richly come to harbor suddenly.
You shall not know by what strange accident
chancëd on this letter.
ANT. I am dumb.
BASS. Were you the doctor and I knew you not?
GRA. Were you the clerk that is to make me cuckold?
NER. Ay; but the clerk that never means to do it,
Unless he live until he be a man.
BASS. Sweet doctor, you shall be my bedfellow:
When I am absent, then lie with my wife.
ANT. Sweet lady, you have given me life and living;
For here I read for certain that my ships
Are safely come to road.
POR. How now, Lorenzo!
My clerk hath some good comforts too for you.
NER. Ay, and I'll give them him without a fee.—
There do I give to you and Jessica,
From the rich Jew, a special deed of gift,
After his death, of all he dies possessed of.
LOR. Fair ladies, you drop manna in the way
Of starvëd people.
POR. It is almost morning,
And yet I am sure you are not satisfied
Of these events at full. Let us go in;
And charge us there upon inter'gatories,
And we will answer all things faithfully.
GRA. Let it be so: the first inter'gatory
That my Nerissa shall be sworn on is,
Whether till the next night she had rather stay,
Or go to bed now, being two hours to day.
But were the day come, I should wish it dark,
That I were couching with the doctor's clerk.
Well, while I live I'll fear no other thing
So sore as keeping safe Nerissa's ring.

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

Most of Shakespeare's plays have been worked over for revivals; and this is among the number. The first edition of the play was the Fisher quarto of 1600, entered in the Stationers' Register on October 8 of that year. The latest possible date for the staging is, therefore, 1600—or perhaps it would be better to say that that is the latest possible date for revision. But we know also from Meres that it was in existence before September 7, 1598, when the "Palladis Tamia" was entered for printing. Let us see if there are any topical allusions contained within the play that may help to fix the date.

The most marked is the "imperial vot'ress" passage in II 1; but unfortunately no one has yet discovered to what it refers. Next comes the bad weather allusion in the same scene. There is general agreement that this refers to the season of 1594. If so, we get a date of 1594, for such an allusion would speedily cease to be topical. The third is the care shown by the "base mechanicals" to avoid frightening the ladies with the lion, which seems to have borne satirical reference to an incident in the Scottish court in August, 1594. That, again, points us to 1594 or 1594-5. The fourth is the passage:

> The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
> Of learning late deceased in beggary,

which seems most likely to be a reference to the death of Robert Greene on September 3, 1592. This, again, could have been penned and spoken only very soon after the event it celebrated. This, then, would seem to give us an original date of 1592 and a revisal date of two years later. But is that all? It is generally recognized that the play was in one form presented on the occasion of some great marriage; and there are three marriage ceremonies that have been suggested—that of the Earl of Essex in 1590; that of the Earl of Derby in 1594–5 (fitting in with a date we have already arrived at), and that of the Earl of Southampton in 1598. The last may be regarded with some favor, since the Earl was Shakespeare's patron, and since, too, his bride would "fill the bill" as the "little western flower" upon whom Cupid's shaft fell when it missed the "imperial vot'ress," though it is to be said, on the other side, that the marriage was a clandestine one. If, then, we assume that the play was first produced at the close of 1592, and re-

vised two years afterwards, we also have the probability of a further revision in 1598.

The evidence of the verse should also make it clear that the play is not merely of one writing. Much of the lovers' talk is clearly such as would come from the immature Shakespeare, the Shakespeare of 1592, hardly from the Shakespeare of 1598, while there are other passages that would do credit to the author at any period of his career. Another reason, supplementing this of the versification and that of the allusions, is to be found in the Couch-Wilson edition of the play, pp. 80–86. It is bibliographical (or what is called bibliographical), giving most convincing reasons for believing that irregularities in the first quarto are due to Shakespeare having written his revised—or, rather let us say, his augmented—text on the margin of the play script. And there is yet another argument for revision, first advanced by Fleay and recently adopted by Mr. Dover Wilson. The mischievous imp of the play is sometimes called "Puck" and sometimes "Robin," and wherever he is called "Puck" the work seems to be of much later date than where he is called "Robin." Mr. Wilson believes that in 1598 the play underwent great structural alterations to fit it for a wedding, and he gives very good reasons for the belief that is in him.

There can not be a question that this is the most delightful fairy play in the language; but it is not as a fairy play alone that it makes its appeal: it is also a very entertaining farce. Its third element, the romantic, is less satisfactory; but it is blended with the others into an almost perfect whole. When we come to allot it its place here chronologically, there is an objection to taking its assumed original date of 1592 or that of the final revision, to which its best work belongs; the fairest thing seems to be to compromise on the 1594 date, which we take to be that of the first revision.

Apparently, in this case at least, Shakespeare must have full credit for invention, for no source is known.

CHARACTERS

THESEUS, *Duke of Athens.*
EGEUS, *Father to Hermia.*
LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS } *in love with Hermia.*
PHILOSTRATE, *Master of the Revels to Theseus.*
QUINCE, *a Carpenter.*
SNUG, *a Joiner.*
BOTTOM, *a Weaver.*
FLUTE, *a Bellows-mender.*
SNOUT, *a Tinker.*
STARVELING, *a Tailor.*
HIPPOLYTA, *Queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus.*

HERMIA, *daughter to Egeus, in love with Lysander.*
HELENA, *in love with Demetrius.*
OBERON, *King of the Fairies.*
TITANIA, *Queen of the Fairies.*
PUCK *(Robin Goodfellow).*
PEASE-BLOSSOM, COBWEB, MOTH, MUSTARD-SEED } *Fairies.*
Other Fairies attending their King and Queen. Lords, and Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta.

PLACE: *Athens and the vicinity.*
TIME: *Legendary.*

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

ACT ONE

Scene I

THESEUS, *the legendary hero of Athens, is about to wed* HIPPOLYTA, *whom he has conquered in war, the wedding being four days off. He is in the hall of his palace with* HIPPOLYTA, PHILOSTRATE, *and Attendants.*

THE. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace: four happy days bring in [10
Another moon; but O! methinks how slow
This old moon wanes; she lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.
HIP. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time; [21
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.
THE. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;
Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth; [30
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with revelling. [38

EGEUS *enters, dragging in* HERMIA, LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS *following. He has come to complain to the* DUKE *that she will not obey her father's command that she is to marry* DEMETRIUS.

EGE. Happy be Theseus, our renownëd duke!
THE. Thanks, good Egeus. What's the news with thee?
EGE. Full of vexation come I, with complaint [49
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.—
Stand forth, Demetrius.—My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.—
Stand forth, Lysander.—And, my gracious duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.—
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchanged love-tokens with [60 my child;
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung,
With feigning voice, verses of feigning love,
And stol'n the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers [70
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart;
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness.—And, my gracious duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace [79
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman

Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
THE. What say you, Hermia? be advised, fair maid.
To you, your father should be as a god;
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one [90
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
HER. So is Lysander.
THE. In himself he is;
But, in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier. [99
HER. I would my father looked but with my eyes.
THE. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
HER. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts; [110
But I beseech your Grace, that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
THE. Either to die the death, or to abjure
For ever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires;
Know of your youth, examine well your blood, [121
Whe'r, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold fruitless moon.
Thrice blessèd they that master so their blood, [130
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies, in single blessedness.
HER. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord, [138
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
THE. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would;
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life. [150
DEM. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.
LYS. You have her father's love, Demetrius;
Let me have Hermia's: do you marry him.
EGE. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall ren- [160 der him;
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
LYS. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And, which is more than all these boasts can be, [171
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry, [179
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
THE. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,

My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;
I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will,
Or else the law of Athens yields you up,
Which by no means we may extenuate,
To death or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta: what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along:
I must employ you in some busïness
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

EGE. With duty and desire we follow you.

[LYSANDER *and* HERMIA *are (doubtless to their great satisfaction) left alone.*

LYS. How now, my love! Why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

HER. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of mine eyes.

LYS. Ay me! for aught that ever I could read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood—

HER. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.

LYS. Or else misgraffëd in respect of years—

HER. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

LYS. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

HER. O hell! to choose love by another's eye.

LYS. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentany[1] as a sound,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
Brief as the lightning in the collied[2] night,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And, ere a man hath power to say, "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up:
So quick bright things come to confusiön.

HER. If, then, true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny:
Then let us teach our trial patiënce,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

LYS. A good persuasion: therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revénue, and she hath no child:
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee,
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me then,
Steal forth thy father's house to-morrow night,
And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena,
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.

HER. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke—
In number more than ever women spoke—
In that same place thou hast appointed me,

[1] momentary.
[2] murky.

To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena. [289

Helena passes hurriedly across the stage. She is tall and fair, contrasting with Hermia, *who is short and dark.*

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel., *turning back.* Call you me fair? that fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair: O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars! and your tongue's sweet air [299
More tuneable than lark to shepherd's ear,
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching: O! were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody. [310
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,[3]
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
O! teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O! that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill. [320
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O! that my prayers could such affection move.
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helena, is no fault of mine. [330
Hel. None, but your beauty: would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort: he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seemed Athens as a paradise to me:
O! then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell? [341
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
To-morrow night, when Phœbe doth behold
Her silver visage in the wat'ry glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass—
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal— [350
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet, [360
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow: pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander: we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight. [371
Lys. I will, my Hermia.—[*Exit* Hermia.] Helena, adieu:
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she;
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so; [381
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,

[3] excepted.

Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste:
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured every where;
For, ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And, when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight:
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night
Pursue her; and, for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense;
But hérein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

In Peter Quince's *cottage late the same afternoon are met* Snug, Starveling, Snout, Bottom, Flute, *and* Quince *himself, to arrange for the playing of an interlude on the occasion of the* Duke's *wedding festivities.*

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the duke and the duchess on his wedding-day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors; and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is, "The most lamentable comedy and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby."

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll.—Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? a lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover, that kills himself most gallantly for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it: if I do it, let the audience look to their eyes; I will move storms; I will condole in some measure. To the rest: yet my chief humor is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles[4] rarely,
or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

> The raging rocks
> And shivering shocks
> Shall break the locks
> Of prison gates:
> And Phibbus' car
> Shall shine from far
> And make and mar
> The foolish Fates.

This was lofty. Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? a wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, faith, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one: you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play Thisby too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice, "Thisne, Thisne!" "Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear; thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus;—and, Flute, you Thisby.

[4] Hercules.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother.—Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus's father;—myself, Thisby's father;—Snug, the [80 joiner, you the lion's part;—and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion too. I will roar, that I will do any man's heart good to hear me; I will roar, that I will make the duke say, "Let him roar again, [91 let him roar again."

Quin. And you should do it too terribly, you would fright the duchess and the ladies, that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if that you should fright the ladies out of their [100 wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you and 'twere any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man, as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore, you must needs play Pyramus. [111

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow. [119

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play bare-faced.—But, masters, here are your parts [*distributes rolls of paper among them*]; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by to-morrow night, and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight: there will we rehearse; for, if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our de- [130 vices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse more obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold, or cut bow-strings. [*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

Scene I

Having been introduced to the romantic and antic elements of the play, we are now brought face to face with the third, the fairy element.

A Fairy *and* Puck *(Robin Goodfellow), a roguish sprite, meet by moonlight, in a clearing in a wood.*

Puck. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai., *singing.* [10

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander every where,
Swifter than the moonë's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see; [20
Those be rubies, fairy favors;
In their freckles live their savors.

[*Speaking.*] I must go seek some dewdrops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob[1] of spirits: I'll be gone;
Our queen and all her elves come here anon.

Puck. The king doth keep his revels here to-night: [31

1 clown.

Take heed the queen come not within his sight;
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath,
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy, stol'n from an Indian king;
She never had so sweet a changëling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she, perforce, withholds the lovëd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy.
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square,[2] that all their elves, for fear,
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

FAI. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow: are you not he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm;
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck:
Are you not he?

PUCK. Fairy, thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon, and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal:
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And, when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.

[2] quarrel.

The wisest aunt, telling the saddest tale,
Sometime for three-foot stool mistaketh me;
Then slip I from her bum, down topples she,
And "tailor" cries, and falls into a cough;
And then the whole quire hold their hips and loff,[3]
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, faëry! here comes Oberon.

FAI. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

OBERON *and* TITANIA, *each with a train of attendant fairies, enter from opposite sides.*

OBE. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titaniä.

TITA. What! jealous Oberon.—Fairies, skip hence:
I have forsworn his bed and company.

OBE. Tarry, rash wanton! am not I thy lord?

TITA. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stol'n away from fairy land,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,
Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the furthest steppe of India,
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity?

OBE. How canst thou thus for shame, Titaniä,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseüs?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
From Perigouna, whom he ravishëd?
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

TITA. These are the forgeries of jealousy;

[3] laugh.

And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavëd fountain, or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachëd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport. [140
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, have sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs, which, falling in the land,
Hath every pelting river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,
The ploughman lost his sweat, and the green corn [151
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard:
The fold stands empty in the drownëd field,
And crows are fatted with the murrion[4] flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud,
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green [161
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter here:
No night is now with hymn or carol blest:
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheúmatic diseases do abound: [170
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter: hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose,
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set. The spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries, and the mazëd world, [181
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evil comes
From our debate, from our dissensiön:
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it, then; it lies in you.

Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy,
To be my henchman. [191

Tita. Set your heart at rest;

The fairy land buys not the child of me.
His mother was a vot'ress of my order;
And, in the spicëd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
Marking th' embarkëd traders on the flood; [200
When we have laughed to see the sails conceive
And grow big-bellied with the wanton wind;
Which she, with pretty and with swimming gait
Following—her womb then rich with my young squire—
Would imitate, and sail upon the land,
To fetch me trifles, and return again. [210
As from a voyage, rich with merchandise.
But she, being mortal, of that boy did die;
And for her sake I do rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance, till after Theseus' wedding-day. [219

If you will patiently dance in our round,
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom.—Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exit* Titania *with her Train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way: thou shalt not from this grove [231
Till I torment thee for this injury.—

[4] murrain—a disease.

My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou rememb'rest
Since once I sat upon a promontory
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from [240
their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music.
PUCK. I remember.
OBE. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed: a certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronëd by the west
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow, [251
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the wat'ry moon,
And the imperial vot'ress passëd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell: [260
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound,
And maidens call it "Love-in-idleness."
Fetch me that flower; the herb I showed thee once:
The juice of it, on sleeping eyelids laid,
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again [271
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
PUCK. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Vanishes.*
OBE. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes:
The next thing then she waking looks upon, [280
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love.
And, ere I take this charm off from her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible,
And I will overhear their conference.

DEMETRIUS *enters, angry at being pestered by the love-sick* HELENA, *who follows him closely.* [292

DEM. I love thee not, therefore pursue me not.—
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll slay; the other slayeth me.[5]
Thou told'st me they were stol'n into this wood,
And here am I, and wood[6] within this wood, [300
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence! get thee gone, and follow me no more.
HEL. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel: leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
DEM. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair? [311
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you I do not nor I cannot love you?
HEL. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel; and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you:
Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me, [320
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love
(And yet a place of high respect with me)
Than to be usëd as you use your dog?
DEM. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on you.
HEL. And I am sick when I look not on you. [331

[5] Q, "stay" and "stayeth."
[6] mad.

DEM. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not;
To trust the opportunity of night
And the ill counsel of a desert place
With the rich worth of your virginity.
HEL. Your virtue is my privilege: for that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world:
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
DEM. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
HEL. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger: bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valor flies.
DEM. I will not stay thy questions: let me go;
Or, if thou follow me, do not believe
But I shall do thee mischief in the wood.
HEL. Ay, in the temple, in the town, the field,
You do me mischief. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do;
We should be wooed and were not made to woo. [*Exit* DEMETRIUS.
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well. [*Exit.*
OBE. Fare thee well, nymph: ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him, and he shall seek thy love.

PUCK *reappears.*

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
PUCK. Ay, there it is.
OBE. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania some time of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamelled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love.
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.
PUCK. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Trips away.*

SCENE II

On the flowery bank of which OBERON *has spoken* TITANIA *lies, her fairies attending on her. Before her is a grassy plot, dominated by an oak tree. At one side are hawthorn-bushes.*

TITA. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose buds;

Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings,
To make my small elves coats; and some keep back
The clamorous owl, that nightly hoots, and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices, and let me rest.

FAIRIES, *singing.*

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;
Newts, and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby:
Never harm,
Nor spell, nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

1 FAIRY.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.
Philomel, with melody, &c.

[TITANIA *sleeps.*

2 FAI. Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.

[*The fairies trip away.*

OBERON *enters and squeezes the juice of the flower on* TITANIA'S *eyelids.*

OBE. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake:
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair
In thy eye that shall appear,
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near.

[*Exit.*

Enter LYSANDER, *with* HERMIA *clinging to him.*

LYS. Fair love, you faint with wand'ring in the wood;
And, to speak troth, I have forgot our way.
We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
HER. Be it so, Lysander: find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.

[*Lies down.*

LYS. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth.

[*Lies beside her.*

HER. Nay, good Lysander; for my sake, my dear,
Lie further off yet; do not lie so near.
LYS. O! take the sense, sweet, of my innocence,
Love takes the meaning in love's conference.
I mean that my heart unto yours is knit,
So that but one heart we can make of it;
Two bosoms interchainëd with an oath;
So then two bosoms and a single troth.
Then by your side nor bed-room me deny,
For, lying so, Hermia, I do not lie.
HER. Lysander riddles very prettily.
Now much beshrew my manners and my pride,
If Hermia meant to say Lysander lied.
But, gentle friend, for love and courtesy
Lie further off; in human modesty,
Such separation as may well be said
Becomes a virtuous bachelor and a maid,
So far be distant; and, good night, sweet friend.
Thy love ne'er alter till thy sweet life end!
LYS. Amen, amen, to that fair prayer, say I;
And then end life, when I end loyalty!

[*Retires a little distance, and lies down again.*

Here is my bed: sleep give thee all his rest!
HER. With half that wish the wisher's eyes be pressed!

[*They sleep.*

Enter PUCK.

PUCK. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.

Night and silence! who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear:
This is he, my master said,
Despisëd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love, this kill-courtesy.
[*Squeezes the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eyelids.*
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid:
So awake when I am gone;
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter DEMETRIUS *running, vainly endeavoring to escape from the pursuing* HELENA.

HEL. Stay, though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
DEM., *staying and turning to her.* I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
HEL. O! wilt thou darkling leave me? do not so.
DEM. Stay, on thy peril: I alone will go. [*Runs off.*
HEL. O! I am out of breath in this fond chase.
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies;
For she hath blessëd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears:
If so, my eyes are oft'ner washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear;
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.—
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
LYS., *awaking.* And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art,
That through thy bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? O! how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword.
HEL. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? Lord! what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you: then be content.
LYS. Content with Hermia! No: I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia, but Helena I love:
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And, touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshal to my will,
And leads me to your eyes; where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
HEL. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth, you do me wrong, good sooth, you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo;
But fare you well: perforce I must confess

I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
O! that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused. [*Exit.*

LYS. She sees not Hermia.—Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near. [219
For, as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings;
Or, as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive:
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen, and to be her [230
knight. [*Exit.*

HER., *awaking.* Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast.
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear:
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.—
Lysander! what! removed?—Lysander! lord! [241
What! out of hearing? gone? no sound, no word?
Alack! where are you? speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swound almost with fear.
No! then I well perceive you are not nigh: [249
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The scene is unchanged. TITANIA *is still asleep.*

Enter QUINCE, SNUG, BOTTOM, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING. QUINCE *carries a bag.*

BOT. Are we all met?

QUIN. Pat, pat; and here's a marvellous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; [10 and we will do it in action as we will do it before the duke.

BOT. Peter Quince—

QUIN. What sayst thou, bully Bottom?

BOT. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First, Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

SNOUT. By'r lakin, a parlous fear. [20

STAR. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

BOT. Not a whit: I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords, and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom the weaver: this will put them out [30 of fear.

QUIN. Well, we will have such a prologue, and it shall be written in eight and six.

BOT. No, make it two more: let it be written in eight and eight.

SNOUT. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

STAR. I fear it, I promise you. [39

BOT. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves: to bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living, and we ought to look to it.

SNOUT. Therefore, another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

BOT. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must [50 speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies," "I would wish you," or, "I would request you," or, "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble: my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life: no, I am no such

thing: I am a man as other men are;" and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner. [61

QUIN. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things, that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

SNUG. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

BOT. A calendar, a calendar! look in the almanack; find out moonshine, find out moonshine. [71

QUIN., *after taking a book from the bag, and consulting it.* Yes, it doth shine that night.

BOT. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber-window, where we play, open; and the moon may shine in at the casement.

QUIN. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush of thorns and a lanthorn, [80 and say he comes to disfigure, or to present, the person of Moonshine. Then there is another thing: we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

SNUG. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

BOT. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, [90 or some loam, or some rough-cast about him, to signify wall; and let him hold his fingers thus [*opening out his fingers*]; and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

QUIN. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. [*Takes the prompt-book from his bag, and opens it.*] Pyramus, you begin: when you have [100 spoken your speech, enter into that brake; and so every one according to his cue.

Enter PUCK, *behind.*

PUCK. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What! a play toward; I'll be an auditor;
An actor too perhaps, if I see cause. [109

QUIN. Speak, Pyramus.—Thisby, stand forth.

BOT. *Thisby—the flowers have odious savors sweet—*

QUIN. Odorous, odorous.

BOT. *Odors savors sweet:*
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! stay thou but here awhile, [119
And by and by I will to thee appear.
[*Exit into the bushes.*

PUCK. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here! [*Follows* BOTTOM.

FLU. Must I speak now?

QUIN. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand, he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

FLU. *Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,*
Of color like the red rose on tri- [130
umphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal, and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb.

QUIN. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why, you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus: you speak all your [140 part at once, cues and all.—Pyramus, enter: your cue is past; it is "never tire."

FLU. O!—*As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire.*

Re-enter BOTTOM, *wearing an ass's head,* PUCK *(invisible) following.*

BOT. *If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine.*

QUIN. O monstrous! O strange! we are haunted. [150
Pray, masters! fly, masters!—Help!
[*All the Clowns, save* BOTTOM, *run away,* SNOUT *and* QUINCE *hiding in the hawthorn-brake.*

PUCK. I'll follow you, I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier:

Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn. [*Exit.*

Bot. Why do they run away? this is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

Snout, *peering from behind the bush.* O Bottom, thou art changed! what do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? you see an ass-head of your own, do you? [Snout *runs off.*

Quin., *venturing to re-appear for a moment.* Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Flees.*

Bot. I see their knavery: this is to make an ass of me; to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can: I will walk up and down here; and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid.

[*Singing.*]

The ousel-cock, so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill;
The throstle, with his note so true;
The wren, with little quill—

Tita., *awaking.* What angel wakes me from my flow'ry bed?

Bot., *singing.*

The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray,
Whose note full many a man doth mark,
And dares not answer, nay;

for indeed, who would set his wit to so foolish a bird? who would give a bird the lie, though he cry "cuckoo" never so?

Tita., *rising, and coming to him.* I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again:
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallëd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtue's force, perforce, doth move me,
On the first view, to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together now-a-days. The more the pity, that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek[1] upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but, if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go:
Thou shalt remain here, whe'r thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee: therefore, go with me;
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing, while thou on pressëd flowers dost sleep;
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.—
[*Calling.*] Pease-blossom!

Peas., *appearing.* Ready.

Tita., *calling.* Cobweb!

Cob., *appearing.* And I.

Tita., *calling.* Moth!

Moth, *appearing.* And I.

Tita., *calling.* And Mustard-seed!

Mus., *appearing.* And I.

All Four. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman;
Hop in his walks, and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricocks and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries.
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees;
And, for night-tapers, crop their waxen thighs,
And light them at the fiery glow-worm's eyes,
To have my love to bed, and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies

[1] jest.

To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.
PEAS. Hail, mortal! [261
COB. Hail!
MOTH. Hail!
MUS. Hail!
BOT. I cry your worships mercy, heartily.—I beseech your worship's name.
COB. Cobweb.
BOT. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb: if I cut my finger, I shall make bold with [270 you.—Your name, honest gentleman?
PEAS. Pease-blossom.
BOT. I pray you, commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Pease-blossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance too.—Your name, I beseech you, sir?
MUS. Mustard-seed. [279
BOT. Good Master Mustard-seed, I know your patience well: that same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you, your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Mustard-seed.
TITA. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower. [289
The moon, methinks, looks like a wat'ry eye;
And, when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcëd chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue, bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

OBERON, *alone in the clearing that was the scene of II 1, wonders what has been the outcome of his mischief.*

OBE. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.
Here comes my messenger.

Enter PUCK.

How now, mad spirit! [10
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?
PUCK. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls, [20
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial day.
The shallowest thick-skin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene, and entered in a brake,
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nowl I fixëd on his head:
Anon his Thisbe must be answerëd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy, [31
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many in sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,
Sever themselves, and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly,
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls; [40
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things, begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch. [50
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.
OBE. This falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes [59

With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?
PUCK. I took him sleeping—that is finished too—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter DEMETRIUS *and* HERMIA.

OBE. <Stand close: this is the same Athenian.
PUCK. This is the woman; but not this the man.>
DEM. O! why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.
HER. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse;
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee deep,
And kill me too.
The sun was not so true unto the day
As he to me. Would he have stol'n away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored, and that the moon
May through the centre creep, and so displease
Her brother's noontide with th' Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him;
So should a murderer look, so dead, so grim.
DEM. So should the murdered look; and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright,
as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.
HER. What's this to my Lysander? where is he?
Ah! good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?
DEM. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.
HER. Out, dog! out, cur! thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
O! once tell true, tell true, e'en for my sake;
Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
DEM. You spend your passion on a misprised mood:
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
HER. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
DEM. And if I could, what should I get therefor?
HER. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whe'r he be dead or no.
[*Exit.*
DEM. There is no following her in this fierce vein:
Here therefore for awhile I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*
OBE. What hast thou done? thou hast mistaken quite,
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight:
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true-love turned, and not a false turned true.
PUCK. Then fate o'er-rules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
OBE. About the wood go swifter than the wind,

And Helena of Athens look thou find:
All fancy-sick she is, and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that cost the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here:
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.

PUCK. I go, I go; look how I go; [168
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow.
[*Vanishes.*

OBE., *sprinkling juice on* DEMETRIUS' *eyelids.*
Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy. [180

PUCK *reappears.*

PUCK. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand,
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
OBE. Stand aside: the noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake. [189
PUCK. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone;
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

HELENA *enters, followed by the insistent* LYSANDER.

LYS. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears:
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born, [200
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith to prove them true?
HEL. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's: will you give her o'er? [211
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh:
Your vows, to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
LYS. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
HEL. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er. [221
LYS. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
DEM., *awaking.* O Helen! goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. O! how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow; [230
This pure congealëd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. O! let me kiss
That princess of pure white, this seal of bliss.
HEL. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent [240
To set against me for your merriment:
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so; [249
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia,
And now both rivals, to mock Helena:
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! none of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin, and extort [260

A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.
LYS. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know:
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love, and will do to my death.
HEL. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.
DEM. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none:
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart with her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen it is home returned,
There to remain.
LYS. Helen, it is not so.
DEM. Disparage not the faith thou dost not know,
Lest to thy peril thou aby it dear.
Look! where thy love comes: yonder is thy dear.

Enter HERMIA.

HER., *running to Lysander.* Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou are not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?
LYS. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?
HER. What love could press Lysander from my side?
LYS. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? could not this make thee know
The hate I bear thee made me leave thee so?
HER. You speak not as you think: it cannot be.
HEL. Lo! she is one of this confederacy.
Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derisiön?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sister-vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us, O! is it all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our neelds created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partitiön;
Two lovely berries moulded on one stem;
So, with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one, and crownëd with one crest.
And will you rent our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly:
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,

Though I alone do feel the injury.
HER. I am amazëd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not: it seems that you scorn me.
HEL. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face, [370
And made your other love, Demetrius—
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot—
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? and wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affectiön, [381
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.
HER. I understand not what you mean by this. [390
HEL. Ay, do, perséver, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back;
Wink each at other; hold the sweet jest up:
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.
If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an [400 argument.
But, fare ye well: 'tis partly mine own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
LYS. Stay, gentle Helena! hear my excuse:
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
HEL. O excellent! [409
HER. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
DEM. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
LYS. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat;
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do:
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not. [421
DEM. I say I love thee more than he can do.
LYS. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it too.
DEM. Quick, come!
HER. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
LYS. Away, you Ethiop!
DEM. . No, no, he'll[2]
Seem to break loose; take on, as you would follow, [431
But yet come not.—You are a tame man, go!
LYS., *to* HERMIA. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent.
HER. Why are you grown so rude? what change is this,
Sweet love,— [440
LYS. Thy love! out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathëd med'cine! O hated potion, hence!
HER. Do you not jest?
HEL. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
LYS. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
DEM. I would I had your bond, for I perceive [450
A weak bond holds you: I'll not trust your word.
LYS. What! should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
HER. What! can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love? [460
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?

[2] F, "sir," in which case as far as "loose" is addressed to Lysander.

I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me:
Why, then you left me,— O, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
LYS. Ay, by my life; [469
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer: 'tis no jest,
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
HER. O me, you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! what! have you come by night
And stol'n my love's heart from him?
HEL. Fine, i' faith! [480
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,
No touch of bashfulness? What! will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
HER. "Puppet"! why, so: ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare [491
Between our statures: she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? speak; [501
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
HEL. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me: I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice:
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think, [511
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
HER. "Lower"! hark, again.
HEL. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia,
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you, [520
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence, and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me too;
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back, [530
And follow you no further: let me go:
You see how simple and how fond I am.
HER. Why, get you gone. Who is't that hinders you?
HEL. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
HER. What! with Lysander?
HEL. With Demetrius.
LYS. Be not afraid: she shall not harm thee, Helena. [540
DEM. No, sir; she shall not, though you take her part.
HEL. O! when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd.
She was a vixen when she went to school:
And, though she be but little, she is fierce.
HER. "Little" again! nothing but "low" and "little"!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her. [551
LYS. Get you gone, you dwarf;
You minimus, of hind'ring knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn!
DEM. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part, for, if thou dost intend [560
Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
LYS. Now she holds me not;

Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Or thine or mine, is most in Helena.
[*Exit into the wood.*
DEM. Follow! nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl. [*Hastens after him.*
HER. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you: [571
Nay, go not back.
HEL. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer though, to run away.
[*Runs away.*
HER. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.* [580
OBE. This is thy negligence: still thou mistak'st,
Or else commit'st thy knaveries wilfully.
PUCK. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise, [590
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
OBE. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight:
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night;
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron;
And lead these testy rivals so astray, [599
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep: [611
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derisiön
Shall seem a dream and fruitless visiön;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend, [622
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charmëd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
PUCK. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste, [631
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger;
At whose approach, ghosts, wand'ring here and there,
Troop home to churchyards: damnëd spirits all,
That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone;
For fear lest day should look their shames upon, [642
They wilfully themselves exile from light,
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.
OBE. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport;
And, like a forester, the groves may tread, [650
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red.
Opening on Neptune with fair blessëd beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams;
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay:
We may effect this business yet ere day.
[*Exit* OBERON. *A thick fog envelops the wood.* [660
PUCK. Up and down, up and down;
I will lead them up and down:
I am feared in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Re-enter LYSANDER, *feeling his way carefully through the fog.*

LYS. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? speak thou now. [669

PUCK, *in the voice of* DEMETRIUS. Here, villain! drawn and ready. Where art thou?

LYS. I will be with thee straight.

PUCK., *going.* Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.

[*Exit* LYSANDER, *following the receding voice.*

SCENE III

Another part of the wood. Enter DEMETRIUS, *groping blindly.* PUCK *is hovering in the background.*

DEM. Lysander! speak again.
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?

PUCK., *in the voice of* LYSANDER. Thou coward! art thou bragging to the stars, [11
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant; come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod: he is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.

DEM. Yea, art thou there?

PUCK, *departing.* Follow my voice: we'll try no manhood here. [20

[DEMETRIUS *follows him out.*

SCENE IV

LYSANDER *enters alone into another part of the dark wood, where a grassy bank is dimly to be seen.*

LYS. He goes before me and still dares me on:
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I:
I followed fast, but faster he did fly; [10
That fallen am I in dark uneven way,
And here will rest me. [*Lies down.*]
Come, thou gentle day!
For, if but once thou show me thy grey light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

PUCK *enters running, followed by* DEMETRIUS *hastening to catch him.* [19

PUCK, *still speaking in the voice of* LYSANDER. Ho! ho! ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?

DEM. Abide me, if thou dar'st! for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.—
Where art thou now? [29

PUCK. Come hither: I am here.

DEM. Nay then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see:
Now go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed:
By day's approach look to be visited.

[*Lies down and sleeps.*

Re-enter HELENA. [40

HEL. O weary night! O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest:
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye, [49
Steal me awhile from mine own company.

[*Lies down near* DEMETRIUS *and sleeps.*

PUCK. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds make up four.
Here she comes, curst and sad:
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Re-enter HERMIA.

HER. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers, [60
I can no further crawl, no further go;

My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray!
[*Lies down near* LYSANDER, *and sleeps.*
PUCK. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply [70
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezes the juice on* LYSANDER'S *eyes.*
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye:
And the country proverb known, [79
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again;
And all shall be well.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The scene is unchanged; but it is now a clear morning. LYSANDER *and* DEMETRIUS, HELENA *and* HERMIA *are still asleep.*

Enter TITANIA *and* BOTTOM, *Fairies attending.* OBERON *is in the background, unseen by the others.*

TITA. Come, sit thee down upon this flow'ry bed, [9
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick musk-roses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair large ears, my gentle joy.
[*They sit, and she embraces him.*
BOT. Where's Pease-blossom?
PEAS. Ready.
BOT. Scratch my head, Pease-blossom. Where's Mounsieur[1] Cobweb?
COB. Ready. [20
BOT. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hipped humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would be loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustard-seed? [31
MUST. Ready.
BOT. Give me your neaf,[2] Mounsieur Mustard-seed. Pray you, leave your curtsy, good mounsieur.
MUST. What's your will?
BOT. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur, for methinks I am marvellous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch. [42
TITA. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?
BOT. I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones.
TITA. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat. [49
BOT. Truly, a peck of provender: I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay: good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.
TITA. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee thence new nuts.
BOT. I had rather have a handful or two of dried pease. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me: I have an exposition of sleep come upon me. [62
TITA. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
[*The Fairies vanish.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm. [70
O! how I love thee; how I dote on thee!
[*They sleep.*

[1] The old form of "monsieur," not a mispronunciation.

[2] fist.

Enter PUCK.

OBE., *advancing*. Welcome, good Robin. See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;
For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool, [80
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes [91
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her,
And she in mild terms begged my patiënce,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent [100
To bear him to my bower in fairy land.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes.
And, gentle Puck, take this transformëd scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents [111
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the fairy queen.
[*Touching her eyes with an herb.*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessëd power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet queen. [120

TITA. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamored of an ass.

OBE. There lies your love.

TITA. How came these things to pass?
O! how mine eyes do loathe his visage now.

OBE. Silence, awhile. Robin, take off this head. [129
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.

TITA. Music, ho! music! such as charmeth sleep.

PUCK, *snatching the ass's head off* BOTTOM. When thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.

OBE. Sound, music! [*Music.*] Come, my queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be. [141
Now thou and I are new in amity,
And will to-morrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly,
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.

PUCK. Fairy king, attend, and mark:
I do hear the morning lark. [151

OBE. Then, my queen, in silence sad,
Trip we after the night's shade;
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wand'ring moon.

TITA. Come, my lord; and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground. [161

[*Exeunt all the fairies. Horns are heard.*

THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA *have chosen this morning, with* EGEUS *and their train, to hunt in the woods. They now enter.*

THE. Go, one of you, find out the forester;
For now our observation is performed;
And, since we have the vaward[3] of the day, [170
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.

[3] earliest, vanguard.

Uncouple in the western valley; let them go:
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*An Attendant departs, to fulfil his behest.*
We will, fair queen, up to the mountain's top,
And mark the musical confusiön [180
Of hounds and echo in conjunctiön.
HIP. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta: never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near [191
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.
THE. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed,[4] so sanded; [5] and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew; [200
Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never holla'd to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge, when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these? [210
EGE. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep;
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena:
I wonder of their being here together.
THE. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus, is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer of her choice? [222

[4] lipped.
[5] sandy-hued.

EGE. It is, my lord.[6]
THE. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.—
[*An Attendant goes out, and soon afterwards the horns of the huntsmen are heard. The Attendants present supplement the noise with a great shout.* LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA *wake and rise.* [231
Good morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past:
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?
LYS. Pardon, my lord.
[*He and the rest kneel.*
THE. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies: [240
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?
LYS. My lord, I shall reply amazëdly,
Half sleep, half waking: but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here;
But, as I think,—for truly would I speak, [250
And now I do bethink me, so it is,—
I came with Hermia hither: our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—
EGE. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough:
I beg the law, the law, upon his head.
They would have stol'n away; they would, Demetrius, [260
Thereby to have defeated you and me;
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.
DEM. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither, to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy [7] following me. [270

[6] This seems to imply that they have slept three or four nights in the wood. That is out of the question; but the inconsistency with I 1 is to be noticed.
[7] in her love.

But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as doth the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord, [281
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia;
But, like in sickness, did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now do I wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

THE. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met: [290
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will,
For in the temple, by and by, with us,
These couples shall eternally be knit;
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens: three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta. [300

[*Exeunt* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EGEUS, *and Train.*

DEM. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnëd into clouds.

HER. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

HEL. So methinks: [311
And I have found Demetrius, like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

DEM. Are you sure
That we are awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do you not think
The duke was here, and bid us follow him?

HER. Yea; and my father. [320

HEL. And Hippolyta.

LYS. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

DEM. Why then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt.*

BOT., *awaking.* When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer: my next [330 is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life! stolen hence, and left me asleep! —I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was: man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was—and me- [340 thought I had—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream: it shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will [350 sing it in the latter end of a play before the duke: peradventure, to make it the more gracious, I shall sing it at her[8] death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

The room in QUINCE'S *cottage is seen once more.* QUINCE, FLUTE, SNOUT, *and* STARVELING, *assembled there, are greatly perturbed over the disappearance of* BOTTOM, *since it is now late in the forenoon, and they fear the collapse of their entertainment.*

QUIN. Have you sent to Bottom's house? is he come home yet?

STAR. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported. [11

FLU. If he come not, then the play is marred: it goes not forward, doth it?

QUIN. It is not possible: you have not

[8] Thisbe's.

a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

FLU. No; he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

QUIN. Yea, and the best person too; and he is a very paramour for a sweet voice. [21

FLU. You must say, "paragon:" a paramour is, God bless us! a thing of naught.

Enter SNUG.

SNUG. Masters, the duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married: if our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men. [30

FLU. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have scaped sixpence a day: an the duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged; he would have deserved it: sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter BOTTOM.

BOT. Where are these lads? where are these hearts? [40

QUIN. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

[*They crowd around him.*

BOT. Masters, I am to discourse wonders; but ask me not what; for, if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

QUIN. Let us hear, sweet Bottom. [48

BOT. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is, that the duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribands to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we [60 are to utter sweet breath, and I do not doubt but to hear them say, it is a sweet comedy. No more words: away! go; away. [*They all haste away.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

It is evening of the same day in the hall that was the scene of the play's opening. The hall is lighted. The three loving couples have all been wed. THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA *are enthroned, with* PHILOSTRATE *and other Lords and Attendants in waiting. A curtain is drawn across a recess at the back (the rear stage). A fire burns in the hearth.*

HIP. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that [10
these lovers speak of.

THE. More strange than true. I never
may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething
brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact: [20
One sees more devils than vast hell can
hold,
That is, the madman; the lover, all as
frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt;
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from
earth to heaven;
And, as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's
pen [31
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy
nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imaginatiön,
That, if it would but apprehend some
joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or, in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear! [40

HIP. But all the story of the night told
over,
And all their minds transfigured so to-
gether,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great con-
stancy,
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

THE. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.— [50

Enter LYSANDER, DEMETRIUS, HERMIA, *and* HELENA *in happy mood.*

Joy, gentle friends! joy, and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
LYS. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
THE. Come now; what masques, what dances shall we have, [60
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play,
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
PHILOST. Here, mighty Theseüs.
THE. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening? [70
What masque? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
PHILOST. There is a brief how many sports are ripe;
Make choice of which your highness will see first. [*Gives a paper.*
THE. "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp." [80
We'll none of that: that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death [91
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."
That is some satire keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange[1] snow. [99
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
PHILOST. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play [109
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
THE. What are they that do play it?
PHILOST. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here, [121
Which never labored in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptiäl.
THE. And we will hear it.
PHILOST. No, my noble lord; [130
It is not for you: I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.
THE. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss,
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in: and take your [140 places, ladies. [*Exit* PHILOSTRATE.
HIP. I love not to see wretchedness o'er-charged,
And duty in his service perishing.
THE. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.

[1] Many emendations of this have been suggested. The likeliest is that of Dr. Tannenbaum, "scurvy," Elizabethan spelling and writing combining to make such a misreading possible.

HIP. He says they can do nothing in this kind.

THE. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.

Our sport shall be to take what they mistake:
And, what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposëd
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;
Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practised accent in their fears,
And, in conclusion, dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet,
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Re-enter PHILOSTRATE.

PHILOST. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.

THE. Let him approach.

[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter before the curtain QUINCE, *for the* PROLOGUE.

PROL. *If we offend, it is with our good will—*
That you should think—we come not to offend,
But with good will.—To show our simple skill:
That is the true beginning—of our end
Consider then—we come but in despite—
We do not come—as minding to content you;
Our true intent is.—All for your delight
We are not here.—That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand; and, by their show—
You shall know all that you are like to know.

[He slips out of sight as quickly as he can.

THE. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

LYS. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord: it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

HIP. Indeed he hath played on his prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

THE. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

From behind the curtain enter BOTTOM *and* FLUTE, *as* PYRAMUS *and* THISBE; SNOUT, *as the* WALL; STARVELING *(with a dog, a lantern, and a thornbush), as* MOONSHINE; SNUG, *as the* LION; *and* QUINCE, *as the* PROLOGUE.

PROL. *Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;*
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is, certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper, at the which let no man wonder.
This man, with lanthorn, dog, and bush of thorn,
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,

The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,
Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain. [249
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain:
Whereat, with blade, with bloody blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest, [260
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain,
At large discourse, while here they do remain.

[PROLOGUE, THISBE, LION, *and* MOONSHINE *return behind the curtain.*

THE. I wonder, if the lion be to speak.

DEM. No wonder, my lord: one lion may, when many asses do.

WALL. *In this same interlude it doth befall* [271
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show [281
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

THE. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

DEM. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord. [290

PYRAMUS *steps forward.*

THE. Pyramus draws near the wall: silence!

PYR. *O grim-looked night! O night with hue so black!*
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night! O night! alack, alack, alack!
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot.
And thou, O wall! O sweet, O lovely wall! [301
That stands between her father's ground and mine;
Thou wall, O wall! O sweet, and lovely wall!
Show me thy chink to blink through with mine eyne.

[WALL holds up his fingers.

Thanks, courteous wall: Jove shield thee well for this! [310
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall! through whom I see no bliss;
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

THE. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

PYR. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me," is Thisby's cue: she is to enter now; and I am to spy her [320 through the wall. You shall see, it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Re-enter THISBE *on the other side of the wall.*

THIS. *O wall! full often hast thou heard my moans,*
For parting my fair Pyramus and me:
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones—
Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee. [331

PYR. *I see a voice: now will I to the chink,*
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby:

THIS. *My love! thou art my love, I think.*

PYR. *Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;* [340
And like Limander am I—trusty still.

THIS. *And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.*

PYR. *Not Shafalus to Procrus was so true.*

THIS. *As Shafalus to Procrus, I to you.*

PYR. *O! kiss me—through the hole of this vile wall.*

THIS. *I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.* [350

PYR. *Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?*

THIS. *'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.*

[Exeunt PYRAMUS and THISBE.

WALL. *Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargëd so;*
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go.
[*Exit.*

THE. Now is the moon used[2] between the two neighbors. [361

DEM. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so wilful to hear without warning.

HIP. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

THE. The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

HIP. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs. [370

THE. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man[3] and a lion.

Re-enter LION *and* MOONSHINE.

LION. *You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear*
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor,
May now perchance both quake and tremble here, [381
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam:
For, if I should, as lion, come in strife
Into this place, 'twere pity of my life.

THE. A very gentle beast, and of a good conscience. [390

DEM. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

LYS. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

THE. True; and a goose for his discretion.

DEM. Not so, my lord; for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose. [399

THE. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor, for the goose carries not the fox. It is well: leave it to his discretion, and let us listen to the moon.

MOON. *This lanthorn doth the hornëd moon present;—*

DEM. He should have worn the horns on his head.

THE. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference. [409

MOON. *This lanthorn doth the hornëd moon present;*
Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

THE. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lanthorn: how is it else the man i' the moon?

DEM. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff. [420

HIP. I am aweary of this moon: would he would change!

THE. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane; but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

LYS. Proceed, Moon.

MOON. All that I have to say is, to tell you that the lanthorn is the moon; I, the man in the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog [431

DEM. Why, all these should be in the lanthorn; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Re-enter THISBE.

THIS. *This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?*

LION, *roaring. Oh—.* [THISBE *runs off, her mantle falling from her as she goes.* [440

[2] So Q. F. has "moral down," which does not seem very sensible.

[3] Theobald amended to "moon," which may be right.

DEM. Well roared, Lion!
THE. Well run, Thisbe!
HIP. Well shone, Moon! Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.
[*The* LION *tears* THISBE'S *mantle.*
THE. Well moused, Lion!
DEM. And then came Pyramus.

Re-enter PYRAMUS. *Exit the* LION.

LYS. And so the lion vanished.
PYR. *Sweet moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;* [451
I thank thee, moon, for shining now so bright,
For, by thy gracious, golden, glittering beams,[4]
I trust to taste of truest Thisby's sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see? [460
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What! stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!
THE. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad. [471
HIP. Beshrew my heart but I pity the man.
PYR. *O! wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?*
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear?
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer. [481
Come, tears, confound;
Out, sword and wound
The pap of Pyramus:
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop.[5]
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
[Stabs himself.

[4] Should probably be "gleams," as suggested by Knight.
[5] All editors print "hop," following the original.

Now am I dead;
Now am I fled; [490
My soul is in the sky:
Tongue, lose thy light!
Moon, take thy flight!
[Exit MOONSHINE.
Now die, die, die, die, die. [Dies
DEM. No die but an ace for him; for he is but one.
LYS. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing. [499
THE. With the help of a surgeon, he might yet recover, and prove an ass.
HIP. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?
THE. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Re-enter THISBE.

HIP. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus: I hope she will be brief. [511
DEM. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better: he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.
LYS. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.
DEM. And thus she moans, *videlicet:*—
THIS. *Asleep, my love?*
What, dead, my dove? [520
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone:
Lovers, make moan!
His eyes were green as leeks. [530
O, Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word?
Come, trusty sword:

Come, blade, my breast imbrue:
[Stabs herself.
And farewell, friends; [541
Thus Thisby ends:
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [Dies.

THE. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

DEM. Ay, and Wall too.

BOT., *rising.* No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company? [551

THE. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none to be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus, and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy: and so it is, truly, and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask: let your epilogue alone.
[*A dance.* [561

The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve;
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn,
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled [570
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity,
In nightly revels and new jollity.

THESEUS *and* HIPPOLYTA *rise and depart, followed by the newly wedded pairs, and all the rest. All the lights are extinguished or removed.* [578

When all have gone, PUCK *appears, visible in the moonlight that streams through the windows, and, as he comes down stage, in the faint firelight. He carries a broom.*

PUCK. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud, [590
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide:
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun, [599
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house:
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Suddenly the hall is alive with fairies, headed by OBERON *and* TITANIA. *All bear waxen tapers, which they light at the hearth as they pass it.*

OBE. Through the house give glimmering light [610
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty after me
Sing, and dance it trippingly.

TITA. First, rehearse this song by rote,
To each word a warbling note:
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

While OBERON *sings the following song, the others, hand in hand, dance around him.* [622

OBE. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blessëd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be; [630
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand:
Never mole, hare-lip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despisëd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,

Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it, blest,
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away;
Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt all save* PUCK.

PUCK. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That you have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear;
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend:
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I'm an honest Puck,
If we have unearnëd luck
Now to scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good night unto you all.
Give me your hands, if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.

ROMEO AND JULIET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

The great love-tragedy of Shakespeare's earlier period was first published, in quarto, as "An excellent conceited tragedy of Romeo and Juliet" in 1597. The second quarto, 1599, entitled it "The most excellent and lamentable tragedy of Romeo and Juliet," and described it as "newly corrected, augmented, and amended." Other quartos followed in 1608, in some year unknown, and in 1637, the dateless one being the first to carry the name of the author, and that only on some copies. The play also has a place in the folio.

Because the quarto of 1597 describes it as acted by Lord Hunsdon's men, and because the then Lord Hunsdon become Lord Chamberlain on April 17 of that year, an office which his father had filled up till his death on July 22 of the preceding year, White Dowden, and others supposed that "Romeo" must have been produced during the nine months when the company could not call itself the Lord Chamberlain's men; and many later scholars have either adopted this argument or blundered similarly. It should hardly be necessary to point out that all the title-page means is that the play was acted by the company which, *at the time of publication,* was known as Lord Hunsdon's. Whatever the company was called when the tragedy was produced, it could not be described as the Lord Chamberlain's on the title-page if it had, when the quarto was issued, ceased to be known by that title, because another than its patron held the office. The date of production is not, then, so easily arrived at as has been supposed. We know that publication was early in 1597; but the date of production has to be otherwise ascertained, if possible. Unfortunately, there is not very much to help us. The mention in Weever's "Epigrammes," published in 1599, is valueless, even though we are told by the author that most of his poems were written in 1596; because we know, without that, that the play cannot possibly date later than 1596–7. The one piece of evidence from the play itself is that the Nurse declares it to be eleven years from the earthquake, which we need not doubt to be a reference to the earthquake of 1580. That would give a date of 1591, which is by no means improbable, though we need to assume a rewriting in 1596, because the text is obviously of more than one date (unless it be the work of more than one man). But, unfortunately, we cannot absolutely rely upon the Nurse's evidence, because the garrulous old

woman's recollection would seem to have been more faulty than she was inclined to believe it to be. If she is to be credited, Juliet was not weaned till she was almost three years old—and that is a little hard to believe.

That the play has undergone more than one writing is evident. The quarto of 1597 gives a different text from that of the later quartos; and the theory of piracy does not account for all the phenomena. There are in it remains of an earlier and different version. Moreover, even in the accepted text of the later quartos there is quite obviously more than a single stratum. Some of it is verse worthy of Shakespeare at the close of the century, and some of it is so deplorably poor that one hesitates to give it to Shakespeare at all and cannot conceive of it as proceeding from him except in his very earliest period. The colloquy of Paris and Juliet at the Friar's cell in IV 1 is surely early, but may perhaps be accepted as Shakespearean; but what of the lamentations in IV 5? These are so ludicrous that they have the air of burlesque. But there is yet a third reason for believing in a divided date for the play. It is in that way that its gross inconsistencies can best be accounted for. The confusion in the time-scheme can hardly be all of one time's writing; and the easiest way of accounting for the irreconcilability of the time Juliet's potion was supposed to operate with the time it actually did operate is by assuming a revision which overlooked certain factors. The period of 42 hours is taken from the source, Brooke's "Romeus and Juliet." Probably, before revision, the events in the vault occurred in the daytime.

Brooke refers to a play on the subject older than his poem (1562). As that play is not extant, we have no means of knowing whether or not Shakespeare made use of it. But there is extant a German version of an early English play on the subject, which is not likely to have been that primordial tragedy, but, more probably one dating from the second last decade of the sixteenth century. For Shakespeare to have built on such a play would be in accord with his common procedure. All the English plays acted in Germany in 1626 seem to have been pre-Shakespearean—that is to say, prior to the period of Shakespeare's supremacy. It is natural to regard this play as dating back to the same period as the versions of "Hamlet" and "Titus Andronicus;" but there are also definite reasons why it should be so regarded. In the main, this play marches closely in step with Shakespeare's; but it begins differently. The first scene shows Montague and Capulet agreeing to a reconciliation proposed by the Prince, and the second has Juliet telling the Nurse that she is ready for love. It is obvious, then, that it is a translation of a different version and that it is an earlier version is shown by the fact that its opening follows the basic poem, from which

Shakespeare departed for sound dramatic reasons. The excellence of the Shakespearean opening, starting all the tragic trouble in the deliberate quarrelling of some cowardly servingmen, would hardly have been thrown aside by any German adapter to whom it was available; so that it may be confidently assumed that the German play is a translation of an earlier version. The age of Juliet too is that of the poem (16), instead of her being, somewhat absurdly, made less than 14, as Shakespeare made her. The time-scheme is also more consistent in the German play. That again points to its being the earlier, since the inconsistencies are most likely to have arisen in revision. Concerning the German version and the first quarto, which is also, as has been said already, distinctly a different version, and not merely a corrupt text of the Shakespeare play, the student may consult J. M. Robertson's "Shakespeare Canon, part 3" and the introduction to F. G. Hubbard's edition of the first quarto.

That the play as here given is all Shakespeare's is hard indeed to believe, unless one is a confirmed traditionalist. There are parts that may be regarded as early Shakespeare—I 1, from the Prince's entry; the rhyme of II 3; V 2; and the opening of V 3, to Romeo's entry—but, if the view already enunciated be correct, that the opening scene belongs to a revised version, Shakespeare's first revision must have been very early, and he must have worked on an earlier play, not his. But, indeed, if the passages mentioned occurred in an anonymous play, no one would think of attributing them to Shakespeare. And there are other passages much more dubious than these, passages that would seem definitely to be non-Shakespearean. The final part of the closing scene (with the exception of Friar Laurence's main speech) and IV 1 as far as Paris' exit may just possibly, but very improbably, be early Shakespearean work; but how anyone can take the lamentations in IV 5 to be the work of Shakespeare is beyond understanding. (One would need to apologize for according them to Kyd, of whose style they seem like a parody.) It has actually been seriously suggested that that is what they are; but Shakespeare might well have begged to be saved from Shakespeare-worshippers who could make such absurd claims for him. To regard him as capable of deliberately degrading his tragic work in that way would be to regard him as capable of sinking to a level below that of any other great Elizabethan. Better a thousand times for Shakespeare-lovers to declare against his authorship of the nineteen speeches following Lady Capulet's entry than to suppose him capable of them. They must be a fragment of a play of the 'eighties.

There is another thing to be mentioned in this connection: these lamentations are entirely different in Q1. There they have rather the air of being Peele's. They are poor enough; but they are far from

being so absurd as those in our text. In the German version they are different again. The scene in the Friar's cell that closes II is also very different in Q1 from what it is in the recognized versions. It may perhaps be early Shakespeare: but it is very hard indeed to give to Shakespeare III 2, as it appears in that quarto. Summing up, then, it seems certain that there is non-Shakespearean work in both Q1 and our accepted text. Perhaps the most rational view is that the play had a non-Shakespearean basis, that in or about 1591, or perhaps earlier, it was revised by Shakespeare, but not by Shakespeare alone, and that it was again re-written in or about 1596.

It will be gathered from what has been said that the play is characterized by great unevenness. Its reputation as one of Shakespeare's best tragedies has been won mainly by the glow of its love-scenes: but it contains a good deal of verse that is of much poorer quality than is to be found in any other of the great tragedies. There is not a little of that quibbling that disfigures so many of the Shakespearean plays: but there is also much to which greater exception may well be taken, and for which it does not seem fair to hold Shakespeare responsible. The play is not among the greatest in the matter of characterization: but it has one excellently conceived figure in the person of the Nurse, garrulous, impudent, unscrupulous, and inconsequent.

CHARACTERS

ESCALUS, *Prince of Verona.*
PARIS, *his Kinsman.*
MONTAGUE, CAPULET } *Heads of two Houses at variance with each other.*
UNCLE *to Capulet.*
ROMEO, *son to Montague.*
MERCUTIO, *Kinsman to the Prince*; BENVOLIO, *Nephew to Montague* } *Friends to Romeo.*
TYBALT, *Nephew to Lady Capulet.*
FRIAR LAURENCE, FRIAR JOHN } *Franciscans.*
BALTHASAR, *Servant to Romeo.*
SAMPSON, GREGORY } *Servants to Capulet.*
PETER, *Servant to Juliet's Nurse.*
ABRAHAM, *Servant to Montague.*
AN APOTHECARY.
THREE MUSICIANS.
PAGE *to Mercutio;* PAGE *to Paris;* ANOTHER PAGE; AN OFFICER.
LADY MONTAGUE
LADY CAPULET
JULIET, *Daughter to Capulet.*
NURSE *to Juliet.*
Citizens of Verona; male and female Kinsfolk to both Houses; Drummer, Torchbearers, Masquers, Guards, Watchmen and Attendants.
CHORUS.

PLACE: *Verona and Mantua.*
TIME: 1303.

ROMEO AND JULIET

PROLOGUE

Enter CHORUS.

CHO. Two households, both alike in dignity,
In fair Verona, where we lay our scene,
From ancient grudge break to new mutiny,
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of these two foes
A pair of star-crossed lovers take their life;
Whose misadventured piteous overthrows
Doth with their death bury their parents' strife.
The fearful passage of their death-marked love,
And the continuance of their parents' rage,
Which, but their children's end, nought could remove,
Is now the two hours' traffic of our stage;
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here shall miss our toil shall strive to mend. [*Exit.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I

The two Veronese houses of MONTAGUE *and* CAPULET *entertain for one another the most venomous hatred. The enmity extends even to the Servants. Two of* CAPULET'S *men,* SAMPSON *and* GREGORY, *armed with swords and bucklers, are, on the morning when the play opens (a Sunday morning), in a public place, ready to vent their spleen upon* MONTAGUE'S *men whenever they can do so safely.* [11

SAM. Gregory, o' my word, we'll not carry coals.

GRE. No, for then we should be colliers.

SAM. I mean, if we be in choler, we'll draw.

GRE. Ay, while you live, draw your neck out o' th' collar.

SAM. I strike quickly, being moved.

GRE. But thou art not quickly moved to strike. [21

SAM. A dog of the house of Montague moves me.

GRE. To move is to stir, and to be valiant is to stand; therefore, if thou art moved, thou runn'st away.

SAM. A dog of that house shall move me to stand: I will take the wall of any man or maid of Montague's.

GRE. That shows thee a weak slave; for the weakest goes to the wall. [31

SAM. True; and therefore women, being the weaker vessels, are ever thrust to the wall: therefore I will push Montague's men *from* the wall, and thrust his maids *to* the wall.

GRE. The quarrel is between our masters and us their men. [38

SAM. 'Tis all one, I will show myself a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids; I will cut off their heads.

GRE. The heads of the maids?

SAM. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maidenheads; take it in what sense thou wilt.

GRE. They must take it in sense that feel it. [48

SAM. Me they shall feel while I am

able to stand; and 'tis known I am a pretty piece of flesh.

GRE. 'Tis well thou art not fish; if thou hadst, thou hadst been poor John. Draw thy tool; here comes two of the house of the Montagues.

Enter ABRAHAM *and* BALTHASAR.

SAM. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

GRE. How! turn thy back and run?

SAM. Fear me not. [60

GRE. No, marry; I fear thee?

SAM. Let us take the law of our sides; let them begin.

GRE. I will frown as I pass by, and let them take it as they list.

SAM. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them; which is a disgrace to them, if they bear it.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir? [70

SAM. I do bite my thumb, sir.

ABR. Do you bite your thumb at us, sir?

SAM. <Is the law of our side if I say "ay"?

GRE. No.>

SAM. No, sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, sir; but I bite my thumb, sir.

GRE. Do you quarrel, sir?

ABR. Quarrel, sir! no, sir. [80

SAM. If you do, sir, I am for you: I serve as good a man as you.

ABR. No better?

SAM. Well, sir.

GRE., *to* SAMPSON. <Say, "better;" here comes one of my master's kinsmen.>

SAM. Yes, better, sir.

ABR. You lie.

SAM. Draw, if you be men.—Gregory, remember thy swashing blow. [90

[*They fight.*

Enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. Part, fools!
Put up your swords; you know not what you do. [*Beats down their swords.*

Enter TYBALT, *a particularly fiery, vindictive, and quarrelsome partisan of the house of* CAPULET.

TYB. What! art thou drawn amor
these heartless[1] hinds? [10
Turn thee, Benvolio, look upon thy deat
BEN. I do but keep the peace: p
up thy sword,
Or manage it to part these men with m
TYB. What! drawn, and talk of peace
I hate the word,
As I hate hell, all Montagues, and the
Have at thee, coward! [*They fight.* [10

Enter several persons of both house who join the fray; then enter CITIZEN *with clubs and partisans. These hate bot the contending parties, as being the co stant cause of broils and turmoil in th city.*

CITIZENS. Clubs, bills, and partisans
strike! beat them down!
Down with the Capulets! down with th
Montagues!

Enter CAPULET *and* LADY CAPULET, *with attendants.* [12

CAP. What noise is this? Give me m
long sword, ho!

LADY CAP., *sneeringly.* A crutch,
crutch! Why call you for a sword

Enter MONTAGUE *and* LADY MONTAGU

CAP. My sword, I say! Old Montagu
is come,
And flourishes his blade in spite of me.

MON. Thou villain Capulet! [*To* LAD
MONTAGUE.] Hold me not; let m
go! [13

LADY MON. Thou shalt not stir o
foot to seek a foe.

Enter PRINCE ESCALUS *with his Train*

PRIN. Rebellious subjects, enemies
peace,
Profaners of this neighbor-stainëd steel,-
Will they not hear?—What ho! you me
you beasts,
That quench the fire of your pernicio
rage [14
With purple fountains issuing from yo
veins,
On pain of torture, from those bloo
hands

[1] cowardly.

Throw your mis-tempered weapons to the ground,
And hear the sentence of your moved prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old Capulet, and Montague, [150
Have thrice disturbed the quiet of our streets,
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave-beseeming ornaments,
To wield old partisans, in hands as old,
Cankered[2] with peace, to part your cankered hate.
If ever you disturb our streets again
Your lives shall pay the forfeit of the peace. [161
For this time, all the rest depart away:
You, Capulet, shall go along with me;
And, Montague, come you this afternoon
To know our farther pleasure in this case,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place.
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart. [170

[*Exeunt all but* MONTAGUE, LADY MONTAGUE, *and* BENVOLIO.

MON. Who set this ancient quarrel new abroach?
Speak, nephew, were you by when it began?

BEN. Here were the servants of your adversary
And yours close fighting ere I did approach; [180
I drew to part them; in the instant came
The fiery Tybalt, with his sword prepared,
Which, as he breathed defiance to my ears,
He swung about his head, and cut the winds,
Who, nothing hurt withal, hissed him in scorn.
While we were interchanging thrusts and blows, [191
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
Till the prince came, who parted either part.

LADY MON. O! where is Romeo? saw you him to-day?
Right glad am I he was not at this fray.

BEN. Madam, an hour before the worshipped sun [200
Peered forth the golden window of the east,
A troubled mind drave me to walk abroad;
Where, underneath the grove of sycamore
That westward rooteth from the city's side,
So early walking did I see your son.
Towards him I made; but he was ware[3] of me, [211
And stole into the covert of the wood:
I, measuring his affections[4] by my own,
That most are busied when they're most alone,
Pursued by humor, not pursuing his,
And gladly shunned who gladly fled from me.

MON. Many a morning hath he there been seen, [220
With tears augmenting the fresh morning's dew,
Adding to clouds more clouds with his deep sighs;
But all so soon as the all-cheering sun
Should in the furthest east begin to draw
The shady curtains from Aurora's bed,
Away from light steals home my heavy son,
And private in his chamber pens himself, [231
Shuts up his windows, locks fair daylight out,
And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humor prove
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

BEN. My noble uncle, do you know the cause? [240

MON. I neither know it nor can learn of him.

BEN. Have you importuned him by any means?

[2] corroded.
[3] aware.
[4] feelings.

MON. Both by myself and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say how true,
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery, [250
As is the bud bit with an envious worm
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air
Or dedicate his beauty to the sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give cure as know.
BEN. See where he comes: so please you, step aside;
I'll know his grievance or be much denied. [261
MON. I would thou wert so happy by thy stay
To hear true shrift.—Come, madam, let's away.
[*Exeunt* MONTAGUE *and* LADY.

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Good morrow, cousin.
ROM. Is the day so young?
BEN. But new struck nine. [270
ROM. Ay me! sad hours seem long.
Was that my father that went hence so fast?
BEN. It was. What sadness lengthens Romeo's hours?
ROM. Not having that which, having, makes them short.
BEN. In love?
ROM. Out— [280
BEN. Of love?
ROM. Out of her favor, where I am in love.
BEN. Alas! that love, so gentle in his view,
Should be so tyrannous and rough in proof.
ROM. Alas! that love, whose view is muffled still,
Should, without eyes, see pathways to his will. [291
Where shall we dine? O me! What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but mor
with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O lovin
hate!
O anything, of nothing first create!
O heavy lightness, serious vanity, [30
Mis-shapen chaos of well-seeming form
Feather of lead, bright smoke, cold fire
sick health,
Still-waking sleep (that is not what it is)
This love feel I, that feel no love in this
Dost thou not laugh?
BEN. No, coz, I rathe
weep.
ROM. Good heart, at what? [30
BEN. At thy good heart's oppression
ROM. Why, such is love's transgression
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in m
breast,
Which thou wilt propagate to have i
pressed
With more of thine: this love that thou
hast shown
Doth add more grief to too much of min
own.
Love is a smoke, made with the fume o
sighs; [32
Being purged, a fire sparkling in lovers
eyes;
Being vexed, a sea nourished with lovers
tears:
What is it else? a madness most discreet
A choking gall, and a preserving sweet
[*Going.*] Farewell, my coz.
BEN. Soft, I will go along
An if you leave me so, you do me wrong
ROM. Tut! I have left myself; I an
not here; [33
This is not Romeo, he's some othe
where.
BEN. Tell me, in sadness,[5] who ['t] i
that you love.
ROM. What! shall I groan and tel
thee?
BEN. Groan! why, no
But sadly tell me who. [34
ROM. Bid a sick man in sadness mak
his will;
Ah! word ill urged to one that is so ill
In sadness, cousin, I do love—a woman

[5] seriousness.

BEN. I aimed so near when I supposed you loved.
ROM. A right good mark-man! And she's fair I love.
BEN. A right fair mark, fair coz, is soonest hit. [350
ROM. Well, in that hit you miss: she'll not be hit
With Cupid's arrow; she hath Dian's wit;
And, in strong proof of chastity well armed,
From love's weak childish bow she lives unharmed.
She will not stay the siege of loving terms, [360
Nor bide th' encounter of assailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to saint-seducing gold.
O! she is rich in beauty; only poor
That, when she dies, with beauty dies her store.
BEN. Then she hath sworn that she will still live chaste?
ROM. She hath, and in that sparing makes huge waste; [369
For beauty, sterved[6] with her severity,
Cuts beauty off from all posterity.
She is too fair, too wise, wisely too fair,
To merit bliss by making me despair;
She hath forsworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead that live to tell it now.
BEN. Be ruled by me; forget to think of her.
ROM. O! teach me how I should forget to think. [380
BEN. By giving liberty unto thine eyes:
Examine other beauties.
ROM. 'Tis the way
To call her exquisite, in question more.
These happy masks that kiss fair ladies' brows,
Being black, puts us in mind they hide the fair. [388
He that is strucken blind cannot forget
The precious treasure of his eyesight lost:
Show me a mistress that is passing fair,
What doth her beauty serve but as a note
Where I may read who passed that passing fair?
Farewell: thou canst not teach me to forget.
BEN. I'll pay that doctrine,[7] or else die in debt. [*Exeunt.*

[6] starved.

SCENE II

The PRINCE *has bound over* CAPULET *to keep the peace; and* CAPULET, *with* PARIS *and a* SERVANT, *is now on the way back to his house.*

CAP. But Montague is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard, I think,
For men so old as we to keep the peace.
PAR. Of honorable reckoning[8] are you both; [11
And pity 'tis you lived at odds so long.
But now, my lord, what say you to my suit?
CAP. But saying o'er what I have said before:
My child is yet a stranger in the world;
She hath not seen the change of fourteen years;
Let two more summers wither in their pride [21
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
PAR. Younger than she are happy mothers made.
CAP. And too soon marred are those so early made.
Earth hath swallowed all my hopes but she:
She is the hopeful lady of my earth.
But woo her, gentle Paris, get her heart;
My will to her consent is but a part; [31
An she agree, within her scope of choice
Lies my consent and fair according voice.
This night I hold an old accustomed feast,
Whereto I have invited many a guest
Such as I love; and you, among the store,
One more, most welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor house look to behold this night [41
Earth-treading stars that make dark heaven light:
Such comfort as do lusty young men feel

[7] give such instruction.
[8] reputation.

When well-apparelled April on the heel
Of limping winter treads, even such delight
Among fresh female buds shall you this night [49
Inherit at my house; hear all, all see,
And like her most whose merit most shall be;
Which, on more view of many, mine, being one,
May stand in number, though in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me.—[*To* SERVANT, *giving him a paper.*] Go, sirrah, trudge about [59
Through fair Verona; find those persons out
Whose names are written there, and to them say
My house and welcome on their pleasure stay.

[*Exeunt* CAPULET *and* PARIS.

SERV. Find them out whose names are written here! It is written that the shoemaker should meddle with his yard, and the tailor with his last, the fisher [70 with his pencil, and the painter with his nets; but I am sent to find those persons whose names are here writ, and can never find what names the writing person hath here writ. I must to the learned. [*Seeing two gentlemen approach.*] In good time.

Enter BENVOLIO *and* ROMEO.

BEN. Tut! man, one fire burns out another's burning, [80
One pain is lessened by another's anguish;
Turn giddy, and be holp by backward turning;
One desperate grief cures with another's languish:
Take thou some new infection to thy eye,
And the rank poison of the old will die.

ROM. Your plantain leaf is excellent for that. [90

BEN. For what, I pray thee?

ROM. For your broken shin.

BEN. Why, Romeo, art thou mad?

ROM. Not mad, but bound more than a madman is;
Shut up in prison, kept without my food,
Whipped and tormented, and—[*Seeing that* MONTAGUE'S SERVANT *wishes to speak to him.*] Good den, good fellow. [100

SERV. God gi' good den. I pray, sir, can you read?

ROM. Ay, mine own fortune in my misery.

SERV. Perhaps you have learned it without book: but, I pray, can you read any thing you see?

ROM. Ay, if I know the letters and the language. [109

SERV. Ye say honestly; rest you merry! [*Offering to go.*

ROM. Stay, fellow; I can read. [*Holds out his hand. The* SERVANT *gives him the list.*]

"Signior Martino and his wife and daughters; County Anselme and his beauteous sisters; the lady widow of Vitruvio; Signior Placentio, and his lovely nieces; Mercutio and his brother Valentine; mine uncle Capulet, his wife and daugh- [120 ters; my fair niece Rosaline; Livia; Signior Valentio and his cousin Tybalt; Lucio and the lively Helena." A fair assembly: whither should they come?

SERV. Up.

ROM. Whither?

SERV. To supper; to our house.

ROM. Whose house?

SERV. My master's. [129

ROM. Indeed, I should have asked you that before.

SERV. Now I'll tell you without asking. My master is the great rich Capulet; and, if you be not of the house of Montagues, I pray come and crush a cup of wine. Rest you merry! [*Exit.*

BEN. At this same ancient feast of Capulet's
Sups the fair Rosaline, whom thou so lov'st, [140
With all the admirëd beauties of Verona:
Go thither; and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with some that I shall show,

And I will make thee think thy swan a crow.
ROM. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains such falsehood, then turn tears to fires, [150
And these, who, often drowned, could never die,
Transparent heretics, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! the all-seeing sun
Ne'er saw her match since first the world begun.
BEN. Tut! you saw her fair, none else being by, [159
Herself poised with herself in either eye;
But in that crystal scales let there be weighed
Your lady's love against some other maid
That I will show you shining at this feast,
And she shall scant show well that now shows best.
ROM. I'll go along, no such sight to be shown, [169
But to rejoice in splendor of mine own.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In CAPULET'S *house,* LADY CAPULET *is desirous of having a few words with* JULIET *on the subject of marriage, and bids her very voluble* NURSE *call her. It is the evening of the same day.*

LADY CAP. Nurse, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.
NURSE. Now, by my maidenhead at twelve year old, [9
I bade her come. [*Calling.*] What, lamb! what, lady-bird!—
God forbid! where's this girl? [*Calling*] What, Juliet!

Enter JULIET.

JUL. How now! who calls?
NURSE. Your mother.
JUL. Madam, I am here.
What is your will?
LADY CAP. This is the matter.—Nurse, give leave a while: [20
We must talk in secret.—Nurse, come back again;
I have remembered me, thou's[9] hear our counsel.
Thou know'st my daughter's of a pretty age.
NURSE. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.
LADY CAP. She's not fourteen. [29
NURSE. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth—
And yet, to my teen[10] be it spoken, I have but four—
She is not fourteen. How long is it now
To Lammas-tide?
LADY CAP. A fortnight and odd days.
NURSE. Even or odd, of all days in the year,
Come Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen. [39
Susan and she—God rest all Christian souls!—
Were of an age. Well, Susan is with God;
She was too good for me. But, as I said,
On Lammas-eve at night shall she be fourteen;
That shall she, marry; I remember it well.
'Tis since the earthquake now eleven years;
And she was weaned (I never shall forget it), [50
Of all the days of the year, upon that day;
For I had then laid wormwood to my dug,
Sitting in the sun under the dove-house wall.
My lord and you were then at Mantua
(Nay, I do bear a brain); but, as I said,
When it did taste the wormwood on the nipple [60
Of my dug and felt it bitter, pretty fool!
To see it tetchy and fall out with the dug.
"Shake," quoth the dove-house: 'twas no need, I trow,
To bid me trudge:
And since that time it is eleven years;
For then she could stand high-lone; nay, by the rood, [69
She could have run and waddled all about;
For, even the day before, she broke her brow;

[9] thou shalt.
[10] sorrow.

And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man—took up the child:
"Yea," quoth he, "dost thou fall upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou hast more wit;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" and, by my holidame,
The pretty wretch left crying, and said "Ay."
To see now how a jest shall come about!
I warrant, and I should live a thousand years,
I never should forget it: "Wilt thou not, Jule?" quoth he;
And, pretty fool, it stinted and said "Ay."

LADY CAP. Enough of this; I pray thee, hold thy peace.

NURSE. Yes, madam; yet I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying, and say "Ay;"
And yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow
A bump as big as a young cock'rel's stone;
A parlous knock; and it cried bitterly:
"Yea," quoth my husband, "fall'st upon thy face?
Thou wilt fall backward when thou com'st to age;
Wilt thou not, Jule?" It stinted and said
"Ay."

[illegible]hou too, I pray thee,

[illegible]'e done. God mark
[illegible]e!
[illegible] babe that e'er I
[illegible]ee married once,
[illegible]"marry" is the
[illegible]e, daughter
[illegible]be mar-
[illegible]ot of.
[illegible]thine

I would say thou hadst sucked wisdom from thy teat.

LADY CAP. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you,
Here in Verona, ladies of esteem
Are made already mothers: by my count,
I was your mother much upon these years.
That you are now a maid. Thus, then, in brief,
The valiant Paris seeks you for his love.

NURSE. A man, young lady! lady, such a man
As all the world—why, he's a man of wax.

LADY CAP. Verona's summer hath not such a flower.

NURSE. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.

LADY CAP. What say you? can you love the gentleman?
This night you shall behold him at our feast.
Read o'er the volume of young Paris' face,
And find delight writ there with beauty's pen;
Examine every married lineament,
And see how one another lends content;
And what obscured in this fair volume lies
Find written in the margent of his eyes.
This precious book of love, this unbound lover,
To beautify him, only lacks a cover.
The fish lives in the sea; and 'tis much pride
For fair without the fair within to hide:
That book in many eyes doth share the glory,
That in gold clasps locks in the golden story;
So shall you share all that he doth possess,
By having him making yourself no less.

NURSE. No less! nay, bigger; women grow by men.

LADY CAP. Speak briefly, can you like of Paris' love?

JUL. I'll look to like, if looking liking move;
But no more deep will I endart mine eye

Than your consent gives strength to make it fly.

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. Madam, the guests are come, supper served up, you called, my young lady asked for, the nurse cursed in the pantry, and everything in extremity. I must hence to wait; I beseech you, follow straight. [182

LADY CAP. We follow thee.—Juliet, the county stays.

NURSE. Go, girl, seek happy nights to happy days. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Late the same evening, when it is dark, ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *and other Masquers are on their way to the* CAPULET *mansion, with a drummer, torch-bearers, and other attendants.*

ROM. What! shall this speech be spoke for our excuse,
Or shall we on without apology?

BEN. The date is out of[11] such prolixity: [10
We'll have no Cupid hood-winked with a scarf,
Bearing a Tartar's painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies, like a crow-keeper;
Nor no without-book prologue, faintly spoke
After the prompter, for our entrance;
But, let them measure us by what they will, [19
We'll measure them a measure, and be gone.

ROM. Give me a torch: I am not for this ambling;
Being but heavy, I will bear the light.

MER. Nay, gentle Romeo, we must have you dance.

ROM. Not I, believe me: you have dancing shoes
With nimble soles; I have a soul of lead
So stakes me to the ground I cannot move. [31

MER. You are a lover; borrow Cupid's wings,
And soar with them above a common bound.

ROM. I am too sore enpiercëd with his shaft
To soar with his light feathers; and, so bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull woe:
Under love's heavy burden do I sink. [41

MER. And, to sink in it, should you burden love—
Too great oppression for a tender thing.

ROM. Is love a tender thing? it is too rough,
Too rude, too boisterous; and it pricks like thorn.

MER. If love be rough with you, be rough with love; [50
Prick love for pricking, and you beat love down.—
Give me a case to put my visage in:
[*A* SERVANT *hands him a mask, which he puts on.*
A visor for a visor! what care I
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows shall blush for me.

BEN. Come, knock and enter; and no sooner in, [61
But every man betake him to his legs.

ROM. A torch for me; let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels,
For I am proverbed with a grandsire phrase;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on:
The game was ne'er so fair, and I am done. [71

MER. Tut! dun's the mouse, the constable's own word:
If thou art Dun, we'll draw thee from the mire,
Of—save your reverence—love, wherein thou stick'st
Up to the ears. Come, we burn daylight, ho!

ROM. Nay, that's not so. [80

MER. I mean, sir, in delay
We waste our lights in vain, like lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment sits

[11] Is out of fashion.

Five times in that ere once in our five wits.
ROM. And we mean well in going to this masque;
But 'tis no wit to go. [90
MER. Why, may one ask?
ROM. I dreamed a dream to-night.[12]
MER. And so did I.
ROM. Well, what was yours?
MER. That dreamers often lie.
ROM. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.
MER. O! then, I see, Queen Mab hath been with you.
BEN. Queen Mab! What's she? [100
MER. She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies[13]
Athwart men's noses, as they lie asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
Her traces, of the smallest spider's web;
Her collars, of the moonshine's watery beams; [112
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers. [121
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on curtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream; [131
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit;
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail, [141
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon [150
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes,
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night,
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled much misfortune bodes. [161
This is the hag, when maids lie on their backs,
That presses them and learns them first to bear,
Making them women of good carriäge:
This is she—
ROM. Peace, peace! Mercutio, peace!
Thou talk'st of nothing. [169
MER. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy,
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being angered, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south. [180
BEN. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.
ROM. I fear too early; for my mind misgives

[12] last night.
[13] animalculæ.

Some consequence yet hanging in the stars
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date[14]
With this night's revels, and expire the term [91
Of a despisëd life closed in my breast
By some vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he that hath the steerage of my course
Direct my sail! On, lusty gentlemen.
BEN. Strike, drum. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

In the dining-room of the CAPULET *house,* SERVINGMEN *are engaged in setting the room to rights after the meal that has been partaken of by the family and the invited guests.*

1 SERV. Where's Potpan, that he helps not to take away? he shift a trencher! he scrape a trencher!

2 SERV. When good manners shall lie all in one or two men's hands, and they unwashed too, 'tis a foul thing. [11

1 SERV. Away with the joint-stools, remove the court-cupboard, look to the plate. Good thou, save me a piece of marchpane; and, as thou lovest me, let the porter let in Susan Grindstone and Nell.—[*Calling*] Antony! and Potpan!

2 SERV. Ay, boy; ready.

1 SERV. You are looked for and called for, asked for and sought for, in the great chamber. [21

3 SERV. We cannot be here and there too.

2 SERV. Cheerly, boys; be brisk awhile, and the longer liver take all. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

In the great chamber, CAPULET *(who is accompanied by the others of his house) is welcoming his guests and various Masquers (among whom are* ROMEO, MERCUTIO, *and* BENVOLIO*).*

CAP. Welcome, gentlemen! ladies that have their toes
Unplagued with corns will walk a bout with you.— [9
Ah ha! my mistresses, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? she that makes dainty, she,
I'll swear, hath corns; am I come near ye now?—
Welcome, gentlemen! I have seen the day
That I have worn a visor, and could tell
A whispering tale in a fair lady's ear
Such as would please; 'tis gone, 'tis gone, 'tis gone. [19
You are welcome, gentlemen!—Come, musicians, play.—
A hall! a hall! give room, and foot it, girls.
[*Music plays, and there is a dance, in which* JULIET *takes part, but* ROMEO *does not.*
More light, you knaves! and turn the tables up,
And quench the fire, the room has grown too hot.— [30
[*To another* CAPULET.] Ah! sirrah, this unlooked-for sport comes well.
Nay, sit, nay, sit, good cousin[15] Capulet,
For you and I are past our dancing days;
How long is't now since last yourself and I
Were in a mask?
2 CAP. Berlady, thirty years.
CAP. What, man! 'tis not so much, 'tis not so much: [40
'Tis since the nuptial of Lucentio,
Come Pentecost as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years; and then we masked.
2 CAP. 'Tis more, 'tis more; his son is elder, sir.
His son is thirty.
CAP. Will you tell me that?
His son was but a ward two years ago.
ROM., *who has discovered* JULIET. What lady is that which doth enrich the hand [52
Of yonder knight?
SERV. I know not, sir.
ROM. O! she doth teach the torches to burn bright.
It seems she hangs upon the cheek of night
As a rich jewel in an Ethiop's ear;
Beauty too rich for use, for earth too dear! [61

[14] period.

[15] kinsman.

So shows a snowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows shows.
The measure done, I'll watch her place of stand,
And, touching hers, make blessëd my rude hand.
Did my heart love till now? forswear it, sight! [70
For I ne'er saw true beauty till this night.
TYB. This, by his voice, should be a Montague.—
[*To an attendant*] Fetch me my rapier, boy.—What! dares the slave
Come hither, covered with an antic face,
To fleer and scorn at our solemnity?
Now, by the stock and honor of my kin,
To strike him dead I hold it not a sin.
CAP. Why, how now, kinsman! wherefore storm you so? [81
TYB. Uncle, this is a Montague, our foe;
A villain that is hither come in spite,
To scorn at our solemnity this night.
CAP. Young Romeo, is it?
TYB. 'Tis he, that villain Romeo.
CAP. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone:
'A bears him like a portly gentleman; [90
And, to say truth, Verona brags of him
To be a virtuous and well-governed youth.
I would not for the wealth of all the town
Here in my house do him disparagement;
Therefore be patient, take no note of him:
It is my will; the which if thou respect,
Show a fair presence and put off these frowns, [100
An ill-beseeming semblance for a feast.
TYB. It fits, when such a villain is a guest:
I'll not endure him.
CAP. He shall be endured.
What! goodman boy; I say he shall. Go to!
Am I the master here, or you? go to.
You'll not endure him? God shall mend my soul! [110
You'll make a mutiny among my guests!
You will set cock-a-hoop! you'll be the man!
TYB. Why, uncle, 'tis a shame.
CAP. Go to, go to;
You are a saucy boy—is't so indeed?—
This trick may chance to scathe you.—I know what:
You must contráry me! marry, 'tis time— [120
[*To the dancers, as the music ceases.*]
Well said,[16] my hearts!—You are a princox; go:
Be quiet, or—More light, more light!—For shame!
I'll make you quiet.—What! cheerly, my hearts!
TYB. Patience perforce with wilful choler meeting
Makes my flesh tremble in their different greeting. [131
I will withdraw; but this intrusion shall,
Now seeming sweet, convert to bitter gall.
[*Exit.*
ROM., *who, as soon as the dance was finished, has made his way to* JULIET. If I profane with my unworthiest hand
This holy shrine, the gentle sin is this;
My lips, two blushing pilgrims, ready stand [141
To smooth that rough touch with a tender kiss.
JUL. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion shows in this;
For saints have hands that pilgrims' hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmers' kiss.
ROM. Have not saints lips, and holy palmers too? [151
JUL. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they must use in prayer.
ROM. O! then, dear saint, let lips do what hands do;
They pray; grant thou, lest faith turn to despair.
JUL. Saints do not move, though grant, for prayers' sake.
ROM. Then move not, while my prayers' effect I take. [161

[16] done.

[*Kissing her.*] Thus from my lips, by thine, my sin is purged.

JUL. Then have my lips the sin that they have took.

ROM. Sin from my lips? O trespass sweetly urged!
Give me my sin again.

JUL. You kiss by the book.

NURSE. Madam, your mother craves a word with you. [171

[JULIET *goes to* LADY CAPULET.

ROM. What is her mother?

NURSE. Marry, bachelor,
Her mother is the lady of the house,
And a good lady, and a wise, and virtuous:
I nursed her daughter that you talked withal.
I tell you he that can lay hold of her
Shall have the chinks. [181

[*Having given him this valuable information, the* NURSE *leaves him.*

ROM. <Is she a Capulet?
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.>

BEN. Away, begone; the sport is at the best.

ROM. Ay, so I fear; the more is my unrest. [190

CAP. Nay, gentlemen, prepare not to be gone;
We have a trifling foolish banquet towards.—

[*A Gentleman whispers in his ear.*

Is it e'en so? Why then, I thank you all;
I thank you, honest gentlemen; goodnight.—
More torches here!—Come on, then; let's to bed. [200
Ah! sirrah, by my fay, it waxes late;
I'll to my rest.

[*Exit at one door while visitors are departing at another.*

JUL. Come hither, nurse. What is yond gentleman?

NURSE. The son and heir of old Tiberio.

JUL. What's he that now is going out of door? [209

NURSE. Marry, that, I think, be young Petruchio.[17]

JUL. What's he that follows there, that would not dance?

NURSE. I know not.

JUL. Go, ask his name. [*The* NURSE *hurries off to speak to* ROMEO.]
<If he be marriëd,
My grave is like to be my wedding bed.>

NURSE, *returning after speaking to* ROMEO, *and delivering her news in great trepidation.* His name [221 is Romeo, and a Montague,
The only son of your great enemy.

JUL. My only love sprung from my only hate!
Too early seen unknown, and known too late!
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I must love a loathëd enemy.

NURSE. What's this, what's this? [230

JUL. A rime I learned even now
Of one I danced withal.

[*One calls within, "Juliet!"*

NURSE, *calling.* Anon, anon!—
Come, let's away; the strangers are all gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

CHO. Now old desire doth in his deathbed lie,
And young affection gapes to be his heir; [241
That fair for which love groaned for and would die,
With tender Juliet matched, is now not fair.
Now Romeo is beloved and loves again,
Alike bewitchëd by the charm of looks,
But to his foe supposed he must complain,
And she steal love's sweet bait from fearful hooks: [250
Being held a foe, he may not have access,
To breathe such vows as lovers used to swear;
And she, as much in love, her means much less
To meet her new-belovëd any where:
But passion lends them power, time means, to meet,
Temp'ring extremities with extreme sweet. [*Exit.*

[17] So spelled to give the pronunciation. Should be "Petruccio."

ACT TWO

Scene I

Very late the same night, Romeo *enters a lane that runs by the wall of* Capulet's *orchard.*

Rom. Can I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy centre out.
[*He climbs the wall, and leaps down on the other side.* [9

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Ben. Romeo! my cousin Romeo! Romeo!
Mer. He is wise;
And, on my life, hath stol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leaped this orchard wall:
Call, good Mercutio.
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.—
Romeo! humors![1] madman! passion! lover! [21
Appear thou in the likeness of a sigh:
Speak but one rime and I am satisfied;
Cry but "Ay me!" couple but "love" and "dove;"
Speak to my gossip Venus one fair word;
One nickname for her purblind son and heir,
Young Adam Cupid, he that shot so trim,
When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid. [31
He heareth not, he stirreth not, he moveth not;
The ape is dead, and I must conjure him.
I conjure thee by Rosaline's bright eyes,
By her high forehead, and her scarlet lip,
By her fine foot, straight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demesnes that there adjacent lie,
That in thy likeness thou appear to us.
Ben. An if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him. [42
Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him
To raise a spirit in his mistress' circle
Of some strange nature, letting it there stand
Till she had laid it, and conjúred it down;
That were some spite: my invocatiön
Is fair and honest, and in his mistress' name [52
I conjure only but to raise up him.
Ben. Come, he hath hid himself among these trees,
To be consorted with the humorous[2] night:
Blind is his love and best befits the dark.
Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark. [60
Now will he sit under a medlar tree,
And wish his mistress were that kind of fruit
As maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.
O Romeo! that she were, O! that she were
An open *et cætera,* thou a poperin pear.
Romeo, good night: I'll to my truckle-bed; [70
This field-bed is too cold for me to sleep:
Come, shall we go?
Ben. Go, then; for 'tis in vain
To seek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

[1] caprices.

Scene II

It is long after midnight; but Juliet *has not yet gone to bed.* Romeo *appears in the orchard, immediately beneath* Juliet's *window.*

Rom. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound.
[Juliet *appears above at a window.*
But, soft! what light through yonder window breaks? [9
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun!—
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief
That thou her maid art far more fair than she:
Be not her maid, since she is envious;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; cast it off.—
It is my lady; O! it is my love:
O! that she knew she were.— [20

[2] dank.

She speaks, yet she says nothing: what of that?
Her eye discourses; I will answer it.—
I am too bold; 'tis not to me she speaks:
Two of the fairest stars in all the heaven,
Having some business, do entreat her eyes
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars
As daylight doth a lamp; her eyes in heaven
Would through the airy region stream so bright
That birds would sing and think it were not night.
See! how she leans her cheek upon her hand:
O, that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
JUL., *sighing.* Ay me!
ROM. She speaks:
O, speak again, bright angel! for thou art
As glorious to this night, being o'er my head,
As is a wingëd messenger of heaven
Unto the white-upturnëd wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
JUL. O Romeo, Romeo! wherefore art *thou* Romeo?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name;
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
ROM. <Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this?>
JUL. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy;
Thou art thyself though, not a Montague.
What's Montague? it is nor hand nor foot
Nor arm nor face nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O! be some other name:
What's in a name? that which we call a rose
By any other name would smell as sweet;
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo called,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes
Without that title.—Romeo, doff thy name;
And, for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
ROM. I take thee at thy word.
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptized;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
JUL. What man art thou, that, thus bescreened in night,
So stumblest on my counsel?
ROM. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee:
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
JUL. My ears have not yet drunk a hundred words
Of thy tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound:
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
ROM. Neither, fair maid, if either thee dislike.
JUL. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefóre?
The orchard walls are high and hard to climb,
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
ROM. With love's light wings did I o'erperch these walls;
For stony limits cannot hold love out,
And what love can do that dares love attempt;
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let[3] to me.
JUL. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
ROM. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords: look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
JUL. I would not for the world they saw thee here.

[3] hindrance.

ROM. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes;
And, but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death proroguëd, wanting of thy love. [129
JUL. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
ROM. By Love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet, wert thou as far
As that vast shore washed with the furthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
JUL. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face, [140
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form, fain, fain deny
What I have spoke: but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say "Ay;" [150
And I will take thy word; yet, if thou swear'st,
Thou mayst prove false; at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully:
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown, and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but, else, not for the world. [161
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond;
And therefore thou mayst think my havior[4] light:
But, trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more cunning to be strange.
I should have been more strange,[5] I must confess, [170
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion: therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discoverëd.
ROM. Lady, by yonder blessëd moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops— [181
JUL. O! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb,
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
ROM. What shall I swear by?
JUL. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry, [190
And I'll believe thee.
ROM. If my heart's dear love—
JUL. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contráct to-night:
It is too rash, too unadvised, too sudden;
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be
Ere one can say, "it lightens." Sweet, good-night! [200
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night! as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart as that within my breast!
ROM. O! wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied? [210
JUL. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
ROM. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
JUL. I gave thee mine before thou didst request it;
And yet I would it were to give again.
ROM. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
JUL. But to be frank,[6] and give it thee again. [221
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:

[4] behavior.
[5] coy.
[6] generous.

My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
[NURSE *calls within.*
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!—
[*Calling.*] Anon, good nurse!—Sweet Montague, be true. [230
Stay but a little; I will come again.
[*Exit above.*
ROM. O blessëd, blessëd night! I am afeard,
Being in night, all this is but a dream,
Too flattering-sweet to be substantiäl.

Re-enter JULIET, *above.*

JUL. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed. [239
If that thy bent of love be honorable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where, and what time, thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee my lord throughout the world.
NURSE, *within.* Madam!
JUL., *within.* I come anon.—But if [250
thou meanest not well,
I do beseech thee—
NURSE, *within.* Madam!
JUL., *calling.* By and by; I come.—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.
ROM. So thrive my soul—
JUL. A thousand times good-night!
[*Exit above.* [260
ROM. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as schoolboys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.
[*He is retiring, when* JULIET *reappears at the window.*
JUL. Hist! Romeo, hist!—O! for a falconer's voice, [270
To lure this tassel-gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud,
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
[*But, softly as she has spoken,* ROMEO *has heard his name, so he returns.*
ROM. It is my soul that calls upon my name. [282
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
JUL. Romeo!
ROM. My dear!
JUL. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee?
ROM. At the hour of nine.[290
JUL. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.—
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
ROM. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
JUL. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there,
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
ROM. And I'll still stay, to have thee still forget, [300
Forgetting any other home but this.
JUL. 'Tis almost morning; I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's[7] bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty. [310
ROM. I would I were thy bird.
JUL. Sweet, so would I;
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night! parting is such sweet sorrow
That I shall say good-night till it be morrow.
ROM. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!— [*Exit* JULIET.
Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest! [322
Hence will I to my ghostly father's cell,

[7] The word bears here no unpleasant significance.

His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

Scene III

Early the next (Monday) morning Friar Laurence *appears at the entrance to his cell. He carries a basket containing flowers and herbs that he has gathered.*

Fri. L. The grey-eyed morn smiles on the frowning night,
Chequ'ring the eastern clouds with streaks of light,
And fleckëd darkness like a drunkard reels [11
From forth day's path and Titan's fiery wheels.
Now, ere the sun advance his burning eye,
The day to cheer and night's dank dew to dry,
I must up-fill this osier cage of ours
With baleful weeds and precious-juicëd flowers. [20
The earth, that's nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying grave, that is her womb;
And, from her womb, children of divers kind
We sucking on her natural bosom find,
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for some, and yet all different.
O! mickle is the powerful grace that lies
In herbs, plants, stones, and their true qualities; [32
For nought so vile that on the earth doth live
But to the earth some special good doth give,
Nor aught so good but, strained[8] from that fair use,
Revolts from true birth, stumbling on abuse: [40
Virtue itself turns vice, being misapplied;
And vice sometime's by action dignified.
Within the infant rind of this weak flower
Poison hath residence, and medicine power:
For this, being smelt, with that part cheers each part;
Being tasted, slays all senses with the heart.
Two such opposëd kings encamp them still [51
In man as well as herbs—grace and rude will—
And, where the worser is predominant,
Full soon the canker[9] death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo, *who, in love-affairs, does not let grass grow under his feet.*

Rom. Good morrow, father!
Fri. L. *Benedicite!* [60
What early tongue so sweet saluteth me?
Young son, it argues a distempered head
So soon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And, where care lodges, sleep will never lie;
But, where unbruisëd youth with unstuffed brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden sleep doth reign: [71
Therefore thy earliness doth me assure
Thou art up-roused with some distemp'rature;
Or, if not so, then here I hit it right,
Our Romeo hath not been in bed to-night.
Rom. That last is true: the sweeter rest was mine.
Fri. L. God pardon sin! wast thou with Rosaline? [80
Rom. With Rosaline, my ghostly father? no;
I have forgot that name and that name's woe.
Fri. L. That's my good son: but where hast thou been, then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again.
I have been feasting with mine enemy,
Where on a sudden one hath wounded me, [91
That's by me wounded: both our remedies
Within thy help and holy physic lies.
I bear no hatred, blessëd man; for, lo!
My intercession likewise steads my foe.

[8] wrenched.

[9] canker-worm.

FRI. L. Be plain, good son, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confession finds but riddling shrift.
ROM. Then plainly know my heart's dear love is set
On the fair daughter of rich Capulet:
As mine on hers, so hers is set on mine;
And all combined, save what thou must combine
By holy marriage: when and where and how
We met, we wooed, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we pass; but this I pray,
That thou consent to marry us to-day.
FRI L. Holy Saint Francis! what a change is here!
Is Rosaline, whom thou didst love so dear,
So soon forsaken? young men's love, then, lies
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.
Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washed thy sallow cheeks for Rosaline;
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste!
The sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears;
Thy old groans ring yet in my ancient ears;
Lo! here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear that is not washed off yet.
If e'er thou wast thyself, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for Rosaline:
And art thou changed? pronounce this sentence then:
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
ROM. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving Rosaline.
FRI. L. For doting, not for loving, pupil mine.
ROM. And bad'st me bury love.
FRI. L. Not in a grave
To lay one in, another out to have.
ROM. I pray thee, chide not; she whom I love now
Doth grace for grace and love for love allow;
The other did not so.
FRI. L. O! she knew well
Thy love did read by rote, that could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come, go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be;
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your households' rancor to pure love.
ROM. O! let us hence; I stand on sudden haste.
FRI. L. Wisely and slow; they stumble that run fast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

It is towards noon. BENVOLIO *and* MERCUTIO *have been hunting for* ROMEO, *and now meet in a public place.*

MER. Where the devil should this Romeo be?
Came he not home to-night?
BEN. Not to his father's; I spoke with his man.
MER. Why that same pale hard-hearted wench, that Rosaline,
Torments him so that he will sure run mad.
BEN. Tybalt, the kinsman of old Capulet,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.
MER. A challenge, on my life!
BEN. Romeo will answer it.
MER. Any man that can write may answer a letter.
BEN. Nay, he will answer the letter's master, how he dares, being dared.
MER. Alas! poor Romeo, he is already dead; stabbed with a white wench's black eye, run thorough[10] the ear with a love-song; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's butt-shaft; and is he a man to encounter Tybalt?
BEN. Why, what is Tybalt?
MER. More than prince of cats, I can tell you. O! he's the courageous captain of compliments. He fights as you sing

[10] through.

prick-song, keeps time, distance, and proportion; rests me his minim rest, one, two, and the third in your bosom; the very butcher of a silk button, a duellist, a duellist; a gentleman of the very first house, of the first and second cause. Ah! the immortal passado! the punto reverso! the hay!

BEN. The what? [40

MER. The pox of such antic, lisping, affecting fantasticoes, these new tuners of accents!—"By Jesu, a very good blade! a very tall man! a very good whore!"—Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandsire, that we should be thus afflicted with these strange flies, these fashion-mongers, these *pardonnez-mois*, who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench? O, their bones, their bones! [51

Enter ROMEO.

BEN. Here comes Romeo, here comes Romeo.

MER. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O flesh, flesh, how art thou fishified! Now is he for the numbers that Petrarch flowed in: Laura to his lady was a kitchen-wench (marry, she had a better love to be-rime her); Dido, a dowdy; [60 Cleopatra, a gipsy; Helen and Hero, hildings and harlots; Thisbe, a grey eye or so, but not to the purpose.—Signior Romeo, *bon jour!* there's a French salutation to your French slop.[11] You gave us the counterfeit fairly[12] last night.

ROM. Good morrow to you both. What counterfeit did I give you?

MER. The slip,[13] sir, the slip; can you not conceive? [70

ROM. Pardon, good Mercutio, my business was great; and in such a case as mine a man may strain courtesy.

MER. That's as much as to say, such a case as yours constrains a man to bow in the hams.

ROM. Meaning—to curtsy.

MER. Thou hast most kindly hit it.

ROM. A most courteous exposition.

MER. Nay, I am the very pink of courtesy. [81

ROM. Pink for flower?

MER. Right.

ROM. Why, then, is my pump well flowered.

MER. Well said; follow me this jest now till thou hast worn out the pump, that, when the single sole of it is worn, the jest may remain after the wearing sole singular. [90

ROM. O single-soled jest! solely singular for the singleness.

MER. Come between us, good Benvolio; my wit faints.

ROM. Switch and spurs, switch and spurs; or I'll cry a match.

MER. Nay, if thy wits run the wild-goose chase, I have done, for thou hast more of the wild-goose in one of thy wits than, I am sure, I have in my whole five. Was I with[14] you there for the goose?

ROM. Thou wast never with me [102 for anything when thou wast not there for the goose.

MER. I will bite thee by the ear for that jest.

ROM. Nay, good goose, bite not.

MER. Thy wit is a very bitter sweeting; it is a most sharp sauce.

ROM. And is it not then well served in to a sweet goose? [111

MER. O! here's a wit of cheveril, that stretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

ROM. I stretch it out for that word "broad;" which, added to the goose, proves thee far and wide a broad goose.

MER. Why, is not this better now than groaning for love? now art thou sociable, now art thou Romeo; now art thou [120 what thou art, by art as well as by nature: for this drivelling love is like a great natural,[15] that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

BEN. Stop there, stop there!

MER. Thou desirest me to stop in my tale against the hair.

BEN. Thou wouldst else have made thy tale large. [129

[11] breeches.
[12] played a successful trick on us.
[13] counterfeit coin (thus giving a double meaning).
[14] Did I get even with.
[15] fool.

MER. O! thou art deceived; I would have made it short; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant indeed to occupy the argument no longer.

ROM. Here's goodly gear![16]

Enter NURSE *and* PETER.

MER. A sail, a sail!

BEN. Two, two; a shirt and a smock.

NURSE. Peter!

PETER. Anon!

NURSE My fan, Peter. [140

MER. <Good Peter, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer face.>

NURSE. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

MER. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

NURSE. Is it good den?

MER 'Tis no less, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon. [150

NURSE. Out upon you! what a man are you!

ROM. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made for himself to mar

NURSE. By my troth, it is well said; "for himself to mar," quoth 'a?—Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young Romeo? [158

ROM. I can tell you; but young Romeo will be older when you have found him than he was when you sought him: I am the youngest of that name, for fault of a worse.

NURSE You say well.

MER Yea! is the worst well? very well took, i' faith; wisely, wisely.

NURSE. If you be he, sir, I desire some confidence with you. [168

[ROMEO *steps aside with the* NURSE, *who at once begins talking. He gives her one ear, but keeps the other for* MERCUTIO.

BEN. She would indite him to some supper.

MER. A bawd, a bawd. a bawd! So ho!

ROM What hast thou found?

MER. No hare, sir, unless a hare, sir, in a lenten pie, that is something stale and hoar ere it be spent. [*Singing.*]

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar,
Is very good meat in Lent: [181
But a hare that is hoar is too much for a score,
When it hoars ere it be spent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

ROM. I will follow you.

MER. Farewell, ancient lady; farewell,

[*Singing.*] Lady, lady, lady. [189

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

NURSE. Marry, farewell!—I pray you, sir, what saucy merchant was this, that was so full of his ropery?[17]

ROM. A gentleman, nurse, that loves to hear himself talk, and will speak more in a minute than he will stand to in a month.

NURSE. And 'a speak anything against me, I'll take him down, and 'a were lustier than he is, and twenty such [200 Jacks; and, if I cannot, I'll find those that shall. Scurvy knave! I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skeins-mates. [*To* PETER.] And thou must stand by too, and suffer every knave to use me at his pleasure!

PET. I saw no man use you at his pleasure; if I had, my weapon should quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as soon as another man, if I see occasion in a good quarrel, and the law on my side. [212

NURSE. Now, afore God, I am so vexed that every part about me quivers. Scurvy knave!—Pray you, sir, a word; and, as I told you, my young lady bid me inquire you out; what she bid me say I will keep to myself; but first let me tell ye, if ye should lead her in a fool's paradise, as they say, it were a very gross kind [220 of behavior, as they say: for the gentlewoman is young; and, therefore, if you should deal double with her, truly it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

[16] matter.

[17] roguery.

Rom. Nurse, commend me to thy lady and mistress. I protest unto thee—

Nurse. Good heart! and, i' faith, I will tell her as much. Lord, Lord! she will be a joyful woman. [230

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurse? thou dost not mark me.

Nurse. I will tell her, sir, that you do protest; which, as I take it, is a gentlemanlike offer.

Rom. Bid her devise
Some means to come to shrift this afternoon;
And there she shall at Friar Laurence' cell, [240
Be shrived and married. Here's for thy pains.

Nurse. No, truly, sir; not a penny.

Rom. Go to; I say, you shall. [*She pockets the money.*

Nurse. This afternoon, sir? well, she shall be there.

Rom. And stay, good nurse, behind the abbey wall:
Within this hour my man shall be with thee, [251
And bring thee cords made like a tackled stair;
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Must be my convoy in the secret night.
Farewell! Be trusty, and I'll quit[18] thy pains.
Farewell! Commend me to thy mistress.

Nurse. Now God in heaven bless thee! Hark you, sir. [261

Rom. What sayst thou, my dear nurse?

Nurse. Is your man secret? Did you ne'er hear say,
Two may keep counsel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee my man's as true as steel.

Nurse. Well, sir; my mistress is the sweetest lady—Lord, Lord!—when [270 'twas a little prating thing—O! there's a nobleman in town, one Paris, that would fain lay knife aboard; but she, good soul, had as lief see a toad, a very toad, as see him. I anger her sometimes and tell her that Paris is the properer[19] man; but, I'll warrant you, when I say so, she looks as pale as any clout in the versal world. Doth not rosemary and Romeo begin both with a letter? [280

Rom. Ay, nurse: what of that? both with an R.

Nurse. Ah! mocker; that's the dog's name. R is for the—No; I know it begins with some other letter: and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. [*Exit* Romeo.] Peter! [291

Pet. Anon.

Nurse. Before, and apace. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

It is high noon, and Juliet, *full of impatience, is in the garden of her father's house, awaiting her* Nurse's *return.*

Jul. The clock struck nine when I did send the nurse;
In half an hour she promised to return.
Perchance she cannot meet him: that's not so.
O! she is lame: love's herald should be thought, [11
Which ten times faster glides than the sun's beams,
Driving back shadows over low'ring hills:
Therefore do nimble-pinioned doves draw Love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift Cupid wings.
Now is the sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey, and from nine till twelve [21
Is three long hours, yet she is not come.
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She would be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;

[18] requite.

[19] handsomer.

But old folks—many seem[20] as they were dead;
Unwieldy, slow, heavy and pale as lead.

Enter NURSE, *puffing and blowing, and* PETER.

O God! she comes. O honey nurse! what news?
Hast thou met with him? Send thy man away.

NURSE. Peter, stay at the gate.

[*Exit* PETER.

JUL. Now, good sweet nurse. O Lord! why look'st thou sad?
Though news be sad, yet tell them merrily;
If good, thou sham'st the music of sweet news
By playing it to me with so sour a face.

NURSE. I am aweary; give me leave[21] awhile.
Fie, how my bones ache! What a jaunce have I had!

JUL. I would thou hadst my bones, and I thy news.
Nay, come, I pray thee, speak; good, good nurse, speak.

NURSE. Jesu! what haste? can you not stay awhile?
Do you not see that I am out of breath?

JUL. How art thou out of breath when thou hast breath
To say to me that thou art out of breath?
The excuse that thou dost make in this delay
Is longer than the tale thou dost excuse.
Is thy news good or bad? answer to that;
Say either, and I'll stay the circumstance:[22]
Let me be satisfied, is't good or bad?

NURSE. Well, you have made a simple choice; you know not how to choose a man: Romeo: no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his leg excels all men's; and, for a hand and a foot and a body, though they be not to be talked on, yet they are past compare. He is not the flower of courtesy, but, I'll warrant him, as gentle as a lamb. Go thy ways, wench; serve God. What! have you dined at home?

JUL. No, no: but all this did I know before.
What says he of our marriage? what of that?

NURSE. Lord! how my head aches; what a head have I!
It beats as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' t'other side; O! my back, my back!
Beshrew your heart for sending me about,
To catch my death with jauncing up and down!

JUL. I' faith, I am sorry that thou art not well.
Sweet, sweet, sweet nurse, tell me, what says my love?

NURSE. Your love says, like an honest gentleman, and a courteous, and a kind, and a handsome, and, I warrant, a virtuous—Where is your mother?

JUL. Where is my mother! why, she is within;
Where should she be? How oddly thou repli'st:
"Your love says, like an honest gentleman,
'Where is your mother?'"

NURSE. O! God's lady dear,
Are you so hot? Marry, come up, I trow;
Is this the poultice for my aching bones?
Henceforward do your messages yourself.

JUL. Here's such a coil![23] come, what says Romeo?

NURSE. Have you got leave to go to shrift to-day?

JUL. I have.

NURSE. Then hie you hence to Friar Laurence' cell;
There stays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in scarlet straight at any news.
Hie you to church; I must another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love

[20] Qq and F, feign.
[21] let me alone.
[22] await particulars.
[23] fuss.

Must climb a bird's nest soon when it is dark;
I am the drudge, and toil in your delight,
But you shall bear the burden soon at night.
Go; I'll to dinner: hie you to the cell.

JUL. Hie to high fortune!—Honest nurse, farewell. [*Exit* NURSE.

SCENE VI

It is the afternoon of the same day. In FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell, the* FRIAR *and the hot-blooded* ROMEO *are awaiting the arrival of* JULIET.

FRI. L. So smile the heavens upon this holy act
That after-hours with sorrow chide us not!

ROM. Amen, amen! but, come what sorrow can,
It cannot countervail the exchange of joy
That one short minute gives me in her sight.
Do thou but close our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare:
It is enough I may but call her mine.

FRI. L. These violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die, like fire and powder,
Which, as they kiss, consume: the sweetest honey
Is loathsome in his own deliciousness
And in the taste confounds the appetite:
Therefore love moderately; long love doth so:
Too swift arrives as tardy as too slow.

Enter JULIET.

Here comes the lady: O! so light a foot
Will ne'er wear out the everlasting flint:
A lover may bestride the gossamer
That idles in the wanton summer air,
And yet not fall; so light is vanity.

JUL. Good even to my ghostly confessor.

FRI. L. Romeo shall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

JUL. As much to him, else is his thanks too much.

ROM. Ah! Juliet, if the measure of thy joy
Be heaped like mine, and that thy skill be more
To blazon it, then sweeten with thy breath
This neighbor air, and let rich music's tongue
Unfold the imagined happiness that both
Receive in either by this dear encounter.

JUL. Conceit,[24] more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his substance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to such excess
I cannot sum up half my sum of wealth.

FRI. L. Come, come with me, and we will make short work;
For, by your leaves, you shall not stay alone
Till holy church incorporate two in one.
[*Exit.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

Later the same afternoon MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *the former's* PAGE, *and some Servants are in a public place in Verona.* BENVOLIO *is anxious that they should not loiter there, for fear of meeting some of the* CAPULETS *and so precipitating a brawl.*

BEN. I pray thee, good Mercutio, let's retire:
The day is hot, the Capulets abroad,
And, if we meet, we shall not scape a brawl;
For now, these hot days, is the mad blood stirring.

MER. Thou art like one of those fellows that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his sword upon the table and says, "God send me no need of thee!" and by the operation of the second cup draws him on the drawer, when, indeed, there is no need.

[24] imagination.

BEN. Am I like such a fellow?

MER. Come, come, thou art as hot a Jack in thy mood as any in Italy; and as soon moved to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved.

BEN. And what to?

MER. Nay, and there were two such, we should have none shortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why, thou [30
wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more or a hair less in his beard than thou hast. Thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes. What eye, but such an eye, would spy out such a quarrel? Thy head is as full of quarrels as an egg is full of meat, and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg for quarrelling. Thou hast quar- [40
relled with a man for coughing in the street, because he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before Easter? with another, for tying his new shoes with old riband? and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarrelling! [48

BEN. And I were so apt to quarrel as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

MER. The fee-simple! O simple!

BEN. By my head, here come the Capulets.

MER. By my heel, I care not.

Enter TYBALT *and Others.*

TYB. Follow me close, for I will speak to them.—Gentlemen, good den! a word with one of you. [60

MER. And but one word with one of us? Couple it with something; make it a word and a blow.

TYB. You shall find me apt enough to that, sir, and you will give me occasion.

MER. Could you not take some occasion without giving?

TYB. Mercutio, thou consort'st with Romeo,— [69

MER. Consort! What! dost thou make us minstrels? an thou make minstrels of us, look to hear nothing but discords: here's my fiddle-stick; here's that shall make you dance. 'Zounds! consort!

BEN. We talk here in the public haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto some private place,
Or reason coldly of your grievances,
Or else depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

MER. Men's eyes were made to look; and let them gaze; [81
I will not budge for no man's pleasure, I.

Enter ROMEO.

TYB. Well, peace be with you, sir. Here comes my man.

MER. But I'll be hanged, sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry, go before to field, he'll be your follower; [90
Your worship in that sense may call him "man."

TYB. Romeo, the hate[1] I bear thee can afford
No better term than this: thou art a villain.

ROM. Tybalt, the reason that I have to love thee [98
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting; villain am I none;
Therefore farewell; I see thou know'st me not.

TYB. Boy, this shall not excuse the injuries
That thou hast done me; therefore turn and draw.

ROM. I do protest I never injured thee,
But love thee better than thou canst devise, [110
Till thou shalt know the reason of my love:
And so, good Capulet, which name I tender
As dearly as my own, be satisfied.

MER. O calm, dishonorable, vile submission! [117
Alla stoccata carries it away.— [*Draws.*
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?

TYB. What wouldst thou have with me?

[1] The reading of Q 1; all the other early eds. have "love."

MER. Good king of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal, and, as you shall use me hereafter, dry-beat the rest of the eight. Will you pluck your sword out of his pilcher by the ears? make haste, lest mine be about your ears ere it be out.

TYB., *drawing*. I am for you. [128

ROM. Gentle Mercutio, put thy rapier up.

MER. Come, sir, your passado.

[TYBALT *and* MERCUTIO *fight*.

ROM. Draw, Benvolio; beat down their weapons.

Gentlemen, for shame! forbear this outrage!

Tybalt—Mercutio—the prince expressly hath

Forbidden bandying in Verona streets.

Hold, Tybalt! good Mercutio! [140

[*As* ROMEO *seeks to part them,* MERCUTIO *falls. Exeunt* TYBALT *and his Partisans.*

MER. I am hurt.

A plague o' both your houses! I am sped.—

Is he gone, and hath nothing?

BEN. What! art thou hurt?

MER. Ay, ay, a scratch, a scratch; marry, 'tis enough. [150

Where is my page?—Go, villain, fetch a surgeon. [*Exit Page.*

ROM. Courage, man; the hurt cannot be much.

MER. No, 'tis not so deep as a well, nor so wide as a church door; but 'tis enough, 'twill serve: ask for me to-morrow, and you shall find me a grave man. I am peppered, I warrant, for this world. A plague o' both your houses! [160 'Zounds, a dog, a rat, a mouse, a cat, to scratch a man to death! a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetic!—Why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

ROM. I thought all for the best.

MER. Help me into some house, Benvolio,

Or I shall faint.—A plague o' both your houses! [170

They have made worms' meat of me: I have it,

And soundly too.—Your houses!

[*Exeunt* MERCUTIO *and* BENVOLIO.

ROM. This gentleman, the prince's near ally,

My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt

In my behalf; my reputation stained

With Tybalt's slander—Tybalt, that an hour [180

Hath been my kinsman. O sweet Juliet!

Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,

And in my temper softened valor's steel!

Re-enter BENVOLIO.

BEN. O Romeo, Romeo! brave Mercutio's dead;

That gallant spirit hath aspired the clouds,

Which too untimely here did scorn the earth. [190

ROM. This day's black fate on more days doth depend; [2]

This but begins the woe others must end.

Re-enter TYBALT.

BEN. Here comes the furious Tybalt back again.

ROM. Alive! in triumph! and Mercutio slain!

Away to heaven, respective [3] lenity, [199

And fire-eyed fury be my conduct [4] now!—

Now, Tybalt, take the "villain" back again

That late thou gav'st me; for Mercutio's soul

Is but a little way above our heads,

Staying for thine to keep him company:

Either thou or I, or both, must go with him.

TYB. Thou wretched boy, that didst consort him here,

Shalt with him hence. [210

ROM. This shall determine that.

[*They fight.* TYBALT *falls.*

BEN. Romeo, away! begone!

The citizens are up, and Tybalt slain.

[ROMEO *does not move.*

Stand not amazed: the prince will doom thee death

If thou art taken: hence! begone! away!

[2] impend.
[3] considerate.
[4] guide.

ROM. O! I am Fortune's fool. [219
BEN. Why dost thou stay?
[*Exit* ROMEO.

Enter CITIZENS *and Others.*

1 CIT. Which way ran he that killed Mercutio?
Tybalt, that murderer, which way ran he?
BEN. There lies that Tybalt.
1 CIT. Up, sir, go with me.
I charge thee, in the prince's name, obey.

Enter PRINCE, *attended;* MONTAGUE, CAPULET, *their Wives, and Others.*

PRIN. Where are the vile begin- [231
ners of this fray?
BEN. O noble prince! I can discover all
The unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man, slain by young Romeo,
That slew thy kinsman, brave Mercutio.
LADY CAP. Tybalt, my cousin! O my brother's child!—
O prince!—O cousin!—Husband! [240
O! the blood is spilled
Of my dear kinsman.—Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours shed blood of Montague.—
O cousin, cousin!
PRIN. Benvolio, who began this bloody fray?
BEN. Tybalt, here slain, whom Romeo's hand did slay; [250
Romeo, that spoke him fair, bade him bethink
How nice[5] the quarrel was, and urged withal
Your high displeasure: all this, uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bowed,
Could not take truce with the unruly spleen
Of Tybalt, deaf to peace, but that he tilts
With piercing steel at bold Mercutio's breast, [262
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And, with a martial scorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aside, and with the other sends
It back to Tybalt, whose dexterity
Retorts it.[6] Romeo, he cries aloud [270
"Hold, friends! friends, part!" and, swifter than his tongue,
His agile arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them rushes; underneath whose arm
An envious[7] thrust from Tybalt hit the life [278
Of stout Mercutio; and then Tybalt fled;
But by and by comes back to Romeo,
Who had but newly entertained revenge,
And to 't they go like lightning, for, ere I
Could draw to part them, was stout Tybalt slain.
And, as he fell, did Romeo turn and fly.
This is the truth, or let Benvolio die.
LADY CAP. He is a kinsman to the Montague;
Affection makes him false, he speaks not true: [291
Some twenty of them fought in this black strife,
And all those twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for justice, which thou, prince, must give;
Romeo slew Tybalt; Romeo must not live.
PRIN. Romeo slew him, he slew Mercutio; [301
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe?
MON. Not Romeo, prince, he was Mercutio's friend,
His fault concludes but what the law should end,
The life of Tybalt.
PRIN. And for that offence
Immediately we do exile him hence: [310
I have an interest in your hate's proceeding;
My blood for your rude brawls doth lie a-bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with so strong a fine
That you shall all repent the loss of mine.

[5] trivial.
[6] turns it back.
[7] malicious.

I will be deaf to pleading and excuses;
Nor tears nor prayers shall purchase out abuses;
Therefore use none; let Romeo hence in haste, [321
Else, when he's found, that hour is his last.
Bear hence this body and attend our will:
Mercy but murders, pardoning those that kill.
[*All go out, some of the* PRINCE'S *suite bearing* TYBALT'S *body.*

SCENE II

JULIET *has returned home, and is keenly impatient for the night. It is but three hours since the marriage ceremony was performed; but it seems to her like an eternity.*

JUL. Gallop apace, you fiery-footed steeds,
Towards Phœbus' lodging; such a waggoner [9
As Phaëthon would whip you to the west,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy close curtain, love-performing night!
That runaway[8] eyes may wink, and Romeo
Leap to these arms, untalked of and unseen!
Lovers can see to do their amorous rites
By their own beauties; or, if love be blind, [20
It best agrees with night. Come, civil[9] night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Played for a pair of stainless maidenhoods:
Hood my unmanned blood, bating in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; till strange[10] love, grown bold, [31
Think true love acted simple modesty.
Come, night! come, Romeo! come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lie upon the wings of night
Whiter than new snow on a raven's back
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-browed night,
Give me my Romeo; and, when he shall die, [4
Take him and cut him out in little stars
And he will make the face of heaven so fine
That all the world will be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O! I have bought the mansion of a love
But not possessed it, and, though I am sold, [4
Not yet enjoyed. So tedious is this day
As is the night before some festival
To an impatient child that hath new robes
And may not wear them. O! here comes my nurse,

Enter NURSE *with cords.*

And she brings news; and every tongue that speaks
But Romeo's name speaks heavenly eloquence.— [6
Now, nurse, what news? What hast thou there? the cords
That Romeo bade thee fetch?
NURSE. Ay, ay, the cords
[*Throws them down*
JUL. Ay me! what news? why dost thou wring thy hands?
NURSE. Ah well-a-day! he's dead, he's dead, he's dead! [6
We are undone, lady, we are undone!
Alack the day! he's gone, he's killed, he's dead!
JUL. Can heaven be so envious?
NURSE. Romeo can,
Though heaven cannot. O! Romeo, Romeo;
Who ever would have thought it? Romeo!
JUL. What devil art thou that dost torment me thus? [8
This torture should be roared in dismal hell.
Hath Romeo slain himself? say thou but "Ay";

[8] roaming. Qq, F, runaway's.
[9] sober.
[10] shy.

And that bare vowel "Ay" shall poison more
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice:
I am not I, if there be such an "Ay,"
Or those eyes shut that make thee answer "Ay." [91
If he be slain, say "Ay," or, if not, "No:"
Brief sounds determine of my weal or woe.
NURSE. I saw the wound, I saw it with mine eyes,—
God save the mark!—here on his manly breast:
A piteous corse, a bloody piteous corse;
Pale, pale as ashes, all bedaubed in blood,
All in gore blood; I swounded at the sight. [102
JUL. O break, my heart!—poor bankrupt, break at once!
To prison, eyes; ne'er look on liberty!
Vile earth, to earth resign; end motion here;
And thou and Romeo press one heavy bier!
NURSE. O Tybalt, Tybalt! the best friend I had: [111
O courteous Tybalt! honest gentleman!
That ever I should live to see thee dead!
JUL. What storm is this that blows so contrary?
Is Romeo slaughtered, and is Tybalt dead?
My dearest cousin, and my dearer lord?
Then, dreadful trumpet, sound the general doom! [120
For who is living if those two are gone?
NURSE. Tybalt is gone, and Romeo banishëd;
Romeo, that killed him, he is banishëd.
JUL. O God! did Romeo's hand shed Tybalt's blood?
NURSE. It did, it did; alas the day! it did.
JUL. O serpent heart, hid with a flow'ring face! [130
Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant! fiend angelical!
Dove-feathered raven! wolvish-ravening lamb!
Despisëd substance of divinest show!
Just opposite to what thou justly seem'st;
A damnëd saint, an honorable villain!
O, nature! what hadst thou to do in hell
When thou didst bower the spirit of a fiend [140
In mortal paradise of such sweet flesh?
Was ever book containing such vile matter
So fairly bound? O! that deceit should dwell
In such a gorgeous palace.
NURSE. There's no trust,
No faith, no honesty in men; all naught,
All perjured, all dissemblers, all forsworn.[11] [150
Ah! where's my man? give me some *aqua vitæ:*
These griefs, these woes, these sorrows make me old.
Shame come to Romeo!
JUL. Blistered be thy tongue
For such a wish! he was not born to shame:
Upon his brow shame is ashamed to sit;
For 'tis a throne where honor may be crowned [161
Sole monarch of the universal earth.
O! what a beast was I to chide at him.
NURSE. Will you speak well of him that killed your cousin?
JUL. Shall I speak ill of him that is my husband?—
Ah! poor my lord, what tongue shall smooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have [170
mangled it?
But, wherefore, villain, didst thou kill my cousin?
That villain cousin would have killed my husband:
Back, foolish tears, back to your native spring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, mistaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that Tybalt would have slain; [181
And Tybalt's dead, that would have slain my husband:
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?

[11] Fleay's emendation. B, "all perjured, all forsworn, all naught, all dissemblers."

Some word there was, worser than Tybalt's death,
That murdered me: I would forget it fain;
But O! it presses to my memory, [190
Like damnëd guilty deeds to sinners' minds.
"Tybalt is dead, and Romeo banishëd!"
That "banishëd," that one word "banishëd,"
Hath slain ten thousand Tybalts. Tybalt's death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there;
Or, if sour woe delights in fellowship,
And needly will be ranked with other griefs, [201
Why followed not, when she said "Tybalt's dead,"
Thy father, or thy mother, nay, or both,
Which modern lamentation might have moved?
But with a rearward following Tybalt's death, [208
"Romeo is banishëd!" to speak that word
Is father, mother, Tybalt, Romeo, Juliet,
All slain, all dead: "Romeo is banishëd!"
There is no end, no limit, measure, bound
In that word's death; no words can that woe sound.—
Where is my father and my mother, nurse?

NURSE. Weeping and wailing over Tybalt's corse:
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither. [220

JUL. Wash they his wounds with tears: mine shall be spent,
When theirs are dry, for Romeo's banishment.
Take up those cords. Poor ropes, you are beguiled,
Both you and I, for Romeo is exíled:
He made you for a highway to my bed;
But I, a maid, die maiden-widowëd.
Come, cords; come, nurse; I'll to my wedding bed; [231
And death, not Romeo, take my maidenhead!

NURSE. Hie to your chamber; I'll find Romeo,
To comfort you: I wot well where he is.
Hark ye, your Romeo will be here tonight:
I'll to him; he is hid at Laurence' cell.

JUL. O! find him; give this ring to my true knight, [241
And bid him come to take his last farewell.

SCENE III

ROMEO *has sought refuge in* FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell. It is now almost dusk.*

FRI. L. Romeo, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man:
Affliction is enamored of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.

Enter ROMEO.

ROM. Father, what news? what is the prince's doom?
What sorrow craves acquaintance at my hand, [11
That I yet know not?

FRI. L. Too familiär
Is my dear son with such sour company:
I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

ROM. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

FRI. L. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment. [21

ROM. Ha! banishment! Be merciful, say "death;"
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say "banishment."

FRI. L. Hence from Verona art thou banishëd.
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide. [30

ROM. There is no world without Verona walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell itself.
Hence banishëd is banished from the world,
And world's exíle is death; then "banishëd"
Is death mis-termed. Calling death "banishëd,"
Thou cutt'st my head off with a golden axe, [41

And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

FRI. L. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word "death" to "banishment." [51
This is dear[12] mercy, and thou seest it not.

ROM. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heaven is here
Where Juliet lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven and may look on her;
But Romeo may not: more validity,[13] [60
More honorable state, more courtship[14] lives
In carrion flies than Romeo: they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,
And steal immortal blessing from her lips,
Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin; [71
Flies may do this, but I from this must fly:
They are free men, but I am banishëd.
And sayst thou yet that exile is not death?
Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean, [80
But "banishëd" to kill me? "Banishëd!"
O friar! the damnëd use that word in hell;
Howling attends it: how hast thou the heart,
Being a divine, a ghostly cónfessor,
A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
To mangle me with that word "banishëd"?

FRI. L. Thou fond[15] mad man, hear me but speak a word. [91

ROM. O! thou wilt speak again of banishment.

FRI. L. I'll give thee armor to keep off that word;
Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
To comfort thee, though thou art banishëd.

ROM. Yet "banishëd!" Hang up philosophy! [100
Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails[16] not: talk no more.

FRI. L. O! then I see that madmen have no ears.

ROM. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes?

FRI. L. Let me dispute[17] with thee of thy estate. [110

ROM. Thou canst not speak of that thou dost not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
An hour but married, Tybalt murderëd,
Doting like me, and like me banishëd,
Then mightst thou speak, then mightst thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
[*Throws himself on the floor.*
Taking the measure of an unmade [120
grave. [*Knocking within.*

FRI. L. Arise; one knocks: good Romeo, hide thyself.

ROM. Not I; unless the breath of heart-sick groans,
Mist-like, infold me from the search of eyes. [*Knocking.*

FRI. L. Hark! how they knock.—[*Calling.*] Who's there?—Romeo, arise;
Thou wilt be taken.—[*Calling.*] Stay [130
awhile!—Stand up; [*Knocking.*
Run to my study.—[*Calling.*] By and by!—God's will!
What wilfulness is this!—[*Calling.*] I come, I come!
[*Knocking. The* FRIAR *goes to the door.*
Who knocks so hard? whence come you? what's your will?

NURSE., *within.* Let me come in, and you shall know my errand: [140
I come from Lady Juliet.

[12] true.
[13] worth.
[14] courtesy.
[15] foolish.
[16] avails.
[17] reason.

FRI. L. Welcome, then.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. O holy friar! O! tell me, holy friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's Romeo?
FRI. L. There on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
NURSE. O! he is even in my mistress' case,
Just in her case!
FRI. L. O woeful sympathy!
Piteous predicament.
NURSE. Even so lies she,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.—
Stand up, stand up; stand, and you be a man:
For Juliet's sake, for her sake, rise and stand;
Why should you fall into so deep an O?
ROM. Nurse!
NURSE. Ah, sir! ah, sir! Well, death's the end of all.
ROM. Speak'st thou of Juliet? how is it with her?
Doth she not think me an old[18] murderer,
Now I have stained the childhood of our joy
With blood removed but little from her own?
Where is she? and how doth she? and what says
My concealed lady to our cancelled love?
NURSE. O! she says nothing, sir, but weeps and weeps;
And now falls on her bed; and then starts up,
And "Tybalt" calls, and then on Romeo cries,
And then down falls again.
ROM. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murder her; as that name's cursëd hand
Murdered her kinsman.—O! tell me, friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may sack
The hateful mansion. [*Draws his sword.*
FRI. L. Hold thy desperate hand.
Art thou a man? thy form cries out thou art:
Thy tears are womanish; thy wild acts denote
The unreasonable fury of a beast:
Unseemly woman in a seeming man;
Or ill-beseeming beast in seeming both!
Thou hast amazed me: by my holy order,
I thought thy disposition better tempered.
Hast thou slain Tybalt? wilt thou slay thyself?
And slay thy lady that in thy life lives,
By doing damnëd hate upon thyself?
Why rail'st thou on thy birth, the heaven, and earth?
Since birth, and heaven, and earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which thou at once wouldst lose.
Fie, fie! thou sham'st thy shape, thy love, thy wit,
Which, like a usurer, abound'st in all,
And usest none in that true use indeed
Which should bedeck thy shape, thy love, thy wit.
Thy noble shape is but a form of wax,
Digressing from the valor of a man;
Thy dear love, sworn, but hollow perjury,
Killing that love which thou hast vowed to cherish;
Thy wit, that ornament to shape and love,
Misshapen in the conduct of them both,
Like powder in a skilless soldier's flask,
To set a-fire by thine own ignorance,
And thou dismembered with thine own defence.
What! rouse thee, man; thy Juliet is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead;
There art thou happy: Tybalt would kill thee,
But thou slew'st Tybalt; there art thou happy too:
The law that threatened death becomes thy friend,

[18] practised.

And turns it to exile; there art thou happy:
A pack of blessings light upon thy back;
Happiness courts thee in her best array;
But, like a misbehaved and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable. [251
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed;
Ascend her chamber. Hence, and comfort her;
But look thou stay not till the watch be set,
For then thou canst not pass to Mantua;
Where thou shalt live till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile [260
your friends,
Beg pardon of the prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.—
Go before, nurse: commend me to thy lady;
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto: [272
Romeo is coming.

NURSE. O Lord! I could have stayed here all the night
To hear good counsel: O! what learning is!—
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

ROM. Do so, and bid my sweet prepare to chide. [280

[*The* NURSE, *as she is about to depart, remembers that she has forgotten something.*

NURSE. Here, sir, a ring she bid me give you, sir.
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late. [*Exit.*

ROM. How well my comfort is revived by this!

FRI. L. Go hence; good-night; and here stands all your state: [291
Either be gone before the watch be set,
Or by the break of day disguised from hence:
Sojourn in Mantua; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signify from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here.
Give me thy hand; 'tis late: farewell; good-night. [300

ROM. But that a joy past joy calls out on me,
It were a grief so brief[19] to part with thee:
Farewell. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

The CAPULETS' *house is a house of mourning; but the old man has not abandoned, even temporarily, his intention of marrying* JULIET *to* PARIS. *The two men and* LADY CAPULET *are together late the same evening.*

CAP. Things have fall'n out, sir, so unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter. [10
Look you, she loved her kinsman Tybalt dearly;
And so did I. Well, we were born to die.
'Tis very late; she'll not come down to-night:
I promise you, but for your company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.

PAR. These times of woe afford no time to woo.—
Madam, good-night: commend me to your daughter. [21

LADY CAP. I will, and know her mind early to-morrow;
To-night she's mewed up to her heaviness.

CAP. Sir Paris, I will make a desperate tender
Of my child's love: I think she will be ruled
In all respects by me; nay, more, I doubt it not. [31
Wife, go you to her ere you go to bed;
Acquaint her here of my son Paris' love;
And bid her, mark you me, on Wednesday next—
But, soft! what day is this?

[19] soon.

PAR. Monday, my lord.
CAP. Monday! ha, ha! Well, Wednesday is too soon;
O' Thursday let it be: o' Thursday, tell her,
She shall be married to this noble earl.
Will you be ready? do you like this haste?
We'll keep no great ado; a friend or two;
For, hark you, Tybalt being slain so late,
It may be thought we held him carelessly,
Being our kinsman, if we revel much.
Therefore we'll have some half a dozen friends,
And there an end. But what say you to Thursday?
PAR. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
CAP. Well, get you gone: o' Thursday be it then.—
[*To* LADY CAPULET.] Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed;
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day.
Farewell, my lord.—[*Calling.*] Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore me! it is so very, very late,
That we may call it early by and by.—
Good-night. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

It is the dawn of the next day (Tuesday). ROMEO *is taking leave of* JULIET *in the latter's chamber.*

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful[20] hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.
JUL. Yond light is not daylight, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet; thou need'st not to be gone.
ROM. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death;
I am content, so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say yon grey is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heaven so high above our heads:
I have more care to stay than will to go:
Come, death, and welcome! Juliet wills it so.
How is't, my soul? let's talk; it is not day.
JUL. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away!
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords and unpleasing sharps.
Some say the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so, for she divideth us:
Some say the lark and loathëd toad change eyes;
O! now I would they had changed voices too,
Since arm from arm that voice doth us affray,
Hunting thee hence with hunts-up to the day.
O! now be gone; more light and light it grows.
ROM. More light and light; more dark and dark our woes.

Enter NURSE.

NURSE. Madam!
JUL. Nurse!

[20] timid.

NURSE. Your lady mother is coming to your chamber:
The day is broke.—[*To* ROMEO.] Be wary, look about. [*Exit.*
JUL. Then, window, let day in, and let life out.
ROM. Farewell, farewell! one kiss, and I'll descend. [*Descends.*
JUL. Art thou gone so? lord, love,—ay, husband, friend!
I must hear from thee every day in the hour,
For in a minute there are many days:
O! by this count I shall be much in years
Ere I again behold my Romeo.
ROM. Farewell!
I will omit no opportunity
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
JUL. O! think'st thou we shall ever meet again?
ROM. I doubt it not; and all these woes shall serve
For sweet discourses in our time to come.
JUL. O God! I have an ill-divining soul:
Methinks I see thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eyesight fails, or thou look'st pale.
ROM. And trust me, love, in my eye so do you:
Dry sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu! adieu! [*Exit.*
JUL. O fortune, fortune! all men call thee fickle:
If thou art fickle, what dost thou with him
That is renowned for faith? Be fickle, fortune;
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But send him back.
LADY CAP., *within.* Ho, daughter! are you up?
JUL. Who is't that calls? is it my lady mother?
<Is she not down so late, or up so early?
What unaccustomed cause procures her hither?>

Enter LADY CAPULET, *who has let a night pass before meeting her husband's wishes in regard to seeing* JULIET.

LADY CAP. Why, how now, Juliet!
JUL. Madam, I am not well.
LADY CAP. Evermore weeping for your cousin's death?
What! wilt thou wash him from his grave with tears?
And if thou couldst, thou couldst not make him live;
Therefore, have done: some grief shows much of love;
But much of grief shows still some want of wit.
JUL. Yet let me weep for such a feeling[21] loss.
LADY CAP. So shall you feel the loss, but not the friend
Which you weep for.
JUL. Feeling so the loss,
I cannot choose but ever weep the friend.
LADY CAP. Well, girl, thou weep'st not so much for his death,
As that the villain lives which slaughtered him.
JUL. What villain, madam?
LADY CAP. That same villain, Romeo.
JUL. <Villain and he be many miles asunder.>
God pardon him! I do, with all my heart;
And yet no man—like he—doth grieve my heart.
LADY CAP. That is because the traitor murderer lives.
JUL. Ay, madam, from the reach of these my hands.
Would none but I might venge my cousin's death!
LADY CAP. We will have vengeance for it, fear thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll send to one in Mantua,
Where that same banished runagate doth live,
Shall give him such an unaccustomed dram
That he shall soon keep Tybalt company;
And then, I hope, thou wilt be satisfied.

[21] heartfelt.

JUL. Indeed, I never shall be satisfied
With Romeo, till I behold him—dead
Is my poor heart, so for a kinsman vexed: [171
Madam, if you could find out but a man
To bear a poison, I would temper it,
That Romeo should, upon receipt thereof,
Soon sleep—in quiet. O! how my heart abhors
To hear him named, and cannot come to him,
To wreak the love I bore my cousin Tybalt [180
Upon his body that hath slaughtered him.

LADY CAP. Find thou the means, and I'll find such a man.
But now I'll tell thee joyful tidings, girl.

JUL. And joy comes well in such a needy time:
What are they, I beseech your ladyship?

LADY CAP. Well, well, thou hast a careful father, child; [190
One who, to put thee from thy heaviness,
Hath sorted out a sudden day of joy
That thou expects not, nor I looked not for.

JUL. Madam, in happy time, what day is that?

LADY CAP. Marry, my child, early next Thursday morn:
The gallant, young, and noble gentleman,
The County Paris, at Saint Peter's church, [201
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

JUL. Now, by Saint Peter's church, and Peter too,
He shall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haste; that I must wed
Ere he that should be husband comes to woo.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, madam, [211
I will not marry yet; and, when I do, I swear,
It shall be Romeo, whom you know I hate,
Rather than Paris. These are news indeed!

LADY CAP. Here comes your father; tell him so yourself,
And see how he will take it at your hands. [221

Enter CAPULET *and* NURSE.

CAP. When the sun sets, the air doth drizzle dew;
But for the sunset of my brother's son
It rains downright.
How now! a conduit, girl? what! still in tears?
Evermore show'ring? In one little body
Thou counterfeits a bark, a sea, a wind;
For still thy eyes, which I may call the sea, [232
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this salt flood; the winds, thy sighs;
Who, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a sudden calm, will overset
Thy tempest-tossëd body.—How now, [240 wife!
Have you delivered to her our decree?

LADY CAP. Ay, sir; but she will none, she gives you thanks.
I would the fool were married to her grave!

CAP. Soft! take me with[22] you, take me with you, wife.
How! will she none? doth she not give us thanks? [250
Is she not proud? doth she not count her blessed,
Unworthy as she is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?

JUL. Not proud you have, but thankful that you have:
Proud can I never be of what I hate;
But thankful even for hate that is meant love. [261

CAP. How now! how now! chop logic! What is this?
"Proud," and "I thank you," and "I thank you not;"

[22] let me understand.

And yet "not proud;" mistress minion, you,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But fettle[23] your fine joints 'gainst [270
Thursday next,
To go with Paris to Saint Peter's church,
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-sickness carrion! out, you baggage!
You tallow face!
LADY CAP. Fie, fie! what, are you mad?
JUL. Good father, I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word. [281
CAP. Hang thee, young baggage! disobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not answer me;
My fingers itch.—Wife, we scarce thought us blest [289
That God had sent us but this only child;
But now I see this one is one too much,
And that we have a curse in having her.
Out on her, hilding!
NURSE. God in heaven bless her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her so.
CAP. And why, my lady wisdom? hold your tongue,
Good prudence; smatter with your gossips; go.
NURSE. I speak no treason. [300
CAP. O! God ye good den.
NURSE. May not one speak?
CAP. Peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a gossip's bowl;
For here we need it not.
LADY CAP. You are too hot.
CAP. God's bread! it makes me mad.
Day, night, hour, tide, time, work, play,
Alone, in company, still my care hath been [310
To have her matched; and, having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demesnes, youthful, and nobly trained,
Stuffed, as they say, with honorable parts,
Proportioned as one's thought would wish a man; [319
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet,[24] in her fortune's tender,
To answer "I'll not wed; I cannot love;
I am too young; I pray you, pardon me"!
But, an you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you shall not house with me. [329
Look to't, think on't. I do not use to jest.
Thursday is near; lay hand on heart, advise.[25]
An you be mine, I'll give you to my friend;
An you be not, hang, beg, starve, die in the streets,
For, by my soul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine shall never do thee good. [340
Trust to't, bethink you; I'll not be forsworn. [*Exit.*
JUL. Is there no pity sitting in the clouds,
That sees into the bottom of my grief?
O! sweet my mother, cast me not away:
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies. [350
LADY CAP. Talk not to me, for I'll not speak a word.
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
JUL. O God! O nurse! how shall this be prevented?
My husband is on earth, my faith in heaven;
How shall that faith return again to earth, [360
Unless that husband send it me from heaven
By leaving earth? comfort me, counsel me.

[23] prepare.
[24] doll.
[25] consider.

Alack, alack! that heaven should practise stratagems
Upon so soft a subject as myself!
What sayst thou? hast thou not a word of joy?
Some comfort, nurse? [370
NURSE. Faith, here it is. Romeo
Is banishëd; and all the world to nothing
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you;
Or, if he do, it needs must be by stealth.
Then, since the case so stands as now it doth,
I think it best you married with the county.
O! he's a lovely gentleman; [380
Romeo's a dishclout to him: an eagle, madam,
Hath not so green, so quick, so fair an eye
As Paris hath. Beshrew my very heart,
I think you are happy in this second match,
For it excels your first: or, if it did not,
Your first is dead; or 'twere as good he were [390
As living here and you no use of him.
JUL. Speakest thou from thy heart?
NURSE. And from my soul too;
Or else beshrew them both.
JUL. Amen!
NURSE. What!
JUL. Well, thou hast comforted me marv'llous much. [398
Go in; and tell my lady I am gone,
Having displeased my father, to Laurence' cell,
To make confession and to be absolved.
NURSE. Marry, I will; and this is wisely done. [*Exit.*
JUL. Ancient damnation! O most wicked fiend!
Is it more sin to wish me thus forsworn,
Or to dispraise my lord with that same tongue [409
Which she hath praised him with above compare
So many thousand times? Go, counsellor;
Thou and my bosom henceforth shall be twain.
I'll to the friar, to know his remedy:
If all else fail, myself have power to die.
[*Exit.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

On the afternoon of the same day, PARIS *is in* LAURENCE'S *cell with the* FRIAR. *He has just told of the approaching marriage.*

FRI. L. On Thursday, sir? the time is very short.
PAR. My father Capulet will have it so;
And I am nothing slow to slack his haste.
FRI. L. You say you do not know the lady's mind: [11
Uneven[1] is the course; I like it not.
PAR. Immoderately she weeps for Tybalt's death,
And therefore have I little talked of love;
For Venus smiles not in a house of tears.
Now, sir, her father counts it dangerous
That she doth give her sorrow so much sway,
And in his wisdom hastes our marriäge,
To stop the inundation of her tears, [21
Which, too much minded by herself alone,
May be put from her by society.
Now do you know the reason of this haste.
FRI. L. <I would I knew not why it should be slowed.>
Look, sir, here comes the lady towards my cell. [30

Enter JULIET.

PAR. Happily met, my lady and my wife!
JUL. That may be, sir, when I may be a wife.
PAR. That "may be" must be, love, on Thursday next.
JUL. What must be shall be.
FRI. L. That's a certain text.
PAR. Come you to make confession to this father? [41
JUL. To answer that, I should confess to you.

[1] Indirect.

PAR. Do not deny to him that you love me.
JUL. I will confess to you that I love him.
PAR. So will ye, I am sure, that you love me.
JUL. If I do so, it will be of more price,
Being spoke behind your back, than to your face. [52
PAR. Poor soul, thy face is much abused with tears.
JUL. The tears have got small victory by that;
For it was bad enough before their spite.
PAR. Thou wrong'st it, more than tears, with that report.
JUL. That is no slander, sir, which is a truth; [61
And what I spake, I spake it to my face.
PAR. Thy face is mine, and thou hast slandered it.
JUL. It may be so, for it is not mine own.—
Are you at leisure, holy father, now;
Or shall I come to you at evening mass?
FRI. L. My leisure serves me, pensive daughter, now.— [70
My lord, we must entreat the time alone.
PAR. God shield[2] I should disturb devotiön!
Juliet, on Thursday early will I rouse ye:
Till then, adieu; and keep this holy kiss.
[*Kisses her and goes out.*
JUL. O! shut the door! and, when thou hast done so,
Come weep with me; past hope, past cure, past help! [80
FRI. L. Ah! Juliet, I already know thy grief;
It strains me past the compass of my wits:
I hear thou must, and nothing may prorogue it,
On Thursday next be married to this county.
JUL. Tell me not, friar, that thou hear'st of this, [90
Unless thou tell me how I may prevent it:
If, in thy wisdom, thou canst give no help,
Do thou but call my resolution wise,
And with this knife I'll help it presently.
God joined my heart and Romeo's; thou, our hands;
And ere this hand, by thee to Romeo sealed, [100
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this shall slay them both.
Therefore, out of thy long-experienced time,
Give me some present counsel; or behold,
'Twixt my extremes and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire, arbitrating that [110
Which the commission of thy years and art
Could to no issue of true honor bring.—
Be not so long to speak; I long to die,
If what thou speak'st speak not of remedy.
FRI. L. Hold, daughter; I do spy a kind of hope,
Which craves as desperate an execution
As that is desperate which we would prevent. [121
If, rather than to marry County Paris,
Thou hast the strength of will to slay thyself,
Then is it likely thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this shame,
That cop'st with death himself to scape from it. [129
And if thou dar'st, I'll give thee remedy.
JUL. O! bid me leap, rather than marry Paris,
From off the battlements of yonder tower;
Or walk in thievish ways; or bid me lurk
Where serpents are; chain me with roaring bears;
Or hide me nightly in a charnel-house,
O'er-covered quite with dead men's rattling bones, [140
With reeky shanks, and yellow chapless skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made grave

[2] forbid.

And hide me with a dead man in his shroud
(Things that, to hear them told, have made me tremble);
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unstained wife to my sweet love.
Fri. L. Hold, then; go home, be merry, give consent
To marry Paris. Wednesday is to-morrow:
To-morrow night look that thou lie alone;
Let not thy nurse lie with thee in thy chamber.
Take thou this vial, being then in bed,
And this distillëd liquor drink thou off;
When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsy humor, for no pulse
Shall keep his native progress, but surcease;
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each part, deprived of supple government,
Shall, stiff and stark and cold, appear like death;
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two-and-forty hours,
And then awake as from a pleasant sleep.
Now, when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rouse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then—as the manner of our country is—
In thy best robes, uncovered on the bier,
Thou shalt be borne to that same ancient vault
Where all the kindred of the Capulets lie.
In the meantime, against thou shalt awake,
Shall Romeo by my letters know our drift,[3]
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy waking, and that very night
Shall Romeo bear thee hence to Mantua.
And this shall free thee from this present shame,
If no unconstant toy,[4] nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valor in the acting it.
Jul. Give me, give me! O! tell not me of fear!
Fri. L. Hold; get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this resolve. I'll send a friar with speed
To Mantua, with my letters to thy lord.
Jul. Love, give me strength! and strength shall help afford.
Farewell, dear father! [*Exit.*

[3] plot.

[4] foolish caprice.

Scene II

Later the same afternoon Capulet *is in one of the rooms of his house with his wife, the* Nurse, *and* Servants. *He has made out a list of guests to be invited for the wedding festivities, and now hands it to one of the* Servants.

Cap. So many guests invite as here are writ. [*Exit* Servant.
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.
2 Serv. You shall have none ill, sir; for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.
Cap. How canst thou try them so?
2 Serv. Marry, sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he that cannot lick his fingers goes not with me.
Cap. Go, be gone.
[*Exit* Second Servant.
We shall be much unfurnished for this time.
What! is my daughter gone to Friar Laurence?
Nurse. Ay, forsooth.
Cap. Well, he may chance to do some good on her:
A peevish self-willed harlotry it is.
Nurse. See where she comes from shrift with merry look.

Enter JULIET.

CAP. How now, my headstrong! where have you been gadding?
JUL. Where I have learned me to repent the sin
Of disobedient oppositiön
To you and your behests; and am enjoined
By holy Laurence to fall prostrate here,
To beg your pardon. Pardon, I beseech you!
Henceforward I am ever ruled by you.
CAP. Send for the county; go tell him of this:
I'll have this knot knit up to-morrow morning.
JUL. I met the youthful lord at Laurence' cell,
And gave him what becomëd love I might,
Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty.
CAP. Why, I'm glad on't; this is well: stand up:
This is as 't should be.—Let me see the county;
Ay, marry, go, I say, and fetch him hither.—
Now, afore God! this reverend holy friar,
All our whole city is much bound to him.
JUL. Nurse, will you go with me into my closet,
To help me sort such needful ornaments
As you think fit to furnish me to-morrow?
LADY CAP. No, not till Thursday; there is time enough.
CAP. Go, nurse, go with her.—We'll to church to-morrow.
[*Exeunt* JULIET *and* NURSE.
LADY CAP. We shall be short in our provisiön:
'Tis now near night.
CAP. Tush! I will stir about,
And all things shall be well, I warrant thee, wife.
Go thou to Juliet; help to deck up her;
I'll not to bed to-night. Let me alone;
I'll play the housewife for this once.—
[*Calling.*] What, ho!—
[*After waiting a moment for an answer, but getting none.*] They are all forth: well, I will walk myself
To County Paris, to prepare him up
Against to-morrow. My heart is wondrous light,
Since this same wayward girl is so reclaimed.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

It is Tuesday night in JULIET'S *chamber.* JULIET, *realizing that she must take the potion 24 hours earlier than the* FRIAR *had desired, is anxious to be rid of the* NURSE, *who has been fussing about the bridal clothes.*

JUL. Ay, those attires are best; but, gentle nurse,
I pray thee, leave me to myself to-night;
For I have need of many orisons
To move the heavens to smile upon my state,
Which, well thou know'st, is cross and full of sin.

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAP. What! are you busy, ho? need you my help?
JUL. No, madam; we have culled such necessaries
As are behoveful for our state to-morrow.
So please you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurse this night sit up with you;
For, I am sure, you have your hands full all
In this so sudden busïness.
LADY CAP. Good-night:
Get thee to bed, and rest; for thou hast need.
[*Exeunt* LADY CAPULET *and* NURSE.
JUL. Farewell! God knows when we shall meet again.
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almost freezes up the heat of life:
I'll call them back again, to comfort me:
[*Calling.*] Nurse!—What should she do here?
My dismal scene I needs must act alone.
Come, vial.
[*As she is about to drink it, a thought occurs to her.*
What if this mixture do not work at all?

Shall I be married then to-morrow morning?
No, no; this [*taking up a dagger*] shall forbid it: lie thou there.

[*Lays the dagger on a table beside her bed. Again takes up the vial, and again hesitates.* [50

What if it be a poison, which the friar
Subtly hath ministered to have me dead,
Lest in this marriage he should be dishonored,
Because he married me before to Romeo?
I fear it is: and yet, methinks, it should not,
For he hath still been tried a holy man.
I will not entertain so bad a thought.

[*Is about to drink, when another disturbing thought occurs to her.* [61

How if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that Romeo
Come to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be stifled in the vault,
To whose foul mouth no healthsome air breathes in,
And there die strangled ere my Romeo comes? [70
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
As in a vault, an ancient receptacle,
Where, for these many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried ancestors are packed;
Where bloody Tybalt, yet but green in earth,
Lies fest'ring in his shroud; where, as they say, [81
At some hours in the night spirits resort:
Alack, alack! is it not like that I,
So early waking, what with loathsome smells,
And shrieks like mandrakes' torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad: [89
O! if I wake, shall I not be distraught,
Environëd with all these hideous fears,
And madly play with my forefathers' joints,
And pluck the mangled Tybalt from his shroud?
And, in this rage, with some great kinsman's bone,
As with a club, dash out my desperate brains?— [99
O, look! methinks I see my cousin's ghost
Seeking out Romeo, that did spit his body
Upon a rapier's point.—Stay, Tybalt, stay!—
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.

[*She drinks the potion, and falls upon her bed, within the curtains.*

Scene IV

Lady Capulet *and the* Nurse *are up early the next morning to make all ready for the wedding and the accompanying festivities.*

Lady Cap. Hold, take these keys, and fetch more spices, nurse.

Nurse. They call for dates and quinces in the pastry.

Enter Capulet, *fussy and excited.*

Cap. Come, stir, stir, stir! the second cock hath crowed; [11
The curfew bell hath rung; 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the baked meats, good Angelica:
Spare not for cost.

Nurse. Go, go, you cot-quean,[5] go;
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be sick to-morrow
For this night's watching.

Cap. No, not a whit; what! I have watched ere now [21
All night for lesser cause, and ne'er been sick.

Lady Cap. Ay, you have been a mouse-hunt[6] in your time;
But I will watch you from such watching now.

[*Exeunt* Lady Capulet *and* Nurse.

Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood!

[5] Meddler in women's matters. It has been thought that this speech cannot be the Nurse's; but in Q, Capulet's reply is definitely addressed to her.

[6] woman-hunter.

Enter three or four SERVING-MEN, *with spits, logs, and baskets.*

Now, fellow,
What's there?

1 SERV. Things for the cook, sir; but I know not what.

CAP. Make haste, make haste. [*Exit first* SERVING-MAN.] Sirrah, fetch drier logs:
Call Peter: he will show thee where they are.

2 SERV. I have a head, sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble Peter for the matter. [*Exit.*

CAP. Mass, and well said; a merry whoreson, ha!
Thou shalt be logger-head.—Good faith! 'tis day:
The county will be here with music straight;
For so he said he would. [*Music within.*] I hear him near.—
[*Calling.*] Nurse! Wife! what, ho! What, nurse, I say!

Re-enter NURSE.

Go, waken Juliet, go and trim her up;
I'll go and chat with Paris. Hie, make haste,
Make haste; the bridegroom, he is come already:
Make haste, I say. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The NURSE, *as instructed, has come to* JULIET'S *chamber, to awaken her.*

NURSE. Mistress! what, mistress! Juliet!—Fast, I warrant her, she.—
Why, lamb! why, lady! fie, you slug-a-bed!
Why, love, I say! madam! sweethéart! why, bride!
What! not a word? you take your penny-worths now:
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County Paris hath set up his rest,
That you shall rest but little.—God forgive me,
Marry, and amen, how sound is she asleep!
I needs must wake her.—Madam, madam, madam!
Ay, let the county take you in your bed;
He'll fright you up, i' faith. Will it not be?—
What, dressed! and in your clothes! and down again!
I must needs wake you. Lady! lady! lady!—
[*Calling.*] Alas! alas! Help! help! my lady's dead!—
O! well-a-day, that ever I was born!—
[*Calling.*] Some *aqua-vitæ*, ho! My lord! my lady!

Enter LADY CAPULET.

LADY CAP. What noise is here?
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LADY CAP. What is the matter?
NURSE. Look, look! O heavy day!
LADY CAP. O me, O me! my child, my only life!—
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee!
[*Calling.*] Help, help!—Call help.

Enter CAPULET.

CAP. For shame! bring Juliet forth; her lord is come.
NURSE. She's dead, deceased, she's dead; alack the day!
LADY CAP. Alack the day! she's dead, she's dead! she's dead!
CAP. Ha! let me see her.—Out, alas! she's cold;
Her blood is settled; and her joints are stiff;
Life and these lips have long been separated.
Death lies on her like an untimely frost
Upon the sweetest flower of all the field.
NURSE. O lamentable day!
LADY CAP. O woeful time!
CAP. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Ties up my tongue, and will not let me speak.

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *and* PARIS, *with* MUSICIANS.

FRI. L. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
CAP. Ready to go, but never to return.
O son! the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife. There she lies,
Flower as she was, deflowerëd by him.
Death is my son-in-law; Death is my heir;
My daughter he hath wedded: I will die,
And leave him all; life, living, all is Death's!
PAR. Have I thought long to see this morning's face,
And doth it give me such a sight as this?
LADY CAP. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Most miserable hour, that e'er time saw
In lasting labor of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and solace in,
And cruel death hath catched it from my sight!
NURSE. O woe! O woeful, woeful, woeful day!
Most lamentable day, most woeful day,
That ever, ever I did yet behold!
O day! O day! O day! O hateful day!
Never was seen so black a day as this:
O woeful day, O woeful day!
PAR. Beguiled, divorced, wronged, spited, slain!
Most détestable death, by thee beguiled,
By cruel, cruel thee quite overthrown!
O love! O life! not life, but love in death!
CAP. Despised, distressëd, hated, martyred, killed!
Uncomfortable time, why cam'st thou now
To murder, murder our solemnity?
O child! O child! my soul, and not my child!
Dead art thou! dead! alack, my child is dead;
And with my child my joys are buriëd!
FRI. L. Peace, ho! for shame! confusion's cure lives not
In these confusions. Heaven and yourself
Had part in this fair maid; now heaven hath all,
And all the better is it for the maid:
Your part in her you could not keep from death,
But heaven keeps his part in eternal life.
The most you sought was her promotiọn;
For 'twas your heaven she should be advanced;
And weep ye now, seeing she is advanced—
Above the clouds, as high as heaven itself?
O! in this love, you love your child so ill,
That you run mad, seeing that she is well:
She's not well married that lives married long;
But she's best married that dies married young.
Dry up your tears, and stick your rosemary
On this fair corse; and, as the custom is,
In all her best array bear her to church;
For, though fond nature bids us all lament,
Yet nature's tears are reason's merriment.
CAP. All things that we ordainëd festival
Turn from their office to black funeral;
Our instruments to melancholy bells,
Our wedding cheer to a sad burial feast;
Our solemn hymns to sullen dirges change;
Our bridal flowers serve for a buried corse;
And all things change them to the contrary.
FRI. L. Sir, go you in; and, madam, go with him;
And go, Sir Paris; every one prepare
To follow this fair corse unto her grave.
The heavens do lour upon you for some ill;
Move them no more by crossing their high will.
[*Exeunt* CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, PARIS, *and* FRIAR.
1 MUS. Faith, we may put up our pipes, and be gone.
NURSE. Honest good fellows, ah! put

up, put up, for, well you know, this is a pitiful case. [*Exit.*

1 Mus. Ay, by my troth, the case may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Musicians! O! musicians, "Heart's ease", "Heart's ease:" O! and ye [170 will have me live, play "Heart's ease."

1 Mus. Why "Heart's ease"?

Pet. O! musicians, because my heart itself plays "My heart is full of woe;" O! play me some merry dump, to comfort me.

2 Mus. Not a dump we; 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Musicians. No. [180

Pet. I will then give it you soundly.

1 Mus. What will you give us?

Pet. No money, on my faith! but the gleek; [7] I will give you the minstrel.

1 Mus. Then will I give you the serving-creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the serving-creature's dagger on your pate, I will carry no crotchets: I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you. Do you note me? [190

1 Mus. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 Mus. Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then, have at you with my wit! I will dry-beat you with an iron wit, and put up my iron dagger. Answer me like men: [198

When griping grief the heart doth wound,
And doleful dumps the mind oppress,
Then music with her silver sound—

Why "silver sound"? why "music with her silver sound"? What say you, Simon Catling?

1 Mus. Marry, sir, because silver hath a sweet sound.

Pet. Pretty!—What say you, Hugh Rebeck? [209

2 Mus. I say "silver sound," because musicians sound for silver.

Pet. Pretty too!—What say you, James Soundpost?

3 Mus. Faith, I know not what to say.

Pet. O! I cry you mercy; you are the singer; I will say for you. It is, "music with her silver sound," because musicians have no gold for sounding: [218

Then music with her silver sound
With speedy help doth lend redress.

[*Exit.*

1 Mus. What a pestilent knave is this same!

2 Mus. Hang him! Jack!—Come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and stay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

Scene I

Romeo, *the next morning,*[1] *is in a squalid street in Mantua. Among the poor shops that line it is one occupied by an* Apothecary.

Rom. If I may trust the flattering truth of sleep,
My dreams presage some joyful news at hand: [8
My bosom's lord sits lightly in his throne;
And all this day an unaccustomed spirit
Lifts me above the ground with cheerful thoughts.
I dreamt my lady came and found me dead—
Strange dream, that gives a dead man leave to think—
And breathed such life with kisses in my lips
That I revived, and was an emperor.
Ah me! how sweet is love itself pos- [20
sessed,
When but love's shadows are so rich in joy!

Enter Balthasar, *booted.*

News from Verona!—How now, Balthasar?
Dost thou not bring me letters from the friar?
How doth my lady? Is my father well?
How doth my Juliet? That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill if she be well. [31

[7] scoff.

[1] The time-scheme of the play is so confused that this is not to be regarded as certain.

BAL. Then, she is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body sleeps in Capel's monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives.
I saw her laid low in her kindred's vault,
And presently[2] took post to tell it you.
O! pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my office, sir.
ROM. Is it even so? then I defy you, stars!— [41
Thou knowest my lodging: get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses; I will hence to-night.
BAL. I do beseech you, sir, have patiënce:
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure. [50
ROM. Tush! thou art deceived;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do.
Hast thou no letters to me from the friar?
BAL. No, my good lord.
ROM. No matter; get thee gone,
And hire those horses: I'll be with thee straight. [*Exit* BALTHASAR.
Well, Juliet, I will lie with thee to-night.
Let's see for means. O mischief! thou art swift [61
To enter in the thoughts of desperate men.
I do remember an apothecary
(And hereabouts he dwells), which late I noted
In tattered weeds, with overwhelming[3] brows,
Culling of simples; meagre were his looks;
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones;
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung, [71
An alligator stuffed, and other skins
Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
A beggarly account of empty boxes,
Green, earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
Noting this penury, to myself I said [80
"And if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him."
O! this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house:
Being holy day, the beggar's shop is shut.— [91
[*Calling.*] What, ho! apothecary!

Enter APOTHECARY.

AP. Who calls so loud?
ROM. Come hither, man. I see that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats; let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding gear
As will disperse itself through all the [100 veins
That the life-weary taker may fall dead,
And that the trunk may be discharged of breath
As violently as hasty powder fired
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.
AP. Such mortal drugs I have; but Mantua's law
Is death to any he that utters them.
ROM. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness, [111
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression starveth in thine eyes;
Contempt and beggary hangs upon thy back;
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law:
The world affords no law to make thee rich; [121
Then be not poor, but break it, and take this.
AP. My poverty, but not my will, consents.
ROM. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.
AP., *taking a phial from his pocket.* Put this in any liquid thing you will, [130

[2] straightway.
[3] beetling.

And drink it off; and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

ROM. There is thy gold, worse poison to men's souls,
Doing more murders in this loathsome world
Than these poor compounds that thou mayst not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.
Farewell; buy food, and get thyself in flesh.

[*The* APOTHECARY *retires into his shop.*

Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To Juliet's grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exit.*

SCENE II

We are outside FRIAR LAURENCE'S *cell, on Thursday, towards midnight.*

Enter FRIAR JOHN.

FRI. J., *calling.* Holy Franciscan friar! brother, ho!

Enter FRIAR LAURENCE, *coming from within.*

FRI. L. This same should be the voice of Friar John.—
Welcome from Mantua: what says Romeo?
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

FRI. J. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our order, to associate me,
Here in this city visiting the sick,
And finding him, the searchers of the town,
Suspecting that we both were in a house
Where the infectious pestilence did reign,
Sealed up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my speed to Mantua there was stayed.

FRI. L. Who bare my letter then to Romeo?

FRI. J. I could not send it—here it is again—
Nor get a messenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infectiön.

FRI. L. Unhappy fortune! by my brotherhood,
The letter was not nice,[4] but full of charge
Of dear impórt; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar John, go hence;
Get me an iron crow, and bring it straight
Unto my cell.

FRI. J. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

FRI. L. Now must I to the monument, alone;
Within these three hours will fair Juliet wake:
She will beshrew me much that Romeo
Hath had no notice of these accidents;
But I will write again to Mantua,
And keep her at my cell till Romeo come:
Poor living corse, closed in a dead man's tomb! [*Exit.*

SCENE III

It is night[5] *in a churchyard. The rear stage is given up to the* CAPULET *tomb.*

Enter PARIS, *and his* PAGE, *bearing flowers and a torch.*

PAR. Give me thy torch, boy: hence, and stand aloof;—
Yet put it out, for I would not be seen.
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Holding thy ear close to the hollow ground:
So shall no foot upon the churchyard tread,
Being loose, unfirm with digging up of graves,
But thou shalt hear it: whistle then to me,
As signal that thou hear'st something approach.
Give me those flowers. Do as I bid thee; go.

[4] a mere matter of compliment.

[5] The small hours, before daylight on Friday. As Juliet's potion was to operate for 42 hours, she was due to awake sometime on Thursday afternoon; but, although Shakespeare took the 42 hours from his source, we must regard the time as 52 hours. If Juliet took the drug at 11 P.M., she would then be due to wake at 3 A.M. Only in this way can we accept the First Watchman's statement that Juliet had been two days buried.

PAGE. <I am almost afraid to stand alone
Here in the churchyard; yet I will adventure.> [*Exit.*
PAR. Sweet flower, with flowers thy bridal bed I strew.
O woe! thy canopy is dust and stones;
Which with sweet[6] water nightly I will dew, [29
Or, wanting that, with tears distilled by moans:
The obsequies that I for thee will keep
Nightly shall be to strew thy grave and weep. [*The* PAGE *whistles.*
The boy gives warning something doth approach.
What cursëd foot wanders this way tonight,
To cross my obsequies and true love's rite? [40
What! with a torch?—muffle me, night, awhile. [*Retires.*

Enter ROMEO *and* BALTHASAR, *with a torch and tools.*

ROM. Give me that mattock and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter; early in the morning
See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light: upon thy life I charge thee, [51
Whate'er thou hear'st or seest, stand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my course.
Why I descend into this bed of death
Is, partly, to behold my lady's face;
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I must use
In dear employment: therefore hence, be gone: [61
But, if thou, jealous,[7] dost return to pry
In what I further shall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And strew this hungry churchyard with thy limbs.
The time and my intents are savage-wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tigers or the roaring sea.

[6] perfumed.
[7] curious.

BAL. I will be gone, sir, and not trouble you. [71
ROM. So shalt thou show me friendship. Take thou that: [*Gives him money.*
Live, and be prosperous; and farewell, good fellow.
BAL. <For all this same, I'll hide me hereabout:
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt.> [*Retires.*
ROM. Thou détestable maw, thou womb of death, [81
Gorged with the dearest morsel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open. [*Opens the tomb.*
And, in despite, I'll cram thee with more food!
PAR. <This is that banished haughty Montague,
That murdered my love's cousin, with [90 which grief
It is supposëd the fair creature died;
And here is come to do some villainous shame
To the dead bodies. I will apprehend him.> [*Comes forward.*
Stop thy unhallowed toil, vile Montague;
Can vengeance be pursued further than death? [99
Condemnëd villain, I do apprehend thee:
Obey, and go with me; for thou must die. [*The* PAGE *comes creeping in.*
ROM. I must, indeed; and therefore came I hither.
Good gentle youth, tempt not a desperate man;
Fly hence, and leave me: think upon these gone;
Let them affright thee. I beseech thee, youth, [110
Put not another sin upon my head
By urging me to fury: O! be gone:
By heaven, I love thee better than myself.
For I come hither armed against myself:
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter say
A madman's mercy bid thee run away.
PAR. I do defy thy conjurations, [119
And apprehend thee for a felon here.

ROM. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy! [*They fight.*

PAGE. O Lord! they fight: I will go call the watch. [*Exit.*

PAR., *falls.* O, I am slain!—If thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with Juliet. [*Dies.*

ROM. In faith, I will.—Let me peruse this face:
Mercutio's kinsman, noble County Paris!
What said my man, when my betossëd soul [132
Did not attend him as we rode? I think
He told me Paris should have married Juliet.
Said he not so? or did I dream it so?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of Juliet,
To think it was so?—O! give me thy hand,
One writ with me in sour misfortune's [140 book:
I'll bury thee in a triumphant grave;
A grave? O, no! a lanthorn, slaughtered youth,
For here lies Juliet, and her beauty makes
This vault a feasting presence full of light.
[*Laying* PARIS *in the tomb.*] Death, lie thou there, by a dead man interred. [151
How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry, which their keepers call
A lightning before death! O! how may I
Call this a lightning?—O my love! my wife!
Death, that hath sucked the honey of thy breath, [160
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquered; beauty's ensign yet
Is crimson in thy lips and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advancëd there.—
Tybalt, liest thou there in thy bloody sheet?
O! what more favor can I do to thee,
Than with that hand that cut thy youth in twain [171
To sunder his that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, cousin!—Ah! dear Juliet,
Why art thou yet so fair? Shall I believe
That unsubstantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorrëd monster keeps
Thee here i' th'[8] dark to be his paramour? [180
For fear of that I still will stay with thee,
And never from this palace of dim night
Depart again: here, here will I remain
With worms that are thy chambermaids; O! here
Will I set up my everlasting rest,
And shake the yoke of inauspicious stars
From this world-wearied flesh.—Eyes, look your last! [190
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you,
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavory guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary [200 bark!
Here's to my love! [*Drinks.*] O true apothecary!
Thy drugs are quick.—Thus with a kiss I die.
[*Dies, with his lips upon* JULIET'S.

Enter, at the end of the churchyard where BALTHAZAR *is hiding,* FRIAR LAURENCE, *with a lanthorn, crow, and spade.*

FRI. L. Saint Francis be my speed! how oft to-night [211
Have my old feet stumbled at graves!—Who's there?

BAL. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

FRI. L. Bliss be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light [219
To grubs and eyeless skulls? as I discern,

[8] F, in.

It burneth in the Capel's monument.
BAL. It doth so, holy sir; and there's my master,
One that you love.
FRI. L. Who is it?
BAL. Romeo.
FRI. L. How long hath he been there?
BAL. Full half an hour.
FRI. L. Go with me to the vault. [229
BAL. I dare not, sir.
My master knows not but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death
If I did stay to look on his intents.
FRI. L. Stay, then; I'll go alone. Fear comes upon me;
O! much I fear some ill unlucky thing.
BAL. As I did sleep under this yew-tree here, [239
I dreamt my master and another fought,
And that my master slew him.
FRI. L., *advancing.* Romeo!
Alack, alack! what blood is this which stains
The stony entrance of this sepulchre?
What mean these masterless and gory swords
To lie discolored by this place of peace?
[*Enters the tomb.*
Romeo! O, pale!—Who else? what! [250
Paris too?
And steeped in blood?—Ah! what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance.—
The lady stirs. [JULIET *wakes.*
JUL. O, comfortable friar! where's my lord?
I do remember well where I should be,
And there I am. Where is my Romeo?
[*Noise within.*
FRI. L. I hear some noise.—Lady, come from that nest [262
Of death, contagion, and unnatural sleep:
A greater power than we can contradict
Hath thwarted our intents: come, come away.
Thy husband in thy bosom there lies dead;
And Paris too: come, I'll dispose of thee
Among a sisterhood of holy nuns. [270
Stay not to question, for the watch i
coming;
Come, go, good Juliet.—[*Noise again.*
I dare no longer stay.
JUL. Go, get thee hence, for I will no
away. [*Exit* FRIAR LAURENCE
What's here? a cup, closed in my tru
love's hand?
Poison, I see, hath been his timeless
end.— [28
O churl! drunk all, and left no friendly
drop
To help me after! I will kiss thy lips;
Haply, some poison yet doth hang o
them,
To make me die with a restorative.
[*Kisses him*
Thy lips are warm!
1 WATCH., *within.* Lead, boy: which
way? [29
JUL. Yea, noise? then I'll be brief.—
O happy dagger!
[*Snatches* ROMEO's *dagger, and stabs her self.*
This is thy sheath; there rest, and le
me die.
[*Falls on* ROMEO's *body and dies*

Enter WATCH, *with the* PAGE *of Paris*

PAGE. This is the place; there where the torch doth burn. [30
1 WATCH. The ground is bloody; search about the churchyard.
Go, some of you; whoe'er you find, attach.
[*Exeunt some of the* WATCH
Pitiful sight! here lies the county slain
And Juliet bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain these two days buriëd. [31
Go, tell the prince; run to the Capulets;
Raise up the Montagues; some others search.
[*Exeunt others of the* WATCH
We see the ground whereon these woes do lie;
But the true ground of all these piteous woes [31
We cannot without circumstance descry

9 untimely.

Re-enter some of the WATCH, *with* BALTHASAR.

2 WATCH. Here's Romeo's man; we found him in the churchyard.

1 WATCH. Hold him in safety, till the prince come hither.

Re-enter other of the WATCH, *with* FRIAR LAURENCE.

3 WATCH. Here is a friar, that trembles, sighs, and weeps;
We took this mattock and this spade from him,
As he was coming from this churchyard side.

1 WATCH. A great suspicion: stay the friar too.

Enter the PRINCE *and Attendants.*

PRINCE. What misadventure is so early up,
That calls our person from our morning's rest?

Enter CAPULET, LADY CAPULET, *and Others.*

CAP. What should it be, that they so shriek abroad?

LADY CAP. The people in the street cry "Romeo,"
Some "Juliet," and some "Paris;" and all run
With open outcry toward our monument.

PRINCE. What fear is this which startles in our ears?

1 WATCH. Sovereign, here lies the County Paris slain;
And Romeo dead; and Juliet, dead before,
Warm and new killed.

PRINCE. Search, seek, and know how this foul murder comes.

1 WATCH. Here is a friar, and slaughtered Romeo's man;
With instruments upon them, fit to open
These dead men's tombs.

CAP. O, heaven!—O wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath mista'en!—for, lo, his house
Is empty on the back of Montague—
And is mis-sheathëd in my daughter's bosom.

LADY CAP. O me! this sight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a sepulchre.

Enter MONTAGUE *and Others.*

PRINCE. Come, Montague: for thou art early up,
To see thy son and heir more early down.

MON. Alas! my liege, my wife is dead to-night;
Grief of my son's exíle hath stopped her breath.
What further woe conspires against my age?

PRINCE. Look, and thou shalt see.

MON. O thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To press before thy father to a grave?

PRINCE. Seal up the mouth of outrage for a while,
Till we can clear these ambiguities,
And know their spring, their head, their true descent;
And then will I be general of your woes,
And lead you—even to death: meantime forbear,
And let mischance be slave to patiënce.—
Bring forth the parties of suspiciön.

FRI. L. I am the greatest, able to do least,
Yet most suspected, as the time and place
Doth make against me, of this direful murder;
And here I stand, both to impeach and purge
Myself condemnëd and myself excused.

PRINCE. Then say at once what thou dost know in this.

FRI. L. I will be brief, for my short date of breath
Is not so long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that Juliet;
And she, there dead, that Romeo's faithful wife:
I married them; and their stol'n marriage-day

Was Tybalt's doomsday, whose untimely death
Banished the new-made bridegroom from this city; [420
For whom, and not for Tybalt, Juliet pined.
You, to remove that siege of grief from her,
Betrothed, and would have married her perforce,
To County Paris: then comes she to me,
And, with wild looks bid me devise some means [429
To rid her from this second marriäge,
Or in my cell there would she kill herself.
Then gave I her—so tutored by my art—
A sleeping potion; which so took effect
As I intended, for it wrought on her
The form of death: meantime I writ to Romeo
That he should hither come as this dire night,
To help to take her from her bor- [440
rowed grave,
Being the time the potion's force should cease;
But he which bore my letter, Friar John,
Was stayed by accident, and yesternight [10]
Returned my letter back. Then, all alone,
At the prefixëd hour of her waking, [449
Came I to take her from her kindred's vault,
Meaning to keep her closely at my cell,
Till I conveniently could send to Romeo:
But, when I came—some minute ere the time
Of her awaking—here untimely lay
The noble Paris and true Romeo dead.
She wakes; and I entreated her come forth, [459
And bear this work of heaven with patiënce;
But then a noise did scare me from the tomb,
And she, too desperate, would not go with me,
But, as it seems, did violence on herself.

[10] In reality, it was (V 2) the same night, only some three hours previously.

All this I know; and to the marriäge
Her nurse is privy: and, if aught in this
Miscarried by my fault, let my old life
Be sacrificed, some hour before his time,
Unto the rigor of severest law. [471

PRINCE. We still have known thee for a holy man.
Where's Romeo's man? what can he say in this?

BAL. I brought my master news of Juliet's death;
And then in post [11] he came from Mantua
To this same place, to this same monument. [480
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatened me with death, going in the vault,
If I departed not and left him there.

PRINCE. Give me the letter; I will look on it.—
Where is the county's page that raised the watch?— [489
[*The* PAGE *is pushed forward.*
Sirrah, what made your master in this place?

PAGE. He came with flow'rs to strew his lady's grave,
And bid me stand aloof; and so I did;
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb;
And by and by my master drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the watch.

PRINCE. This letter doth make good the friar's words, [501
Their course of love, the tidings of her death;
And here he writes that he did buy a poison
Of a poor pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lie with Juliet.—
Where be these enemies?—Capulet! Montague! [510
See what a scourge is laid upon your hate,
That heaven finds means to kill your joys with love;
And I, for winking at your discords, too,
Have lost a brace of kinsmen: all are punished.

[11] haste.

CAP. O brother Montague! give me thy hand:
This is my daughter's jointure, for no more [521
Can I demand.
MON. But I can give thee more;
For I will raise her statue in pure gold;
That, whiles Verona by that name is known,
There shall no figure at such rate be set
As that of true and faithful Juliet.
CAP. As rich shall Romeo by his lady lie, [530
Poor sacrifices of our enmity!
PRINCE. A glooming peace this morning with it brings;
The sun, for sorrow, will not show his head.—
Go hence, to have more talk of these sad things.—
Some shall be pardoned, and some punishëd; [539
For never was a story of more woe
Than this of Juliet and her Romeo.

[*Exeunt.*

HENRY IV, PART I

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

It is not correct to say, as has been said, that Shakespeare was the inventor of the quaint species of drama which intertwined historical tragedy and farcical comedy; but there can be no doubt that in this play, in which, so far as our knowledge extends, he first essayed it, he achieved the sovereign specimen of the variety. It was given to the press in 1598 as "The History of Henry the Fourth, with the Battle at Shrewsbury. . . . With the humorous conceits of Sir John Falstaffe." A second edition followed in 1599, as "newly corrected by William Shakespeare," and other editions followed in 1604, 1608, and 1613.

The play forms one of a tetralogy consisting of "Richard II," the two parts of "Henry IV," and "Henry V," while the person of Falstaff connects all but the first-named with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" also. It is to be noted that it was not originally presented as the first part of a brace of plays, but as a play complete in itself. The title serves to show that; yet there is sufficient evidence to prove that the second part had already been written before the publication of the first quarto of the first part. The play was entered in the Stationers' Register in February, 1597–8. The date of the play's production is usually set down as 1596–7, and there is no good reason to question that ascription.

The main source of the historical portions of the drama is Holinshed's "Chronicle," and for the comedy there was some indebtedness to "The Famous Victories of Henry V," a play first published in 1598, but acted very many years earlier. It is in this poor piece that we find the feeble originals of four of Shakespeare's comic creations. Gadshill is there as Cuthbert Cutter; Peto, whom Shakespeare at first called Harvey, is there as Tom, Ned Poins as Ned, and Falstaff as Jockey Oldcastle; and in this connection it has to be remembered that Sir John Oldcastle was the name originally borne by Shakespeare's great comic hero. The play held up to contempt one whom Protestants looked upon as a martyr for the faith, and pressure was brought to bear by the descendants of the great Lollard to have this slander upon his name removed. Shakespeare bowed before the storm, and the name had been altered before the play was entered for publication; but the alteration made was itself open to objection. Thomas Fuller, in his

"Worthies of England," voiced the disgust that must have been fel by many, when, after remarking that Sir John Fastolfe was a worth knight, he went on to say, "Few do heed the inconsiderable differenc in spelling." Fastolfe was, apparently not without reason, accused o rapacity and dishonesty, and, falsely, of cowardice, and he was als suspected of Lollard tendencies. There is no more indication in hi case than in Oldcastle's that he was a roysterer, a libertine, or a high wayman. What is to be noted is that there is in Falstaff a good dea of the cant of Puritanism. Shakespeare's buffoon had been page t the Duke of Norfolk, had made an escape from prison, and predicte that he would be a traitor when Hal was King—all facts pointing t the Oldcastle original. The introduction of the Boar's Head tavern in Eastcheap, may be held to point to Sir John Fastolfe, since tha worthy was at one time the proprietor of the hostelry; but, in poin of fact, the name of the inn is taken from "The Famous Victories." Traces of the name of Oldcastle linger in the two "Henry IV" plays in the first part Falstaff is addressed as "my old lad of the castle," an in the second part "Old." has survived as a sidehead for one of Falstaff' speeches.

In the old "Famous Victories," the Prince's three companions ar knights, and Cutter is a servant of the Prince's; in the Shakespear play, Poins, Peto, and Falstaff all are on a privileged footing with th Prince, while Gadshill has become a thief acting in collusion with th Prince. (The name is, by the way, the result of Shakespeare's misun derstanding of the addressing of Cutter as "Gadshill," to show that h was recognized as the thief who had operated there.) In the old play Hal is a sheer reprobate. Shakespeare is prompt to let us know tha he is not, in order that he should not forfeit our sympathy; but thi attitude towards him is much less real, and it is hard to accept th Prince's righteousness in good faith.

There is a probability that there was an earlier version of the pla than that which we possess—a version in which Bardolph was calle Rossill, and Peto, Harvey. The statement, frequently made, that thes were the names of actors is entirely without warrant. Not only are n such actors known; but also a stage-direction in "2 Henry IV" name Sir John Rossill, which affords ample proof that Rossill or Russe (for it is spelled both ways) was not the name of the actor who too the part. If, then, there was an early version of part 1, there must als have been an early version of part 2,—if, that is to say, these tw names lead to such an inference. It may be, however, that these name were changed in part 1 when the name of Oldcastle was altered an when the second part was being written. In 1593 Gabriel Harve called Nashe a "lusty lad o' the castle;" but this does not necessaril

refer to the play. A likelier hint of earliness is afforded by the closing doggrel of IV 2, which it is hard to imagine Shakespeare writing in 1596–7, and not easy to imagine him writing at any time. It looks like a relic of an earlier play by another writer. Again, the opening part of II 1, to the departure of the Carriers, leads nowhere and points to revision. It may possibly be a players' insertion; but more probably it, too, is a relic, and once led to the robbery of the carriers, as in "The Famous Victories." In the remainder of the scene, we have the Chamberlain acting in collusion with Gadshill; but we hear no more of him. The Archbishop of York in IV 4 serves no purpose, save for part 2. That Vernon, in V 2 (whose praise of the Prince is Shakespeare's praise of his hero), tells of a challenge he has not heard, and that there is no preparation for the King's trick in V 3 for the safeguarding of his life do not imply revision: they are probably mere instances of author's carelessness: they are not on the same plane as the other matters referred to.

Falstaff has received so much praise as the great comic character of all literature that there is no need to dwell upon his greatness; but, though Shakespeareans do not admit it, he descends perilously close to the farcical in V 3 and 4. One can scarcely understand such a buffoon being given command of a body of men in such critical circumstances. As less attention has been given to them, it may be well to point to the magnificent characterization of Hotspur and Glendower; and, in this connection, mention may be made of Prince Hal's humorous summing-up of the disposition of the former. The baiting of the Welsh prince by Hotspur is capital; and it is to be noted that, for all his absurd vanity, the Welshman is more reasonable than the reckless Northumbrian.

It is not easy to comprehend why Shakespeare has not given us the scene between the Chief Justice and the young Prince. Not only was it a scene of which he might have made much, but also it is essential for the proper understanding of what follows in part 2.

CHARACTERS

KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
HENRY, PRINCE OF WALES } *Sons to the*
JOHN OF LANCASTER } *King*
EARL OF WESTMORELAND.
SIR WALTER BLUNT.
THOMAS PERCY, *Earl of Worcester.*
HENRY PERCY, *Earl of Northumberland.*
HENRY PERCY, *surnamed* HOTSPUR, *his son.*
EDMUND MORTIMER, *Earl of March.*
RICHARD SCROOP, *Archbishop of York.*
ARCHIBALD, *Earl of Douglas.*
OWEN GLENDOWER.
SIR RICHARD VERNON.
SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.
SIR MICHAEL, *a Friend to the Archbishop of York.*
POINS.
GADSHILL.
PETO.
BARDOLPH.
LADY PERCY, *Wife to Hotspur, and Sister to Mortimer.*
LADY MORTIMER, *daughter to Glendower, and Wife to Mortimer.*
MISTRESS QUICKLY, *Hostess of the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap.*
Lords, Officers, Sheriff, Vintner, Chamberlain, Drawers, two Carriers, Ostler, Travellers, and Attendants.

PLACE: *England.*

TIME: *The first decade of the 15th Century.*

THE FIRST PART OF KING HENRY THE FOURTH

ACT ONE

Scene I

King Henry is in his palace, attended by Westmoreland, Blunt, *and others.* Blunt *has just brought him word of* Hotspur's *success against the Scots.*

Henry, *remorseful for the devious ways by which he gained the crown (as shown in the preceding play of the tetralogy,* "Richard II"), *is meditating a crusade against Islam for the recovery of the Holy Places from the Moslems.* [10

K. Hen. So shaken as we are, so wan with care,
Find we a time for frighted peace to pant,
And breathe short-winded accents of new broils
To be commenced in stronds afar remote.
No more the thirsty entrance of this soil
Shall daub her lips with her own children's blood; [21
No more shall trenching war channel her fields,
Nor bruise her flow'rets with the armëd hoofs
Of hostile paces: those opposëd eyes,
Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meet in the intestine shock
And furious close of civil butchery, [31
Shall now, in mutual well-beseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more opposed
Against acquaintance, kindred, and allies:
The edge of war, like an ill-sheathëd knife,
No more shall cut his master. Therefore, friends, [40
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ—
Whose soldier now, under whose blessëd cross
We are impressëd and engaged to fight—
Forthwith a power of English shall we levy,
Whose arms were moulded in their mother's womb
To chase these pagans in those holy fields [50
Over whose acres walked those blessëd feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago were nailed
For our advantage on the bitter cross.
But this our purpose is a twelvemonth old,
And bootless 'tis to tell you we will go:
Therefor[1] we meet not now.—Then let me hear [60
Of you, my gentle cousin Westmoreland,
What yesternight our council did decree
In forwarding this dear expedience.[2]

West. My liege, this haste was hot in questiön,
And many limits of the charge set down
But yesternight; when all athwart there came
A post from Wales loaden with heavy news, [70
Whose worst was, that the noble Mortimer,
Leading the men of Herefordshire to fight
Against the irregular and wild Glendower,
Was by the rude hands of that Welshman taken,
And a thousand of his people butchered,
Upon whose dead corpse[3] there was such misuse, [81

[1] B, therefore.
[2] enterprise.
[3] corpses.

Such beastly shameless transformatiön
By those Welshwomen done, as may not be—
Without much shame—re-told or spoken of.
K. Hen. It seems then that the tidings of this broil
Brake off our business for the Holy Land.
West. This matched with other like,[4] my gracious lord; [91
For more uneven and unwelcome news
Came from the north and thus it did import:
On Holy-rood day, the gallant Hotspur there,
Young Harry Percy and brave Archibald,
That ever-valiant and approvëd Scot,
At Holmedon met,
Where they did spend a sad and bloody hour; [101
As, by discharge of their artillery
And shape of likelihood, the news was told;
For he that brought them, in the very heat
And pride of their contention, did take horse,
Uncertain of the issue any way.
K. Hen. Here is a dear and true industrious friend, [111
Sir Walter Blunt, new lighted from his horse,
Stained with the variation of each soil
Betwixt that Holmedon and this seat of ours;
And he hath brought us smooth and welcome news.
The Earl of Douglas is discomfited;
Ten thousand bold Scots, two and twenty knights, [121
Balked[5] in their own blood, did Sir Walter see
On Holmedon's plains: of prisoners Hotspur took
Mordake, the Earl of Fife and eldest son
To beaten Douglas, and the Earls of Athol,
Of Murray, Angus, and Menteith.
And is not this an honorable spoil? [130
A gallant prize? ha, cousin, is it not?
West. In faith,
It is a conquest for a prince to boast of.
K. Hen. Yea, there thou mak'st me sad, and mak'st me sin
In envy that my Lord Northumberland
Should be the father to so blest a son,
A son who is the theme of honor's tongue;
Amongst a grove the very straightest plant; [141
Who is sweet Fortune's minion and her pride;
Whilst I, by looking on the praise of him,
See riot and dishonor stain the brow
Of my young Harry. O! that it could be proved
That some night-tripping fairy had exchanged
In cradle-clothes our children where they lay, [151
And called mine Percy, his Plantagenet.
Then would I have his Harry, and he mine.—
But let him from my thoughts.—What think you, coz,
Of this young Percy's pride? the prisoners,
Which he in this adventure hath surprised,[6] [160
To his own use he keeps, and sends me word,
I shall have none but Mordake, Earl of Fife.
West. This is his uncle's teaching; this is Worcester,
Malevolent to you in all aspécts;
Which makes him prune[7] himself, and bristle up [169
The crest of youth against your dignity.
K. Hen. But I have sent for him to answer this;
And for this cause a while we must neglect
Our holy purpose to Jerusalem.
[*Rising.*] Cousin, on Wednesday next our council we
Will hold at Windsor: so inform the lords; [179
But come yourself with speed to us again;
For more is to be said and to be done

[4] Q. 1, did.
[5] taken.
[6] piled up.
[7] preen.

Than out of anger can be utterëd.

WEST. I will, my liege. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

FALSTAFF *is with the reprobate young* PRINCE *in one of the latter's apartments. He is a fat, humorous rascal, who still retains about him something of his old Puritanism, which colors a good deal of his conversation. The* PRINCE *in his wildness is not restrained from associating with* SIR JOHN *by the knowledge that he is a highwayman; but we are asked to believe that, for all that, he is really very high-principled.* [11

FAL. Now, Hal, what time of day is it, lad?

PRINCE. Thou art so fat-witted, with drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after supper, and sleeping upon benches after noon, that thou hast forgotten to demand that truly which thou wouldst truly know. What a devil hast thou to do with the time of the day? [20 unless hours were cups of sack, and minutes capons, and clocks the tongues of bawds, and dials the signs of leaping-houses, and the blessed sun himself a fair hot wench in flame-colored taffeta, I see no reason why thou shouldst be so superfluous to demand the time of the day. [28

FAL. Indeed, you come near me now, Hal; for we that take purses go by the moon and seven stars, and not by Phœbus, he, "that wand'ring knight so fair." And, I prithee, sweet wag, when thou art king, as, God save thy Grace—majesty, I should say, for grace thou wilt have none—

PRINCE. What! none?

FAL. No, by my troth; not so much as will serve to be prologue to an egg and butter. [40

PRINCE. Well, how then? come, roundly, roundly.

FAL. Marry, then, sweet wag, when thou art king, let not us that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: let us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal. [52

PRINCE. Thou sayest well, and it holds well too; for the fortune of us that are the moon's men doth ebb and flow like the sea, being governed as the sea is, by the moon. As for proof now: a purse of gold mostly resolutely snatched on Monday night and most dissolutely spent on Tuesday morning; got with swearing "Lay by," and spent with crying "Bring in:" now in as low an ebb as the foot of [62 the ladder, and by and by in as high a flow as the ridge of the gallows.

FAL. By the Lord, thou sayest true, lad. And is not my hostess of the tavern a most sweet wench?

PRINCE. As the honey of Hybla, my old lad of the castle. And is not a buff jerkin a most sweet robe of durance? [70

FAL. How now, how now, mad wag! what, in thy quips and thy quiddities? what a plague have I to do with a buff jerkin?

PRINCE. Why, what a pox have I to do with my hostess of the tavern?

FAL. Well, thou hast called her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

PRINCE. Did I ever call for thee to pay thy part? [80

FAL. No; I'll give thee thy due, thou hast paid all there.

PRINCE. Yea, and elsewhere, so far as my coin would stretch; and where it would not, I have used my credit.

FAL. Yea, and so used it that, were it not here apparent that thou art heir apparent—But, I prithee, sweet wag, shall there be gallows standing in England when thou art king, and resolution thus fobbed as it is with the rusty curb of [91 old father antic the law? Do not thou, when thou art king, hang a thief.

PRINCE. No; thou shalt.

FAL. Shall I? O rare! By the Lord, I'll be a brave judge.

PRINCE. Thou judgest false already; I mean, thou shalt have the hanging of

the thieves and so become a rare hangman. [100

FAL. Well, Hal, well; and in some sort it jumps with my humor as well as waiting in the court, I can tell you.

PRINCE. For obtaining of suits?

FAL. Yea, for obtaining of suits, whereof the hangman hath no lean wardrobe. 'Sblood, I am as melancholy as a gib cat, or a lugged bear.

PRINCE. Or an old lion, or a lover's lute. [110

FAL. Yea, or the drone of a Lincolnshire bagpipe.

PRINCE. What sayest thou to a hare, or the melancholy of Moor-ditch?

FAL. Thou hast the most unsavory similes, and art, indeed, the most comparative,[8] rascalliest, sweet young prince; but, Hal, I prithee, trouble me no more with vanity. I would to God thou and I knew where a commodity of good [120 names were to be bought. An old lord of the council rated me the other day in the street about you, sir, but I marked him not; and yet he talked very wisely, but I regarded him not; and yet he talked wisely, and in the street too.

PRINCE. Thou didst well; for wisdom cries out in the streets, and no man regards it. [129

FAL. O! thou hast damnable iteration, and art indeed able to corrupt a saint. Thou hast done much harm upon me, Hal; God forgive thee for it! Before I knew thee, Hal, I knew nothing; and now am I, if a man should speak truly, little better than one of the wicked. I must give over this life, and I will give it over; by the Lord, and I do not, I am a villain: I'll be damned for never a king's son in Christendom. [140

PRINCE. Where shall we take a purse to-morrow, Jack?

FAL. Zounds! where thou wilt, lad, I'll make one; and I do not, call me a villain and baffle[9] me.

PRINCE. I see a good amendment of life in thee; from praying to purse-taking. [148

[8] fond of comparisons.
[9] take my knighthood from.

Enter POINS, *at a distance.*

FAL. Why, Hal, 'tis my vocation, Hal; 'tis no sin for a man to labor in his vocation. [*Lowering his voice.*] Poins! Now shall we know if Gadshill have set a match. O! if men were to be saved by merit, what hole in hell were hot enough for him? This is the most omnipotent villain that ever cried "Stand!" to a true man. [158

PRINCE. Good morrow, Ned.

POINS. Good morrow, sweet Hal.—What says Monsieur Remorse? What says Sir John Sack-and-Sugar? Jack! how agrees the devil and thee about thy soul, that thou soldest him on Good-Friday last for a cup of Madeira and a cold capon's leg?

PRINCE. Sir John stands to his word; the devil shall have his bargain; for he was never yet a breaker of proverbs: he will give the devil his due. [170

POINS. Then art thou damned for keeping thy word with the devil.

PRINCE. Else he had been damned for cozening the devil.

POINS. But my lads, my lads, to-morrow morning, by four a'clock, early at Gadshill! There are pilgrims going to Canterbury with rich offerings, and traders riding to London with fat purses: I have vizards for you all; [180 you have horses for yourselves. Gadshill lies to-night in Rochester; I have bespoke supper to-morrow night in Eastcheap: we may do it as secure as sleep. If you will go, I will stuff your purses full of crowns; if you will not, tarry at home—and be hanged.

FAL. Hear ye, Yedward: if I tarry at home and go not, I'll hang you for going. [190

POINS. You will, chops?

FAL. Hal, wilt thou make one?

PRINCE. Who, I rob? I a thief? not I, by my faith.

FAL. There's neither honesty, manhood, nor good fellowship in thee, nor thou camest not of the blood royal, if thou darest not stand for ten shillings.

PRINCE. Well, then, once in my days I'll be a madcap. [200

FAL. Why, that's well said.

PRINCE. Well, come what will, I'll tarry at home.

FAL. By the Lord, I'll be a traitor then, when thou art king.

PRINCE. I care not.

POINS. Sir John, I prithee, leave the prince and me alone: I will lay him down such reasons for this adventure that he shall go. [210

FAL. Well, God give thee the spirit of persuasion and him the ears of profiting, that what thou speakest may move, and what he hears may be believed, that the true prince may, for recreation sake, prove a false thief; for the poor abuses of the time want countenance.—Farewell: you shall find me in Eastcheap.

PRINCE. Farewell, thou latter spring! Farewell, All-hallown summer! [220

[*Exit* FALSTAFF.

POINS. Now, my good sweet honey lord, ride with us to-morrow: I have a jest to execute that I cannot manage alone. Falstaff, Bardolph, Peto, and Gadshill[10] shall rob those men that we have already waylaid; yourself and I will not be there; and when they have the booty, if you and I do not rob them, cut this head from my shoulders. [230

PRINCE. How shall we part with them in setting forth?

POINS. Why, we will set forth before or after them, and appoint them a place of meeting, wherein it is at our pleasure to fail; and then will they adventure upon the exploit themselves, which they shall have no sooner achieved but we'll set upon them. [239

PRINCE. Ay, but 'tis like that they will know us, by our horses, by our habits, and by every other appointment, to be ourselves.

POINS. Tut! our horses they shall not see; I'll tie them in the wood; our vizards we will change after we leave them; and, sirrah, I have cases[11] of buckram for the nonce, to inmask our noted outward garments. [249

PRINCE. Yea, but I doubt they will be too hard for us.

POINS. Well, for two of them, I know them to be as true-bred cowards as ever turned back; and for the third, if he fight longer than he sees reason, I'll forswear arms. The virtue of this jest will be, the incomprehensible[12] lies that this same fat rogue will tell us when we meet at supper: how thirty, at least, he fought with; what wards, what blows, what extremities he endured; and in the reproof[13] of this lies the jest. [262

PRINCE. Well, I'll go with thee: provide us all things necessary and meet me to-morrow night in Eastcheap; there I'll sup. Farewell.

POINS. Farewell, my lord. [*Exit.*

PRINCE. I know you all, and will awhile uphold
The unyoked humor of your idleness:
Yet herein will I imitate the sun, [271
Who doth permit the base contagious[14] clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world,
That, when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wondered at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists [280
Of vapors that did seem to strangle him.
If all the year were playing holidays,
To sport would be as tedious as to work;
But, when they seldom come, they wished for come,
And nothing pleaseth but rare accidents.[15]
So, when this loose behavior I throw off,
And pay the debt I never promisëd,
By how much better than my word I am, [290
By so much shall I falsify men's hopes;
And, like bright metal on a sullen ground,
My reformation, glittering o'er my fault,
Shall show more goodly and attract more eyes
Than that which hath no foil to set it off.

[10] B, Falstaff, Harvey, Rossill, and Gadshill. [11] suits. [12] illimitable. [13] refutation. [14] harmful. [15] events.

I'll so offend to make offence a skill,
Redeeming time when men think least I will. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

In the audience-chamber, NORTHUMBERLAND, WORCESTER, HOTSPUR, BLUNT, *and others are in the presence of the* KING, *who is resentful of the attitude of the* PERCYS *towards him, the resentment not being lessened by the knowledge of his indebtedness to the head of the family.*

K. HEN. My blood hath been too cold and temperate,
Unapt to stir at these indignities,
And you have found me;[16] for accordingly
You tread upon my patience: but, be sure,
I will from henceforth rather be myself,
Mighty, and to be feared, than my condition,[17]
Which hath been smooth as oil, soft as young down,
And therefore lost that title of respect
Which the proud soul ne'er pays but to the proud.

WOR. Our house, my sovereign liege, little deserves
The scourge of greatness to be used on it;
And that same greatness too which our own hands
Have holp to make so portly.

NORTH. My lord,—

K. HEN. Worcester, get thee gone; for I do see
Danger and disobedience in thine eye.
O, sir,
Your presence is too bold and peremptory,
And majesty might never yet endure
The moody frontier of a servant brow.
You have good leave to leave us; when we need
Your use and counsel we shall send for you. [*Exit* WORCESTER.
[*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] You were about to speak.

NORTH. Yea, my good lord.
Those prisoners in your highness' name demanded,
Which Harry Percy here at Holmedon took,
Were, as he says, not with such strength denied
As is delivered to your majesty:
Either envy,[18] therefore, or misprisiön
Is guilty of this fault, and not my son.

HOT. My liege, I did deny no prisoners;
But I remember, when the fight was done,
When I was dry with rage and extreme toil,
Breathless and faint, leaning upon my sword,
Came there a certain lord, neat, and trimly dressed,
Fresh as a bridegroom; and his chin, new reaped,
Showed like a stubble-land at harvest-home:
He was perfumëd like a milliner,
And 'twixt his finger and his thumb he held
A pouncet-box, which ever and anon
He gave his nose and took't away again;
Who therewith angry, when it next came there,
Took it in snuff: and still he smiled and talked;
And, as the soldiers bore dead bodies by,
He called them untaught knaves, unmannerly,
To bring a slovenly unhandsome corpse
Betwixt the wind and his nobility.
With many holiday and lady terms
He questioned me; among the rest, demanded
My prisoners in your majesty's behalf.
I, then all smarting, with my wounds being cold,
To be so pestered with a popinjay,[19]
Out of my grief[20] and my impatiënce
Answered, neglectingly, I know not what:
He should, or he should not; for he made me mad

[16] perceived it.
[17] disposition.
[18] malice.
[19] parrot.
[20] bodily pain.

To see him shine so brisk and smell so sweet
And talk so like a waiting-gentlewoman
Of guns, and drums, and wounds—God save the mark!— [99
And telling me the sovereign'st thing on earth
Was parmaceti for an inward bruise;
And that it was great pity, so it was,
This villanous saltpetre should be digged
Out of the bowels of the harmless earth,
Which many a good tall[21] fellow had destroyed
So cowardly; and, but for these vile guns, [109
He would himself have been a soldiër.
This bald unjointed chat of his, my lord,
I answered indirectly, as I said;
And I beseech you, let not his report
Come current for an accusatiön
Betwixt my love and your high majesty.
BLUNT. The circumstance considered, good my lord,
Whatever Harry Percy then had said
To such a person and in such a place,
At such a time, with all the rest re-told,
May reasonably die and never rise [121
To do him wrong, or any way impeach
What then he said, so he unsay it now.
K. HEN. Why, yet he doth deny his prisoners,
But with proviso and exceptiön,
That we at our own charge shall ransom straight
His brother-in-law, the foolish Mortimer;
Who, on my soul, hath wilfully betrayed
The lives of those that he did lead to fight [132
Against the great magician, damned Glendower,
Whose daughter, as we hear, the Earl of March
Hath lately married. Shall our coffers then
Be emptied to redeem a traitor home?
Shall we buy treason, and indent with fears, [141
When they have lost and forfeited themselves?
No, on the barren mountains let him starve;

[21] brave.

For I shall never hold that man my friend
Whose tongue shall ask me for one penny cost
To ransom home revolted Mortimer. [150
HOT. "Revolted Mortimer"!
He never did fall off, my sovereign liege,
But by the chance of war: to prove that true
Needs no more but one tongue for all those wounds,
Those mouthëd wounds, which valiantly he took, [159
When on the gentle Severn's sedgy bank,
In single opposition, hand to hand,
He did confound the best part of an hour
In changing hardiment with great Glendower.
Three times they breathed and three times did they drink,
Upon agreement, of swift Severn's flood,
Who then, affrighted with their bloody looks, [170
Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
And hid his crisp head in the hollow bank
Blood-stainëd with these valiant combatants.
Never did base and rotten policy
Color her working with such deadly wounds;
Nor never could the noble Mortimer
Receive so many, and all willingly:
Then let him not be slandered with revolt. [181
K. HEN. Thou dost belie him, Percy, thou dost belie him:
He never did encounter with Glendower:
I tell thee,
He durst as well have met the devil alone
As Owen Glendower for an enemy.
Art thou not ashamed? But, sirrah, henceforth
Let me not hear you speak of Mortimer:
Send me your prisoners with the speediest means, [192
Or you shall hear in such a kind from me
As will displease ye.—My Lord Northumberland,

We license your departure with your son.
Send us your prisoners; or you'll hear of it.

[*Exeunt* KING HENRY, BLUNT, *and Train.*

HOT. And if the devil come and roar for them,
I will not send them. I will after straight,
And tell him so; for I will ease my heart,
Albeit I make a hazard of my head.

NORTH. What! drunk with choler? stay, and pause awhile.
Here comes your uncle.

Re-enter WORCESTER.

HOT. Speak of Mortimer!
Zounds! I will speak of him; and let my soul
Want mercy if I do not join with him!
In his behalf I'll empty all these veins,
And shed my dear blood drop by drop i' th' dust,
But I will lift the down-trod Mortimer
As high i' th' air as this unthankful king,
As this ingrate and cankered Bolingbroke.

NORTH. Brother, the king hath made your nephew mad.

WOR. Who struck this heat up after I was gone?

HOT. He will, forsooth, have all my prisoners;
And, when I urged the ransom once again
Of my wife's brother, then his cheek looked pale,
And on my face he turned an eye of death,
Trembling even at the name of Mortimer.

WOR. I cannot blame him: was he not proclaimed
By Richard, that dead is, the next of blood?

NORTH. He was; I heard the proclamation:
And then it was when the unhappy king—
Whose wrongs in us God pardon!—did set forth
Upon his Irish expedition;
From whence he, intercepted, did return
To be deposed, and shortly murdered.

WOR. And for whose death we in the world's wide mouth
Live scandalized and foully spoken of.

HOT. But, soft! I pray you, did King Richard then
Proclaim my brother Edmund Mortimer
Heir to the crown?

NORTH. He did; myself did hear it.

HOT. Nay, then I cannot blame his cousin king,
That wished him on the barren mountains starve.
But shall it be that you, that set the crown
Upon the head of this forgetful man,
And for his sake wear the detested blot
Of murderous subornation—shall it be,
That you a world of curses undergo,
Being the agents, or base second means,
The cords, the ladder, or the hangman rather?
O! pardon me that I descend so low,
To show the line and the predicament
Wherein you range under this subtle king.
Shall it for shame be spoken in these days,
Or fill up chronicles in time to come,
That men of your nobility and power,
Did gage them both in an unjust behalf,
As both of you—God pardon it!—have done,
To put down Richard, that sweet lovely rose,
And plant this thorn, this canker,[22] Bolingbroke?
And shall it in more shame be further spoken,
That you are fooled, discarded, and shook off
By him for whom these shames ye underwent?
No; yet time serves wherein you may redeem
Your banished honors, and restore yourselves

[22] dog-rose.

Into the good thoughts of the world again;
Revenge the jeering and disdained contempt [299
Of this proud king, who studies day and night
To answer all the debt he owes to you,
Even with the bloody payment of your deaths.
Therefore, I say—
WOR. Peace, cousin! say no more:
And now I will unclasp a secret book,
And to your quick-conceiving discontents [309
I'll read you matter deep and dangerous,
As full of peril and adventurous spirit
As to o'er-walk a current roaring loud,
On the unsteadfast footing of a spear.
HOT. If he fall in, good night! or sink or swim:
Send danger from the east unto the west, [318
So honor cross it from the north to south,
And let them grapple: O! the blood more stirs
To rouse a lion than to start a hare.
NORTH. Imagination of some great exploit
Drives him beyond the bounds of patiënce.
HOT. By heaven, methinks it were an easy leap
To pluck bright honor from the pale-faced moon, [330
Or dive into the bottom of the deep,
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,
And pluck up drownëd honor by the locks;
So he that doth redeem her thence might wear
Without corrival all her dignities:
But out upon this half-faced fellowship!
WOR. He apprehends a world of figures here, [341
But not the form of what he should attend.—
Good cousin, give me audience for a while.
HOT. I cry you mercy.
WOR. Those same noble Scots
That are your prisoners—
HOT. I'll keep them all;
By God, he shall not have a Scot of them: [351
No, if a Scot would save his soul, he shall not:
I'll keep them, by this hand.
WOR. You start away,
And lend no ear unto my purposes.
Those prisoners you shall keep.
HOT. Nay, I will; that's flat:
He said he would not ransom Mortimer;
Forbade my tongue to speak of Mortimer; [361
But I will find him when he lies asleep,
And in his ear I'll holla "Mortimer!"
Nay,
I'll have a starling shall be taught to speak
Nothing but "Mortimer," and give it him,
To keep his anger still in motiön.
WOR. Hear you, cousin; a word. [370
HOT. All studies here I solemnly defy,
Save how to gall and pinch this Bolingbroke;
And that same sword-and-buckler Prince of Wales,
But that I think his father loves him not
And would be glad he met with some mischance,
I would have him poisoned with a pot of ale. [381
WOR. Farewell, kinsman: I will talk to you
When you are better tempered to attend.
NORTH. Why, what a wasp-stung and impatient fool
Art thou, to break into this woman's mood,
Tying thine ear to no tongue but thine own! [390
HOT. Why, look you, I am whipped and scourged with rods,
Nettled[23] and stung with pismires,[24] when I hear
Of this vile politician, Bolingbroke.

[23] whipped with nettles.
[24] ants.

In Richard's time—what do ye call the place?—
A plague upon't—it is in Gloucestershire—
'Twas where the madcap duke his uncle kept,[25]
His uncle York; where I first bowed my knee
Unto this king of smiles, this Bolingbroke,
'Sblood!
When you and he came back from Ravenspurgh.
NORTH. At Berkeley Castle.
HOT. You say true.
Why, what a candy deal of courtesy
This fawning greyhound then did proffer me!
Look, "when his infant fortune came to age,"
And "gentle Harry Percy," and "kind cousin."
O! the devil take such cozeners. God forgive me!
Good uncle, tell your tale, for I have done.
WOR. Nay, if you have not, to 't again;
We'll stay your leisure.
HOT. I have done, i' faith.
WOR. Then once more to your Scottish prisoners.
Deliver them up, without their ransom, straight,
And make the Douglas' son your only mean
For pow'rs in Scotland; which, for divers reasons
Which I shall send you written, be assured,
Will easily be granted. [*To* NORTHUMBERLAND.] You, my lord,
Your son in Scotland being thus employed,
Shall secretly into the bosom creep
Of that same noble prelate, well beloved,
The Archbishop.
HOT. Of York, is it not?
WOR. True; who bears hard
His brother's death at Bristol, the Lord Scroop.
I speak not this in estimatiön,
As what I think might be, but what I know
Is ruminated, plotted, and set down;
And only stays but to behold the face
Of that occasion that shall bring it on.
HOT. I smell it.
Upon my life it will do wondrous well.
NORTH. Before the game's afoot, thou still lett'st slip.
HOT. Why, it cannot choose but be a noble plot.
And then the power of Scotland and of York,
To join with Mortimer, ha?
WOR. And so they shall.
HOT. In faith, it is exceedingly well aimed.
WOR. And 'tis no little reason bids us speed,
To save our heads by raising of a head;[26]
For, bear ourselves as even as we can,
The king will always think him in our debt,
And think we think ourselves unsatisfied,
Till he hath found a time to pay us home;
And see already how he doth begin
To make us strangers to his looks of love.
HOT. He does, he does: we'll be revenged on him.
WOR. Cousin, farewell: no further go in this
Than I by letters shall direct your course.
When time is ripe—which will be suddenly—
I'll steal to Glendower and Lord Mortimer;
Where you and Douglas and our powers at once—
As I will fashion it—shall happily meet,
To bear our fortunes in our own strong arms,
Which now we hold at much uncertainty.
NORTH. Farewell, good brother: we shall thrive, I trust.
HOT. Uncle, adieu: O! let the hours be short,

[25] lived.

[26] armed resistance.

Till fields[27] and blows and groans applaud our sport! [*Exeunt.*

[27] battlefields.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

It is some time before dawn. A CARRIER, *carrying a lanthorn, steps out of an inn at Rochester into the inn-yard. He thinks it is time to be making a start.*

1 CAR. Heigh-ho! An 't be not four by the day I'll be hanged; Charles' Wain is over the new chimney, and yet our horse not packed.—[*Calling.*] What, ostler!

OST., *within.* Anon, anon! [10

1 CAR. I prithee, Tom, beat Cut's saddle, put a few flocks in the point; the poor jade is wrung in the withers out of all cess.

Enter another CARRIER.

2 CAR. Peas and beans are as dank here as a dog, and that is the next way to give poor jades the bots; this house is turned upside down since Robin Ostler died. [19

1 CAR. Poor fellow! never joyed since the price of oats rose; it was the death of him.

2 CAR. I think this be the most villanous house in all London road for fleas: I am stung like a tench.

1 CAR. Like a tench! by the mass, there is ne'er a king christen could be better bit than I have been since the first cock. [29

2 CAR. Why, they will allow us ne'er a jordan, and then we leak in the chimney; and your chamber-lie breeds fleas like a loach.

1 CAR., *calling.* What, ostler! come away and be hanged, come away.

2 CAR. I have a gammon of bacon and two razes[1] of ginger, to be delivered as far as Charing-cross. [38

1 CAR. God's body! the turkeys in my pannier are quite starved.—[*Calling.*] What, ostler! A plague on thee! hast thou never an eye in thy head? canst not hear? And 'twere not as good a deed as drink to break the pate on thee, I am a very villain. Come, and be hanged! hast no faith in thee?

[1] roots.

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Good morrow, carriers. What's o'clock? [49

1 CAR. I think it be two o'clock.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thy lanthorn, to see my gelding in the stable.

1 CAR. Nay, by God, soft! I know a trick worth two of that, i' faith.

GADS. I prithee, lend me thine.

2 CAR. Ay, when? canst tell?—Lend me thy lanthorn, quoth 'a?—Marry, I'll see thee hanged first.

GADS. Sirrah carrier, what time do you mean to come to London? [60

2 CAR. Time enough to go to bed with a candle, I warrant thee.—Come, neighbor Mugs, we'll call up the gentlemen: they will along with company, for they have great charge. [*Exeunt* CARRIERS.

GADS. What, ho! chamberlain!

CHAM., *within.* "At hand, quoth pickpurse." [68

GADS. That's even as fair as "at hand, quoth the chamberlain"; for thou variest no more from picking of purses than giving direction doth from laboring; thou lay'st the plot how.

Enter CHAMBERLAIN.

CHAM. Good morrow, Master Gadshill. It holds current that I told you yesternight: there's a franklin in the wild[2] of Kent hath brought three hundred marks with him in gold: I heard him tell it to one of his company last night at sup- [80 per; a kind of auditor; one that hath abundance of charge too, God knows what. They are up already and call for eggs and butter: they will away presently.

GADS. Sirrah, if they meet not with Saint Nicholas' clerks,[3] I'll give thee this neck.

CHAM. No, I'll none of it: I prithee, keep that for the hangman; for I know thou worship'st Saint Nicholas as truly as a man of falsehood may. [91

[2] weald.
[3] highwaymen.

GADS. What talkest thou to me of the hangman? If I hang, I'll make a fat pair of gallows; for, if I hang, old Sir John hangs with me, and thou knowest he's no starveling. Tut! there are other Trojans that thou dreamest not of, the which for sport sake are content to do the profession some grace; that would, if matters should be looked into, for their own credit sake make all whole. I am [100 joined with no foot-land-rakers, no long-staff sixpenny strikers, none of these mad mustachio-purple-hued malt-worms; but with nobility and tranquillity, burgomasters and great oneyers,[4] such as can hold in, such as will strike sooner than speak, and speak sooner than drink, and drink sooner than pray; and yet I lie; for they pray continually to their saint, the commonwealth; or, rather, not pray to [100 her, but prey on her, for they ride up and down on her and make her their boots.

CHAM. What! the commonwealth their boots? will she hold out water in foul way?

GADS. She will, she will; justice hath liquored her. We steal as in a castle, cock-sure; we have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible. [119

CHAM. Nay, by my faith, I think rather you are more beholding to the night than to fern-seed for your walking invisible.

GADS. Give me thy hand: thou shalt have a share in our purchase, as I am a true man.

CHAM. Nay, rather let me have it, as you are a false thief. [128

GADS. Go to; *homo* is a common name to all men. Bid the ostler bring my gelding out of the stable. Farewell, ye muddy knave. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

It is not yet dawn. The PRINCE *and* POINS *are on Gadshill, where the road goes from Rochester to London.* POINS, *in preparation for the trick to be played on their robber-associates, has made away with* SIR JOHN'S *horse.*

[4] According to Malone, public accountants. "Moneyers" has been suggested as an emendation.

POINS. Come, shelter, shelter: I have removed Falstaff's horse, and he frets like a gummed velvet.

PRINCE. Stand close. [10

[POINS *hides. The* PRINCE *also retires.*

Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL., *calling.* Poins! Poins, and be hanged! Poins!

PRINCE, *coming forward.* Peace, ye fat-kidneyed rascal! What a brawling dost thou keep!

FAL. Where's Poins, Hal?

PRINCE. He is walked up to the top of the hill; I'll go seek him. [*Exit.* [20

FAL. I am accursed to rob in that thief's company; the rascal hath removed my horse, and tied him I know not where. If I travel but four foot by the squier[5] further afoot, I shall break my wind. Well, I doubt not but to die a fair death, for all this, if I scape hanging for killing that rogue. I have forsworn his company hourly any time this two-and twenty years; and yet I am bewitched [30 with the rogue's company. If the rascal have not given me medicines to make me love him, I'll be hanged: it could not be else: I have drunk medicines.—[*Calling.*] Poins!—Hal!—A plague upon you both! [*Calling.*] Bardolph!—Peto!—I'll starve, ere I'll rob a foot further. And 'twere not as good a deed as drink to turn true man and leave these rogues I am the veriest varlet that ever [40 chewed with a tooth. Eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me; and the stony-hearted villains know it well enough. A plague upon't, when thieves cannot be true one to another! [*They whistle.*] Whew! A plague light upon you all!—[*Calling.*] Give me my horse, you rogues; give me my horse, and be hanged! [49

Re-enter PRINCE.

PRINCE. Peace, ye fat guts! lie down; lay thine ear close to the ground, and list if thou canst hear the tread of travellers.

FAL. Have you any levers to lift me up again, being down? 'Sblood! I'll

[5] foot-rule.

not bear mine own flesh so far afoot again for all the coin in thy father's exchequer. What a plague mean ye to colt me thus? [59

PRINCE. Thou liest: thou art not colted; thou art uncolted.

FAL. I prithee, good Prince Hal, help me to my horse, good king's son.

PRINCE. Out, you rogue! shall I be your ostler?

FAL. Go, hang thyself in thine own heir-apparent garters! If I be ta'en, I'll peach for this. And I have not ballads made on you all, and sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when a jest is so forward, and afoot too! I hate it. [72

Enter GADSHILL.

GADS. Stand.

FAL. So I do—against my will.

POINS, *coming forth from his hiding-place.* O! 'tis our setter: I know his voice.

Enter BARDOLPH *and* PETO.

Bardolph, what news?[6] [80

BARD. Case ye, case ye; on with your vizards: there's money of the king's coming down the hill; 'tis going to the king's exchequer.

FAL. You lie, you rogue; 'tis going to the king's tavern.

GADS. There's enough to make us all.

FAL. To be hanged. [88

PRINCE. Sirs, you four shall front them in the narrow lane; Ned Poins and I will walk lower: if they scape from your encounter, then thy light on us.

PETO. But how many be there of them?

GADS. Some eight or ten.

FAL. Zounds! will they not rob us?

PRINCE. What! a coward, Sir John Paunch?

FAL. Indeed, I am not John of Gaunt, your grandfather; but yet no coward, Hal. [100

PRINCE. Well, we'll leave that to the proof.

POINS. Sirrah Jack, thy horse stands behind the hedge: when thou needst him, there thou shalt find him. Farewell, and stand fast.

FAL. Now cannot I strike him, if I should be hanged.

PRINCE. <Ned, where are our disguises? [110

POINS. Here, hard by; stand close.>

[*Exeunt* PRINCE *and* POINS.

FAL. Now my masters, happy man be his dole, say I: every man to his business.

Enter two TRAVELLERS *and the two* CARRIERS.

1 TRAV. Come, neighbor; the boy shall lead our horses down the hill; we'll walk afoot awhile, and ease our legs.

THIEVES. Stand! [121

TRAVELLERS. Jesu bless us!

FAL. Strike; down with them; cut the villains' throats: ah! whoreson caterpillars! bacon-fed knaves! they hate us youth: down with them; fleece them.

TRAVELLERS. O! we are undone, both we and ours for ever. [128

FAL. Hang ye, gorbellied knaves, are you undone? No, ye fat chuffs; I would your store were here! On, bacons, on! What! ye knaves, young men must live. You are grand-jurors, are ye? We'll jure ye, i' faith.

[*They rob and bind them, and then make off.*

SCENE III

The PRINCE *and* POINS *are hiding a short distance away from the scene of the robbery.*[7]

PRINCE. The thieves have bound the true men. Now, could thou and I rob the thieves and go merrily to London, it would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest for ever.[8]

[6] Unnecessarily, this is altered by modern editors thus:

"Bard. What news?

Gads. Case ye, case ye."

It is natural that Bardolph should be addressed, as being the latest to appear on the scene. On Gadshill's information, they have been watching for the approach of the quarry.

[7] To treat this, as is usually done, as a continuation of the previous scene is absurd; the robbers would hardly come back into the presence of the robbed, for the distribution of their ill-gotten gains.

[8] The Prince appears to have forgotten that he is there, on Poins' suggestion, for this very purpose.

POINS. Stand close; I hear them coming. [10

The robbers come in.

FAL. Come, my masters: let us share, and then to horse before day. And the Prince and Poins be not two arrant cowards, there's no equity stirring: there's no moe[9] valor in that Poins than in a wild duck.

[*The* PRINCE *and* POINS *suddenly dart forth from their hiding-place, as the robbers are sharing.* [20

PRINCE. Your money!

POINS. Villains!

[*Three of the four robbers promptly run off;* FALSTAFF, *after a blow or two, also runs away, roaring for mercy, leaving the booty behind.*

PRINCE. Got with much ease! Now merrily to horse:

The thieves are scattered and possessed with fear [30

So strongly that they dare not meet each other;

Each takes his fellow for an officer.—

Away, good Ned! Falstaff sweats to death

And lards the lean earth as he walks along:

Were't not for laughing, I should pity him. [39

POINS. How the rogue roared!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

In a room in Warkworth Castle, the seat of the PERCYS, HOTSPUR *is reading a letter which greatly displeases him. It is from one who has been approached, but who is unwilling to take a part in the contemplated rising.*

HOT., *reading:*

"But for mine own part, my lord, I could be well contented to be there, in respect of the love I bear your house." [10

He could be contented; why is he not, then? In respect of the love he bears our house: he shows in this he loves his own barn better than he loves our house. Let me see some more:

[9] more.

"The purpose you undertake is dangerous."

Why, that's certain: 'tis dangerous to take a cold, to sleep, to drink; but, I tell you, my lord fool, out of this nettle, danger, we pluck this flower, safety. [20

"The purpose you undertake is dangerous; the friends you have named, uncertain; the time itself, unsorted; and your whole plot, too light for the counterpoise of so great an opposition."

Say you so, say you so? I say unto you again, you are a shallow, cowardly hind, and you lie. What a lack-brain is this! By the Lord, our plot is as good a plot as ever was laid; our friends true [30 and constant: a good plot, good friends, and full of expectation; an excellent plot, very good friends. What a frosty-spirited rogue is this! Why, my Lord of York commends the plot and the general course of the action. Zounds! if I were now by this rascal, I could brain him with his lady's fan. Is there not my father, my uncle, and myself, Lord Edmund Mortimer, my Lord of York, [40 and Owen Glendower? Is there not, besides, the Douglas? Have I not all their letters to meet me in arms by the ninth of the next month, and are they not some of them set forward already? What a pagan rascal is this! an infidel! Ha! you shall see now, in very sincerity of fear and cold heart, will he to the king, and lay open all our proceedings. O! I could divide myself and go to buf- [50 fets, for moving such a dish of skimmed milk with so honorable an action. Hang him! let him tell the king; we are prepared. I will set forward to-night.—

Enter LADY PERCY.

How now, Kate! I must leave you within these two hours.

LADY P. O, my good lord! why are you thus alone? [59

For what offence have I this fortnight been

A banished woman from my Harry's bed?

Tell me, sweet lord, what is't that takes from thee

Thy stomach, pleasure, and thy golden sleep?
Why dost thou bend thine eyes upon the earth,
And start so often when thou sitt'st alone?
Why hast thou lost the fresh blood in thy cheeks,
And given my treasures and my rights of thee
To thick-eyed musing and curst melancholy?
In thy faint slumbers I by thee have watched,
And heard thee murmur tales of iron wars,
Speak terms of manage to thy bounding steed,
Cry, "Courage! to the field!" And thou hast talked
Of sallies and retires, of trenches, tents,
Of palisadoes, frontiers, parapets,
Of basilisks, of cannon, culverin,
Of prisoners' ransom, and of soldiers slain,
And all the current of a heady fight.
Thy spirit within thee hath been so at war,
And thus hath so bestirred thee in thy sleep,
That beads of sweat hath stood upon thy brow,
Like bubbles in a late-disturbëd stream;
And in thy face strange motions have appeared,
Such as we see when men restrain their breath
On some great sudden hest. O! what portents are these?
Some heavy business hath my lord in hand,
And I must know it; else he loves me not.

HOT. *calling.* What, ho!

Enter SERVANT.

Is Gilliams with the packet gone?

SERV. He is, my lord, an hour ago.

HOT. Hath Butler brought those horses from the sheriff?

SERV. One horse, my lord, he brought even now.

HOT. What horse? a roan, a crop-ear, is it not?

SERV. It is, my lord.

HOT. That roan shall be my throne.
Well, I will back him straight. O, *Esperance!*[10]
Bid Butler lead him forth into the park.

[*Exit* SERVANT.

LADY P. But hear you, my lord.

HOT. What sayst thou, my lady?

LADY P. What is it carries you away?

HOT. Why, my horse, my love, my horse.

LADY P. Out, you mad-headed ape!
A weasel hath not such a deal of spleen
As you are tossed with. In sooth,
I'll know your business, Harry, that I will.
I fear my brother Mortimer doth stir
About his title, and hath sent for you
To line his enterprise. But, if you go—

HOT. So far afoot, I shall be weary, love.

LADY P. Come, come, you paraquito, answer me
Directly unto this question that I ask.
In faith, I'll break thy little finger, Harry,
An if thou wilt not tell me all things true.

HOT. Away,
Away, you trifler! Love! I love thee not,
I care not for thee, Kate: this is no world
To play with mammets and to tilt with lips:
We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns,
And pass them current too.—[*Calling.*] God's me, my horse!—
What sayst thou, Kate? what wouldst thou have with me?

LADY P. Do ye not love me? do ye not, indeed?
Well, do not, then; for, since you love me not,
I will not love myself. Do you not love me?
Nay, tell me if thou speak'st in jest or no.

[10] The Percy motto.

HOT. Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And, when I am o' horseback, I will swear
I love thee infinitely. But, hark you, Kate; [170
I must not have you henceforth question me
Whither I go, nor reason whereabout.
Whither I must, I must; and, to conclude,
This evening must I leave thee, gentle Kate.
I know you wise; but yet no further wise
Than Harry Percy's wife: constant you are; [180
But yet a woman; and, for secrecy,
No lady closer; for I well believe
Thou wilt not utter what thou dost not know;
And so far will I trust thee, gentle Kate.
LADY P. How! so far?
HOT. Not an inch further. But, hark you, Kate;
Whither I go, thither shall you go too;
To-day will I set forth, to-morrow you.
Will this content you, Kate? [191
LADY P. It must, of force.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The PRINCE *and* POINS, *after their successful robbery, have made their way severally to the Boar's Head Tavern in Eastcheap, where they mean to await the arrival of* FALSTAFF *and his cowardly companions. The* PRINCE *has been there some time, hobnobbing with the Drawers and he has just found* POINS *in a crowded room from which he now takes him into a more private one, which occupies the stage. It is after midnight.* [11

PRINCE. Ned, prithee, come out of that fat[1] room, and lend me thy hand to laugh a little.

POINS. Where hast been, Hal?

PRINCE. With three or four loggerheads amongst three or four score hogsheads. I have sounded the very base string of humility. Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can [20

[1] close, stuffy.

call them all by their christen names, as Tom, Dick, and Francis. They take it already upon their salvation, that, though I be but Prince of Wales, yet I am the king of courtesy; and tell me flatly I am no proud Jack, like Falstaff, but a Corinthian, a lad of mettle, a good boy—by the Lord, so they call me—and, when I am king of England, I shall command all the good lads in Eastcheap. They call [30 drinking deep "dyeing scarlet"; and when you breathe in your watering, they cry "hem!" and bid you play it off. To conclude, I am so good a proficient in one quarter of an hour, that I can drink with any tinker in his own language during my life. I tell thee, Ned, thou hast lost much honor that thou wert not with me in this action. But, sweet Ned—to sweeten which name of Ned, I give thee [40 this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an underskinker,[2] one that never spake other English in his life than "Eight shillings and sixpence," and "You are welcome," with this shrill addition, "Anon, anon, sir!—Score a pint of bastard in the Half-moon," or so. But, Ned, to drive away the time till Falstaff come, I prithee do thou stand in some by-room, while I question my [50 puny drawer to what end he gave me the sugar; and do thou never leave calling "Francis!" that his tale to me may be nothing but "Anon." Step aside, and I'll show thee a precedent.

POINS, *calling.* Francis!

PRINCE. Thou art perfect.

POINS, *calling.* Francis! [*Exit*

Enter FRANCIS.

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir.—[*Calling off.*] Look down into the Pomgarnet,[3] Ralph.

PRINCE. Come hither, Francis. [62

FRAN. My lord.

PRINCE. How long hast thou to serve Francis?

FRAN. Forsooth, five years, and as much as to—

POINS, *within.* Francis!

[2] tapster's boy.
[3] Pomegranate, the name given to one of the rooms of the inn.

FRAN., *calling*. Anon, anon, sir. [69

PRINCE. Five years! by'r lady, a long lease for the clinking of pewter! But, Francis, darest thou be so valiant as to play the coward with thy indenture and show it a fair pair of heels and run from it?

FRAN. O Lord, sir! I'll be sworn upon all the books in England, I could find in my heart—

POINS, *within*. Francis!

FRAN., *calling*. Anon, sir. [80

PRINCE. How old art thou, Francis?

FRAN. Let me see—about Michaelmas next I shall be—

POINS, *within*. Francis!

FRAN., *calling*. Anon, sir.—Pray you, stay a little, my lord.

PRINCE. Nay, but hark you, Francis. For the sugar thou gavest me; 'twas a pennyworth, was't not?

FRAN. O Lord, sir! I would it had been two. [91

PRINCE. I will give thee for it a thousand pound: ask me when thou wilt, and thou shalt have it.

POINS., *within*. Francis!

FRAN., *calling*. Anon, anon.

PRINCE. "Anon," Francis? No, Francis; but to-morrow, Francis; or, Francis, on Thursday; or, indeed, Francis, when thou wilt. But, Francis! [100

FRAN. My lord?

PRINCE. Wilt thou rob this leathern-jerkin, crystal-button, knot-pated, agate-ring, puke-stocking, caddis-garter, smooth-tongue, Spanish-pouch—

FRAN. O Lord, sir, who do you mean?

PRINCE. Why then, your brown bastard is your only drink; for, look you, Francis, your white canvas doublet will sully. In Barbary, sir, it cannot come to so much.

FRAN. What, sir? [111

POINS, *within*. Francis!

PRINCE. Away, you rogue! Dost thou not hear them call?

[Here they both call him; the Drawer stands amazed, not knowing which way to go.

Enter VINTNER.

VINT. What! stand'st thou still, and hear'st such a calling? Look to the guests within.—[*Exit* FRANCIS.] My lord, old Sir John, with half a dozen more, are at the door: shall I let them in? [123

PRINCE. Let them alone awhile, and then open the door.—[*Exit* VINTNER.] Poins!

Re-enter POINS.

POINS. Anon, anon, sir.

PRINCE. Sirrah, Falstaff and the rest of the thieves are at the door: shall we be merry? [131

POINS. As merry as crickets, my lad. But hark ye; what cunning match have you made with this jest of the drawer? come, what's the issue?

PRINCE. I am now of all humors that have showed themselves humors since the old days of goodman Adam to the pupil age of this present twelve a'clock at midnight. [FRANCIS *crosses the stage, with wine.*] What's a'clock, Francis? [141

FRAN. Anon, anon, sir. [*Exit.*

PRINCE. That ever this fellow should have fewer words than a parrot, and yet the son of a woman! His industry is up-stairs and down-stairs; his eloquence the parcel of a reckoning. I am not yet of Percy's mind, the Hotspur of the North; he that kills me some six or seven dozen of Scots at a breakfast, washes his hands, [150 and says to his wife, "Fie upon this quiet life! I want work." "O my sweet Harry," says she, "how many hast thou killed to-day?" "Give my roan horse a drench," says he, and answers, "Some fourteen," an hour after, "a trifle, a trifle."—I prithee, call in Falstaff: I'll play Percy; and that damned brawn shall play Dame Mortimer his wife. "Rivo!" says the drunkard. Call in ribs, call in tallow. [160

Enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, PETO, *and* FRANCIS.

POINS. Welcome, Jack: where hast thou been?

FAL. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! marry, and amen!—

Give me a cup of sack, boy.—Ere I lead this life long, I'll sew nether-stocks, and mend them and foot them too. A plague of all cowards!—Give me a cup of sack, rogue.—Is there no virtue[4] extant? [171

[*He drinks.*

PRINCE, *to* POINS. <Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun? if thou didst, then behold that compound.>

FAL. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too: there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a cow- [180

ard is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it, a villanous coward!—Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt. If manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England, and one of them is fat and grows old: God help the while! a bad world, I say. I would I were a weaver; I could sing psalms or anything. A plague of all cowards, I say still. [191

PRINCE. How now, wool-sack! what mutter you?

FAL. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales! [199

PRINCE. Why, you whoreson round man, what's the matter?

FAL. Are you not a coward? answer me to that; and Poins there?

POINS. Zounds! ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord, I'll stab thee.

FAL. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damned ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are straight [210

enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back: call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing! give me them that will face me.—Give me a cup of sack: I am a rogue if I drunk to-day.

[4] manliness.

PRINCE. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunkest last.

FAL. All's one for that. [*He drinks.*] A plague of all cowards, still say I. [220

PRINCE. What's the matter?

FAL. What's the matter? there be four of us here have ta'en a thousand pound this day morning.

PRINCE. Where is it, Jack? where is it?

FAL. Where is it! taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

PRINCE. What, a hundred, man? [228

FAL. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose; my buckler cut through and through; my sword hacked like a hand-saw: *ecce signum!* I never dealt better since I was a man: all would not do. A plague of all cowards!—Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains and the sons of darkness. [240

PRINCE. Speak, sirs; how was it?

GADS. We four set upon some dozen,—

FAL. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

GADS. And bound them.

PETO. No, no, they were not bound.

FAL. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them, or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

GADS. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us,— [250

FAL. And unbound the rest, and then come in the other.

PRINCE. What, fought ye with them all?

FAL. All! I know not what ye call "all;" but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish: if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature. [260

PRINCE. Pray God you have not murdered some of them.

FAL. Nay, that's past praying for: I have peppered two of them: two I am sure I have paid, two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me

horse. Thou knowest my old ward; [*proceeding to illustrate his action*] here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me.— [271

PRINCE. What, four? thou saidst but two even now.

FAL. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

POINS. Ay, ay, he said four.

FAL. These four came all a-front, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado but took all their seven points in my target, thus. [279

PRINCE. Seven? why, there were but four even now.

FAL. In buckram.

POINS. Ay, four, in buckram suits.

FAL. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

PRINCE. Prithee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

FAL. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

PRINCE. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

FAL. Do so, for it is worth the listening to. These nine in buckram that I told thee of,— [292

PRINCE. So, two more already!

FAL. Their points being broken,—

POINS. Down fell their hose.

FAL. Began to give me ground; but I followed me close, came in foot and hand and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

PRINCE. O monstrous! eleven buckram men grown out of two! [301

FAL. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves in Kendal-green came at my back and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

PRINCE. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brained guts, thou knotty-pated fool, thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-ketch,— [311

FAL. What, art thou mad? art thou mad? is not the truth the truth?

PRINCE. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal-green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? come, tell us your reason: what sayest thou to this?

POINS. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason! [320

FAL. What, upon compulsion? Zounds! an I were at the strappado or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion! if reasons were as plenty as blackberries I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I.

PRINCE. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin: this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh— [331

FAL. 'Sblood, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's-tongue, you bull's pizzle, you stock-fish! O! for breath to utter what is like thee; you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing-tuck—

PRINCE. Well, breathe awhile, and then to it again; and, when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this. [341

POINS. Mark, Jack.

PRINCE. We two saw you four set on four, and you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four, and, with a word, out-faced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house. And, Falstaff, you [350 carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting-hole canst thou now find out to hide thee from this open and apparent shame? [359

POINS. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

FAL. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters: was it for me to kill the heir-apparent? Should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou knowest I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct: the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward

on instinct. I shall think the better [370 of myself and thee during my life; I, for a valiant lion; and thou, for a true prince. But, by the Lord, lads, I am glad you have the money.—[*Calling.*] Hostess, clap to the doors.—Watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry? shall we have a play extempore? [379

PRINCE. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

FAL. Ah! no more of that, Hal, and thou lovest me!

Enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICK. O Jesu! my lord the prince!

PRINCE. How now, my lady the hostess! what sayest thou to me?

QUICK. Marry, my lord, there is a nobleman of the court at door would speak with you: he says he comes from your father. [391

PRINCE. Give him as much as will make him a royal man, and send him back again to my mother.

FAL. What manner of man is he?

QUICK. An old man.

FAL. What doth gravity out of his bed at midnight? Shall I give him his answer? [399

PRINCE. Prithee, do, Jack.

FAL. Faith, and I'll send him packing. [*Exit.*

PRINCE. Now, sirs.—[*To* GADSHILL.] By'r lady, you fought fair.—So did you, Peto; so did you, Bardolph: you are lions too; you ran away upon instinct; you will not touch the true prince; no, fie!

BARD. Faith, I ran when I saw others run. [409

PRINCE. Faith, tell me now in earnest, how came Falstaff's sword so hacked?

PETO. Why, he hacked it with his dagger, and said he would swear truth out of England but he would make you believe it was done in fight, and persuaded us to do the like.

BARD. Yea, and to tickle our noses with spear-grass to make them bleed, and then to beslubber our garments with it and swear it was the blood of true men. [42(
I did that I did not this seven years be-
fore! I blushed to hear his monstrou
devices.

PRINCE. O villain! thou stolest a cup o
sack eighteen years ago, and wert take
with the manner, and ever since thou has
blushed extempore. Thou hadst fire an
sword on thy side, and yet thou rannes
away. What instinct hadst thou for it

BARD., *pointing to his face.* My lord
do you see these meteors? do you behol
these exhalations? [43

PRINCE. I do.

BARD. What think you they portend?

PRINCE. Hot livers and cold purses.

BARD. Choler, my lord, if rightly taken

PRINCE. No, if rightly taken, halter.—

Re-enter FALSTAFF.

Here comes lean Jack; here comes bare
bone.—How now, my sweet creature o
bombast! How long is't ago, Jack, sinc
thou sawest thine own knee? [44

FAL. My own knee! when I was abou
thy years, Hal, I was not an eagle's talo
in the waist; I could have crept into an
alderman's thumb-ring. A plague o
sighing and grief! it blows a man up lik
a bladder. There's villanous news abroad
here was Sir John Bracy from you
father: you must to the court in the [45
morning. That same mad fellow of th
north, Percy, and he of Wales, that gav
Amaimon the bastinado and made Lu
cifer cuckold, and swore the devil h
true liegeman upon the cross of a Wels
hook—what a plague call you him?

POINS. Owen Glendower.

FAL. Owen, Owen, the same; and h
son-in-law Mortimer and old Northum
berland; and that sprightly Scot of Scot
Douglas, that runs o' horseback up
hill perpendicular. [46

PRINCE. He that rides at high spee
and with his pistol kills a sparrow flying

FAL. You have hit it.

PRINCE. So did he never the sparrow

FAL. Well, that rascal hath good me
tle in him; he will not run.

PRINCE. Why, what a rascal art thou then to praise him so for running! [470

FAL. A' horseback, ye cuckoo! but, afoot he will not budge a foot.

PRINCE. Yes, Jack, upon instinct.

FAL. I grant ye, upon instinct. Well, he is there too, and one Mordake, and a thousand blue-caps more. Worcester is stolen away to-night; thy father's beard is turned white with the news: you may buy land now as cheap as stinking mackerel. [480

PRINCE. Why then, it is like, if there come a hot June and this civil buffeting hold, we shall buy maidenheads, as they buy hob-nails, by the hundreds.

FAL. By the mass, lad, thou sayest true; it is like we shall have good trading that way. But tell me, Hal, art thou not horribly afeard? thou being heir apparent, could the world pick thee out three such enemies again as that fiend [490 Douglas, that spirit Percy, and that devil Glendower? Art thou not horribly afraid? doth not thy blood thrill at it?

PRINCE. Not a whit, i' faith; I lack some of thy instinct.

FAL. Well, thou wilt be horribly chid to-morrow, when thou comest to thy father: if thou love me, practise an answer. [499

PRINCE. Do thou stand for my father, and examine me upon the particulars of my life.

FAL. Shall I? content: this chair shall be my state, this dagger my sceptre, and this cushion my crown.

PRINCE. Thy state is taken for a joint-stool, thy golden sceptre for a leaden dagger, and thy precious rich crown for a pitiful bald crown! [509

FAL. Well, and the fire of grace be not quite out of thee, now shalt thou be moved. Give me a cup of sack to make mine eyes look red, that it may be thought I have wept; for I must speak in passion; and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein. [*Drinks.*

PRINCE. Well, here is my leg.

[*Makes a bow.*

FAL. And here is my speech.—Stand aside, nobility. [520

QUICK. O Jesu! This is excellent sport, i' faith!

FAL. Weep not, sweet queen, for trickling tears are vain.

QUICK. O, the father! how he holds his countenance.

FAL. For God's sake, lords, convey my tristful queen,

For tears do stop the flood-gates of her eyes. [530

QUICK. O Jesu! he doth it as like one of these harlotry players as ever I see!

FAL. Peace, good pint-pot! peace, good tickle-brain! Harry, I do not only marvel where thou spendest thy time, but also how thou art accompanied: for, though the camomile, the more it is trodden on, the faster it grows, yet youth, the more it is wasted, the sooner it wears. That thou art my son, I have partly [540 thy mother's word, partly my own opinion; but chiefly, a villanous trick of thine eye and a foolish hanging of thy nether lip that doth warrant me. If then thou be son to me, here lies the point; why, being son to me, art thou so pointed at? Shall the blessed sun of heaven prove a micher and eat blackberries? a question not to be asked. Shall the son of England prove a thief and take purses? a [550 question to be asked. There is a thing, Harry, which thou hast often heard of, and it is known to many in our land by the name of pitch: this pitch, as ancient writers do report, doth defile; so doth the company thou keepest; for, Harry, now I do not speak to thee in drink, but in tears; not in pleasure but in passion; not in words only, but in woes also. And yet there is a virtu- [560 ous man whom I have often noted in thy company; but I know not his name.

PRINCE. What manner of man, and it like your majesty?

FAL. A goodly portly man, i' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by 'r lady, inclining to threescore; and now I

remember me, his name is Falstaff: if [570 that man should be lewdly given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit, as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with; the rest banish. And tell me now, thou naughty varlet, tell me, where hast thou been this month? [579

PRINCE. Dost thou speak like a king? Do thou stand for me, and I'll play my father.

FAL. Depose me? if thou dost it half so gravely, so majestically, both in word and matter, hang me up by the heels for a rabbit-sucker or a poulter's hare.

PRINCE. Well, here I am set.

FAL. And here I stand.—Judge, my masters. [589

PRINCE. Now, Harry! whence come you?

FAL. My noble lord, from Eastcheap.

PRINCE. The complaints I hear of thee are grievous.

FAL. 'Sblood, my lord, they are false. (Nay, I'll tickle ye for a young prince, i' faith.)

PRINCE. Swearest thou, ungracious boy? henceforth ne'er look on me. Thou [599 art violently carried away from grace: there is a devil haunts thee in the likeness of a fat old man; a tun of man is thy companion. Why dost thou converse with that trunk of humors, that bolting-hutch of beastliness, that swoln parcel of dropsies, that huge bombard of sack, that stuffed cloak-bag of guts, that roasted Manningtree ox with the pudding in his belly, that reverend vice, that grey iniquity, that father ruffian, that vanity [610 in years? Wherein is he good but to taste sack and drink it? wherein neat and cleanly but to carve a capon and eat it? wherein cunning but in craft? wherein crafty but in villany? wherein villanous but in all things? wherein worthy but in nothing?

FAL. I would your Grace would take me with you: whom means your Grace?

PRINCE. That villanous abominable misleader of youth, Falstaff, that old white-bearded Satan. [622

FAL. My lord, the man I know.

PRINCE. I know thou dost.

FAL. But to say I know more harm in him than in myself were to say more than I know. That he is old, the more the pity; his white hairs do witness it but that he is, saving your reverence, a whoremaster, that I utterly deny. If [630 sack and sugar be a fault, God help the wicked! If to be old and merry be a sin, then many an old host that I know is damned: if to be fat be to be hated, then Pharaoh's lean kine are to be loved. No my good lord; banish Peto, banish Bardolph, banish Poins; but for sweet Jack Falstaff, kind Jack Falstaff, true Jack Falstaff, valiant Jack Falstaff, and therefore more valiant, being, as he is, old [640 Jack Falstaff, banish not him thy Harry's company: banish not him thy Harry's company: banish plump Jack, and banish all the world.

PRINCE. I do, I will.

[*A knocking heard*

[*Exeunt* MISTRESS QUICKLY, FRANCIS, *and* BARDOLPH.

Re-enter BARDOLPH, *running.*

BARD. O! my lord, my lord, the sheriff with a most monstrous watch is at the door. [652

FAL. Out, ye rogue! Play out the play: I have much to say in the behalf of that Falstaff.

Re-enter MISTRESS QUICKLY.

QUICK. O Jesu! my lord, my lord!

PRINCE.[5] Heigh, heigh! the devil rides upon a fiddle-stick: what's the matter?

QUICK. The sheriff and all the watch are at the door: they are come to search the house. Shall I let them in? [662

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? never call a true piece of gold a counterfeit: thou art essentially mad without seeming so.

PRINCE. And thou a natural coward without instinct.

FAL. I deny your major. If you will

[5] Perhaps the Folio is right in ascribing this speech to Falstaff.

deny the sheriff, so; if not, let him enter: if I become not a cart as well as another man, a plague on my bringing up! I hope I shall as soon be strangled with a [672 halter as another.

PRINCE. Go, hide thee behind the arras: the rest walk up above. Now, my masters, for a true face and good conscience.

FAL. Both which I have had; but their date is out, and therefore I'll hide me.

[FALSTAFF *goes behind the arras. The others, except the* PRINCE *and* PETO, *go out.* [681

PRINCE. Call in the sheriff.

Enter SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

Now, master sheriff, what's your will with me?

SHER. First, pardon me, my lord. A hue and cry
Hath followed certain men unto this house.

PRINCE. What men? [690

SHER. One of them is well known, my gracious lord,
A gross fat man.

CAR. As fat as butter.

PRINCE. The man, I do assure you, is not here,[6]
For I myself at this time have employed him.
And, sheriff, I will engage my word to thee, [700
That I will, by to-morrow dinner-time,
Send him to answer thee, or any man,
For anything he shall be charged withal:
And so let me entreat you leave the house.

SHER. I will, my lord. There are two gentlemen
Have in this robbery lost three hundred marks.

PRINCE. It may be so: if he have [710 robbed these men,
He shall be answerable; and so farewell.

SHER. Good night, my noble lord.

PRINCE. I think it is good morrow, is it not?

SHER. Indeed, my lord, I think it be two a'clock.

[*Exeunt* SHERIFF *and* CARRIER.

PRINCE. This oily rascal is known as well as Paul's. [720
Go, call him forth.

PETO. Falstaff! [*He looks behind the arras.*] Fast asleep behind the arras, and snorting like a horse.

PRINCE. Hark how hard he fetches breath. Search his pockets. [PETO *searches his pockets, and finds certain papers.*] What hast thou found?

PETO. Nothing but papers, my lord. [729

PRINCE. Let's see what they be: read them.

PETO. "Item, A capon . . . . 2*s.* 2*d.*
Item, Sauce . . . . . 4*d.*
Item, Sack, two gallons . 5*s.* 8*d.*
Item, Anchovies and sack after supper . . . . 2*s.* 6*d.*
Item, Bread . . . . . ob.[7]"

PRINCE. O monstrous! but one halfpenny-worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack! What there is else, keep [740 close; we'll read it at more advantage. There let him sleep till day. I'll to the court in the morning. We must all to the wars, and thy place shall be honorable. I'll procure this fat rogue a charge of foot; and, I know, his death will be a march of twelvescore. The money shall be paid back again with advantage. Be with me betimes in the morning; and so good morrow, Peto. [750

PETO. Good morrow, good my lord.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

In Bangor, in the ARCHDEACON'S *house,* HOTSPUR, WORCESTER, MORTIMER, *and* GLENDOWER *are met, to discuss the means of overthrowing* KING HENRY. *The cowardly and politic* NORTHUMBERLAND *is not of the number.*

MORT. These promises are fair, the parties sure,
And our induction full of prosperous hope. [10

HOT. Lord Mortimer, and cousin Glendower,

[6] Shakespeare's heroic young Prince shows himself a very absolute and cold-blooded liar.

[7] obolus—one cent.

Will you sit down?
And uncle Worcëster. A plague upon it!
I have forgot the map.
GLEND. No, here it is.
Sit, cousin Percy; sit, good cousin Hotspur;
For, by that name as oft as Lancaster
Doth speak of you, his cheeks look pale, and with [21
A rising sigh he wisheth you in heaven.
HOT. And you in hell, as often as he hears Owen Glendower spoke of.
GLEND. I cannot blame him: at my nativity
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
Of burning cressets;[1] and at my birth
The frame and huge foundation of the earth [31
Shaked like a coward.
HOT. Why, so it would have done at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kittened, though yourself had never been born.
GLEND. I say the earth did shake when I was born.
HOT. And I say the earth was not of my mind, [40
If you suppose as fearing you it shook.
GLEND. The heavens were all on fire, the earth did tremble.
HOT. O! then the earth shook to see the heavens on fire,
And not in fear of your nativity.
Diseasëd nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions; oft the teeming earth [49
Is with a kind of colic pinched and vexed
By the imprisoning of unruly wind
Within her womb; which, for enlargement striving,
Shakes the old beldam earth, and topples down
Steeples and moss-grown towers. At your birth,
Our grandam earth, having this distemperature,
In passion[2] shook. [60
GLEND. Cousin, of many men
I do not bear these crossings. Give me leave
To tell you once again that at my birth
The front of heaven was full of fiery shapes,
The goats ran from the mountains, and the herds
Were strangely clamorous to the frighted fields. [70
These signs have marked me extraordinary;
And all the courses of my life do show
I am not in the roll of common men.
Where is he living, clipped in with the sea
That chides[3] the banks of England, Scotland, Wales,
Which calls me pupil, or hath read to me? [80
And bring him out that is but woman's son
Can trace me in the tedious ways of art
And hold me pace in deep experiments.
HOT. I think there's no man speaks better Welsh.
I'll to dinner.
MORT. <Peace, cousin Percy! you will make him mad.>
GLEND. I can call spirits from the vasty deep. [91
HOT. Why, so can I; or so can any man;
But will they come when you do call for them?
GLEND. Why, I can teach thee, cousin, to command
The devil.
HOT. And I can teach thee, coz, to shame the devil [100
By telling truth: "tell truth and shame the devil."
If thou have power to raise him, bring him hither,
And I'll be sworn I have power to shame him hence.
O! while you live, tell truth, and shame the devil!
MORT. Come, come;
No more of this unprofitable chat. [110
GLEND. Three times hath Henry Bolingbroke made head

[1] lamps on poles.
[2] pain.
[3] chafes.

Against my power; thrice from the banks of Wye
And sandy-bottomed Severn have I sent him
Bootless home and weather-beaten back.
HOT. Home without boots, and in foul weather too! [119
How scapes he agues, in the devil's name?
GLEND. Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right
According to our threefold order ta'en?
MORT. The archdeacon hath divided it
Into three limits very equally.
England, from Trent and Severn hitherto,
By south and east, is to my part assigned;
All westward, Wales beyond the Severn shore, [130
And all the fertile land within that bound,
To Owen Glendower;—and, dear coz, to you
The remnant northward, lying off from Trent.
And our indentures tripartite are drawn,
Which being sealëd interchangeably,
A business that this night may execute,
To-morrow, cousin Percy, you and I
And my good Lord of Worcester will set forth [141
To meet your father and the Scottish power,
As is appointed us, at Shrewsbury.
My father Glendower is not ready yet,
Nor shall we need his help these fourteen days.
[*To* GLENDOWER.] Within that space you may have drawn together
Your tenants, friends, and neighboring gentlemen. [151
GLEND. A shorter time shall send me to you, lords;
And in my conduct shall your ladies come,
From whom you now must steal and take no leave;
For there will be a world of water shed
Upon the parting of your wives and you.
HOT., *tracing a finger over the map.* Methinks my moi'ty, north from Burton here, [162
In quantity equals not one of yours.
See how this river comes me cranking in,
And cuts me from the best of all my land
A huge half-moon, a monstrous cantle[4] out.
I'll have the current in this place dammed up;
And here the smug and silver Trent shall run [171
In a new channel, fair and evenly:
It shall not wind with such a deep indent,
To rob me of so rich a bottom here.
GLEND. Not wind! it shall, it must; you see it doth.
MORT. Yea, but
Mark how he bears his course, and runs me up [180
With like advantage on the other side;
Gelding the opposëd continent as much,
As on the other side it takes from you.
WOR. Yea, but a little charge will trench him here,
And on this north side win this cape of land;
And then he runs straight and even.
HOT. I'll have it so; a little charge will do it. [190
GLEND. I will not have it altered.
HOT. Will not you?
GLEND. No, nor you shall not.
HOT. Who shall say me nay?
GLEND. Why, that will I.
HOT. Let me not understand you then:
Speak it in Welsh.
GLEND. I can speak English, lord, as well as you, [199
For I was trained up in the English court;
Where, being but young, I framëd to the harp
Many an English ditty lovely well,
And gave the tongue a helpful ornament—
A virtue that was never seen in you.
HOT. Marry, and I am glad of it with all my heart.
I had rather be a kitten, and cry mew
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers; [210
I had rather hear a brazen canstick turned,
Or a dry wheel grate on the axle-tree;

[4] slice.

And that would set my teeth nothing an edge,
Nothing so much as mincing poetry:
'Tis like the forced gait of a shuffling nag.
GLEND. Come, you shall have Trent turned.
HOT. I do not care: I'll give thrice so much land
To any well-deserving friend;
But, in the way of bargain, mark you me,
I'll cavil on the ninth part of a hair.
Are the indentures drawn? shall we be gone?
GLEND. The moon shines fair, you may away by night:
I'll haste the writer, and withal
Break with your wives of your departure hence:
I am afraid my daughter will run mad,
So much she doteth on her Mortimer.
[*Exit.*
MORT. Fie, cousin Percy! how you cross my father!
HOT. I cannot choose: sometime[s] he angers me
With telling me of the moldwarp[5] and the ant,
Of the dreamer Merlin and his prophecies,
And of a dragon and a finless fish,
A clip-winged griffin and a moulten raven,
A couching lion and a ramping cat,
And such a deal of skimble-skamble stuff
As puts me from my faith. I tell you what;
He held me last night at least nine hours
In reck'ning up the several devils' names
That were his lackeys: I cried "hum!" and "well, go to,"
But marked him not a word. O! he is as tedious
As a tired horse, a railing wife;
Worse than a smoky house. I had rather live
With cheese and garlic in a windmill, far,
Than feed on cates and have him talk to me
In any summer-house in Christendom.
MORT. In faith, he is a worthy gentleman,
Exceedingly well read, and profited
In strange concealments, valiant as a lion
And wondrous affable, and as bountiful
As mines of India. Shall I tell you cousin?
He holds your temper in a high respect,
And curbs himself even of his natural scope
When you do cross his humor; faith, he does.
I warrant you, that man is not alive
Might so have tempted him as you have done,
Without the taste of danger and reproof
But do not use it oft, let me entreat you
WOR. In faith, my lord, you are too wilful-blame;
And since your coming hither have done enough
To put him quite beside his patience.
You must needs learn, lord, to amend this fault:
Though sometimes it show greatness courage, blood—
And that's the dearest grace it renders you—
Yet oftentimes it doth present harsh rage,
Defect of manners, want of government,
Pride, haughtiness, opinion, and disdain
The least of which, haunting a nobleman
Loseth men's hearts, and leaves behind stain
Upon the beauty of all parts besides,
Beguiling them of commendation.
HOT. Well, I am schooled; good manners be your speed!
Here come our wives; and let us take our leave.

Re-enter GLENDOWER, *with the Ladies.*

MORT. This is the deadly spite that angers me:
My wife can speak no English, I no Welsh.
GLEND. My daughter weeps; she will not part with you:
She'll be a soldier too: she'll to the wars.
MORT. Good father, tell her that she and my aunt Percy,
Shall follow in your conduct speedily.

[5] mole.

[GLENDOWER *speaks to* LADY MORTIMER *in Welsh, and she answers him in the same.*

GLEND. She is desperate here; a peevish self-willed harlotry, one that no persuasion can do good upon. [320

[*She speaks to* MORTIMER *in Welsh.*

MORT. I understand thy looks: that pretty Welsh
Which thou pour'st down from these swelling heavens
I am too perfect in; and, but for shame,
In such a parley would I answer thee.

[*She speaks again.*

I understand thy kisses and thou mine,
And that's a feeling disputation; [330
But I will never be a truant, love,
Till I have learned thy language; for thy tongue
Makes Welsh as sweet as ditties highly penned,
Sung by a fair queen in a summer's bow'r,
With ravishing division, to her lute.

GLEND. Nay, if thou melt, then will she run mad. [*She speaks again.*

MORT. O! I am ignorance itself in this.

GLEND. She bids you [342
On the wanton rushes lay you down,
And rest your gentle head upon her lap;
And she will sing the song that pleaseth you,
And on your eyelids crown the god of sleep,
Charming your blood with pleasing heaviness, [350
Making such difference 'twixt wake and sleep
As is the difference betwixt day and night
The hour before the heavenly-harnessed team
Begins his golden progress in the east.

MORT. With all my heart, I'll sit and hear her sing: [359
By that time will our book, I think, be drawn.

GLEND. Do so;
And those musicians that shall play to you
Hang in the air a thousand leagues from hence,
And straight they shall be here. Sit, and attend.

HOT. Come, Kate, thou art perfect in lying down: come, quick, quick, that I may lay my head in thy lap. [371

LADY P. Go, ye giddy goose.

[GLENDOWER *speaks some Welsh words, and music is heard.*

HOT. Now I perceive the devil understands Welsh;
And 'tis no marvel he is so humorous.
By'r lady, he's a good musiciän.

LADY P. Then should you be nothing but musical, for you are altogether governed by humors. Lie still, ye thief, and hear the lady sing in Welsh. [382

HOT. I had rather hear Lady, my brach, howl in Irish.

LADY P. Wouldst thou have thy head broken?

HOT. No.

LADY P. Then be still.

HOT. Neither; 'tis a woman's fault.

LADY P. Now, God help thee! [390

HOT. To the Welsh lady's bed.

LADY P. What's that?

HOT. Peace! she sings.

[*A Welsh song sung by* LADY MORTIMER.

HOT. Come, Kate, I'll have your song too.

LADY P. Not mine, in good sooth.

HOT. Not yours, "in good sooth"! Heart! you swear like a comfit-maker's wife! Not you, "in good sooth;" and, [400 "as true as I live;" and, "as God shall mend me;" and, "as sure as day:"
And givest such sarcenet surety for thy oaths
As if thou never walk'st further than Finsbury.
Swear me, Kate, like a lady as thou art,
A good mouth-filling oath; and leave "in sooth,"
And such protest of pepper-gingerbread,
To velvet-guards and Sunday-citizens.
Come, sing. [412

LADY P. I will not sing.

HOT. 'Tis the next way to turn tailor or be red-breast teacher. And the inden-

tures be drawn, I'll away within these two hours; and so, come in when ye will. [*Exit.*

GLEND. Come, come, Lord Mortimer; you are as slow [420
As hot Lord Percy is on fire to go.
By this our book is drawn; we'll but seal,
And then to horse immediately.

MORT. With all my heart. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

In the morning, the KING *is with some of his Lords in a room in his palace, when the* PRINCE *enters in answer to the summons that reached him at the Boar's Head in the small hours, as told in II.*

K. HEN. Lords, give us leave; the Prince of Wales and I
Must have some private conference; but be near at hand, [9
For we shall presently have need of you. [*Exeunt Lords.*
I know not whether God will have it so,
For some displeasing service I have done,
That, in his secret doom, out of my blood
He'll breed revengement and a scourge for me;
But thou dost in thy passages of life
Make me believe that thou art only marked [19
For the hot vengeance and the rod of heaven
To punish my mistreadings. Tell me else,
Could such inordinate and low desires,
Such poor, such bare, such lewd, such mean attempts,
Such barren pleasures, rude society,
As thou art matched withal and grafted to,
Accompany the greatness of thy blood
And hold their level with thy princely heart? [31

PRINCE. So please your majesty, I would I could
Quit all offences with as clear excuse
As well as I am doubtless I can purge
Myself of many I am charged withal:
Yet such extenuation let me beg
As, in reproof of many tales devised,
Which oft the ear of greatness needs must hear, [40
By smiling pick-thanks and base newsmongers,
I may, for some things true, wherein my youth
Hath faulty wandered and irregular,
Find pardon on my true submissiön.

K. HEN. God pardon thee! yet let me wonder, Harry,
At thy affections,[6] which do hold a wing
Quite from the flight of all thy ancestors.
Thy place in council thou hast rudely lost, [52
Which by thy younger brother is supplied,
And art almost an alien to the hearts
Of all the court and princes of my blood.
The hope and expectation of thy time
Is ruined, and the soul of every man
Prophetically do forethink thy fall.
Had I so lavish of my presence been,
So common-hackneyed in the eyes of men,
So stale and cheap to vulgar company, [61
Opinion, that did help me to the crown,
Had still kept loyal to possessiön
And left me in reputeless banishment,
A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.
By being seldom seen, I could not stir
But like a comet I was wondered at,
That men would tell their children, "This is he;"
Others would say, "Where? which is Bolingbroke?" [71
And then I stole all courtesy from heaven,
And dressed myself in such humility
That I did pluck allegiance from men's hearts,
Loud shouts and salutations from their mouths,
Even in the presence of the crownëd king. [80
Thus did I keep my person fresh and new;
My presence, like a robe pontifical,
Ne'er seen but wondered at; and so my state,
Seldom but sumptuous, showed like a feast,
And wan[7] by rareness such solemnity.

[6] inclinations.
[7] won.

The skipping king, he ambled up and down
With shallow jesters and rash bavin[8] wits,
Soon kindled and soon burnt; carded[9] his state,
Mingled his royalty with cap'ring fools,
Had his great name profanëd with their scorns,
And gave his countenance, against his name,
To laugh at gibing boys and stand the push
Of every beardless vain comparative;
Grew a companion to the common streets,
Enfeoffed himself to popularity;
That, being daily swallowed by men's eyes,
They surfeited with honey and began
To loathe the taste of sweetness, whereof a little
More than a little is by much too much.
So, when he had occasion to be seen,
He was but as the cuckoo is in June,
Heard, not regarded; seen, but with such eyes
As, sick and blunted with community,[10]
Afford no extraordinary gaze,
Such as is bent on sun-like majesty
When it shines seldom in admiring eyes;
But rather drowsed and hung their eyelids down,
Slept in his face, and rendered such aspéct
As cloudy[11] men use to their adversaries,
Being with his presence glutted, gorged, and full;
And in that very line, Harry, standest thou;
For thou hast lost thy princely privilege
With vile participation: not an eye
But is a-weary of thy common sight,
Save mine, which hath desired to see thee more;
Which now doth that I would not have it do,
Make blind itself with foolish tenderness.

PRINCE. I shall hereafter, my thrice gracious lord,
Be more myself.

K. HEN. For all the world,
As thou art to this hour was Richard then
When I from France set foot at Ravenspurgh;
And even as I was then is Percy now.
Now, by my sceptre and my soul to boot,
He hath more worthy interest to the state
Than thou the shadow of succession;
For, of no right nor color like to right,
He doth fill fields with harness[12] in the realm,
Turns head against the lion's armëd jaws,
And, being no more in debt to years than thou,
Leads ancient lords and reverend bishops on
To bloody battles and to bruising arms.
What never-dying honor hath he got
Against renownëd Douglas, whose high deeds,
Whose hot incursions and great name in arms,
Holds from all soldiers chief majority[13]
And military title capital
Through all the kingdoms that acknowledge Christ!
Thrice hath this Hotspur, Mars in swathing clothes,
This infant warrior, in his enterprises
Discomfited great Douglas, ta'en him once,
Enlargëd him, and made a friend of him,
To fill the mouth of deep defiance up,
And shake the peace and safety of our throne.
And what say you to this? Percy, Northumberland,
The Archbishop's Grace of York, Douglas, Mortimer,
Capitulate[14] against us and are up.
But wherefore do I tell these news to thee?
Why, Harry, do I tell thee of my foes,
Which art my near'st and dearest enemy?
Thou that art like enough, through vassal fear,
Base inclination, and the start of spleen,
To fight against me under Percy's pay,

[8] faggot. [9] debased. [10] familiarity. [11] discontented. [12] troops. [13] acknowledgement of superiority. [14] detail grievances.

To dog his heels, and curtsy at his frowns, [190
To show how much thou art degenerate.
PRINCE. Do not think so; you shall not find it so;
And God forgive them, that so much have swayed
Your majesty's good thoughts away from me!
I will redeem all this on Percy's head,
And in the closing of some glorious day
Be bold to tell you that I am your son, [200
When I will wear a garment all of blood
And stain my favors[15] in a bloody mask,
Which, washed away, shall scour my shame with it;
And that shall be the day, whene'er it lights,
That this same child of honor and renown,
This gallant Hotspur, this all-praised knight, [210
And your unthought-of Harry chance to meet.
For every honor sitting on his helm,
Would they were multitudes, and on my head
My shames redoubled! for the time will come
That I shall make this northern youth exchange [219
His glorious deeds for my indignities.
Percy is but my factor, good my lord,
To engross up glorious deeds on my behalf;
And I will call him to so strict account
That he shall render every glory up,
Yea, even the slightest worship of his time,
Or I will tear the reckoning from his heart. [229
This, in the name of God, I promise here:
The which if He be pleased I shall perform,
I do beseech your majesty may salve
The long-grown wounds of my intemperance:[16]
If not, the end of life cancels all bands,
And I will die a hundred thousand deaths
Ere break the smallest parcel of this vow.

[15] features.
[16] loose behavior.

K. HEN. A hundred thousand rebels die in this: [240
Thou shalt have charge and sovereign trust herein.

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

How now, good Blunt! thy looks are full of speed.
BLUNT. So hath the business that I come to speak of:
Lord Mortimer of Scotland hath sent word [249
That Douglas and the English rebels met,
The eleventh of this month at Shrewsbury.
A mighty and a fearful head[17] they are—
If promises be kept on every hand—
As ever offered foul play in a state.
K. HEN. The Earl of Westmoreland set forth to-day,
With him my son, Lord John of Lancaster; [259
For this advértisement[18] is five days old.—
On Wednesday next, Harry, you shall set forward;
On Thursday we ourselves will march: our meeting
Is Bridgenorth; and, Harry, you shall march
Through Gloucestershire; by which account,
Our business valuëd,[19] some twelve days hence [271
Our general forces at Bridgenorth shall meet.
Our hands are full of business: let's away;
Advantage feeds him[20] fat while men delay. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the Boar's Head Tavern, FALSTAFF *is entertaining* BARDOLPH *with some of his humorous extravagances.*

FAL. Bardolph, am I not fallen away vilely since this last action? do I not bate?[21] do I not dwindle? Why, my skin hangs about me like an old lady's loose

[17] force.
[18] news.
[19] being justly estimated.
[20] himself.
[21] lose flesh.

gown; I am withered like an old apple-john. Well, I'll repent, and that suddenly, while I am in some liking; I shall [10 be out of heart shortly, and then I shall have no strength to repent. And I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn, a brewer's horse. The inside of a church! Company, villanous company, hath been the spoil of me.

Bard. Sir John, you are so fretful, you cannot live long.

Fal. Why, there is it: come, sing me [20 a bawdy song; make me merry. I was as virtuously given as a gentleman need to be; virtuous enough: swore little; diced not above seven times a week; went to a bawdy-house not above once in a quarter—of an hour; paid money that I borrowed—three or four times; lived well and in good compass; and now I live out of all order, out of all compass. [29

Bard. Why, you are so fat, Sir John, that you must needs be out of all compass, out of all reasonable compass, Sir John.

Fal. Do thou amend thy face, and I'll amend my life: thou art our admiral, thou bearest the lanthorn in the poop; but 'tis in the nose of thee: thou art the Knight of the Burning Lamp.

Bard. Why, Sir John, my face does you no harm. [40

Fal. No, I'll be sworn; I make as good use of it as many a man doth of a Death's head, or a *memento mori:* I never see thy face but I think upon hell-fire and Dives that lived in purple; for there he is in his robes, burning, burning. If thou wert any way given to virtue, I would swear by thy face; my oath should be, "By this fire, that's God's angel:" but thou art altogether given over, and [50 wert indeed, but for the light in thy face, the son of utter darkness. When thou rannest up Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not think thou hadst been an *ignis fatuus* or a ball of wildfire, there's no purchase in money. O! thou art a perpetual triumph, an everlasting bonfire-light. Thou hast saved me a thousand marks in links and torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt [60 tavern and tavern: but the sack that thou hast drunk me would have bought me lights as good cheap at the dearest chandler's in Europe. I have maintained that salamander of yours with fire any time this two-and-thirty years; God reward me for it!

Bard. 'Sblood, I would my face were in your belly.

Fal. God-a-mercy! so should I be sure to be heart-burned. [71

Enter Mistress Quickly.

How now, Dame Partlet the hen! have you inquired yet who picked my pocket?

Quick. Why, Sir John, what do you think, Sir John? Do you think I keep thieves in my house? I have searched, I have inquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, servant by servant: the tithe of a hair was never lost in my house before. [81

Fal. Ye lie, hostess: Bardolph was shaved and lost many a hair; and I'll be sworn my pocket was picked. Go to, you are a woman; go.

Quick. Who, I? No; I defy thee: God's light! I was never called so in mine own house before. [88

Fal. Go to, I know you well enough.

Quick. No, Sir John; you do not know me, Sir John: I know you, Sir John: you owe me money, Sir John, and now you pick a quarrel to beguile me of it: I bought you a dozen of shirts to your back.

Fal. Dowlas, filthy dowlas: I have given them away to bakers' wives, and they have made bolters of them.

Quick. Now, as I am true woman, holland of eight shillings an ell. You owe money here besides, Sir John, for your [100 diet and by-drinkings, and money lent you, four-and-twenty pounds.

Fal. He had his part of it; let him pay.

Quick. He! alas! he is poor; he hath nothing.

Fal. How! poor? look upon his face; what call you rich? let them coin his nose,

let them coin his cheeks. I'll not pay a [109 denier.[22] What! will you make a younker of me? shall I not take mine ease in mine inn but I shall have my pocket picked? I have lost a seal-ring of my grandfather's worth forty mark.

QUICK. O Jesu! I have heard the prince tell him, I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

FAL. How! the prince is a Jack, a sneak-cup; 'sblood! and if he were here, I would cudgel him like a dog, if he [120 would say so.

Enter the PRINCE *and* POINS *marching.* FALSTAFF *meets them, playing on his truncheon like a fife.*

FAL. How now, lad! is the wind in that door, i' faith? must we all march?

BARD. Yea, two and two, Newgate fashion.

QUICK. My lord, I pray you, hear me.

PRINCE. What sayest thou, Mistress Quickly? How does thy husband? I love him well, he is an honest man. [132

QUICK. Good my lord, hear me.

FAL. Prithee, let her alone, and list to me.

PRINCE. What sayest thou, Jack?

FAL. The other night I fell asleep here behind the arras and had my pocket picked: this house is turned bawdy-house; they pick pockets. [140

PRINCE. What didst thou lose, Jack?

FAL. Wilt thou believe me, Hal? three or four bonds of forty pound a-piece, and a seal-ring of my grandfather's.

PRINCE. A trifle; some eight-penny matter.

QUICK. So I told him, my lord; and I said I heard your Grace say so: and, my lord, he speaks most vilely of you, like a foul-mouthed man as he is, and said he would cudgel you. [151

PRINCE. What! he did not?

QUICK. There's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me else.

FAL. There's no more faith in thee than in a stewed prune; nor no more truth in thee than in a drawn fox; and, for womanhood, Maid Marian may be the deputy's wife of the ward to thee. Go, you thing, go. [160

QUICK. Say, what thing? what thing?

FAL. What thing! why, a thing to thank God on.

QUICK. I am no thing to thank God on, I would thou shouldst know it; I am an honest man's wife; and, setting thy knighthood aside, thou art a knave to call me so.

FAL. Setting thy womanhood aside, thou art a beast to say otherwise. [170

QUICK. Say, what beast, thou knave, thou?

FAL. What beast! why, an otter.

PRINCE. An otter, Sir John! why an otter?

FAL. Why, she's neither fish nor flesh; a man knows not where to have her.

QUICK. Thou art an unjust man in saying so: thou or any man knows where to have me, thou knave, thou! [180

PRINCE. Thou sayest true, hostess; and he slanders thee most grossly.

QUICK. So he doth you, my lord; and said this other day you ought[23] him a thousand pound.

PRINCE. Sirrah! do I owe you a thousand pound?

FAL. A thousand pound, Hal! a million: thy love is worth a million; thou owest me thy love. [190

QUICK. Nay, my lord, he called you Jack, and said he would cudgel you.

FAL. Did I, Bardolph?

BARD. Indeed, Sir John, you said so.

FAL. Yea; if he said my ring was copper.

PRINCE. I say 'tis copper: darest thou be as good as thy word now?

FAL. Why, Hal, thou knowest, as thou art but man, I dare; but, as thou art [200 prince, I fear thee as I fear the roaring of the lion's whelp.

PRINCE. And why not as the lion?

FAL. The king himself is to be feared as the lion: dost thou think I'll fear thee as I fear thy father? nay, if I do, I pray God my girdle break!

[22] a French coin worth about one-twelfth of a cent.

[23] owed.

PRINCE. O! if it should, how would thy guts fall about thy knees. But sirrah, there's no room for faith, truth, or [210 honesty in this bosom of thine; it is all filled up with guts and midriff. Charge an honest woman with picking thy pocket! Why, thou whoreson, impudent, embossed[24] rascal, if there were any thing in thy pocket but tavern reckonings, memorandums of bawdy-houses, and one poor pennyworth of sugar-candy to make thee long-winded; if thy pocket were enriched with any other injuries but [220 these, I am a villain. And yet you will stand to it, you will not pocket up wrong. Art thou not ashamed?

FAL. Dost thou hear, Hal? thou knowest in the state of innocency Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villany? Thou seest I have more flesh than another man, and therefore more frailty. You confess then, you picked my pocket? [230

PRINCE. It appears so by the story.

FAL. Hostess, I forgive thee. Go make ready breakfast; love thy husband, look to thy servants, cherish thy guests: thou shalt find me tractable to any honest reason: thou seest I am pacified. [*Seeing that she lingers.*] Still? Nay, prithee, be gone.—[*Exit* MISTRESS QUICKLY.] Now, Hal, to the news at court: for the robbery, lad, how is that answered? [240

PRINCE. O! my sweet beef, I must still be good angel to thee: the money is paid back again.

FAL. O! I do not like that paying back; 'tis a double labor.

PRINCE. I am good friends with my father and may do anything.

FAL. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou dost, and do it with unwashed hands too. [250

BARD. Do, my lord.

PRINCE. I have procured thee, Jack, a charge of foot.

FAL. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I find one that can steal well? O! for a fine thief, of the age of two-and-twenty, or thereabouts; I am heinously unprovided. Well, God be thanked for these rebels; they offend none but the virtuous: I laud them, I praise them. [261

PRINCE. Bardolph!

BARD. My lord?

PRINCE. Go bear this letter to Lord John of Lancaster,
To my brother John; this to my Lord of Westmoreland.
Go, Poins, to horse, to horse! for thou and I
Have thirty miles to ride ere dinner- [270 time.
Jack, meet me to-morrow in the Temple-hall
At two a'clock in the afternoon:
There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receive
Money and order for their furniture.[25]
The land is burning; Percy stands on high;
And either they or we must lower lie. [280

[*Exeunt the* PRINCE, POINS, *and* BARDOLPH.

FAL. Rare words! brave world! [*Calling.*] Hostess, my breakfast; come!—
O! I could wish this tavern were my drum.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

In the rebel camp, near Shrewsbury, DOUGLAS *has joined* WORCESTER *and* HOTSPUR. *The crafty and timid* NORTHUMBERLAND *has not put in an appearance.* DOUGLAS *has been holding forth in braggartly style to his noble companions.*

HOT. Well said, my noble Scot: if speaking truth
In this fine age were not thought flattery,
Such attribution should the Douglas have
As not a soldier of this season's stamp [11
Should go so general current through the world.
By God, I cannot flatter; I defy
The tongues of soothers; but a braver place
In my heart's love hath no man than yourself.

[24] swollen.

[25] equipment.

Nay, task me to my word; approve me, lord.

DOUG. Thou art the king of honor:
No man so potent breathes upon the ground
But I will beard him.

HOT. Do so, and 'tis well,

Enter a MESSENGER, *with letters.*

What letters hast thou there? [*To* DOUGLAS.] I can but thank you.

MESS. These letters come from your father.

HOT. Letters from him! why comes he not himself?

MESS. He cannot come, my lord: he's grievous sick.

HOT. Zounds! how has he the leisure to be sick
In such a justling time? Who leads his power?
Under whose government come they along?

MESS. His letters bear his mind, not I, my lord.

WOR. I prithee, tell me, doth he keep his bed?

MESS. He did, my lord, four days ere I set forth;
And at the time of my departure thence
He was much feared by his physician.

WOR. I would the state of time had first been whole
Ere he by sickness had been visited:
His health was never better worth than now. [HOTSPUR *reads the letter.*

HOT. Sick now! droop now! this sickness doth infect
The very life-blood of our enterprise;
'Tis catching hither, even to our camp.
He writes me here that inward sickness—[1]
And that his friends by deputation could not
So soon be drawn; nor did he think it meet
To lay so dangerous and dear a trust
On any soul removed[2] but on his own.

Yet doth he give us bold advértisment,[3]
That with our small conjunction we should on,
To see how fortune is disposed to us;
For, as he writes, there is no quailing now,
Because the king is certainly possessed
Of all our purposes. What say you to it?

WOR. Your father's sickness is a maim to us.

HOT. A perilous gash, a very limb lopped off;
And yet, in faith, it is not; his present want
Seems more than we shall find it. Were it good
To set the exact wealth of all our states
All at one cast? to set so rich a main[4]
On the nice[5] hazard of one doubtful hour?
It were not good; for therein should we read
The very bottom and the soul of hope,
The very list,[6] the very utmost bound
Of all our fortunes.

DOUG. Faith, and so we should;
Where now remains a sweet reversiön:
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what
Is to come in:
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

HOT. A rendezvous, a home to fly unto,
If that the devil and mischance look big
Upon the maidenhead of our affairs.

WOR. But yet, I would your father had been here.
The quality and hair of our attempt
Brooks no divisiön. It will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and mere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the earl from hence.
And think how such an apprehensiön
May turn the tide of fearful factiön
And breed a kind of question in our cause;
For, well you know, we of the off'ring side
Must keep aloof from strict arbitrement,

[1] It is generally supposed that the speaker breaks off without finishing the sentence; but the use of the word "And" is against that view. It is more likely that a line has dropped out.
[2] stranger.
[3] advice.
[4] hand (of cards).
[5] risky.
[6] limit.

And stop all sight-holes, every loop from whence
The eye of reason may pry in upon us:
This absence of your father draws a curtain,
That shows the ignorant a kind of fear
Before not dreamt of.
HOT. You strain too far.
I rather of his absence make this use:
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to our great enterprise,
Than if the earl were here; for men must think,
If we without his help can make a head
To push against the kingdom, with his help
We shall o'erturn it topsy-turvy down.
Yet all goes well; yet all our joints are whole.
DOUG. As heart can think: there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland as this term of fear.

Enter SIR RICHARD VERNON.

HOT. My cousin Vernon! welcome, by my soul.
VER. Pray God my news be worth a welcome, lord.
The Earl of Westmoreland, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherwards; with him Prince John.
HOT. No harm: what more?
VER. And further, I have learned,
The king himself in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparatiön.
HOT. He shall be welcome too. Where is his son,
The nimble-footed madcap Prince of Wales,
And his comrades, that daffed the world aside,
And bid it pass?
VER. All furnished, all in arms,
All plumed like estridges that with the wind
Baited like eagles having lately bathed,[7]
Glittering in golden coats, like images,
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer,
Wanton as youthful goats, wild as young bulls.
I saw young Harry, with his beaver on,
His cushes on his thighs, gallantly armed,
Rise from the ground like feathered Mercury,
And vaulted with such ease into his seat,
As if an angel dropped down from the clouds,
To turn and wind a fiery Pegasus
And witch the world with noble horsemanship.
HOT. No more, no more: worse than the sun in March,
This praise doth nourish agues. Let them come;
They come like sacrifices in their trim;
And to the fire-eyed maid of smoky war
All hot and bleeding will we offer them:
The mailëd Mars shall on his altar sit
Up to the ears in blood. I am on fire,
To hear this rich reprisal[8] is so nigh
And yet not ours. Come, let me taste[9] my horse,
Who is to bear me like a thunderbolt
Against the bosom of the Prince of Wales:
Harry to Harry shall, hot horse to horse,
Meet, and ne'er part till one drop down a corse.
O! that Glendower were come.
VER. There is more news:
I learned in Worcester, as I rode along,
He cannot draw[10] his power this fourteen days.
DOUG. That's the worst tidings that I hear of yet.
WOR. Ay, by my faith, that bears a frosty sound.
HOT. What may the king's whole battle reach unto?
VER. To thirty thousand.
HOT. Forty let it be:
My father and Glendower being both away,
The powers of us may serve so great a day.
Come, let us take a muster speedily:

[7] These two lines cannot be right, but no satisfactory emendation has yet been forthcoming.

[8] spoil.
[9] test; but F. has "take".
[10] gather together.

Doomsday is near; die all, die merrily.

DOUG. Talk not of dying: I am out of fear
Of death or death's hand for this one half-year. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The disreputable FALSTAFF *has made the most dishonest use of his commission to raise troops, making much money out of it, and gathering nothing but riff-raff. He and* BARDOLPH *are on a road near Coventry, on their way to Shrewsbury.*

FAL. Bardolph, get thee before to Coventry; fill me a bottle of sack. Our soldiers shall march through: we'll to Sutton Cofil[11] to-night. [10

BARD. Will you give me money, captain?

FAL. Lay out, lay out.

BARD. This bottle makes an angel.

FAL. And if it do, take it for thy labor; and if it make twenty, take them all, I'll answer the coinage. Bid my Lieutenant Peto meet me at the town's end.

BARD. I will, captain: farewell! [*Exit.*

FAL. If I be not ashamed of my sol- [20 diers, I am a soused gurnet. I have misused the king's press damnably. I have got, in exchange of a hundred and fifty soldiers, three hundred and odd pounds. I press me none but good householders, yeomen's sons; inquire me out contracted bachelors, such as had been asked twice on the banns; such a commodity[12] of warm slaves,[13] as had as lief hear the [29 devil as a drum; such as fear the report of a caliver worse than a struck fowl or a hurt wild-duck. I pressed me none but such toasts-and-butter, with hearts in their bellies no bigger than pins' heads, and they have bought out their services; and now my whole charge consists of ancients, corporals, lieutenants, gentlemen of companies, slaves as ragged as Lazarus in the painted cloth, where the glutton's dogs licked his sores; and such as indeed [40 were never soldiers, but discarded unjust serving-men, younger sons to younger brothers, revolted tapsters and ostlers trade-fallen, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace; ten times more dishonorable ragged than an old-faced ancient: and such have I, to fill up the rooms of them that have bought out their services, that you would think that I had a hundred and fifty tottered prodigals, [50 lately come from swine-keeping, from eating draff[14] and husks. A mad fellow met me on the way and told me I had unloaded all the gibbets and pressed the dead bodies. No eye hath seen such scarecrows. I'll not march through Coventry with them, that's flat: nay, and the villains march wide betwixt the legs, as if they had gyves on; for, indeed, I had the most of them out of prison. There's [60 but a shirt and a half in all my company; and the half shirt is two napkins tacked together and thrown over the shoulders like a herald's coat without sleeves; and the shirt, to say the truth, stolen from my host at Saint Alban's or the red-nose inn-keeper of Daventry. But that's all one: they'll find linen enough on every hedge. [69

Enter the PRINCE *and* WESTMORELAND.

PRINCE. How now, blown Jack! how now, quilt!

FAL. What, Hal! How now, mad wag! what a devil dost thou in Warwickshire? —My good Lord of Westmoreland, I cry you mercy: I thought your honor had already been at Shrewsbury.

WEST. Faith, Sir John, 'tis more than time that I were there, and you too; but my powers are there already. The king, I can tell you, looks for us all: we must away all night. [82

FAL. Tut, never fear me: I am as vigilant as a cat to steal cream.

PRINCE. I think to steal cream indeed, for thy theft hath already made thee butter. But tell me, Jack, whose fellows are these that come after?

FAL. Mine, Hal, mine.

PRINCE. I did never see such pitiful [90 rascals.

FAL. Tut, tut; good enough to toss;

[11] local pronunciation of Coldfield. B, Cophill.
[12] gathering.
[13] rich rascals.
[14] refuse.

food for powder, food for powder; they'll fill a pit as well as better: tush, man, mortal men, mortal men.

WEST. Ay, but, Sir John, methinks they are exceeding poor and bare; too beggarly. [98

FAL. Faith, for their poverty, I know not where they had that; and for their bareness, I am sure they never learned that of me.

PRINCE. No, I'll be sworn; unless you call three fingers on the ribs bare. But sirrah, make haste: Percy is already in the field.

FAL. What, is the king encamped?

WEST. He is, Sir John: I fear we shall stay too long.

FAL. Well, [110

To the latter end of a fray and the beginning of a feast
Fits a dull fighter and a keen guest.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the rebel camp, near Shrewsbury, there is a difference of opinion between the leaders as to whether to fight at once or delay, WORCESTER *and* VERNON *favoring delay, and* HOTSPUR *and* DOUGLAS *wanting immediate action.*

HOT. We'll fight with him to-night.

WOR. It may not be.

DOUG. You give him then advantage.

VER. Not a whit. [10

HOT. Why say you so? looks he not for supply?

VER. So do we.

HOT. His is certain, ours is doubtful.

WOR. Good cousin, be advised: stir not to-night.

VER. Do not, my lord.

DOUG. You do not counsel well:
You speak it out of fear and cold heart.

VER. Do me no slander, Douglas: by my life— [21

And I dare well maintain it with my life—
If well-respected honor bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear
As you[15] or any Scot that this day lives:
Let it be seen to-morrow in the battle
Which of us fears.

DOUG. Yea, or to-night.

VER. Content.

HOT. To-night, say I. [31

VER. Come, come, it may not be. I wonder much,
Being men of such great leading as you are,
That you foresee not what impediments
Drag back our expedition: certain horse
Of my cousin Vernon's are not yet come up;
Your uncle Worcester's horse[16] came but to-day, [41

And now their pride and mettle is asleep,
Their courage, with hard labor, tame and dull,
That not a horse is half the half of himself.

HOT. So are the horses of the enemy
In general, journey-bated[17] and brought low: [49

The better part of ours are full of rest.

WOR. The number of the king exceedeth ours:
For God's sake, cousin, stay till all come in. [*The trumpet sounds a parley.*

Enter SIR WALTER BLUNT.

BLUNT. I come with gracious offers from the king,
If you vouchsafe me hearing and respect.

HOT. Welcome, Sir Walter Blunt; and would to God [60

You were of our determination!
Some of us love you well; and even those some
Envy your great deservings and good name,
Because you are not of our quality,[18]
But stand against us like an enemy.

BLUNT. And God defend[19] but still I should stand so,
So long as out of limit and true rule [70

You stand against anointed majesty.
But to my charge. The king hath sent to know
The nature of your griefs,[20] and whereupon

15 B inserts "my lord".

16 cavalry.
17 travel-weary.
18 party.
19 forbid.
20 grievances.

You conjure from the breast of civil peace
Such bold hostility, teaching his duteous land
Audacious cruelty. If that the king [80
Have any way your good deserts forgot—
Which he confesseth to be manifold—
He bids you name your griefs; and, with all speed,
You shall have your desires with interest,
And pardon absolute for yourself and these
Herein misled by your suggestiön.
HOT. The king is kind; and well we know the king [90
Knows at what time to promise, when to pay.
My father and my uncle and myself
Did give him that same royalty he wears;
And, when he was not six-and-twenty strong,
Sick in the world's regard, wretched and low,
A poor unminded outlaw sneaking home,
My father gave him welcome to the shore; [101
And, when he heard him swear and vow to God
He came but to be Duke of Lancaster,
To sue his livery and beg his peace,
With tears of innocency and terms of zeal,
My father, in kind heart and pity moved,
Swore him assistance, and performed it too. [110
Now, when the lords and barons of the realm
Perceived Northumberland did lean to him,
The more and less came in with cap and knee,
Met him in boroughs, cities, villages,
Attended him on bridges, stood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffered him their oaths, [120
Gave him their heirs as pages, followed him,
Even at the heels, in golden multitudes.
He presently, as greatness knows itself,
Steps me a little higher than his vow
Made to my father, while his blood was poor,
Upon the naked shore at Ravenspurgh;
And now, forsooth, takes on him to reform [130
Some certain edicts and some strait[21] decrees
That lie too heavy on the commonwealth,
Cries out upon abuses, seems to weep
Over his country's wrongs; and, by this face,
This seeming brow of justice, did he win
The hearts of all that he did angle for;
Proceeded further, cut me off the heads
Of all the favorites that the absent king
In deputation left behind him here, [142
When he was personal in the Irish war.
BLUNT. Tut, I came not to hear this.
HOT. Then to the point.
In short time after, he deposed the king;
Soon after that, deprived him of his life;
And, in the neck of that, tasked the whole state;
To make that worse, suffered his kinsman March— [151
Who is, if every owner were well placed,
Indeed his king—to be engaged[22] in Wales,
There without ransom to lie forfeited;
Disgraced me in my happy victories;
Sought to entrap me by intelligence;
Rated my uncle from the council-board;
In rage dismissed my father from the court; [160
Broke oath on oath, committed wrong on wrong;
And, in conclusion, drove us to seek out
This head of safety; and withal to pry
Into his title, the which we find[23]
Too indirect for long continuance.
BLUNT. Shall I return this answer to the king?
HOT. Not so, Sir Walter: we'll withdraw awhile. [170
Go to the king; and let there be impawned
Some surety for a safe return again,
And in the morning early shall my uncle

[21] strict.
[22] held as a hostage.
[23] Probably a foot has dropped out. Perhaps we should read "Into his title royal."

Bring him our purposes; and so farewell.
BLUNT. I would you would accept of grace and love.
HOT. And may be so we shall.
BLUNT. Pray God you do! [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, *another of the conspirators, is in his palace giving* SIR MICHAEL *letters to various supposedly disaffected persons of note.*

ARCH. Hie, good Sir Michael; bear this sealëd brief
With wingëd haste to the lord marshal;[24]
This, to my cousin Scroop; and all the rest, [9
To whom they are directed. If you knew
How much they do import, you would make haste.
SIR M. My good lord.
I guess their tenor.
ARCH. Like enough you do.
To-morrow, good Sir Michael, is a day
Wherein the fortune of ten thousand men
Must bide the touch; for, sir, at Shrewsbury, [20
As I am truly given to understand,
The king with mighty and quick-raisëd power
Meets with Lord Harry: and, I fear, Sir Michael,
What with the sickness of Northumberland—
Whose power was in the first proportiön— [29
And what with Owen Glendower's absence thence—
Who with them was a rated sinew too,
And comes not in, o'er-ruled by prophecies—
I fear the power of Percy is too weak
To wage an instant trial with the king.
SIR M. Why, my good lord, you need not fear:
There is the Douglas and Lord Mortimer. [40
ARCH. No, Mortimer is not there.
SIR M. But there is Mordake, Vernon, Lord Harry Percy,
And there's my Lord of Worcester, and a head
Of gallant warriors, noble gentlemen.
ARCH. And so there is; but yet the king hath drawn
The special head of all the land together:
The Prince of Wales, Lord John of Lancaster, [51
The noble Westmoreland, and war-like Blunt;
And many moe corrivals and dear men
Of estimation and command in arms.
SIR. M. Doubt not, my lord, they shall be well opposed.
ARCH. I hope no less, yet needful 'tis to fear;
And, to prevent the worst, Sir Michael, speed: [61
For, if Lord Percy thrive not, ere the king
Dismiss his power, he means to visit us,
For he hath heard of our confederacy,
And 'tis but wisdom to make strong against him:
Therefore make haste. I must go write again
To other friends; and so farewell, Sir Michael. [*Exeunt severally.*

[24] pronounced "Marechal".

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

It is sunrise of the day of the battle of Shrewsbury, the day breaking stormily and unpromisingly. In the royal camp, the KING, *the two* PRINCES *who are with him,* BLUNT, *and* FALSTAFF *are up early.*[1]

K. HEN. How bloodily the sun begins to peer
Above yon busky[2] hill! the day looks pale [10
At his distemperature.
PRINCE. The southern wind
Doth play the trumpet to his purposes,
And by his hollow whistling in the leaves
Foretells a tempest and a blust'ring day.
K. HEN. Then with the losers let it sympathize,

[1] B includes Westmoreland wrongly. He is at the time in the rebel camp, a hostage for Worcester's safe return.
[2] wooded.

For nothing can seem foul to those that win. [*Trumpet sounds.*

Enter WORCESTER *and* VERNON.

How now, my Lord of Worcester! 'tis not well
That you and I should meet upon such terms
As now we meet. You have deceived our trust,
And made us doff our easy robes of peace,
To crush our old limbs in ungentle steel:
This is not well, my lord; this is not well.
What say you to it? will you again unknit
This churlish knot of all-abhorrëd war,
And move in that obedient orb[3] again
Where you did give a fair and natural light,
And be no more an exhaled meteor,
A prodigy of fear and a portént
Of broachëd mischief to the unborn times?

WOR. Hear me, my liege:
For mine own part, I could be well content
To entertain the lag-end of my life
With quiet hours; for I do protest
I have not sought the day of this dislike.

K. HEN. You have not sought it! how comes it then?

FAL. Rebellion lay in his way, and he found it.

PRINCE. Peace, chewet, peace!

WOR. It pleased your majesty to turn your looks
Of favor from myself and all our house;
And yet I must remember you, my lord,
We were the first and dearest of your friends.
For you my staff of office did I break
In Richard's time, and posted day and night
To meet you on the way, and kiss your hand,
When yet you were in place and in account
Nothing so strong and fortunate as I.
It was myself, my brother, and his son
That brought you home and boldly did outdare
The dangers of the time. You swore to us,
And you did swear that oath at Doncaster,
That you did nothing purpose 'gainst the state,
Nor claim no further than your new-fall'n right,
The seat of Gaunt, dukedom of Lancaster.
To this we swore our aid: but, in short space,
It rained down fortune show'ring on your head,
And such a flood of greatness fell on you,
What with our help, what with the absent king,
What with the injuries of a wanton time,
The seeming sufferances that you had borne,
And the contrarious winds that held the king
So long in his unlucky Irish wars,
That all in England did repute him dead;
And from this swarm of fair advantages
You took occasion to be quickly wooed
To gripe the general sway into your hand;
Forgot your oath to us at Doncaster;
And being fed by us you used us so
As that ungentle gull,[4] the cuckoo's bird,
Useth the sparrow; did oppress our nest,
Grew by our feeding to so great a bulk
That even our love durst not come near your sight
For fear of swallowing; but with nimble wing
We were enforced, for safety sake, to fly
Out of your sight and raise this present head;
Whereby we stand opposëd by such means
As you yourself have forged against yourself
By unkind usage, dangerous countenance,
And violation of all faith and troth
Sworn to us in your younger enterprise.

[3] orbit.

[4] nestling.

K. Hen. These things indeed you have articulate,
Proclaimed at market-crosses, read in churches,
To face the garment of rebelliön [120
With some fine color that may please the eye
Of fickle changelings and poor discontents,
Which gape and rub the elbow at the news
Of hurlyburly innovatiön;
And never yet did insurrection want
Such water-colors to impaint his cause,
Nor moody beggars, starving for a time
Of pell-mell havoc and confusiön. [131
Prince. In both our armies there is many a soul
Shall pay full deärly for this encounter,
If once they join in trial. Tell your nephew,
The Prince of Wales doth join with all the world
In praise of Henry Percy: by my hopes—
This present enterprise set off his head—
I do not think a braver gentleman, [141
More active-valiant or more valiant-young,
More daring or more bold, is now alive,
To grace this latter age with noble deeds.
For my part, I may speak it to my shame,
I have a truant been to chivalry;
And so I hear he doth account me too;
Yet this before my father's majesty: [150
I am content that he shall take the odds
Of his great name and estimatiön,
And will, to save the blood on either side,
Try fortune with him in a single fight.
K. Hen. And, Prince of Wales, so dare we venture thee,
Albeit considerations infinite
Do make against it.—No, good Worcester, no,
We love our people well; even those we love [161
That are misled upon your cousin's part;
And, will they take the offer of our grace,
Both he and they and you, yea, every man
Shall be my friend again, and I'll be his.
So tell your cousin, [sir,] and bring me word
What he will do; but, if he will not yield,
Rebuke and dread correction wait on us,
And they shall do their office. So, be gone: [172
We will not now be troubled with reply;
We offer fair; take it advisedly.

[*Exeunt* Worcester *and* Vernon.

Prince. It will not be accepted, on my life.
The Douglas and the Hotspur both together [179
Are confident against the world in arms.
K. Hen. Hence, therefore, every leader to his charge;
For, on their answer, will we set on them;
And God befriend us as our cause is just!

[*Exeunt* King Henry, Blunt, *and* John of Lancaster.

Fal. Hal, if thou see me down in the battle, and bestride me, so; 'tis a point of friendship. [190

Prince. Nothing but a colossus can do thee that friendship. Say thy prayers, and farewell.

Fal. I would it were bed-time, Hal, and all well.

Prince. Why, thou owest God a death. [*Exit.*

Fal. 'Tis not due yet: I would be loath to pay him before his day. What need I be so forward with him that [200 calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honor pricks me on. Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? a word. What is that word "honor"? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died a' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? [210 No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honor is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism.

Scene II

Worcester and Vernon have returned to the rebel camp. Worcester is determined not to deliver the King's offer of pardon to Hotspur, having little trust in the royal word.

Wor. O, no! my nephew must not know, Sir Richard,
The liberal kind offer of the king.
Ver. 'Twere best he did. [9
Wor. Then are we all undone.
It is not possible, it cannot be,
The king should keep his word in loving us;
He will suspect us still, and find a time
To punish this offence in other faults:
Suspicion [5] all our lives shall be stuck full of eyes;
For treason is but trusted like the fox,
Who, ne'er so tame, so cherished, and locked up, [20
Will have a wild trick of his ancestors.
Look how we can, or sad or merrily,
Interpretation will misquote our looks.
And we shall feed like oxen at a stall,
The better cherished, still the nearer death.
My nephew's trespass may be well forgot,
It hath the excuse of youth and heat of blood; [29
And an adopted name of privilege,
A hare-brained Hotspur, governed by a spleen.
All his offences live upon my head
And on his father's: we did train him on;
And, his corruption being ta'en from us,
We, as the spring of all, shall pay for all.
Therefore, good cousin, let not Harry know,
In any case, the offer of the king. [39
Ver. Deliver what you will, I'll say 'tis so.
Here comes your cousin.

Enter Hotspur and Douglas, followed by Officers and Soldiers.

Hot. My uncle is returned.
Deliver up my lord of Westmoreland.—
Uncle, what news?

[5] B, supposition.

Wor. The king will bid you battle presently. [4
Doug. Defy him by the Lord of Westmoreland.
Hot. Lord Douglas, go you and tell him so.
Doug. Marry, and shall, and very willingly. [*Exit*
Wor. There is no seeming mercy in the king.
Hot. Did you beg any? God forbid!
Wor. I told him gently of our grievances, [6
Of his oath-breaking; which he mended thus,
By now forswearing that he is forsworn
He calls us rebels, traitors, and will scourge
With haughty arms this hateful name in us.

Re-enter Douglas.

Doug. Arm, gentlemen! to arms! for I have thrown [7
A brave defiance in King Henry's teeth
And Westmoreland, that was engaged, did bear it,
Which cannot choose but bring him quickly on.
Wor. The Prince of Wales stepped forth before the king,
And, nephew, challenged you to single fight.
Hot. O! would the quarrel lay upon [8 our heads,
And that no man might draw short breath to-day
But I and Harry Monmouth. Tell me, tell me,
How showed his tasking? seemed it in contempt?
Ver. No, by my soul; I never in my life [8
Did hear a challenge urged more modestly,
Unless a brother should a brother dare
To gentle exercise and proof of arms.
He gave you all the duties of a man,
Trimmed up your praises with a princely tongue,
Spoke your deservings like a chronicle,

Making you ever better than his praise,
By still dispraising praise valued with you;
And, which became him like a prince indeed,
He made a blushing cital[6] of himself,
And chid his truant youth with such a grace
As if he mastered there a double spirit
Of teaching and of learning instantly.
There did he pause. But let me tell the world,
If he outlive the envy of this day,
England did never owe[7] so sweet a hope,
So much miscónstrued in his wantonness.

HOT. Cousin, I think thou art enamored on his follies:
Never did I hear
Of any prince so wild a libertine.
But, be he as he will, yet once ere night
I will embrace him with a soldier's arm,
That he shall shrink under my courtesy.—
Arm, arm, with speed! And, fellows, soldiers, friends,
Better consider what you have to do,
Than I, that have not well the gift of tongue,
Can lift your blood up with persuasiön.

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, here are letters for you.

HOT. I cannot read them now.—
O gentlemen! the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour.
And if we live, we live to tread on kings;
If die, brave death, when princes die with us!
Now, for our consciences, the arms are fair,
When the intent of bearing them is just.

Enter another MESSENGER.

MESS. My lord, prepare; the king comes on apace.

HOT. I thank him that he cuts me from my tale,
For I profess not talking.—Only this:
Let each man do his best; and here draw I
A sword, whose temper I intend to stain
With the best blood that I can meet withal
In the adventure of this perilous day.
Now, *Esperancë*, Percy! and set on.
Sound all the lofty instruments of war,
And by that music let us all embrace;
For, heaven to earth, some of us never shall
A second time do such a courtesy.

[*The trumpets sound. They embrace, and exeunt.*

6 recital. 7 own.

SCENE III

On the field of Shrewsbury the battle is in progress. The crafty KING *has accoutred several of his partisans like himself, knowing that he will be a mark for the rebels. One of these is* SIR WALTER BLUNT, *who now meets* DOUGLAS, *not for the first time.*

BLUNT. What is thy name, that in the battle thus
Thou crossest me? what honor dost thou seek
Upon my head?

DOUG. Know then, my name is Douglas;
And I do haunt thee in the battle thus
Because some tell me that thou art a king.

BLUNT. They tell thee true.

DOUG. The Lord of Stafford dear today hath bought
Thy likeness; for, instead of thee, King Harry,
This sword hath ended him: so shall it thee,
Unless thou yield thee as my prisoner.

BLUNT. I was not born a yielder, thou proud Scot;
And thou shalt find a king that will revenge
Lord Stafford's death.

[*They fight, and* BLUNT *is slain.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. O, Douglas! hadst thou fought at Holmedon thus,

I never had triúmphed upon a Scot.
DOUG. All's done, all's won: here breathless lies the king.
HOT. Where?
DOUG. Here. [39
HOT. This, Douglas! no; I know this face full well;
A gallant knight he was; his name was Blunt;
Semblably furnished like the king himself.
DOUG. A fool go with thy soul, whither it goes!
A borrowed title hast thou bought too dear: [49
Why didst thou tell me that thou wert a king?
HOT. The king hath many marching in his coats.
DOUG. Now, by my sword, I will kill all his coats;
I'll murder all his wardrobe, piece by piece,
Until I meet the king.
HOT. Up, and away!
Our soldiers stand full fairly for the [60 day. [*Exeunt.*

Alarums. Enter FALSTAFF.

FAL. Though I could scape shot-free[8] at London, I fear the shot here; here's no scoring but upon the pate. [*Seeing* BLUNT'S *body.*] Soft! who art thou? Sir Walter Blunt! [*Ironically.*] There's honor for you! here's no vanity! I am as hot as molten lead, and as heavy too: God keep lead out of me! I need no [70 more weight than mine own bowels. I have led my ragamuffins where they are peppered: there's not three of my hundred and fifty left alive; and they are for the town's end, to beg during life. But who comes here?

Enter the PRINCE.

PRINCE. What! stand'st thou idle here? lend me thy sword:
Many a nobleman lies stark and stiff [80
Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies,
Whose deaths are unrevenged: prithee, lend me thy sword.

[8] Scot-free.

FAL. O Hal! I prithee, give me leave to breathe awhile. Turk Gregory never did such deeds in arms as I have done this day. I have paid Percy, I have made him sure. [88

PRINCE. He is, indeed; and living to kill thee. I prithee, lend me thy sword.

FAL. Nay, before God, Hal, if Percy be alive, thou gettest not my sword; but take my pistol, if thou wilt.

PRINCE. Give it me. What! is it in the case?

FAL. Ay, Hal; 'tis hot, 'tis hot: there's that will sack a city.

[*The* PRINCE *draws out a bottle of sack.*

PRINCE. What! is't a time to jest and [99 dally now? [*Throws it at him, and exit.*

FAL. Well, if Percy be alive, I'll pierce him. If he do come in my way, so: if he do not, if I come in his, willingly, let him make a carbonado of me. I like not such grinning honor as Sir Walter hath: give me life; which if I can save, so; if not, honor comes unlooked for; and there's an end. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

Again we have alarums and excursions, and then, in another part of the field, we see KING HENRY, *the* PRINCE, JOHN OF LANCASTER, *and* WESTMORELAND.

K. HEN. I prithee,
Harry, withdraw thyself; thou bleedest too much.—
Lord John of Lancaster, go you with him.
LANC. Not I, my lord, unless I did bleed too. [10
PRINCE. I beseech your majesty, make up,[9]
Lest your retirement do amaze your friends.
K. HEN. I will do so.—
My Lord of Westmoreland, lead him to his tent.
WEST. Come, my lord, I'll lead you to your tent.
PRINCE. Lead me, my lord? I do not need your help: [21
And God forbid a shallow scratch should drive

[9] go to the front.

The Prince of Wales from such a field as this,
Where stained [10] nobility lies trodden on,
And rebels' arms triúmph in massacres!
LANC. We breathe too long: come, cousin Westmoreland,
Our duty this way lies: for God's sake, come. [31
[*Exeunt* JOHN OF LANCASTER *and* WESTMORELAND.
PRINCE. By God, thou hast deceived me, Lancaster;
I did not think thee lord of such a spirit:
Before, I loved thee as a brother, John:
But now I do respect thee as my soul.
K. HEN. I saw him hold Lord Percy at the point [40
With lustier maintenance than I did look for
Of such an ungrown warrior.
PRINCE. O! this boy
Lends mettle to us all. [*Exit.*

Alarums. Enter DOUGLAS.

DOUG. <Another king! they grow like Hydra's heads.>
I am the Douglas, fatal to all those
That wear those colors on them: what art thou, [51
That counterfeit'st the person of a king?
K. HEN. The king himself, who, Douglas, grieves at heart
So many of his shadows thou hast met
And not the very king. I have two boys
Seek Percy and thyself about the field;
But, seeing thou fall'st on me so luckily,
I will assay thee; so defend thyself.
DOUG. I fear thou art another counterfeit; [61
And yet, in faith, thou bear'st thee like a king;
But mine I am sure thou art, whoe'er thou be;
And thus I win thee.
They fight. DOUGLAS *has the better of the duel, and the* KING *is in prospect of being overcome, when* PRINCE HENRY *returns.* [70
PRINCE. Hold up thy head, vile Scot, or thou art like
Never to hold it up again! the spirits
Of valiant Shirley, Stafford, Blunt, are in my arms:
It is the Prince of Wales that threatens thee,
Who never promiseth but he means to pay.— [*They fight:* DOUGLAS *flies.*
Cheerly, my lord: how fares your Grace?
Sir Nicholas Gawsey hath for succor sent; [82
And so hath Clifton: I'll to Clifton straight.
K. HEN. Stay, and breathe awhile.
Thou hast redeemed thy lost opiniön,
And showed thou mak'st some tender of my life,
In this fair rescue thou hast brought to me. [90
PRINCE. O God! they did me too much injury
That ever said I hearkened for your death.
If it were so, I might have let alone
The insulting hand of Douglas over you;
Which would have been as speedy in your end
As all the poisonous potions in the world,
And saved the treacherous labor of [100 your son.
K. HEN. Make up to Clifton: I'll to Sir Nicholas Gawsey. [*Exit.*

Enter HOTSPUR.

HOT. If I mistake not, thou art Harry Monmouth.
PRINCE. Thou speak'st as if I would deny my name.
HOT. My name is Harry Percy.
PRINCE. Why, then, I see
A very valiant rebel of that name. [111
I am the Prince of Wales; and think not, Percy,
To share with me in glory any more:
Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere;
Nor can one England brook a double reign—
Of Harry Percy and the Prince of Wales.
HOT. Nor shall it, Harry; for the hour is come [121
To end the one of us; and would to God

[10] blood-stained.

Thy name in arms were now as great as mine!

PRINCE. I'll make it greater ere I part from thee;

And all the budding honors on thy crest
I'll crop, to make a garland for my head.

HOT. I can no longer brook thy vanities. [*They fight.*

Enter FALSTAFF. [130

FAL. Well said,[11] Hal! to it, Hal! Nay, you shall find no boy's play here, I can tell you.

Re-enter DOUGLAS; *he fights with* FALSTAFF, *who falls down as if he were dead. Exit* DOUGLAS. HOTSPUR *is wounded and falls.*

HOT. O, Harry! thou hast robbed me of my youth.

I better brook the loss of brittle life [140
Than those proud titles thou hast won of me;
They wound my thoughts worse than thy sword my flesh:
But thought's the slave of life, and life time's fool;
And time, that takes survey of all the world,
Must have a stop. O! I could prophesy,
But that the earthy and cold hand of [150 death
Lies on my tongue.—No, Percy, thou art dust,
And food for— [*Dies.*

PRINCE. For worms, brave Percy. Fare thee well, great heart!

Ill-weaved ambition, how much art thou shrunk! [158
When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound;
But now, two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough: this earth, that bears thee dead,
Bears not alive so stout a gentleman.
If thou wert sensible of courtesy,
I should not make so dear a show of zeal.
But let my favors hide thy mangled face;
[*Covers the dead* PERCY'S *face with the scarf he has himself been wearing.*

And, even in thy behalf, I'll thank myself [171
For doing these fair rites of tenderness.
Adieu, and take thy praise with thee to heaven!
Thy ignomy sleep with thee in the grave,
But not remembered in thy epitaph!—
[*Spies* FALSTAFF *on the ground.*
What! old acquaintance! could not all this flesh
Keep in a little life? Poor Jack, farewell! [181
I could have better spared a better man.
O! I should have a heavy miss of thee
If I were much in love with vanity.
Death hath not struck so fat a deer to-day,
Though many dearer, in this bloody fray.
Embowelled[12] will I see thee by and by:
Till then in blood by noble Percy lie.
[*Exit.* [190

FAL., *rising.* Embowelled! if thou embowel me to-day, I'll give you leave to powder[13] me and eat me too to-morrow. 'Sblood! 'twas time to counterfeit, or that hot termagant Scot had paid me scot and lot too. Counterfeit? I lie, I am no counterfeit: to die is to be a counterfeit; for he is but the counterfeit of a man who hath not the life of a man; but [199 to counterfeit dying, when a man thereby liveth, is to be no counterfeit, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valor is discretion; in the which better part, I have saved my life. Zounds! I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy though he be dead: how if he should counterfeit too and rise? By my faith I am afraid he would prove the better counterfeit. Therefore I'll make him sure; yea, and I'll swear I killed [210 him. Why may not he rise as well as I? Nothing confutes me but eyes, and nobody sees me: therefore, sirrah, [*stabbing him*] with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

[*Takes* HOTSPUR *on his back.*

Re-enter the PRINCE *and* JOHN OF LANCASTER.

[11] done.

[12] disembowelled, preparatory to embalming.
[13] pickle.

PRINCE. Come, brother John; full bravely hast thou fleshed
Thy maiden sword.
LANC. But, soft! whom have we here?
Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?
PRINCE. I did; I saw him dead,
Breathless and bleeding on the ground.—
Art thou alive?
Or is it fantasy that plays upon our eyesight?
I prithee, speak. We will not trust our eyes
Without our ears: thou art not what thou seem'st.
FAL. No, that's certain; I am not a double man: but, if I be not Jack Falstaff, then am I a Jack. There is Percy [*throwing the body down*]; if your father will do me any honor, so; if not, let him kill the next Percy himself. I look to be either earl or duke, I can assure you.
PRINCE. Why, Percy I killed myself, and saw thee dead.
FAL. Didst thou? Lord, Lord! how this world is given to lying. I grant you I was down and out of breath, and so was he; but we rose both at an instant, and fought a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. If I may be believed, so; if not, let them that should reward valor bear the sin upon their own heads. I'll take it upon my death, I gave him this wound in the thigh: if the man were alive and would deny it, zounds, I would make him eat a piece of my sword.
LANC. This is the strangest tale that e'er I heard.
PRINCE. This is the strangest fellow, brother John.—
Come, bring your luggage nobly on your back:
For my part, if a lie may do thee grace,
I'll gild it with the happiest terms I have. [*A retreat is sounded.*
The trumpet sounds retreat; the day is ours.
Come, brother, let us to the highest of the field,
To see what friends are living, who are dead.
[*Exeunt the* PRINCE *and* JOHN OF LANCASTER.
FAL. I'll follow, as they say, for reward. He that rewards me, God reward him! If I do grow great, I'll grow less; for I'll purge, and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

The royal party's trumpets sound the victory. In another part of the field we see the KING, PRINCE HENRY, JOHN OF LANCASTER, WESTMORELAND, *and Others, with* WORCESTER *and* VERNON *prisoners.*

K. HEN. Thus ever did rebellion find rebuke.—
Ill-spirited[14] Worcester! did we not send grace,
Pardon, and terms of love to all of you?
And wouldst thou turn our offers contrary?
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsman's trust?
Three knights upon our party slain today,
A noble earl and many a creature else
Had been alive this hour,
If, like a Christian, thou hadst truly borne
Betwixt our armies true intelligence.
WOR. What I have done my safety urged me to;
And I embrace this fortune patiently,
Since not to be avoided it falls on me.
K. HEN. Bear Worcester to the death, and Vernon too:
Other offenders we will pause upon.
[*Exeunt* WORCESTER *and* VERNON, *guarded.*
How goes the field?
PRINCE. The noble Scot, Lord Douglas, when he saw
The fortune of the day quite turned from him,
The noble Percy slain, and all his men
Upon the foot of fear, fled with the rest;
And, falling from a hill, he was so bruised
That the pursuers took him. At my tent

[14] ill-natured.

The Douglas is; and I beseech your Grace
I may dispose of him.
K. Hen. With all my heart.
Prince. Then, brother John of Lancaster, to you
This honorable bounty shall belong.
Go to the Douglas, and deliver him
Up to his pleasure, ransomless, and free;
His valor shown upon our crests to-day
Hath taught us how to cherish such high deeds, [51
Even in the bosom of our adversaries.
Lanc. I thank your Grace for this high courtesy,
Which I shall give away immediately.
K. Hen. Then this remains, that we divide our power:
You, son John, and my cousin Westmoreland
Towards York shall bend you, with [60
your dearest speed,
To meet Northumberland and the prelate Scroop,
Who, as we hear, are busily in arms;
Myself and you, son Harry, will towards
Wales,
To fight with Glendower and the Earl of
March. [68
Rebellion in this land shall lose his sway
Meeting the check of such another day;
And, since this business so fair is done,
Let us not leave till all our own be won. [15

[15] The closing speech may have been added after Shakespeare had resolved to write a second part. If so, it replaced a speech by the king treating his victory as complete, and so rounding off the play.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON

ATTRIBUTED TO

MICHAEL DRAYTON

INTRODUCTION

This delightful old comedy is unfortunately a good deal of a wreck. Not only is the text often corrupt, but also there are obviously scenes missing, and, as a result of the patching and alteration it has been subjected to, it is in places difficult to follow the story. The reference, in IV 1, to Banks falling out of a tree is probably to an incident originally shown; it is not at all clear why, in IV 2, the miller should be taken for a ghost; there is an unexplained reference in the same scene to Sir John having seen spirits like white bulls in the forest; we are not told what was the spirit in white which the Host saw at the stile; the spirit seen in the churchyard is presumably Banks, but we have no inkling as to the identity of the devil in the fallow field "with a man's body upon his back in a white sheet"; the Host lets us know that the inn sign was removed by instructions from Peter Fabell, but it is incredible that no word should have been uttered of the trick till after its accomplishment; we are left to imagine in what way Smug took the part of an alehouse sign; and, finally, it is not explained how Sir Arthur knew his daughter was to be sheltered by Brian. The business of the nunnery may come in the same category; but that may perhaps be accounted for by a single author's carelessness or incompetence; whereas these other matters are hardly to be so accounted for.

The source of the main plot is "The Famous History of Friar Bacon." The underplot is to be found in a prose tract by T. B. (Thomas Brewer), entitled "The Merry Devil of Edmonton;" but, as this was not entered in the Stationers' Register till 1608, it was certainly not a source. This tract, which is explanatory of much that is left confused or unexplained in the play, deals with the pranks of the four comedians of the drama—Banks, Smug, Sir John, and the Host. The play was entered in the Register in October, 1607, and published in 1608. Other editions followed in 1612, 1617, 1626, 1631, and 1655. There can therefore, be no doubt of its popularity, even if we had not Jonson's testimony to it.

Of its date of production, all that can be said definitely is that it is not later than 1604, since it is referred to in a work published that year, and that it is later than 1584, since it alludes to Cooper's Dictionary, which dates from then. We also have the merry Host calling Bilbo "my soldier of St. Quinten's." The storming of the town of St

uentin's took place in 1557, and, if we suppose that the Host was peaking of an event within his own memory, we can hardly place ne play later than the middle 'nineties. But there are also some ngular correspondences with other plays; and we have to consider hether these may not help us in the dating of the comedy. The name f the Host is Blague, and the innkeeper in Heywood's "Edward IV" Mistress Blage. The two "Edward IV" plays were certainly earlier nan 1599, and may, as Greg suggests, be identical with or founded n "The Siege of London", which was an old play in December, 1594. n IV 1 there is a very close resemblance to the "My daughter! oh, my ucats!" passage in "The Merchant of Venice." This is, of course, reated as an imitation of Shakespeare; but it is not impossible that hakespeare may have been the borrower; and it is to be noted in this onnection that we have in the Shakespeare play (II 3) the phrase merry devil," which may be a reference, as Fleay thought it was, to is comedy. There is reason to consider 1594 as the date of "The Mernant." Then we have to note the frequent use of the word "element" nd to remember that the Clown in "Twelfth Night" speaks of it as overworn." That fact appears to date "The Merry Devil" before 600, for the word seems to have been out of favor after the beginning f the new century. "Twelfth Night" is usually dated about 1601–2, ut, as we shall see, there are reasons for believing that it existed much arlier. And, finally, there is the extraordinary series of correspondnces between "The Merry Devil" and the Falstaff plays. The spirit f the comic scenes is that of the comic scenes of "The Merry Wives f Windsor;" and the Host of the one play is almost a duplicate of ne Host of the other. Are we to account for this by supposing that ne author of "The Merry Devil" had a hand in the writing of "The Merry Wives," that Shakespeare was partly responsible for "The Merry Devil," that in this play Shakespeare was plagiarized or imitated, or nat in "The Merry Wives" Shakespeare did the plagiarizing or imitatng? Who shall say? There are also some marked verbal parallels ith both "Henry IV, part 2" and "The Merry Wives," and we find ne of the catch-words of the play repeated in "Much Ado." These lays, with the first part of "Henry IV," are commonly dated 1597–599, and may be held to give an indication that this play also dates om that period; but "The Merry Wives" contains a very definite llusion to an event of August, 1592, which would have been entirely ut of date twelve months afterwards, while the opening lines seem o refer to an incident of 1590. If, then, 1598 or thereabouts be taken s a likely time for the production of "The Merry Devil" in something ke its present form, we must bear in mind that the play has almost ertainly undergone a good deal of mangling or revision, and that in

its original form it may date back to 1592 or earlier. It would seem to fall naturally into the group of black-magic plays, of which two noteworthy examples have descended to us in the shape of "Faustus" and "Friar Bacon;" and the probability that it belongs to the same time is increased by the fact that it draws on the same source as the latter. That may then give the play an original date of 1589 or 1590.

There is another circumstance to which Fleay drew attention, but which later scholars have unaccountably ignored: there seems some reason to believe that the Host represented Sir John Oldcastle and thus carried on the Chamberlain's men's policy of slandering the memory of the Protestant martyr of Henry V's reign. Note the Host's catch-word of serving "the good Duke of Norfolk," [1] which seems to be equivalent for indulging in mild villainy, such as the stealing of the King's deer; and note too the allusion in IV 2 to his huge bulk. The play being produced by his company, Shakespeare may quite possibly have had a hand in it, though no sign of him is perceptible; and, in view of the many points of contact between this play and the Falstaff trilogy it is at least curious that Meres should apply to Drayton words from "1 Henry IV," declaring him to differ from others, when "there is nothing but roguery in villanous man." As, however, Drayton was one of the four authors of a play produced by another company to vindicate the character of Oldcastle, it does not seem likely that he would have slandered him by depicting him as the Host in "The Merry Devil." It may be, then, either that he was not the author or that, despite the indications, the Host was not intended to represent the Protestant martyr.

Reference has already been made to the difficulty in following the action because of the gaps in it. There are also many other indications of the drama having been altered, and many inconsistencies which may or may not be attributable to the same cause. The first scene of IV opens as the clock is about to strike ten; yet in the next scene, which occurs much later, the sexton says it is time to ring the nine o'clock curfew. Millicent and Raymond have been lovers two years in I 1, and three years in III 2. Harry is called "Henry" in the stage direction of III 1, and an unknown Sir George is addressed in the concluding scene. We get hints of the much greater influence exercised by Fabel in the earlier versions; as it is, we are not shown the scene in which he impersonated Friar Hildersham (which was probably in the original), and his promise of jokes in the nunnery comes to naught. And finally, the induction has nothing whatever to do with what follows.

The piece is, if lacking in cohesion and coherence, a play of much attractiveness, by reason of the delicate charm of its poetry, its freedom

[1] Falstaff had been page to the Duke of Norfolk, as the historical Oldcastle had been.

om all coarseness, the honesty and liveliness of its fun, and the hap-
ness of its mood. The verse is very sweet, very regular, free from
e stiffness of the pre-Marlovians, but using sparingly the later de-
lopments in metrics. The comic characters are depicted with much
mor. The love-story is probably the author's invention. Great use
made of catch-words, which were much in vogue about 1598 and for
few years later. This may have been the play to set the fashion.
is treated here as belonging to 1598. If, as there is reason to sup-
se, it was, in an early form, produced about 1590, it must have been
ry thoroughly rewritten, for the style shows but a single stratum.
here is no indication that more than a single writer was concerned
it.

CHARACTERS

PROLOGUE.
SIR ARTHUR CLARE.
SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY.
SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.
HARRY CLARE.
RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.
FRANK JERNINGHAM.
PETER FABELL, *the Merry Devil.*
BLAGUE, *the Host.*
SIR JOHN, *a Priest.*
BANKS, *the Miller of Waltham.*
SMUG, *the Smith of Edmonton.*
SEXTON.
BILBO.
BRIAN.
RALPH, *Brian's man.*
FRIAR HILDERSHAM.
BENEDICK.
CHAMBERLAIN.
COREB, *a Spirit.*
LADY DORCAS CLARE.
MILLICENT CLARE, *her Daughter.*
THE PRIORESS *of Cheston Nunnery.*
Nuns and Attendants.

PLACE: *Waltham and the surrounding country.*
TIME: *About* 1500.

THE MERRY DEVIL OF EDMONTON

PROLOGUE

Your silence and attention, worthy friends,
That your free spirits may with more pleasing sense
Relish the life of this our active scene!
To which intent, to calm this murmuring breath,
We ring this round with our invoking spells;
If that your listening ears be yet prepared
To entertain the subject of our play,
Lend us your patience!
'Tis Peter Fabell, a renownëd scholar,
Whose fame hath still been hitherto forgot
By all the writers of this latter age.
In Middlesex his birth and his abode,
Not full seven mile from this great famous city;
That, for his fame in sleights and magic won,
Was called the merry Fiend of Edmonton.
If any here make doubt of such a name,
In Edmonton yet fresh unto this day,
Fixed in the wall of that old ancient church,
His monument remaineth to be seen;
His memory yet in the mouths of men,
That, whilst he lived, he could deceive the Devil.
Imagine now that, whilst he is retired
From Cambridge back unto his native home,
Suppose the silent, sable-visaged night
Casts her black curtain over all the world;
And, whilst he sleeps within his silent bed,
Toiled with the studies of the passëd day,
The very time and hour wherein that spirit
That many years attended his command,
And oftentimes 'twixt Cambridge and that town
Had in a minute borne him through the air,
By composition 'twixt the fiend and him,
Comes now to claim the scholar for his due.
[*Draws the curtains, showing* Fabell *on his couch.*
Behold him here, laid on his restless couch,
His fatal chime preparëd at his head,
His chamber guarded with these sable sleights;
And by him stands that necromantic chair,
In which he makes his direful invocations
And binds the fiends that shall obey his will.
Sit with a pleasëd eye, until you know
The comic end of our sad tragic show. [*Exit.*

INDUCTION

The chime sounds midnight. While it is striking, FABELL *stares about him and holds up his hands.*

FAB. What means the tolling of this fatal chime?
O, what a trembling horror strikes my heart!
My stiffened hair stands upright on my head,
As do the bristles of a porcupine. [10

COREB *appears.*

COR. Fabell, awake! or I will bear thee hence
Headlong to hell.
FAB. Ha, ha,
Why dost thou wake me? Coreb, is it thou?
COR. 'Tis I.
FAB. I know thee well: I hear the watchful dogs [20
With hollow howling tell of thy approach;
The lights burn dim, affrighted with thy presence;
And this distempered and tempestuous night
Tells me the air is troubled with some devil.
COR. Come, art thou ready? [29
FAB. Whither? or to what?
COR. Why, Scholar, this the hour my date expires;
I must depart, and come to claim my due.
FAB. Ha, what is thy due?
COR. Fabell, thyself!
FAB. O, let not darkness hear thee speak that word,
Lest that with force it hurry hence amain
And leave the world to look upon my woe: [41
Yet overwhelm me with this globe of earth,
And let a little sparrow with her bill
Take but so much as she can bear away,
That, every day thus losing of my load,
I may again in time yet hope to rise.
COR. Didst thou not write thy name in thine own blood,
And drew'st the formal deed 'twixt th
and me; [
And is it not recorded now in hell?
FAB. Why com'st thou in this ste
and horrid shape,
Not in familiar sort, as thou wast wor
COR. Because the date of thy comma
is out,
And I am master of thy skill and thee
FAB. Coreb, thou angry and impatie
spirit, [
I have earnest business for a priva
friend;
Reserve me, spirit, until some furth
time.
COR. I will not for the mines of all t
earth.
FAB. Then let me rise, and, ere I lea
the world,
Dispatch some business that I ha
to do; [
And in mean time repose thee in th
chair.
COR. Fabell, I will. [*Sits dou*
FAB. O, that this soul, that cost
great a price
As the dear precious blood of her R
deemer,
Inspired with knowledge, should by th
alone [
Which makes a man so mean unto t
powers
Even lead him down into the depth
hell,
When men in their own pride strive
know more
Than man should know!
For this alone God cast the angels dow
The infinity of arts is like a sea,
Into which, when man will take in ha
to sail [
Further than reason, which should be
pilot,
Hath skill to guide him, losing once
compass,
He falleth to such deep and dangero
whirlpools
As he doth lose the very sight of heave
The more he strives to come to qu
harbor, [

The further still he finds himself from land.
Man, striving still to find the depth of evil,
Seeking to be a God, becomes a devil.
COR. Come, Fabell, hast thou done?
FAB. Yes, yes. Come hither!
But COREB *finds that he cannot,* FABELL *having tied him to the chair by his enchantments.*
COR. Fabell, I cannot. [110
FAB. Cannot?—What ails your hollowness?
COR. Good Fabell, help me!
FAB. Alas! where lies your grief? some *Aqua-vitae!*
The Devil's very sick; I fear he'll die;
For he looks very ill.
COR. Dar'st thou deride the minister of darkness?
In Lucifer's dread name Coreb conjures thee [121
To set him free.
FAB. I will not for the mines of all the earth,
Unless thou give me liberty to see
Seven years more, before thou seize on me.
COR. Fabell, I give it thee.
FAB. Swear, damnëd fiend!
COR. Unbind me, and, by hell, I will not touch thee, [131
Till seven years from this hour be full expired.
FAB. Enough, come out.
COR. A vengeance take thy art!
Live and convert all piety to evil:
Never did man thus over-reach the Devil.
No time on earth like Phaëtonic flames
Can have perpetual being. I'll return
To my infernal mansion; but be sure, [140
Thy seven years done, no trick shall make me tarry,
But, Coreb, thou to hell shalt Fabell carry.
FAB. Then, thus betwixt us two this variance ends,
Thou to thy fellow fiends, I to my friends. [COREB *disappears.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I

SIR ARTHUR CLARE, DORCAS, *his lady,* MILLICENT, *his daughter, and his son* HARRY *have just arrived, early in the morning, at the George Inn in Waltham. The men are booted, the gentlewomen in cloaks and safeguards.*[1] BLAGUE, *the merry Host of the George, comes with them into his parlor.* [8

SIR ARTHUR'S *daughter has been engaged to be married to* RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, *and they are to meet at the inn to effect a formal betrothal; but the Knight has determined to break the match in favor of a much wealthier one with the heir of* SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM.

HOST. Welcome, good knight, to the George at Waltham, my free-hold, my tenements, goods and chattels!—Madam, here's a room is the very Homer and [20 Iliads of a lodging; it hath none of the four elements in it: I built it out of the centre; and I drink ne'er the less sack. —Welcome, my little waste of maidenheads! What? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SIR AR. God-a-mercy, my good host Blague! Thou hast a good seat here.

HOST. 'Tis correspondent or so: there's not a Tartarian nor a carrier [30 shall breathe upon your geldings; they have villanous rank feet, the rogues, and they shall not sweat in my linen. Knights and lords too have been drunk in my house, I thank the destinies.

Y. CLA. Prithee, good sinful innkeeper, will that corruption, thine ostler, look well to my gelding.—Hey, a pox of these rushes! [39

HOST. You, Saint Dennis, your gelding shall walk without doors, and cool his feet for his master's sake. By the body of St. George, I have an excellent intellect to go steal some venison. Now, when wast thou in the forest?

Y. CLA. Away, you stale mess of white

[1] Outer petticoats, for the protection of more costly clothes beneath.

broth! Come hither, sister, let me help you.

Sir Ar. Mine host, is not Sir Richard Mounchensey come yet, according to our appointment when we last dined here?

Host. The knight's not yet apparent. —Marry, here's a forerunner that summons a parle, and saith he'll be here top and top-gallant presently.

Sir Ar. 'Tis well. Good mine host, go down, and see breakfast be provided.

Host. Knight, thy breath hath the force of a woman; it takes me down; I am for the baser element of the kitchen: I retire like a valiant soldier, face point-blank to the foeman, or, like a courtier, that must not show the Prince his posteriors; I vanish, to know my canvasadoes and my interrogatories, for I serve the good Duke of Norfolk. [*Exit.*

Sir Ar. How doth my Lady? are you not weary, Madam?
Come hither, I must talk in private with you;
<My daughter Millicent must not overhear.>

Mil. <Ay, whispering? pray God it tend my good!
Strange fear assails my heart, usurps my blood.>

[*Takes up a position from which she can overhear what is being said.*

Sir Ar. <You know our meeting with the knight Mounchensey
Is to assure our daughter to his heir.

L. Dor. 'Tis, without question.

Sir Ar. Two tedious winters have passed o'er, since first
This couple loved each other, and in passion
Glued first their naked hands with youthful moisture—
Just so long, on my knowledge.

L. Dor. And what of this?

Sir Ar. This morning should my daughter lose her name,
And to Mounchensey's house convey our arms,
Quartered within his 'scutcheon; th' affiance, made
'Twixt him and her, this morning shou
be sealed.

L. Dor. I know it should. [

Sir Ar. But there are crosses, wif
here's one in Waltham,
Another at the Abbey, and the third
At Cheston; and 'tis ominous to pass
Any of these without a pater-noster.
Crosses of love still thwart this marriäg
Whilst that we two, like spirits, walk
night
About those stony and hard-heart
plots.>

Mil. <O God, what means n
father?>

Sir Ar. <For look you, wife, the ric
ous old knight
Hath overrun his annual revénue
In keeping jolly Christmas all the year
The nostrils of his chimney are still stuff
With smoke, more chargeable than car
tobacco:
His hawks devour his fattest dogs, whil
simple,
His leanest curs eat his hounds carrio
Besides, I heard of late, his young
brother,
A Turkey merchant, hath sore suck
the knight
By means of some great losses on the se
That, you conceive me, before God, a
naught,
His seat is weak. Thus, each thi
rightly scanned,
You'll see a flight, wife, shortly of
land.>

Mil. <Treason to my heart's tru
sovereign!
How soon is love smothered in fog
gain!>

L. Dor. <But how shall we preve
this dangerous match?

Sir Ar. I have a plot, a trick, and t
it is;
Under this color I'll break off the matc
I'll tell the knight that now my mi
is changed
For marrying of my daughter; for I
tend

[2] These two lines cannot be right, but satisfactory emendation has been suggested.

To send her unto Cheston Nunnery.>
MIL. <O me accurst!>
SIR AR. <There to become a most religious nun.> [149
MIL. <I'll first be buried quick.[3]>
SIR AR. <To spend her beauty in most private prayers.>
MIL. <I'll sooner be a sinner in forsaking
Mother and father.>
SIR AR. <How dost like my plot?
L. DOR. Exceeding well; but is it your intent
She shall continue there? [160
SIR AR. Continue there? Ha, ha, that were a jest!
You know a virgin may continue there
A twelvemonth and a day only on trial.
There shall my daughter sojourn some three months,
And in meantime I'll compass a fair match
Twixt youthful Jerningham, the lusty heir [170
Of Sir Ralph Jerningham, dwelling in the forest.
I think they'll both come hither with Mounchensey.
L. DOR. Your care argues the love you bear our child;
I will subscribe to anything you'll have me.>
[*Exeunt* SIR ARTHUR *and his* LADY.
MIL. You will subscribe to it! [180
Good, good, 'tis well;
Love hath two chairs of state, heaven and hell.
My dear Mounchensey, thou my death shalt rue,
Ere to thy heart Millicent prove untrue.

SCENE II

BLAGUE *is in another room of the inn, shouting out orders to his men.*

HOST. Ostlers, you knaves and commanders, take the horses of the knights and competitors. Your honorable hulks have put into harbor, they'll take in fresh water here, and I have provided clean chamber-pots.—Via, they come!

[3] alive.

Enter SIR RICHARD MOUNCHENSEY, SIR RALPH JERNINGHAM, YOUNG FRANK JERNINGHAM, RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY, PETER FABELL, *and* BILBO. [12

The destinies be most neat chamberlains to these swaggering puritans, knights of the subsidy.

SIR RICH. God-a-mercy, good mine host!

SIR RALPH. Thanks, good host Blague.

HOST. Room for my case of pistols, that have Greek and Latin bullets in them; [20 let me cling to your flanks, my nimble Giberalters, and blow wind in your calves, to make them swell bigger. Ha, I'll caper in mine own fee-simple. Away with punctilios and orthography! I serve the good Duke of Norfolk. Bilbo, *Tityre, tu patulæ recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

BIL. Truly, mine host, Bilbo, though he be somewhat out of fashion, will be your only blade still. I have a villanous sharp stomach to slice a breakfast. [31

HOST. Thou shalt have it without any more discontinuance, releases, or atturnment. What! we know our terms of hunting and the sea-card.

BIL. And do you serve the good Duke of Norfolk still?

HOST. Still, and still, and still, my soldier of St. Quentin's! Come, follow me; I have Charles' wain below in a butt of sack, 'twill glister like your crab-fish. [41

BIL. You have fine scholar-like terms; your Cooper's Dictionary is your only book to study in a cellar, a man shall find very strange words in it. Come, my host, let's serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

HOST. And still, and still, and still, my boy, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

[*Exeunt* HOST *and* BILBO. [50

Enter, from within, SIR ARTHUR CLARE, HARRY CLARE, *and* MILLICENT.

SIR RALPH. Good Sir Arthur Clare!
SIR AR. What gentleman is that? I know him not.
SIR RICH. 'Tis Master Fabell, sir, a Cambridge scholar,
My son's dear friend.

SIR AR. Sir, I entreat you know me.
FAB. Command me, sir; I am affected to you
For your Mounchensey's sake.
SIR AR. Alas, for him,
I not respect whether he sink or swim!—
A word in private, Sir Ralph Jerningham.
RAY. Methinks your father looketh strangely on me.—
Say, love, why are you sad?
MIL. I am not, sweet;
Passion is strong, when woe with woe doth meet.
SIR AR. Shall's in to breakfast? After, we'll conclude
The cause of this our coming: in and feed,
And let that usher a more serious deed.
MIL. <Whilst you desire his grief, my heart shall bleed.>
Y. JER. Raymond Mounchensey,
come, be frolic, friend;
This is the day thou hast expected long.
RAY. Pray God, dear Jerningham, it prove so happy.
Y. JER. There's nought can alter it! Be merry, lad!
FAB. There's nought shall alter it! Be lively, Raymond!
Stand any opposition 'gainst thy hope,
Art shall confront it with her largest scope. [*All go out, save* FABELL.
Good old Mounchensey, is thy hap so ill,
That, for thy bounty and thy royal parts,
Thy kind alliance should be held in scorn,
And, after all these promises, my[4] Clare
Refuse to give his daughter to thy son,
Only because thy revenues cannot reach
To make her dowage of so rich a jointure
As can the heir of wealthy Jerningham?
And therefore is the false fox now in hand
To strike a match betwixt her and the other;
And the old grey-beards now are close together,
Plotting it in the garden. Is't even so?
Raymond Mounchensey, boy, have thou and I
Thus long at Cambridge read the liberal arts,
The metaphysics, magic, and those parts
Of the most secret deep philosophy?
Have I so many melancholy nights
Watched on the top of Peter-house highest tower,
And come we back unto our native home,
For want of skill to lose the wench thou lov'st?
We'll first hang Enfield in such rings of mist
As never rose from any dampish fen:
I'll make the brinëd sea to rise at Ware,
And drown the marshes unto Stratford Bridge;
I'll drive the deer from Waltham in their walks,
And scatter them like sheep in every field.
We may perhaps be crossed; but, if we be,
He shall cross the Devil, that but crosses me.

Re-enter RAYMOND, YOUNG JERNINGHAM, *and* YOUNG CLARE.

But here comes Raymond, disconsolate and sad;
And here's the gallant that must have the wench.
Y. JER. I prithee, Raymond, leave these solemn dumps:
Revive thy spirits, thou that before hast been
More watchful than the day-proclaiming cock,
As sportive as a kid, as frank and merry
As Mirth herself!
If aught in me may thy content procure,
It is thine own, thou may'st thyself assure.
RAY. Ha, Jerningham, if any but thyself
Had spoke that word, it would have come as cold
As the bleak northern winds upon the face
Of winter.
From thee they have some power upon my blood;

[4] should not this be "thy"?

Yet being from thee—had but that hollow sound [160
Come from the lips of any living man,
It might have won the credit of mine ear;
From thee it cannot.

Y. Jer. If I understand thee, I am a villain:
What, dost thou speak in parables to thy friends?

Y. Cla. Come, boy, and make me this same groaning love— [170
Troubled with stitches and the cough a' th' lungs,
That wept his eyes out when he was a child,
And ever since hath shot at hoodman-blind—
Make her leap, caper, jerk, and laugh, and sing,
And play me horse-tricks;
Make Cupid wanton as his mother's dove: [181
But in this sort, boy, I would have thee love.

Fab. Why, how now, madcap? What, my lusty Frank,
So near a wife, and will not tell your friend?
But you will to this gear in hugger-mugger.[5]
Art thou turned miser, rascal, in thy [190 loves?

Y. Jer. Who, I? 'Sblood, what should all you see in me, that I should look like a married man, ha? Am I bald? are my legs too little for my hose? If I feel anything in my forehead, I am a villain. Do I wear a nightcap? do I bend in the hams? What dost thou see in me, that I should be towards marriage, ha? [199

Y. Cla. What, thou married? let me look upon thee, rogue. Who has given out this of thee? how cam'st thou into this ill name? What company hast thou been in, rascal?

Fab. You are the man, sir, must have Millicent;
The match is making in the garden now;
Her jointure is agreed on, and th' old men, [209

[5] secret.

Your fathers, mean to launch their busy bags,
But in meantime to thrust Mounchensey off.
For color of this new intended match,
Fair Millicent to Cheston must be sent,
To take the approbation for a nun.
Ne'er look upon me, lad, the match is done.

Y. Jer. Raymond Mounchensey, now I touch thy grief [220
With the true feeling of a zealous friend.
And, as for fair and beauteous Millicent,
With my vain breath I will not seek to slubber
Her angel-like perfections; but thou know'st
That Essex hath the saint that I adore.
Where'er did we meet thee and wanton springs,
That like a wag thou hast not laughed at me, [231
And with regardless jesting mocked my love?
How many a sad and weary summer night
My sighs have drunk the dew from off the earth,
And I have taught the nightingale to wake,
And from the meadows sprung the early lark [241
An hour before she should have list to sing:
I have loaded the poor minutes with my moans,
That I have made the heavy slow-paced hours
To hang like heavy clogs upon the day;
But, dear Mounchensey, had not my affection [250
Seized on the beauty of another dame,
Before I'd wrong the chaste and virgin[6] love
Of one so worthy and so true a friend,
I will abjure both beauty and her sight,
And will in love become a counterfeit.

Ray. Dear Jerningham, thou hast begot my life,

[6] Mr. William Wells' emendation for "chase and o'ergiveth f"

And from the mouth of hell, where now I sat,
I feel my spirit rebound against the stars:
Thou hast conquered me, dear friend; in my free soul
Neither time nor death can by their power control.
FAB. Frank Jerningham, thou art a gallant boy;
And, were he not my pupil, I would say
He were as fine a mettled gentleman,
Of as free spirit, and of as fine a temper
As is in England; and he is a man
That very richly may deserve thy love.
But, noble Clare, this while of our discourse,
What may Mounchensey's honor to thyself
Exact upon the measure of thy grace?
Y. CLA. Raymond Mounchensey? I would have thee know,
He does not breathe this air
Whose love I cherish and whose soul I love
More than Mounchensey's;
Nor ever in my life did see the man
Whom, for his wit and many virtuous parts,
I think more worthy of my sister's love.
But, since the matter grows unto this pass,
I must not seem to cross my father's will;
But, when thou list to visit her by night,
My horse is saddled, and the stable door
Stands ready for thee; use them at thy pleasure.
In honest marriage wed her frankly, boy;
And if thou gett'st her, lad, God give thee joy!
RAY. Then, care, away! Let fates my fall pretend,[7]
Backed with the favors of so true a friend!
FAB. Let us alone to bustle for the set;
For age and craft with wit and art have met.
I'll make my spirits to dance such nightly jigs
Along the way 'twixt this and Tot'nam cross,
The carriers' jades shall cast their heavy packs,
And the strong hedges scarce shall keep them in:
The milkmaid's cuts[8] shall turn the wenches off,
And lay the dossers tumbling in the dust:
The frank and merry London 'prentices,
That come for cream and lusty country cheer,
Shall lose their way; and, scrambling in the ditches,
All night shall whoop and hollow, cry and call,
Yet none to other find the way at all.
RAY. Pursue the project, scholar: what we can do
To help endeavor, join our lives thereto!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

SCENE I

BANKS, SIR JOHN *and* SMUG *are a trinity of precious rogues who are wont, in conjunction with the merry host of the George, to make many a theft of the King's deer in Enfield Chase. They are met now to devise a new raid.*

BANKS. Take me with you, good Sir John! A plague on thee, Smug! an thou touchest liquor, thou art foundered straight. What! are your brains always [10 water-mills? must they ever run round?

SMUG. Banks, your ale is a Philistine fox; 'sheart, there's fire i' th' tail on't: you are a rogue to charge us with mugs i' th' rearward. A plague of this wind; O, it tickles our catastrophe.

SIR JOHN. Neighbor Banks of Waltham, and Goodman Smug, the honest smith of Edmonton, as I dwell betwixt you both at Enfield, I know the taste of both your ale-houses; they are good both, smart [21 both. Hem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

BANKS. Well said, Sir John; you are of the same humor still. And doth the water run the same way still, boy?

[7] design.

[8] horses.

SMUG. Vulcan was a rogue to him.—
ir John, lock, lock, lock fast, Sir John;
o, Sir John. I'll, one of these years, [30
hen it shall please the goddesses and
he destinies, be drunk in your company;
hat's all now, and God send us health.
hall I swear I love you?

SIR JOHN. No oaths, no oaths, good
neighbor Smug;
Ve'll wet our lips together and hug;
arouse in private, and elevate the heart,
nd the liver and the lights—and the [39
ghts, mark you me, within us; for, hem,
rass and hay! we are all mortal; let's
ve till we die, and be merry; and there's
n end.

BANKS. But to our former motion about
tealing some venison; whither go we?

SIR JOHN. Into the forest, neighbor
anks, into Brian's walk, the mad keeper.

SMUG. 'Sblood! I'll tickle your keeper.

BANKS. I' faith, thou art always drunk
hen we have need of thee. [50

SMUG. Need of me? 'sheart! you shall
ave need of me always, while there's
on in an anvil.

BANKS. Master Parson, may the smith
o, think you, being in this taking?

SMUG. Go? I'll go in spite of all the
ells in Waltham.

SIR JOHN. The question is, good neigh-
or Banks—let me see: the moon shines
o-night—there's not a narrow bridge [60
etwixt this and the forest—his brain
ill be settled ere night; he may go, he
ay go, neighbor Banks. Now we want
one but the company of mine host
lague of the George at Waltham; if he
ere here, our consort were full. Look
here comes my good host, the Duke of
orfolk's man! and how? and how?
hem, grass and hay! we are not yet
ortal; let's live till we die, and be
erry; and there's an end. [71

Enter BLAGUE.

HOST. Ha, my Castilian dialogues!—
nd art thou in breath still, boy?—
iller, doth the match hold?—Smith, I
ee by thy eyes thou hast been reading
ttle Geneva print; but wend we merrily to the forest, to steal some of the king's deer! I'll meet you at the time appointed. Away, I have knights and [80 colonels at my house, and must tend the Hungarians. If we be scared in the forest, we'll meet in the church-porch at Enfield; is't correspondent?

BANKS. 'Tis well; but how if any of us should be taken?

SMUG. He shall have ransom, by the Lord.

HOST. Tush, the knave keepers are my bosonians[1] and my pensioners.—Nine [90 o'clock! be valiant, my little Gogmagogs; I'll fence with all the justices in Hertfordshire. I'll have a buck till I die; I'll slay a doe while I live. Hold your bow straight and steady! I serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SMUG. O rare! who-ho-ho, boy!

SIR JOHN. Peace, neighbor Smug! You see this is a boor, a boor of the country, an illiterate boor, and yet the citizen [100 of good fellows. Come, let's provide; ahem, grass and hay! we are not yet all mortal; we'll live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.—Come, Smug!

SMUG. Good night, Waltham—who-ho-ho, boy! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

SIR RICHARD, SIR ARTHUR, LADY DORCAS, HARRY, MILLICENT, RAYMOND, *and* FABELL *enter the parlor of the George from breakfast.* SIR ARTHUR *has told* SIR RICHARD *he is now opposed to the marriage, and* SIR RICHARD *has not taken the news kindly.*

SIR RICH. Nor I for thee, Clare, not
of this. [9
What? hast thou fed me all this while
with shalls?
And com'st to tell me now thou lik'st it
not?

SIR AR. I do not hold thy offer competent;
Nor do I like th' assurance of thy land;
The title is so brangled with thy debts.

[1] beggars.

Sir Rich. Too good for thee; and, knight, thou knowest it well,
I fawned not on thee for thy goods, not I;
'Twas thine own motion; that thy wife doth know.
L. Dor. Husband, it was so; he lies not in that.
Sir Ar. Hold thy chat, quean.
Sir Rich. To which I hearkened willingly, and the rather
Because I was persuaded it proceeded
From love thou bor'st to me and to my boy,
And gav'st him free access unto thy house,
Where he hath not behaved him to thy child
But as befits a gentleman to do;
Nor is my poor distressëd state so low
That I'll shut up my doors, I warrant thee.
Sir Ar. Let it suffice, Mounchensey, I mislike it;
Nor think thy son a match fit for my child.
Sir Rich. I tell thee, Clare, his blood is good and clear
As the best drop that panteth in thy veins;
But, for this maid, thy fair and virtuous child,
She is no more disparaged by thy baseness
Than the most orient and the precious jewel,
Which still retains his lustre and his beauty,
Although a slave were owner of the same.
Sir Ar. She is the last is left me to bestow;
And her I mean to dedicate to God.
Sir Rich. You do, sir?
Sir. Ar. Sir, sir, I do; she is mine own.
Sir Rich. And pity she is so!
<Damnation dog thee and thy wretched pelf!>
Sir Ar. Not thou, Mounchensey, shalt bestow my child.
Sir Rich. Neither shouldst thou bestow her where thou mean'st.
Sir Ar. What wilt thou do?
Sir Rich. No matter, let that b
I will do that, perhaps, shall anger the
Thou hast wronged my love, and, God's blessëd angel,
Thou shalt well know it.
Sir Ar. Tut, brave not me!
Sir Rich. Brave thee, base chu
Were't not for manhood sake—
I say no more but that there be some
Whose blood is hotter than ours is,
Which, being stirred, might make us bo repent
This foolish meeting. But, Harry Cla
Although thy father have abused r friendship,
Yet I love thee; I do, my noble boy,
I do, i' faith.
L. Dor. Ay, do, do, fill all the wor with talk of us: man, man, I never look for better at your hands.
Fab. I hoped your great experience a your years
Would have proved patience rather your soul
Than with this frantic and untam passion
To whet their skeins.[2] And, but for tha
I hope their friendships are too well co firmed,
And their minds tempered with mo kindly heat,
Than, for their froward parents' soars,
That they should break forth into publ brawls.
Howe'er the rough hand of th' untowa world
Hath moulded your proceedings in th matter,
Yet I am sure the first intent was love
Then, since the first spring was so swe and warm,
Let it die gently; ne'er kill it with scorn.
Ray. O thou base world, how leprou is that soul
That is once limed in that pollute mud!—
O Sir Arthur, you have startled his fr active spirits

[2] knives.
[3] recriminations.

With a too sharp spur for his mind to bear.—
[*To his father.*] Have patience, sir; the remedy to woe
Is to leave what of force we must forgo.
MIL. <And I must take a twelvemonth's approbation,
That in meantime this sole and private life
At the year's end may fashion me a wife;
But, sweet Mounchensey, ere this year be done,
Thou'st be a friar, if that I be a nun.
And, father, ere young Jerningham's I'll be,
I will turn mad to spite both him and thee.>
SIR AR. Wife, come to horse; and, [*to* MILLICENT] huswife, make you ready;
For, if I live, I swear by this good light,
I'll see you lodged in Cheston house to-night.
[*Exeunt* SIR ARTHUR, *his* LADY, *and* MILLICENT.
SIR RICH. Raymond, away! Thou seest how matters fall.—
Churl, hell consume thee, and thy pelf, and all!
FAB. Now, Master Clare, you see how matters fadge;
Your Millicent must needs be made a nun.
Well, sir, we are the men must ply this match.
[*To* RAYMOND.] Hold you your peace, and be a looker on;
And, send her unto Cheston when he will,
I'll send me fellows of a handful high
Into the cloisters where the nuns frequent,
Shall make them skip like does about the dale,
And make the lady prioress of the house
To play at leap-frog, naked in their smocks,
Until the merry wenches at their mass
Cry "teehee, weehee;"
And, tickling these mad lasses in their flanks,
Shall sprawl, and squeak, and pinch their fellow-nuns.
Be lively, boys; before the wench we lose,
I'll make the abbess wear the canon's hose.
[*Exit* RAYMOND.

MILLICENT *returns, with* FRANK.[4]

Y. CLA. Spite now hath done her worst; sister, be patient!
Y. JER. Forewarned poor Raymond's company! O heaven!
When the composure of[5] weak frailty meet
Upon this mart of dirt, O then weak love
Must in her own unhappiness be silent,
And wink on all deformities.
MIL. 'Tis well:
Where's Raymond, brother? Where's my dear Mounchensey?
Would we might weep together and then part;
Our sighing parlë would much ease my heart.
FAB. Sweet beauty, fold your sorrows in the thought
Of future reconcilement. Let your tears
Show you a woman; but be no farther spent
Than from the eyes; for, sweet, experience says
That love is firm that's flattered with delays.
MIL. Alas, sir, think you I shall e'er be his?
FAB. As sure as parting smiles on future bliss.
Yond comes my friend! See, he hath doted
So long upon your beauty, that your want
Will with a pale retirement waste his blood;
For in true love music doth sweetly dwell:
Severed, these less worlds bear within them hell.

Re-enter RAYMOND MOUNCHENSEY.

RAY. Harry and Frank, you are enjoined to wean
Your friendship from me; we must part; the breath
Of all advised corruption, pardon me!

[4] This is usually treated as a new scene.
[5] elements composing.

Faith, I must say so; you may think I love you,
I breathe not rougher spite to sever us;
We'll meet by stealth, sweet friends, by stealth, you twain;
Kisses are sweetest got with struggling pain.

Y. Jer. Our friendship dies not, Raymond.

Ray. Pardon me:
I am busied; I have lost my faculties,
And buried them in Millicent's clear eyes.

Mil. Alas, sweet love, what shall become of me?
I must to Cheston to the nunnery,
I shall ne'er see thee more.

Ray. How, sweet?
I'll be thy votary, we'll often meet:
[*Kisses her.*
This kiss divides us, and breathes soft adieu;
This be a double charm to keep both true.

Fab. Have done: your fathers may chance spy your parting.
Refuse not you by any means, good sweetness,
To go unto the nunnery; far from hence
Must we beget your love's sweet happiness.
You shall not stay there long; your harder bed
Shall be more soft when nun and maid are dead.

Enter Bilbo.

Ray. Now, sirrah, what's the matter?

Bil. Marry, you must to horse presently;[6] that villanous old gouty churl, Sir Arthur Clare, longs till he be at the nunnery.

Y. Cla. How, sir?

Bil. O, I cry you mercy, he is your father, sir, indeed; but I am sure that there's less affinity betwixt your two natures than there is between a broker and a cutpurse.

Ray. Bring my gelding, sirrah.

Bil. Well, nothing grieves me, but for the poor wench; she must now cry *vale* to lobster-pies, artichokes, and all suc meats of mortality. Poor gentlewoman the sign must not be in *Virgo* any longe with her; and that me grieves full well.

[*Singing.*]

Poor Millicent
Must pray and repent:
O fatal wonder!
She'll now be no fatter,
Love must not come at her,
Yet she shall be kept under. [*Exi*

Y. Jer. Farewell, dear Raymond.

Y. Cla. Friend, adieu.

Mil. Dear swee
No joy enjoys my heart till we next mee
[*Exeunt Young* Clare *and* Millicent

Fab. Well, Raymond, now the tide c discontent
Beats in thy face; but, ere't be long, th wind
Shall turn the flood. We must to Wa tham Abbey,
And, as fair Millicent in Cheston lives,
A most unwilling nun, so thou shalt ther
Become a beardless novice; to what enc
Let time and future accidents declare:
Taste thou my sleights, thy love I' only share.

Ray. Turn friar? Come, my goo counsellor, let's go,
Yet that disguise will hardly shroud m woe.
[*Exeun*

ACT THREE

Scene I

Sir Arthur, Sir Ralph, Harry, Frank *and* Bilbo *have escorted* Lady Dorca *and* Millicent *to the nunnery at Ches ton, where they have been received b the* Prioress *and "a nun or two."*

L. Dor. Madam,
The love unto this holy sisterhood,
And our confirmed opinion of your zeal,
Hath truly won us to bestow our child
Rather on this than any neighboring cel

Pri. Jesus' daughter, Mary's child,
Holy matron, woman mild,
For thee a mass shall still be said
Every Sister drop a bead,
And those again succeeding them
For you shall sing a requiem.

[6] immediately.

Y. Jer. <The wench is gone, Harry; she is no more a woman of this world. Mark her well, she looks like a nun already. What think'st on her? [20

Y. Cla. By my faith, her face comes handsomely to't.

But peace, let's hear the rest.>

Sir Ar. Madam, for a twelvemonth's approbation,

We mean to make this trial of our child.

Your care and our dear blessing, in meantime,

We pray, may prosper this intended work. [31

Pri. May your happy soul be blythe,
That so truly pay your tithe:
He who many children gave,
'Tis fit that He one child should have.
Then, fair virgin, hear my spell,
For I must your duty tell.

Mil. <Good men and true, stand together, and hear your charge!>

Pri. First, a-mornings take your [40 book,
The glass wherein yourself must look;
Your young thoughts, so proud and jolly,
Must be turned to motions holy;
For your busk, attires, and toys,
Have your thoughts on heavenly joys;
And for all your follies past
You must do penance, pray, and fast.

Bil. <Let her take heed of fasting; and, if ever she hurt herself with praying, I'll ne'er trust beast.> [52

Mil. <This goes hard, berlady.>

Pri. You shall ring the sacring bell,
Keep your hours, and toll your knell,
Rise at midnight to your matins,
Read your Psalter, sing your Latins,
And, when your blood shall kindle pleasure,
Scourge yourself in plenteous measure.

Mil. <Worse and worse, by Saint Mary!> [62

Y. Jer. <Sirrah Hal, how does she hold her countenance?—
Well, go thy ways, if ever thou prove a nun, I'll build an Abbey.

Y. Cla. She may be a nun; but, if ever she prove an anchoress, I'll dig her grave with my nails.> [69

Y. Jer. <To her again, mother!>

Y. Cla. <Hold thine own, wench.>

Pri. You must read the morning's mass,
You must creep unto the cross,
Put cold ashes on your head,
Have a hair-cloth for your bed.

Bil. <She had rather have a man in her bed.>

Pri. Bid your beads, and tell your needs, [80
Your holy *aves*, and your creeds;
Holy maid, this must be done,
If you mean to live a nun.

Mil. <The holy maid will be no nun.>

Sir Ar. Madam, we have some business of import,
And must be gone.
Will't please you take my wife into your closet,
Who further will acquaint you with my mind; [91
And so, good madam, for this time adieu.

[*Exeunt the women.*

Sir Ralph. Well now, Frank Jerningham, how sayest thou?
To be brief,
What wilt thou say for all this, if we two,
Her father and myself, can bring [100 about
That we convert this nun to be a wife,
And thou the husband to this pretty nun?
How then, my lad? ha, Frank, it may be done.

Y. Cla. <Ay, now it works.>

Y. Jer. O God, sir, you amaze me at your words;
Think with yourself, sir, what a thing it were [110
To cause a recluse to remove her vow:
A maimëd, contrite, and repentant soul,
Ever mortified with fasting and with prayer,
Whose thoughts, even as her eyes, are fixed on heaven;
To draw a virgin, thus devoured with zeal, [118

Back to the world: O impious deed!
Nor by the canon law can it be done
Without a dispensation from the Church;
Besides, she is so prone unto this life,
As she'll even shriek to hear a husband named.

Bil. <Ay, a poor innocent she! Well, here's no knavery! he flouts the old fools to their teeth.>

Sir Ralph. Boy, I am glad to hear
Thou mak'st such scruple of that conscience;
And in a man so young as is yourself
I promise you 'tis very seldom seen.
But, Frank, this is a trick, a mere device,
A sleight plotted betwixt her father and myself,
To thrust Mounchensey's nose beside the cushion,
That, being thus debarred of all access,
Time yet may work him from her thoughts,
And give thee ample scope to thy desires.

Bil. <A plague on you both for a couple of Jews!>

Y. Cla. <How now, Frank, what say you to that?

Y. Jer. Let me alone, I warrant thee.>

Sir, assured that this motion doth proceed
From your most kind and fatherly affection,
I do dispose my liking to your pleasure;
But, for it is a matter of such moment
As holy marriage, I must crave thus much,
To have some conference with my ghostly father,
Friar Hildersham, here by, at Waltham Abbey,
To be absolved of things, that it is fit
None only but my cónfessor should know.

Sir Ralph. With all my heart. He is a reverend man;
And to-morrow morn [1] we will meet all at the Abbey,
Where, by th' opinion of that reverend man,
We will proceed; I like it passing well.
Till then we part, boy; ay, think of it; farewell!
A parent's care no mortal tongue can tell. [*Exeunt*

[1] B, morning.

Scene II

Fabell, *by his art, has so contrived that* Raymond *is taken by* Sir Arthur *for a friar who is* Father Hildersham's *novice, and has had unburdened to him* Sir Arthur's *intentions. They have just arrived at the gate of the nunnery.*

Sir Ar. Holy young novice, I have told you now
My full intent, and do refer the rest
To your professëd secrecy and care:
And see,
Our serious speech hath stolen upon the way,
That we are come unto the Abbey gate
Because I know Mounchensey is a fox,
That craftily doth overlook my doings,
I'll not be seen, not I. Tush, I have done:
I had a daughter; but she's now a nun
Farewell, dear son, farewell.

Ray. Fare you well! [*Exit* Sir Arthur.] Ay, you have done!
Your daughter, sir, shall not be long a nun.
O my rare tutor, never mortal brain
Plotted out such a mass of policy;
And my dear bosom is so great with laughter,
Begot by his simplicity and error,
My soul is fallen in labor with her joy.
O my true friends, Frank Jerningham and Clare,
Did you now know but how this jest takes fire—
That good Sir Arthur, thinking me a novice,
Had even poured himself into my bosom,
O, you would vent your spleens with tickling mirth!
But, Raymond, peace, and have an eye about,
For fear perhaps some of the nuns look out.

Peace and charity within,
Never touched with deadly sin;
I cast my holy water pure
On this wall and on this door,
That from evil shall defend,
And keep you from the ugly fiend:
Evil spirit, by night nor day,
Shall approach or come this way;
Elf nor fairy, by this grace,
Day nor night shall haunt this place.
Holy maidens! [*Knocks.*

NUN, *within.* Who's that which knocks? ha, who is there?

RAY. Gentle nun, here is a friar.

Enter NUN, *from the nunnery.*

NUN. A friar without, now Christ us save!—
Holy man, what wouldst thou have?

RAY. Holy maid, I hither come
From Friar and Father Hildersham,
By the favor and the grace
Of the Prioress of this place
Amongst you all to visit one
That's come for approbation;
Before she was as now you are,
The daughter of Sir Arthur Clare;
But, since she now became a nun,
Called Millicent of Edmonton.

NUN. Holy man, repose you there;
This news I'll to our Abbess bear,
To tell her what a man is sent,
And your message and intent.

RAY. Benedicite.

NUN. Benedicite.

[*Disappears within the gate.*

RAY. Do, my good plump wench; if all fall right,
I'll make your sisterhood one less by night.
Now happy fortune speed this merry drift;
I like a wench comes roundly to her shrift.

Enter LADY DORCAS *and* MILLICENT *from the nunnery.*

L. DOR. Have friars recourse then to the house of nuns?

MIL. Madam, it is the order of this place,
When any virgin comes for approbation,
Lest that for fear or sinister practice
She should be forced to undergo this veil,
Which should proceed from conscience and devotion,
A visitor is sent from Waltham House,
To take the true confession of the maid.

L. DOR. Is that the order? I commend it well:
You to your shrift; I'll back unto the cell. [*Retires within.*

RAY. Life of my soul! bright angel!

MIL. What means the friar?

RAY. O Millicent, 'tis I.

MIL. My heart misgives me; I should know that voice.
You? who are you? the Holy Virgin bless me!
Tell me your name; you shall, ere you confess me.

RAY. Mounchensey, thy true friend.

MIL. My Raymond, my dear heart!
Sweet life, give leave to my distracted soul,
To wake a little from this swoon of joy.
By what means cam'st thou to assume this shape?

RAY. By means of Peter Fabell, my kind tutor,
Who in the habit of Friar Hildersham,
Frank Jerningham's old friend and cónfessor,
Plotted by Frank, by Fabell and myself,
And so delivered to Sir Arthur Clare,
Who brought me here unto the Abbey gate,
To be his nun-made daughter's visitor.

MIL. You are all sweet traitors to my poor old father.
O my dear life! I was a-dreamed to-night
That, as I was a-praying in my [2] Psalter,
There came a spirit unto me as I kneeled,
And by his strong persuasions tempted me
To leave this nunnery; and methought
He came in the most glorious angel-shape
That mortal eye did ever look upon.
Ha, thou art sure that spirit, for there's no form

[2] B, mine.

Is in mine eye so glorious as thine own.
RAY. O thou idolatress, that dost this worship
To him whose likeness is but praise of thee!
Thou bright, unsetting star, which through this veil,
For very envy, mak'st the sun look pale!
MIL. Well, visitor, lest that perhaps my mother
Should think the friar too strict in his decrees,
I this confess to my sweet ghostly father:
If chaste, pure love be sin, I must confess
I have offended three years now with thee.
RAY. But do you yet repent you of the same?
MIL. I' faith, I cannot.
RAY. Nor will I absolve thee
Of that sweet sin, though it be venial;
Yet have the penance of a thousand kisses,
And I enjoin you to this pilgrimage:
That in the evening you bestow yourself
Here in the walk near to the willow ground,
Where I'll be ready both with men and horse
To wait your coming, and convey you hence
Unto a lodge I have in Enfield Chase.
No more reply, if that you yield consent—
I see more eyes upon our stay are bent.
MIL. Sweet life, farewell! 'Tis done: let that suffice;
What my tongue fails, I send thee by mine eyes.
[*Goes back through the gate.*

Enter FABELL, HARRY, *and* FRANK.

Y. JER. Now, visitor, how does this new-made nun?
Y. CLA. Come, come, how does she, noble Capuchin?
RAY. She may be poor in spirit, but, for the flesh,
'Tis fat and plump, boys. Ah, rogues, there is
A company of girls would turn you all friars.
FAB. But how, Mounchensey, how, lad, for the wench?
RAY. Zounds, lads, i' faith, I thank my holy habit,
I have confessed her, and the Lady Prioress
Hath given me ghostly counsel with her blessing.
And how say ye, boys,
If I be chose the weekly visitor?
Y. CLA. 'Sblood, she'll have ne'er a nun unbagged[3] to sing mass then.
Y. JER. The Abbot of Waltham will have as many children to put to nurse as as he has calves in the marsh.
RAY. Well, to be brief, the nun will soon at night turn tippet;[4] if I can but devise to quit her cleanly of the nunnery, she is mine own.
FAB. But, sirrah Raymond,
What news of Peter Fabell at the house?
RAY. Tush, he's the only man; a necromancer and a conjurer that works for young Mounchensey altogether; and, if it be not for Friar Benedick, that he can cross him by his learned skill, the wench is gone; Fabell will fetch her out by very magic.
FAB. Stands the wind there, boy? Keep them in that key,
The wench is ours before to-morrow day.—
Well, Harry and Frank, as ye are gentlemen,
Stick to us close this once! You know your fathers
Have men and horse lie ready still at Cheston,
To watch the coast be clear, to scout about,
And have an eye unto Mounchensey's walks:
Therefore you two may hover thereabouts,
And no man will suspect you for the matter;
Be ready but to take her at our hands,
Leave us to scamble[5] for her getting out.

[3] not pregnant. [4] wife.
[5] bustle.

Y. Jer. 'Sblood, if all Hertfordshire were at our heels,
We'll carry her away in spite of them.
Y. Cla. But whither, Raymond?
Ray. To Brian's upper lodge in Enfield Chase;
He is mine honest friend and a tall [6] [250
keeper;
I'll send my man unto him presently [7]
T' acquaint him with your coming and intent.
Fab. Be brief and secret!
Ray. Soon at night remember
You bring your horses to the willow ground.
Y. Jer. 'Tis done; no more! [259
Y. Cla. We will not fail the hour.
My life and fortune now lies in your power.
Fab. About our business! Raymond, let's away!
Think of your hour; it draws well off the day. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

Scene I

The four poachers are met in Enfield Chase. Banks *is leading a horse. It is a dark night.*

Host. Come, ye Hungarian pilchers, we are once more come under the *zona torrida* of the forest. Let's be resolute, let's fly to and again; and if the devil come, we'll put him to his interrogatories, and not budge a foot. What? 'Sfoot, I'll put fire into you; ye shall [10 all three serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Smug. Mine host, my bully, my precious consul, my noble Holofernes, I have been drunk i' thy house twenty times and ten; all's one for that: I was last night in the third heavens; my brain was poor; it had yeast in't; but now I am a man of action; is't not so, lad? [19

Banks. Why, now thou hast two of the liberal sciences about thee, wit and reason, thou may'st serve the Duke of Europe.

[6] brave. [7] at once.

Smug. I will serve the Duke of Christendom, and do him more credit in his cellar than all the plate in his buttery; is't not so, lad?

Sir John. Mine host and Smug, stand there; Banks, you and your horse keep together; but lie close, show no tricks, [30 for fear of the keeper. If we be scared, we'll meet in the church porch at Enfield.

Smug. Content, Sir John.

Banks. Smug, dost not thou remember the tree thou fell'st out of last night?

Smug. Tush, an 't had been as high as the Abbey, I should ne'er have hurt myself; I have fallen into the river, coming home from Waltham, and 'scaped drowning. [41

Sir John. Come, sever, fear no spirits! We'll have a buck presently; we have watched later than this for a doe, mine host.

Host. Thou speak'st as true as velvet.

Sir John. Why then, come! Grass and hay, (*etc.*). [*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Some time later, into a ferny bottom in another part of the Chase, enter Harry, Frank *and* Millicent. *They have lost their way, and already a couple of hours have passed since they left Cheston.*

Y. Cla. Frank Jerningham!

Y. Jer. Speak softly, rogue; how now?

Y. Cla. 'Sfoot, we shall lose our way, it's so dark; whereabouts are we? [10

Y. Jer. Why, man, at Potter's gate; the way lies right: hark! the clock strikes at Enfield; what's the hour?

Y. Cla. Ten, the bell says.

Y. Jer. 'A lies in's throat, it was but eight when we set out of Cheston. Sir John and his sexton are at ale tonight; the clock runs at random.

Y. Cla. Nay, as sure as thou liv'st, the villanous vicar is abroad in the [20 Chase this dark night: the stone priest steals more venison than half the country.

Y. Jer. Millicent, how dost thou?

MIL. Sir, very well.
I would to God we were at Brian's lodge.
Y. CLA. We shall anon; zounds, hark! what means this noise?
Y. JER. Stay, I hear horsemen.
Y. CLA. I hear footmen too.
Y. JER. Nay, then I have it: we have been discovered,
And we are followed by our fathers' men.
MIL. Brother and friend, alas, what shall we do?
Y. CLA. Sister, speak softly, or we are descried.
They are hard upon us, whatsoe'er they be;
Shadow yourself behind this brake of fern,
We'll get into the wood, and let them pass.
[MILLICENT *hides behind a fern-brake, and the others disappear among the trees.*

SIR JOHN *enters, feeling his way.*

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! we are all mortal; the keeper's abroad, and there's an end.
BANKS, *entering after him.* Sir John!
SIR JOHN. Neighbor Banks, what news?
BANKS. Zwounds, Sir John, the keepers are abroad; I was hard by 'em.

BLAGUE *follows them in.*

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! Where's mine host Blague?
HOST. Here, Metropolitan. The Philistines are upon us. Be silent; let us serve the good Duke of Norfolk. But where is Smug?
SMUG, *entering.* Here; a pox on ye all, dogs! I have killed the greatest buck in Brian's walk. Shift for yourselves; all the keepers are up. Let's meet in Enfield church porch; away, we are all taken else. [*They scatter and depart.*

Enter BRIAN, *with* RALPH *and his hound.*

BRI. Ralph, hear'st thou any stirring?
RALPH. I heard one speak here hard by, in the bottom. Peace, master, speak low; zounds, if I did not hear a bow go off and the buck bray, I never heard deer in my life.
BRI. When went your fellows out into their walks?
RALPH. An hour ago.
BRI. 'Slife! is there stealers abroad and they cannot hear of them?
Where the devil are my men to-night?
Sirrah, go up the wind towards Buckley's lodge!
I'll cast about the bottom with my hound,
And I will meet thee under coney oak.
RALPH. I will, sir. [*Exit*
BRI. How now? by the mass, my hound stays upon something;
Hark, hark, Bowman, hark, hark, there!
MIL. Brother, Frank Jerningham, brother Clare!
BRI. Peace; that's a woman's voice! Stand! who's there?
Stand, or I'll shoot.
MIL. O Lord! hold your hands, I mean no harm, sir.
BRI. Speak, who are you?
MIL. I am a maid, sir; who? Master Brian?
BRI. The very same; sure, I should know her voice;
Mistress Millicent?
MIL. Ay, it is I, sir.
BRI. God for his passion! what make you here alone?
I looked for you at my lodge an hour ago.
What means your company to leave you thus?
Who brought you hither?
MIL. My brother, sir, and Master Jerningham,
Who, hearing folks about us in the Chase,
Fearing[1] it had been Sir Ralph and my father,
Who had pursued us, thus dispersed ourselves,
Till they were past us.
BRI. But where be they?
MIL. They be not far off, here about the grove.

[1] B, Feared.

Enter HARRY *and* FRANK.

Y. CLA. Be not afraid! man, I heard Brian's tongue,
That's certain.
Y. JER. Call softly for your sister.
Y. CLA. Millicent!
MIL. Ay, brother, here.
BRI. Master Clare! [130
Y. CLA. I told you it was Brian.
BRI. Who's that? Master Jerningham? You are a couple of hot-shots; does a man commit his wench to you, to put her to grass at this time of night?
Y. JER. We heard a noise about here in the Chase,
And, fearing that our fathers had pursued us,
Severed ourselves. [140
Y. CLA. Brian, how happ'd'st thou on her?
BRI. Seeking for stealers are abroad to-night,
My hound stayed on her, and so found her out.
Y. CLA. They were these stealers that affrighted us;
I was hard upon them, when they horsed their deer, [150
And I perceive they took me for a keeper.
BRI. Which way took they?
Y. JER. Towards Enfield.
BRI. A plague upon't, that's that damned priest, and Blague of the George —he that serves the good Duke of Norfolk.
SIR AR., *within*. Follow, follow, follow.
Y. CLA. Peace, that's my father's voice. [161
BRI. Zounds, you suspected them, and now they are here indeed.
MIL. Alas, what shall we do?
BRI. If you go to the lodge, you are surely taken;
Strike down the wood to Enfield presently,
And, if Mounchensey come, I'll send him t'ye. [170
Let me alone to bustle with your fathers;
I warrant you that I will keep them play
Till you have quit the Chase; away, away!
[*The three young people hurry off.*
[*Calling.*] Who's there?

Enter the Knights.

SIR RALPH. In the king's name, pursue the ravisher! [180
BRI. Stand, or I'll shoot.
SIR AR. Who's there?
BRI. I am the keeper that do charge you stand;
You have stolen my deer.
SIR AR. We stolen thy deer? we do pursue a thief.
BRI. You are arrant thieves, and ye have stolen my deer.
SIR RALPH. We are knights—Sir Arthur Clare and Sir Ralph Jerningham. [192
BRI. The more your shame, that knights should be such thieves.
SIR AR. Who or what art thou?
BRI. My name is Brian, keeper of this walk.
SIR RALPH. O Brian, a villain!
Thou hast received my daughter to thy lodge. [200
BRI. You have stolen the best deer in my walk to-night.
My deer!
SIR AR. My daughter!
Stop not my way!
BRI. What make you in my walk?
You have stolen the best buck in my walk to-night.
SIR AR. My daughter!
BRI. My deer! [210
SIR AR. Where is Mounchensey?
BRI. Where's my buck?
SIR AR. I will complain me of thee to the king.
BRI. I'll complain unto the king you spoil his game:
'Tis strange that men of your account and calling
Will offer it! [219
I tell you true, Sir Arthur and Sir Ralph,
That none but you have only spoiled my game.
SIR AR. I charge you, stop us not!

BRI. I charge you both ye get out of my ground!
Is this a time for such as you,
Men of your place and of your gravity,
To be abroad a-thieving? 'Tis a shame;
And, afore God, if I had shot at you,
I had served you well enough.

SCENE III

We are outside Enfield Church, the porch of which occupies the rear stage. BANKS, *the miller, a very bedraggled object, enters.*

BANKS. 'Sfoot, here's a dark night indeed! I think I have been in fifteen ditches between this and the forest. Soft, here's Enfield Church: I am so wet with climbing over into an orchard for to steal some filberts. Well, here I'll sit in the church porch, and wait for the rest of my consort. [12

Enter the SEXTON.

SEX. Here's a sky as black as Lucifer, God bless us! Here was goodman Theophilus buried; he was the best nutcracker that ever dwelt in Enfield. Well, 'tis nine o'clock, 'tis time to ring curfew. Lord bless us, what a white thing is that in the church porch! O Lord, [20 my legs are too weak for my body, my hair is too stiff for my nightcap, my heart fails; this is the ghost of Theophilus. O Lord, it follows me! I cannot say my prayers, an one would give me a thousand pound.—Good spirit, I have bowled and drunk and followed the hounds with you a thousand times, though I have not the spirit now to deal with you.—O Lord! [30

Enter SIR JOHN.

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! we are all mortal. Who's there?

SEX. We are grass and hay indeed; I know you to be Master Parson by your phrase.

SIR JOHN. Sexton!

SEX. Ay, sir!

SIR JOHN. For mortality's sake, what's the matter? [39

SEX. O Lord, I am a man of another element; Master Theophilus' ghost is in the church porch. There was a hundred cats, all fire, dancing here even now, and they clomb up to the top of the steeple. I'll not into the belfry for a world.

SIR JOHN. O good Solomon; I have been about a deed of darkness to-night. O Lord, I saw fifteen spirits in the forest like white bulls; if I lie, I am an arrant thief: mortality haunts us—grass and [50 hay! the devil's at our heels; and let's hence to the parsonage.

[*Exeunt.* BANKS *comes out very softly.*

BANKS. What noise was that? 'Tis the watch, sure; that villanous unlucky rogue, Smug, is ta'en, upon my life, and then all our villany comes out; I heard one cry, sure.

Enter BLAGUE.

HOST. <If I go steal any more veni- [60 son, I am a paradox! 'Sfoot, I can scarcely bear the sin of my flesh in the day, 'tis so heavy; if I turn not honest and serve the good Duke of Norfolk, as true mareterraneum skinker[2] should do, let me never look higher than the element of a constable.>

BANKS. <By the Lord, there are some watchmen; I hear them name Master Constable; I would to God my mill were an eunuch, and wanted her stones, so I were hence!> [72

HOST. Who's there?

BANKS. <'Tis the constable, by this light; I'll steal hence; and, if I can meet mine host Blague, I'll tell how Smug is ta'en, and will him to look to himself.>

[*Exit*

HOST. What the devil is that white thing? this same is a churchyard, and I have heard that ghosts and villanous goblins have been seen here. [82

Re-enter the SEXTON *and* SIR JOHN *frightened back to the church by what they fancy they have seen in the churchyard.*

SIR JOHN. Grass and hay! O that I could conjure! We saw a spirit here in

[2] tapster.

ıe churchyard; and in the fallow field ıere's a devil with a man's body upon is back in a white sheet. [91

Sex. It may be a woman's body, Sir ɔhn.

Sir John. If she be a woman, the ıeets damn her; Lord bless us, what a ight of mortality is this!

Host. Priest!

Sir John. Mine host!

Host. Did you not see a spirit all in hite cross you at the stile? [100

Sex. O no, mine host: but there sat ıe in the porch; I have not breath ıough left to bless me from the devil.

Host. Who's that?

Sir John. The sexton, almost frighted ıt of his wits. Did you see Banks or ıug?

Host. No, they are gone to Waltham, ıre. I would fain hence; come, let's to ıy house: I'll ne'er serve the Duke [110 f Norfolk in this fashion again whilst I reathe. If the devil be amongst us, is time to hoist sail, and cry roomer.[3] Keep together; sexton, thou art secret. Vhat! let's be comfortable one to an-ther.

Sir John. We are all mortal, mine ɔst. [118

Host. True; and I'll serve God in the ight hereafter afore the Duke of Nor-ɔlk. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

Scene I

Sir Arthur *and* Sir Ralph *have spent ıe night at an inn in Waltham (not the eorge, as they suppose), and now enter ne of its rooms from different sides, ussing their points, as being newly isen.*

Sir Ralph. Good morrow, gentle knight.
happy day after your short night's rest! [10

Sir Ar. Ha, ha, Sir Ralph, stirring so soon indeed?
erlady, sir, rest would have done right well;
Our riding late last night has made me drowsy.
Go to, go to, those days are gone with us.

Sir Ralph. Sir Arthur, Sir Arthur, care go with those days;
Let 'em even go together, let 'em go! [20
'Tis time, i' faith, that we were in our graves,
When children leave obedience to their parents,
When there's no fear of God, no care, no duty.
Well, well, nay, nay, it shall not do, it shall not;
No, Mounchensey, thou'lt hear on't, thou shalt, thou shalt i' faith! [30
I'll hang thy son, if there be law in England.
A man's child ravished from a nunnery! This is rare!
Well, well, there's one gone to Friar Hildersham.

Sir Ar. Nay, gentle knight, do not vex thus, it will but hurt your health. You cannot grieve more than I do; but to [40 what end? But hark you, Sir Ralph, I was about to say something—it makes no matter. But hark you in your ear: the Friar's a knave; but, God forgive me, a man cannot tell neither. 'Sfoot, I am so out of patience, I know not what to say.

Sir Ralph. There's one went for the Friar an hour ago. Comes he not yet? 'Sfoot, if I do find knavery under's [50 cowl, I'll tickle him, I'll firk him. Here, here, he's here, he's here.

Enter Hildersham.

Good morrow, Friar; good morrow, gentle Friar.

Sir Ar. Good morrow, Father Hildersham, good morrow.

Hil. Good morrow, reverend knights, unto you both.

Sir Ar. Father, how now? you hear how matters go; [61
I am undone, my child is cast away.
You did your best, at least I think the best;

[3] give the order to tack about before the wind.

But we are all crossed; flatly, all is dashed.

HIL. Alas, good knights! how might the matter be?

Let me understand your grief, for charity.

SIR AR. Who does not understand my griefs? Alas, alas!

And yet ye do not! Will the Church permit

A nun in approbation of her habit

To be ravished?

HIL. A holy woman, *benedicite!*

Now God forfend that any should presume

To touch the sister of a holy house.

SIR AR. Jesus deliver me!

SIR RALPH. Why, Millicent, the daughter of this knight,

Is out of Cheston taken the last night.

HIL. Was that fair maiden late become a nun?

SIR RALPH. Was she, quotha? Knavery, knavery, knavery; I smell it, I smell it, i' faith; is the wind in that door? is it even so? dost thou ask me that now?

HIL. It is the first time that I e'er heard of it.

SIR AR. That's very strange.

SIR RALPH. Why, tell me, Friar, tell me; thou art counted a holy man; do not play the hypocrite with me, nor bear with me. I cannot dissemble. Did I aught but by thy own consent, by thy allowance, nay, further, by thy warrant?

HIL. Why, reverend Knight—

SIR RALPH. Unreverend Friar—

HIL. Nay, then give me leave, sir, to depart in quiet; I had hoped you had sent for me to some other end.

SIR AR. Nay, stay, good Friar; if anything hath happed

About this matter in thy love to us,

That thy strict order cannot justify,

Admit it be so, we will cover it.

Take no care, man:

Disclaim not yet thy counsel and advice;

The wisest man that is may be o'erreached.

HIL. Sir Arthur, by my order and my faith,

I know not what you mean.

SIR RALPH. By your order and y faith?

This is most strange of all. Why, me, Friar,

Are not you cónfessor to my son Fra

HIL. Yes, that I am.

SIR RALPH. And did not this g knight here and myself

Confess with you, being his ghos Father,

To deal with him about th' unbande marriage

Betwixt him and that fair young Mi cent?

HIL. I never heard of any match tended.

SIR AR. Did not we break[2] our mi that very time,

That our device of making her a nun

Was but a color and a very plot

To put by young Mounchensey? not true?

HIL. The more I strive to know w you should mean,

The less I understand you.

SIR RALPH. Did not you tell us s how Peter Fabell

At length would cross us, if we took heed?

HIL. I have heard of one that is great magician,

But he's about the university.

SIR RALPH. Did not you send y novice Benedick

To persuade the girl to leave Mounch sey's love,

To cross that Peter Fabell in his art,

And to that purpose made him visit

HIL. I never sent my novice from house,

Nor have we made our visitation yet.

SIR AR. Never sent him? Nay, did not go?

And did not I direct him to the hous

And confer with him by the way? a did he not

Tell me what charge he had receiv from you,

[1] intended.
[2] disclose.

ord by word, as I requested at your hands?

HIL. That you shall know; he came along with me,
nd stays without.—[*Calling.*] Come hither, Benedick! [170

Enter BENEDICK.

oung Benèdick, were you e'er sent by me
o Cheston Nunnery for a visitor?

BEN. Never, sir, truly.

SIR RALPH. Stranger than all the rest!

SIR AR. Did not I direct you to the house? Confer with you
rom Waltham Abbey unto Cheston wall? [181

BEN. I never saw you, sir, before this hour!

SIR RALPH. The devil thou didst not! [*Calling.*] Ho, chamberlain!

Enter the CHAMBERLAIN *of the inn.*

CHAM. Anon, anon.

SIR RALPH. Call mine host Blague ther! [189

CHAM. I will send one over to see if he e up; I think he be scarce stirring yet.

SIR RALPH. Why, knave, didst thou ot tell me an hour ago mine host was p?

CHAM. Ay, sir, my master's up.

SIR RALPH. You knave, is 'a up, and 'a not up? Doest thou mock me?

CHAM. Ay, sir, my master is up; but think Master Blague indeed be not irring. [200

SIR RALPH. Why, who's thy master? not the master of the house thy mas-er?

CHAM. Yes, sir; but Master Blague wells over the way.

SIR AR. Is not this the George? Be-ore God, there's some villany in this.

CHAM., *looking out.* 'Sfoot, our sign's emoved; this is strange!

SCENE II

In the George Inn, BLAGUE *is but now p, and enters a room, trussing his points. The marriage of* MILLICENT *has been hastily contrived in his inn overnight.*

HOST., *calling.* Chamberlain, speak up to the new lodgings; bid Nell look well to the baked meats!—

Enter SIR ARTHUR *and* SIR RALPH.

How now, my old tenants[3] balk my house, my castle, lie in Waltham all night, and not under the canopy of your host Blague's house? [12

SIR AR. Mine host, mine host, we lay all night at the George in Waltham; but whether the George be your fee-simple or no, 'tis a doubtful question. Look upon your sign!

[*The* HOST *looks out and expresses surprise, not altogether genuine.*

HOST. Body of Saint George, this is [20 mine overthwart neighbor hath done this, to seduce my blind customers. I'll tickle his catastrophe for this; if I do not indict him at next assizes for burglary, let me die of the yellows; for I see 'tis no boot in these days to serve the good Duke of Norfolk. The villanous world is turned manger; one jade deceives another, and your ostler plays his part commonly for the fourth share. Have we [30 comedies in hand, you whoreson, villanous male London lecher?

SIR AR. Mine host, we have had the moiling'st[4] night of it that ever we had in our lives.

HOST. Is't certain?

SIR RALPH. We have been in the forest all night almost.

HOST. 'Sfoot, how did I miss you? Heart, I was a-stealing a buck there. [40

SIR AR. A plague on you! we were stayed for you.

HOST. Were you, my noble Romans? Why, you shall share; the venison is a-footing. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus;* that is, there's a good breakfast provided for a marriage that's in my house this morning.

SIR AR. A marriage, mine host?

HOST. A conjunction copulative; a [50

[3] Gayley's emendation of the meaningless "Jenerts."

[4] most strenuous.

gallant match between your daughter and Master Raymond Mounchensey, young Juventus.

SIR AR. How?

HOST. 'Tis firm, 'tis done. We'll show you a precedent i' the civil law for 't.

SIR RALPH. How? married?

HOST. Leave tricks and admiration. There's a cleanly pair of sheets in the [60 bed in the orchard chamber; and they shall lie there. What? I'll do it; I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

SIR AR. Thou shalt repent this, Blague.

SIR RALPH. If any law in England will make thee smart for this, expect it with all severity.

HOST. I renounce your defiance, if you parle so roughly. I'll barracado my [69 gates against you.—[*Speaking off.*] Stand fair, bully.—Priest, come off from the rearward!—What can you say now? 'Twas done in my house; I have shelter i' th' court for 't. D' ye see yon bay window? I serve the good Duke of Norfolk; and 'tis his lodging.

Enter SMUG.

Storm, I care not, serving the good Duke of Norfolk.—Thou art an actor in this, and thou shalt carry fire in thy face eternally. [81

SMUG. Fire! 'sblood, there's no fire in England like your Trinidado sack. Is any man here humorous?[5] We stole the venison, and we'll justify it: say you now!

HOST. In good sooth, Smug, there's more sack on the fire, Smug.

SMUG. I do not take any exceptions against your sack; but if you'll lend me a pike-staff, I'll cudgel them all hence, by this hand. [92

HOST. I say thou shalt into the cellar.

SMUG. 'Sfoot, mine host, shall's not grapple? Pray, pray you; I could fight now for all the world like a cockatrice's egg. Shall's not serve the Duke of Norfolk?

HOST. In, skipper, in! [*Exit* SMUG.

[5] capricious.

Enter MILLICENT, RAYMOND, *and* HARE *with* SIR JOHN *and* FRANK. [1

SIR AR. Sirrah, hath young Mounche sey married your sister?

Y. CLA. 'Tis certain, sir; here's t priest that coupled them, the part joined, and the honest witness that cri Amen.

RAY., *kneeling*. Sir Arthur Clare, r new created father,
I beseech you, hear me. [1

SIR AR. Sir, sir, you are a foolish bo you have done that you cannot answe I dare be bold to seize her from you; t she's a professed nun.

MIL., *kneeling*. With pardon, sir, th name is quite undone;
This true love knot cancels both ma and nun.
When first you told me I should act th part, [1
How cold and bloody it crept o'er r heart!
To Cheston with a smiling brow I wer
But yet, dear sir, it was to this intent,
That my sweet Raymond might find b ter means
To steal me thence. In brief, disguis he came,
Like novice to old Father Hildersham:
His tutor here did act that cunning pa
And in our love hath joined much wit art. [1

SIR. AR. Is't even so?

MIL. With pardon therefore we entre your smiles;
Love, thwarted, turns itself to thousa wiles.

SIR AR. Young Master Jerningha were you an actor
In your own love's abuse? [1

Y. JER. My thoughts, good s
Did labor seriously unto this end,
To wrong myself, ere I'd abuse r friend.

HOST. He speaks like a bachelor music, all in numbers.—Knights, if I h known you would have let this covey partridges sit thus long upon their kn under my sign-post, I would have spre my door with old coverlids. [

Sir Ar. Well, sir, for this your sign was removed, was it?

Host. Faith, we followed the directions of the devil, Master Peter Fabell; and Smug, Lord bless us! could never stand upright since.

Sir Ar. You, sir, 'twas you was his minister that married them? [158

Sir John. Sir, to prove myself an honest man, being that I was last night in the forest stealing venison—now, sir, to have you stand my friend, if that matter should be called in question, I married your daughter to this worthy gentleman.

Sir Ar. I may chance to requite you, and make your neck crack for 't.

Sir John. If you do, I am as resolute as my neighbor vicar of Waltham Abbey; ahem, grass and hay! we are all mortal; let's live till we be hanged, mine host, [170 and be merry; and there's an end.

Enter Fabell, *followed by* Smug *and* Bilbo.

Fab. Now, knights, I enter; now my part begins.
To end this difference, know, at first I knew
What you intended, ere your love took flight
From old Mounchensey; you, Sir Arthur Clare, [181
Were minded to have married this sweet beauty
To young Frank Jerningham; to cross which match,
I used some pretty sleights; but I protest
Such as but sat upon the skirts of art;
No conjurations, nor such weighty spells
As tie the soul to their performancy.
These for his love, who once was my dear pupil, [191
Have I effected. Now, methinks, 'tis strange
That you, being old in wisdom, should thus knit
Your forehead on this match, since reason fails;
No law can curb the lover's rash attempt;
Years, in resisting this, are sadly spent.
Smile, then, upon your daughter and kind son, [201
And let our toil to future ages prove,
The Devil of Edmonton did good in love.

Sir Ar. Well, 'tis in vain to cross the providence:
Dear son, I take thee up into my heart.—
Rise, daughter; this is a kind father's part. [*The two petitioners rise.*

Host. Why, Sir George,[6] send for Spindle's noise, presently: ha, ere't [210 be night, I'll serve the good Duke of Norfolk.

Sir John. Grass and hay! mine host, let's live till we die, and be merry; and there's an end.

Sir Ar. What, is breakfast ready, mine host?

Host. 'Tis, my little Hebrew.

Sir Ar., *to* Bilbo. Sirrah, ride straight to Cheston Nunnery, [220
Fetch thence my lady; the house, I know,
By this time misses their young votary.—
Come, knights, let's in!

Bil. I will to horse presently, sir.—A plague a' my lady, I shall miss a good breakfast!—Smug, how chance you cut so plaguily behind, Smug?

Smug. Stand away, I'll founder you else. [229

Bil. Farewell, Smug, thou art in another element.

Smug. I will be by and by; I will be Saint George again.

Sir Ar. Take heed the fellow do not hurt himself.

Sir Ralph. Did we not last night find two St. Georges here?

Fab. Yes, knights, this martialist was one of them. [239

Y. Cla. Then thus conclude your night of merriment!

[6] Whether this be a mistake for Sir John or Sir Arthur it is impossible to say.

JULIUS CÆSAR

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

The best work in "Julius Cæsar" is scarcely surpassed in the whole of Shakespeare; but not all of it is on the same high level, and it is flawed by the looseness of its construction. Even so, it is amongst the very finest of tragedies. Based on North's translation of Plutarch, it was first printed in the folio of 1623. The date of its stage production is thought to be later than 1598, because it is not named by Meres; but it cannot be much later, because Thomas Platter saw it acted in September, 1599; besides which there is a reference to it in Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour" of that year and a reminiscence of it in Weever's "Mirror of Martyrs," which, though not issued till 1601, was made ready for the press two years earlier. But the question is not so easy as this would seem to imply; for the play contains a small amount of material that Shakespeare could hardly have been guilty of writing as late as 1598–9. There has quite obviously been a great deal of alteration and curtailment; and it was not without reason that Fleay advanced the argument that the play had originally been in two parts, and that it had afterwards been compressed into one, though we need not agree with him that the compression was done by Ben Jonson. There are patches of verse that bear all the appearance of being early in date, and there are references in various plays of the late 'eighties and the early 'nineties to a play or plays dealing with Cæsar. Special reference must be made to the fact, pointed out by Mr. William Wells, that Marlowe borrowed for his "Massacre at Paris" the words "Cæsar shall go forth." That seems unquestionably to show that the play, in an early form, was on the stage before the middle of 1593. In Greene's "Never too Late" we have a reference to a play by Marlowe on the subject. Whether it is Marlowe or some other of the pioneer Elizabethan dramatists or Shakespeare himself before he reached maturity who is responsible for them, there should be no doubt that the little patch of verse in II 3 and the first three scenes of V, excepting only the part of the first scene following the exit of Octavius, are of early date and quite distinct from the bulk of the play, though there are occasional signs of early style also in I 1 and 2, and II 1 and 2. The chances would seem to be that, following his usual practice, Shakespeare built on the foundation of another, whose work does not bear any great

resemblance to that of Marlowe, but is more likely to have proceeded from him than from any other.

Mention must also be made of the view of Mr. Wells that the play is in the main the work of Beaumont, Shakespeare's part being negligible. That view has met with no acceptance, and has not much to recommend it; but there is a portion of IV 2 that assuredly bears a very close resemblance to the manner of Beaumont, and it is just possible that he may have revised the play after Shakespeare's partial retirement to Stratford; but, as even the passage in question cannot be definitely said to be non-Shakespearean, it is best to treat it as Shakespeare's. What should be certain is that the drama is only partly the work of Shakespeare in his prime; that, while a portion of it belongs to 1598–9, a smaller portion goes back to about 1592, and this may or may not have been the work of Marlowe. It is possible that Shakespeare may in his early days have written such a line as the following from I 2:

> But soft, I pray you: what! did Cæsar swound?

but it should at least be certain that he did not write it in the late 'nineties, when the bulk of the play was penned.

"Julius Cæsar" is notable, not only for Marc Antony's magnificent harangue and for the glorious quarrel and reconciliation scene in IV, but also for two of the most complete presentments of historical characters to be found in all literature. Brutus and Cassius are splendidly realized and undoubtedly dominate the play. Antony is less clear; and Cæsar never conveys the impression of one who has won for himself the mastery of the world. If it be right for him, rather than for Brutus, to give his name to the tragedy, it is because even in death he determines its course.

CHARACTERS

JULIUS CÆSAR.
OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, *his nephew.*
MARCUS ANTONIUS, *Cæsar's lieutenant.*
M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS.
CICERO, PUBLIUS, POPILIUS LENA } *Senators.*
MARCUS BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, LIGARIUS, DECIUS BRUTUS, METELLUS CIMBER, CINNA } *Conspirators against Julius Cæsar.*
FLAVIUS, MARULLUS[1] } *Tribunes.*

[1] Murellus in the original text.

ARTEMIDORUS, *a Sophist of Cnidos.*
A SOOTHSAYER.
CINNA, *a Poet.*
ANOTHER POET.
LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, MESSALA, CATO, VOLUMNIUS, CLITUS, DARDANIUS } *Friends to Brutus and Cassius.*
VARRO, CLAUDIUS, STRATO, LUCIUS } *Servants to Brutus.*
PINDARUS, *Servant to Cassius.*
CALPHURNIA, *Wife to Cæsar.*
PORTIA, *Wife to Brutus.*
Senators, Citizens, Musicians, Guards, Attendants, &c.

PLACE: *Rome, Sardis, and near Philippi.*
TIME: *First century* B.C.

ACT ONE

Scene I

It is the time of the Lupercalia, the great Roman feast celebrated every February. To add to the excitement, Cæsar *is celebrating his final triumph over the Pompeian faction; and the fickle people, who have so often rejoiced in the triumphs of Pompey, are now equally ready to rejoice with his conqueror.* [8

The tribunes, however, do not approve, and fear the growth of Cæsar's *power, and, meeting in a street a number of Commoners who are holidaying in their gala attire, do not hesitate to speak in reproof plainly and scornfully.*

Flav. Hence! home, you idle creatures, get you home:
Is this a holiday? What! know you not,
Being mechanical, you ought not walk
Upon a laboring day without the sign
Of your profession?—Speak, what trade art thou? [21

1 Com. Why, sir, a carpenter.

Mar. Where is thy leather apron, and thy rule?
What dost thou with thy best apparel on?—
You, sir, what trade are you?

2 Com. Truly, sir, in respect of a fine workman, I am but, as you would say, a cobbler. [30

Mar. But what trade art thou? Answer me directly.[2]

2 Com. A trade, sir, that, I hope, I may use with a safe conscience; which is, indeed, sir, a mender of bad soles.

Mar. What trade, thou knave? thou naughty[3] knave! what trade?

2 Com. Nay, I beseech you, sir, be not out with me: yet, if you be out, sir, I can mend you. [40

Mar. What meanest thou by that? Mend me, thou saucy fellow!

2 Com. Why, sir, cobble you.

Flav. Thou art a cobbler, art thou?

2 Com. Truly, sir, all that I live by is with the awl: I meddle with no tradesman's matters, nor women's matters, but with awl. I am, indeed, sir, a surgeon to old shoes; when they are in great danger, I recover them. As proper[4] men as ever trod upon neat's leather have gone upon my handiwork. [52

Flav. But wherefore art not in thy shop to-day?
Why dost thou lead these men about the streets?

2 Com. Truly, sir, to wear out their shoes, to get myself into more work. But, indeed, sir, we make holiday to see Cæsar and to rejoice in his triumph. [60

Mar. Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft [71
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To tow'rs and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The livelong day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome: [81
And, when you saw his chariot but appear,

[2] unequivocally. [3] worthless. [4] goodly.

Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication[5] of your sounds
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday? [90
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone!
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

FLAV. Go, go, good countrymen, and, for this fault [99
Assemble all the poor men of your sort;
Draw them to Tiber banks, and weep your tears
Into the channel, till the lowest stream
Do kiss the most exalted shores of all.

[*The crowd, somewhat shamefacedly, melts away, leaving only the two tribunes.*

See whe'r[6] their basest metal be not moved;
They vanish, tongue-tied in their [110 guiltiness.
Go you down that way towards the Capitol;
This way will I. Disrobe the images,
If you do find them decked with ceremonies.

MAR. May we do so?
You know it is the feast of Lupercal.

FLAV. It is no matter; let no images [119
Be hung with Cæsar's trophies. I'll about
And drive away the vulgar from the streets:
So do you too, where you perceive them thick.
These growing feathers plucked from Cæsar's wing
Will make him fly an ordinary pitch,
Who else would soar above the view of men [129
And keep us all in servile fearfulness.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

CÆSAR *is on his way to the games, accompanied by* CALPHURNIA,[7] PORTIA, ANTONY *(who is stripped for the course*, DECIUS,[8] CICERO, BRUTUS, CASSIUS, *and* CASCA, *and followed by a great crowd of citizens, among whom is a* SOOTHSAYER.

CÆSAR *is but a wreck of his former self, but, as he has failed mentally and physically, his disdainful pride has grown and his will to rule is stronger than ever.*

Musicians are doing their best to make manifest the holiday spirit. [1

CÆS. Calphurnia!

CASCA, *shouting,* Peace, ho! Cæsar speaks. [*The music ceases.*

CÆS. Calphurnia

CAL. Here, my lord.

CÆS. Stand you directly in Antonius way [2
When he doth run his course.—Antonius

ANT. Cæsar, my lord.

CÆS. Forget not, in your speed, Antonius,
To touch Calphurnia; for our elders say
The barren, touchëd in this holy chase,
Shake off their sterile curse.

ANT. I shall remember [3
When Cæsar says "Do this," it is performed.

CÆS. Set on; and leave no ceremony out. [*Music*

SOOTH., *calling, and pushing his way to the front.* Cæsar!

CÆS. Ha! Who calls?

CASCA, *shouting.* Bid every noise be still: peace yet again!

[*Music ceases.*

CÆS. Who is it in the press that calls on me? [4
I hear a tongue, shriller than all the music,
Cry "Cæsar."—Speak; Cæsar is turned to hear.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. What man is that

BRU. A soothsayer bids you beware the ides of March.

CÆS. Set him before me; let me see his face. [5

[5] echo. [6] B, where.

[7] The classical name is Calpurnia.
[8] The true name was Decimus Brutus.

CAS. Fellow, come from the throng; look upon Cæsar.

The SOOTHSAYER *comes from the crowd, and stands before* CÆSAR.

CÆS. What sayst thou to me now? Speak once again.

SOOTH. Beware the ides of March.

CÆS. He is a dreamer; let us leave him. —Pass. [59

Sennet. Exeunt all but BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS. CASSIUS, *who is full of envy of* CÆSAR'S *greatness, seizes this opportunity to stir* BRUTUS *to action against him.*

CAS. Will you go see the order of the course?

BRU. Not I.

CAS. I pray you, do.

BRU. I am not gamesome: I do lack some part [70

Of that quick spirit that is in Antony.

Let me not hinder, Cassius, your desires;

I'll leave you. [*Turns to go.*

CAS. Brutus, I do observe you now of late:

I have not from your eyes that gentleness

And show of love as I was wont to have:

You bear too stubborn and too strange a hand [80

Over your friend that loves you.

BRU. Cassius,

Be not deceived: if I have veiled my look,

I turn the trouble of my countenance

Merely upon myself. Vexëd I am

Of late with passions of some difference,

Conceptions only proper[9] to myself,

Which give some soil perhaps to my behaviors; [90

But let not therefore my good friends be grieved—

Among which number, Cassius, be you one—

Nor construe any further my neglect,

Than that poor Brutus, with himself at war,

Forgets the shows of love to other men.

CAS. Then, Brutus, I have much mistook your passion; [100

By means whereof this breast of mine hath buried

Thoughts of great value, worthy cogitations.

Tell me, good Brutus, can you see your face?

BRU. No, Cassius; for the eye sees not itself,

But by reflection, by some other things.

CAS. 'Tis just: [110

And it is very much lamented, Brutus,

That you have no such mirrors as will turn

Your hidden worthiness into your eye,

That you might see your shadow. I have heard,

Where many of the best respect in Rome,

[*Sneeringly*] Except immortal Cæsar, speaking of Brutus, [119

And groaning underneath this age's yoke,

Have wished that noble Brutus had his eyes.

BRU. Into what dangers would you lead me, Cassius,

That you would have me seek into myself

For that which is not in me?

CAS. Therefore, good Brutus, be prepared to hear;

And, since you know you cannot see [130 yourself

So well as by reflection, I, your glass,

Will modestly discover to yourself

That of yourself which you yet know not of.

And be not jealous on[10] me, gentle Brutus:

Were I a common laughter, or did use

To stale with ordinary oaths my love [139

To every new protester; if you know

That I do fawn on men and hug them hard,

And after scandal them; or if you know

That I profess myself in banqueting

To all the rout; then hold me dangerous.

[*A flourish of trumpets and shout.*

BRU. What means this shouting? I do fear the people

Choose Cæsar for their king. [149

CAS. Ay, do you fear it?

[9] peculiar.

[10] distrustful of.

Then must I think you would not have it so.

BRU. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well.

But wherefore do you hold me here so long?

What is it that you would impart to me?

If it be aught toward the general good,

Set honor in one eye and death i' th' other, [160

And I will look on both indifferently;

For let the gods so speed me as I love

The name of honor more than I fear death.

CAS. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,

As well as I do know your outward favor.

Well, honor is the subject of my story.

I cannot tell what you and other men

Think of this life; but, for my single self,

I had as lief not be as live to be [171

In awe of such a thing as I myself.

I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:

We both have fed as well, and we can both

Endure the winter's cold as well as he:

For once, upon a raw and gusty day,

The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,

Cæsar said to me, "Dar'st thou, Cassius, now [181

Leap in with me into this angry flood,

And swim to yonder point?" Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plungëd in

And bade him follow; so indeed he did.

The torrent roared, and we did buffet it

With lusty sinews, throwing it aside

And stemming it with hearts of controversy; [190

But, ere we could arrive the point proposed,

Cæsar cried, "Help me, Cassius, or I sink!"

I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,

Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder

The old Anchises bear, so from the waves of Tiber [199

Did I the tirëd Cæsar. [*With intense bitterness.*] And this man

Is now become a god, and Cassius is

A wretched creature and must bend his body

If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him!

He had a fever when he was in Spain;

And, when the fit was on him, I did mark

How he did shake; 'tis true, this god did shake; [209

His coward lips did from their color fly

And that same eye whose bend doth awe the world

Did lose his lustre; I did hear him groan

Ay, and that tongue of his that bade the Romans

Mark him and write his speeches in their books,

Alas! it cried "Give me some drink, Titinius,"

As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth [220 amaze me,

A man of such a feeble temper should

So get the start of the majestic world,

And bear the palm alone.

[*Another flourish and shout.*

BRU. Another general shout!

I do believe that these applauses are

For some new honors that are heaped on Cæsar. [229

CAS. Why, man, he doth bestride the narrow world

Like a Colossus; and we petty men

Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonorable graves.

Men at some time are masters of their fates:

The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,

But in ourselves, that we are underlings.

Brutus and Cæsar: what should be in that "Cæsar"? [240

Why should that name be sounded more than yours?

Write them together, yours is as fair a name;

Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well;

Weigh them, it is as heavy; conjure with 'em,

"Brutus" will start a spirit as soon as "Cæsar." [250

Now, in the names of all the gods at once,

Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
That he is grown so great? Age, thou art shamed!
Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods!
When went there by an age, since the great flood, [260
But it was famed with more than with one man?
When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
That her wide walls encompassed but one man?
Now is it Rome indeed and room enough,
When there is in it but one only man.
O! you and I have heard our fathers say,
There was a Brutus once that would have brooked [271
Th' eternal devil to keep his state in Rome
As easily as a king.

BRU. That you do love me, I am nothing jealous;[11]
What you would work me to, I have some aim:
How I have thought of this and of these times, [280
I shall recount hereafter; for this present,
I would not, so with love I might entreat you,
Be any further moved. What you have said
I will consider; what you have to say
I will with patience hear, and find a time
Both meet to hear and answer such high things.
Till then, my noble friend, chew upon this: [291
Brutus had rather be a villager
Than to repute himself a son of Rome
Under these hard conditions as this time
Is like to lay upon us.

CAS. I am glad
That my weak words have struck but thus much show
Of fire from Brutus.

BRU. The games are done and Cæsar is returning. [301

CAS. As they pass by, pluck Casca by the sleeve,
And he will, after his sour fashion, tell you
What hath proceeded worthy note today.

Re-enter CÆSAR *and his Train.*

BRU. I will do so. <But, look you, Cassius, [310
The angry spot doth glow on Cæsar's brow,
And all the rest look like a chidden train:
Calphurnia's cheek is pale, and Cicero
Looks with such ferret and such fiery eyes
As we have seen him in the Capitol,
Being crossed in conference by some senators.

CAS. Casca will tell us what the matter is.> [320

CÆS., *noticing that* BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *are whispering together, and perceiving that they have not been attendant on his triumph, and therefore becoming at once suspicious of them.* <Antonius!

ANT. Cæsar.

CÆS. Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. [330
Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look;
He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.

ANT. Fear him not, Cæsar, he's not dangerous;
He is a noble Roman, and well given.[12]

CÆS. Would he were fatter! but I fear him not:
Yet if my name were liable to fear, [339
I do not know the man I should avoid
So soon as that spare Cassius. He reads much;
He is a great observer, and he looks
Quite through the deeds of men; he loves no plays,
As thou dost, Antony; he hears no music;
Seldom he smiles, and smiles in such a sort
As if he mocked himself, and scorned his spirit [350

[11] doubtful.

[12] disposed.

That could be moved to smile at any thing.
Such men as he be never at heart's ease
Whiles they behold a greater than themselves,
And therefore are they very dangerous.
I rather tell thee what is to be feared
Than what I fear, for always I am Cæsar.
Come on my right hand, for this ear is deaf,
And tell me truly what thou think'st of him.>

[*Sennet. Exeunt* CÆSAR *and his Train; —but, as* CASCA *is about to go with the others,* BRUTUS *pulls him by the cloak, and so stays him.*

CASCA. You pulled me by the cloak; would you speak with me?

BRU. Ay, Casca; tell us what hath chanced to-day
That Cæsar looks so sad [13]

CASCA. Why, you were with him, were you not?

BRU. I should not then ask Casca what had chanced.

CASCA. Why, there was a crown offered him; and, being offered him, he put it by with the back of his hand, [*illustrating* CÆSAR'S *action*] thus; and then the people fell a-shouting.

BRU. What was the second noise for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

CAS. They shouted thrice: what was the last cry for?

CASCA. Why, for that too.

BRU. Was the crown offered him thrice?

CASCA. Ay, marry, was't, and he put it by thrice, every time gentler than other; and at every putting-by mine honest neighbors shouted.

CAS. Who offered him the crown?

CASCA. Why, Antony.

BRU. Tell us the manner of it, gentle Casca.

CASCA. I can as well be hanged as tell the manner of it: it was mere foolery; I did not mark it. I saw Mark Antony offer him a crown; yet 'twas not a crown neither, 'twas one of these coronets; and, as I told you, he put it by once; but, for all that, to my thinking, he would fain have had it. Then he offered it to him again; then he put it by again; but, to my thinking, he was very loath to lay his fingers off it. And then he offered it the third time; he put it the third time by; and still, as he refused it, the rabblement shouted and clapped their chopped hands, and threw up their sweaty night-caps, and uttered such a deal of stinking breath because Cæsar refused the crown that it had almost choked Cæsar; for he swounded and fell down at it; and for mine own part, I durst not laugh, for fear of opening my lips and receiving the bad air.

CAS. But soft, I pray you: what! did Cæsar swound?

CASCA. He fell down in the market-place, and foamed at mouth, and was speechless.

BRU. 'Tis very like; he hath the falling-sickness.[14]

CAS. No, Cæsar hath it not; but you, and I,
And honest Casca, we have the falling-sickness.

CASCA. I know not what you mean by that; but I am sure Cæsar fell down. If the tag-rag people did not clap him and hiss him, according as he pleased and displeased them, as they use to do the players in the theatre, I am no true man.

BRU. What said he, when he came unto himself?

CASCA. Marry, before he fell down, when he perceived the common herd was glad he refused the crown, he plucked me ope his doublet and offered them his throat to cut. And I had been a man of any occupation, if I would not have taken him at a [15] word, I would I might go to hell among the rogues. And so he fell. When he came to himself again, he said, if he had done or said anything amiss, he desired their worships to think it was his infirmity. Three or four wenches, where I stood, cried, "Alas! good soul," and forgave him with all their hearts: but there's no heed to be taken

[13] serious.

[14] epilepsy.

[15] his.

of them; if Cæsar had stabbed their [451
mothers, they would have done no less.

BRU. And after that he came, thus sad, away?

CASCA. Ay.

CAS. Did Cicero say any thing?

CASCA. Ay, he spoke Greek.

CAS. To what effect?

CASCA. Nay, and I tell you that, I'll ne'er look you i' th' face again; but those that understood him smiled at one [461
another and shook their heads; but, for mine own part, it was Greek to me. I could tell you more news too; Marullus and Flavius, for pulling scarfs off Cæsar's images, are put to silence. Fare you well. There was more foolery yet, if I could remember it.

CAS. Will you sup with me to-night, Casca? [470

CASCA. No, I am promised forth.

CAS. Will you dine with me to-morrow?

CASCA. Ay, if I be alive, and your mind hold, and your dinner worth the eating.

CAS. Good; I will expect you.

CASCA. Do so. Farewell, both. [*Exit.*

BRU. What a blunt fellow is this grown to be!
He was quick mettle when he went to school. [480

CAS. So is he now—in execution
Of any bold or noble enterprise,
However he puts on this tardy form.
This rudeness is a sauce to his good wit,
Which gives men stomach to disgest his words
With better appetite.

BRU. And so it is. For this time I will leave you:
To-morrow, if you please to speak with me, [491
I will come home to you; or, if you will,
Come home to me, and I will wait for you.

CAS. I will do so: till then, think of the world. [*Exit* BRUTUS.
Well, Brutus, thou art noble; yet, I see,
Thy honorable metal may be wrought
From that it is disposed: therefore it is meet [500
That noble minds keep ever with their likes;
For who so firm that cannot be seduced?
Cæsar doth bear me hard; [16] but he loves Brutus:
If I were Brutus now and he were Cassius,
He should not humor me. I will this night, [509
In several hands, in at his windows throw,
As if they came from several citizens,
Writings all tending to the great opinion
That Rome holds of his name, wherein obscurely
Cæsar's ambition shall be glancëd at;
And after this let Cæsar seat him sure;
For we will shake him, or worse days endure. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The night of the same day is one of fierce thunder and lightning. In the midst of the disturbance, CICERO *and* CASCA *meet in one of the streets of* ROME. CASCA *has his sword drawn, and his bearing exhibits his alarm.* CICERO *on the contrary shows the calm of the philosopher.*

CIC. Good even, Casca: brought you Cæsar home? [10
Why are you breathless? and why stare you so?

CASCA. Are not you moved, when all the sway of earth
Shakes like a thing unfirm? O, Cicero,
I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds
Have rived the knotty oaks; and I have seen
Th' ambitious ocean swell and rage and foam, [21
To be exalted with the threat'ning clouds;
But never till to-night, never till now,
Did I go through a tempest dropping fire.
Either there is a civil strife in heaven,
Or else the world, too saucy with the gods,
Incenses them to send destruction.

CIC. Why, saw you any thing more wonderful? [31

[16] bear me a grudge.

CASCA. A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.
Besides—I ha' not since put up my sword— [40
Against the Capitol I met a lion,
Who glared upon me, and went surly by,
Without annoying me; and there were drawn
Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women,
Transformëd with their fear, who swore they saw
Men all in fire walk up and down the streets; [49
And yesterday the bird of night did sit,
Even at noon-day, upon the market-place,
Hooting and shrieking. When these prodigies
Do so conjointly meet, let not men say
"These are their reasons: they are natural;"
For, I believe, they are portentous things
Unto the climate[17] that they point upon.
CIC. Indeed, it is a strange-disposëd time; [60
But men may cónstrue things after their fashion,
Clean from the purpose of the things themselves.
Comes Cæsar to the Capitol to-morrow?
CASCA. He doth; for he did bid Antonius
Send word to you he would be there to-morrow. [69
CIC. Good-night then, Casca: this disturbëd sky
Is not to walk in.
CASCA. Farewell, Cicero. [*Exit* CICERO.

Enter CASSIUS.

CAS. Who's there?
CASCA. A Roman.
CAS. Casca, by your voice.
CASCA. Your ear is good. Cassius, what[18] night is this! [79

[17] locality.
[18] what a.

CAS. A very pleasing night to hon
men.
CASCA. Who ever knew the heave
menace so?
CAS. Those that have known the ear
so full of faults.
For my part, I have walked about t
streets,
Submitting me unto the perilous night,
And, thus unbracëd, Casca, as you se
Have bared my bosom to the thund
stone; [
And, when the cross blue lightning seem
to open
The breast of heaven, I did present m
self
Even in the aim and very flash of it.
CASCA. But wherefore did you so mu
tempt the heavens?
It is the part of men to fear and trem
When the most mighty gods by toke
send [1
Such dreadful heralds to astonish us.
CAS. You are dull, Casca, and th
sparks of life
That should be in a Roman you do wa
Or else you use not. You look pale, a
gaze,
And put on fear, and case[19] yourself
wonder,
To see the strange impatience of the [1
heavens;
But, if you would consider the true cau
Why all these fires, why all these glidi
ghosts,
Why birds and beasts, from quality a
kind,
Why old men, fools, and children cal
late,
Why all these things change from th
ordinance, [1
Their natures, and pre-formëd faculti
To monstrous quality, why, you shall fi
That heaven hath infused them with th
spirits
To make them instruments of fear a
warning
Unto some monstrous state.
Now could I, Casca, name to thee a m
Most like this dreadful night, [1

[19] F, cast, which may be correct.

hat thunders, lightens, opens graves, and roars,
s doth the lion in the Capitol;
man no mightier than thyself or me
n personal action, yet prodigious grown
nd fearful as these strange eruptions are.

CASCA. 'Tis Cæsar that you mean; is it not, Cassius?

CAS. Let it be who it is; for Romans now [140
ave thews and limbs like to their ancestors;
ut, woe the while! our fathers' minds are dead,
nd we are governed with our mothers' spirits;
ur yoke and sufferance show us womanish.

CASCA. Indeed, they say the senators to-morrow [150
lean to establish Cæsar as a king;
nd he shall wear his crown by sea and land,
n every place, save here in Italy.

CAS. I know where I will wear this dagger then;
assius from bondage will deliver Cassius.
herein, ye gods, you make the weak most strong; [159
herein, ye gods, you tyrants do defeat:
or stony tower, nor walls of beaten brass,
or airless dungeon, nor strong links of iron,
an be retentive to the strength of spirit;
ut life, being weary of these worldly bars,
ever lacks power to dismiss itself.
I know this, know all the world besides, [170
hat part of tyranny that I do bear
can shake off at pleasure. [*Thunder still.*

CASCA. So can I:
o every bondman in his own hand bears
he power to cancel his captivity.

CAS. And why should Cæsar be a tyrant then?
oor man! I know he would not be a wolf,
But that he sees the Romans are but sheep; [181
He were no lion, were not Romans hinds.
Those that with haste will make a mighty fire
Begin it with weak straws; what trash is Rome,
What rubbish, and what offal, when it serves
For the base matter to illuminate
So vile a thing as Cæsar! But, O grief!
Where hast thou led me? I, perhaps, speak this [192
Before a willing bondman; then I know
My answer must be made: but I am armed,
And dangers are to me indifferent.

CASCA. You speak to Casca, and to such a man
That is no fleering[20] tell-tale. [*Offering his hand.*] Hold, my hand: [200
Be factious[21] for redress of all these griefs,
And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest.

CAS., *taking the proffered hand.* There's a bargain made.
Now know you, Casca, I have moved already
Some certain of the noblest-minded Romans [210
To undergo with me an enterprise
Of honorable-dangerous consequence;
And I do know by this they stay for me
In Pompey's porch: for now, this fearful night,
There is no stir or walking in the streets,
And the complexion of the element
In favor's[22] like the work we have in hand, [219
Most bloody, fiery, and most terrible.

CASCA. Stand close awhile, for here comes one in haste.

CAS. 'Tis Cinna; I do know him by his gait:
He is a friend.

Enter CINNA.

Cinna, where haste you so?

[20] grinning.
[21] active.
[22] in aspect is.

CIN. To find out you. Who's that? Metellus Cimber? [229

CAS. No, it is Casca; one incorporate
To our attempts. Am I not stayed for, Cinna?

CIN. I am glad on't. What a fearful night is this!
There's two or three of us have seen strange sights.

CAS., *impatient of these superstitious fears.* Am I not stayed for? Tell me. [239

CIN. Yes, you are.
O, Cassius, if you could
But win the noble Brutus to our party—

CAS. Be you content. [*Handing him paper.*] Good Cinna, take this paper,
And look you lay it in the prætor's chair,
Where Brutus may but find it; and throw this
In at his window; set this up with wax
Upon old Brutus' statue: all this done, [250
Repair to Pompey's porch, where you shall find us.
Is Decius Brutus and Trebonius there?

CIN. All but Metellus Cimber; and he's gone
To seek you at your house. Well, I will hie,
And so bestow these papers as you bade me. [259

CAS. That done, repair to Pompey's theatre. [*Exit* CINNA.
Come, Casca, you and I will yet ere day
See Brutus at his house: three parts of him
Is ours already, and the man entire
Upon the next encounter yields him ours.

CASCA. O! he sits high in all the people's hearts;
And that which would appear offence in us [270
His countenance,[23] like richest alchemy,
Will change to virtue and to worthiness.

CAS. Him and his worth and our great need of him
You have right well conceited.[24] Let us go,
For it is after midnight; and ere day
We will awake him and be sure of him.
[*Exeunt.*

[23] support.
[24] comprehended.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

It is not yet morning. The storm has passed; the stars are visible overhead. BRUTUS *has not been asleep and is already risen, and is pacing up and down his orchard, weighing the question whether he should be false to* CÆSAR *or to his principles.*

BRU., *calling.* What, Lucius! ho!—
I cannot, by the progress of the stars,
Give guess how near to day. [*Calling.*] Lucius, I say! [11
I would it were my fault to sleep so soundly.—
[*Calling.*] When, Lucius, when! Awake, I say! what, Lucius!

Enter LUCIUS.

LUC. Called you, my lord?

BRU. Get me a taper in my study, Lucius:
When it is lighted, come and call me here. [21

LUC. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

BRU. It must be by his death: and, for my part,
I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
But for the general. He would be crowned:
How that might change his nature, there's the question: [30
It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that!
And then, I grant, we put a sting in him,
That at his will he may do danger with.
Th' abuse of greatness is when it disjoins [39
Remorse[1] from power; and, to speak truth of Cæsar,
I have not known when his affections[2] swayed

[1] mercy.
[2] feelings.

lore than his reason. But 'tis a common proof,[3]
hat lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
hereto the climber-upward turns his face;
ut when he once attains the upmost round,
e then unto the ladder turns his back,
ooks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
y which he did ascend. So Cæsar may:
hen, lest he may, prevent. And, since the quarrel
ill bear no color for the thing he is,
ashion it thus; that what he is, augmented,
ould run to these and these extremities;
nd therefore think him as a serpent's egg
Which, hatched, would, as his kind, grow mischievous),
nd kill him in the shell.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. The taper burneth in your closet, sir.
Handing him a paper.] Searching the window for a flint, I found
his paper, thus sealed up; and I am sure
did not lie there when I went to bed.
Bru. Get you to bed again; it is not day.
not to-morrow, boy, the ides of March?
Luc. I know not, sir.
Bru. Look in the calendar, and bring me word.
Luc. I will, sir. *[Exit.*
Bru. The exhalations whizzing in the air
ive so much light that I may read by them. *[Opens the letter.*
Brutus, thou sleep'st: awake and see thyself.
hall Rome, &c. Speak, strike, redress!
rutus, thou sleep'st: awake!"
uch instigations have been often dropped
Where I have took them up.
"Shall Rome, &c." Thus must I piece it out:
"Shall Rome stand under one man's awe?" What, Rome?
My ancestors did from the streets of Rome
The Tarquin drive, when he was called a king.
"Speak, strike, redress!" Am I entreated
To speak and strike? O Rome! I make thee promise;
If the redress will follow, thou receivest
Thy full petition at the hand of Brutus!

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, March is wasted fourteen days. *[Knocking within.*
Bru. 'Tis good. Go to the gate: somebody knocks. *[Exit* Lucius.
Since Cassius first did whet me against Cæsar,
I have not slept.
Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma[4] or a hideous dream:
The genius and the mortal instruments
Are then in council; and the state of man,
Like to a little kingdom, suffers then
The nature of an insurrectiön.

Re-enter Lucius.

Luc. Sir, 'tis your brother[5] Cassius at the door,
Who doth desire to see you.
Bru. Is he alone?
Luc. No, sir, there are moe[6] with him.
Bru. Do you know them?
Luc. No, sir; their hats are plucked about their ears,
And half their faces buried in their cloaks,
That by no means I may discover them
By any mark of favor.[7]
Bru. Let 'em enter. *[Exit* Lucius.
They are the faction. O conspiracy!
Sham'st thou to show thy dang'rous brow by night,

[3] experience.
[4] ghostly vision.
[5] brother-in-law.
[6] more.
[7] personal appearance.

When evils are most free? O! then by day [140
Where wilt thou find a cavern dark enough
To mask thy monstrous visage? Seek none, conspiracy;
Hide it in smiles and affability:
For if thou puts[8] thy native semblance on,
Not Erebus itself were dim enough
To hide thee from prevention. [149

Enter the Conspirators, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, CINNA, METELLUS CIMBER, *and* TREBONIUS.

CAS. I think we are too bold upon your rest:
Good morrow, Brutus; do we trouble you?
BRU. I have been up this hour, awake all night.
Know I these men that come along with you? [160
CAS. Yes, every man of them; and no man here
But honors you; and every one doth wish
You had but that opinion of yourself
Which every noble Roman bears of you.
This is Trebonius.
BRU. He is welcome hither.
CAS. This, Decius Brutus.
BRU. He is welcome too.
CAS. This, Casca; this, Cinna; [170
And this, Metellus Cimber.
BRU. They are all welcome.—
What watchful cares do interpose themselves
Betwixt your eyes and night?
CAS. Shall I entreat a word?
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *step aside and converse in a low tone.*
DEC. Here lies the east: doth not the day break here? [180
CASCA. No.
CIN. O! pardon, sir, it doth; and yon grey lines
That fret the clouds are messengers of day.
CASCA. You shall confess that you are both deceived.

[8] B, path, easily a misreading of "puts" in the old script.

Here, as I point my sword, the sun arises;
Which is a great way growing on the south, [190
Weighing the youthful season of the year.
Some two months hence up higher toward the north
He first presents his fire; and the high east
Stands, as the Capitol, directly here.
[BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS *rejoin the others.*
BRUTUS *has been persuaded to put himself at the head of the movement.* [200
BRU. Give me your hands all over, one by one.
CAS. And let us swear our resolutiön.
BRU. No, not an oath: if not the faith[9] of men,
The sufferance of our souls, the time's abuse,
If these be motives weak, break off betimes,
And every man hence to his idle bed; [210
So let high-sighted tyranny range on,
Till each man drop by lottery. But, if these,
As I am sure they do, bear fire enough
To kindle cowards and to steel with valor
The melting spirits of women, then, countrymen,
What need we any spur but our own cause [219
To prick us to redress? what other bond
Than secret Romans that have spoke the word
And will not palter? and what other oath
Than honesty to honesty engaged,
That this shall be or we will fall for it?
Swear priests and cowards and men cautelous,[10]
Old feeble carrions and such suffering souls [229
That welcome wrongs; unto bad causes swear
Such creatures as men doubt; but do not stain
The even virtue of our enterprise,
Nor th' insuppressive mettle of our spirits,
To think that or our cause or our performance

[9] B, face.
[10] crafty.

Did need an oath; when every drop of blood
That every Roman bears, and nobly bears,
Is guilty of a several bastardy,
If he do break the smallest particle
Of any promise that hath passed from him.
CAS. But what of Cicero? Shall we sound him?
I think he will stand very strong with us.
CASCA. Let us not leave him out.
CIN. No, by no means.
MET. O! let us have him; for his silver hairs
Will purchase us a good opiniön
And buy men's voices to commend our deeds:
It shall be said his judgment ruled our hands;
Our youths and wildness shall no whit appear,
But all be buried in his gravity.
BRU. O! name him not: let us not break with[11] him;
For he will never follow any thing
That other men begin.
CAS. Then leave him out.
CASCA. Indeed he is not fit.
DEC. Shall no man else be touched but only Cæsar?
CAS. Decius, well urged. I think it is not meet,
Mark Antony, so well beloved of Cæsar,
Should outlive Cæsar: we shall find of him
A shrewd[12] contriver; and, you know, his means,
If he improve them, may well stretch so far
As to annoy us all; which to prevent,
Let Antony and Cæsar fall together.
BRU. Our course will seem too bloody, Caius Cassius,
To cut the head off and then hack the limbs,
Like wrath in death and envy[13] afterwards;
For Antony is but a limb of Cæsar.
Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.

[11] broach the matter to. [12] maleficent.
[13] malice.

We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
And in the spirit of men there is no blood:
O, then that we could come by Cæsar's spirit,
And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas!
Cæsar must bleed for it. And, gentle friends,
Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds;
And let our hearts, as subtle masters do,
Stir up their servants to an act of rage,
And after seem to chide 'em. This shall make
Our purpose necessary and not envious;
Which so appearing to the common eyes,
We shall be called purgers, not murderers.
And, for Mark Antony, think not of him;
For he can do no more than Cæsar's arm
When Cæsar's head is off.
CAS. Yet I fear him;
For in the engrafted love he bears to Cæsar—
BRU. Alas! good Cassius, do not think of him:
If he love Cæsar, all that he can do
Is to himself, take thought[14] and die for Cæsar:
And that were much he should; for he is given
To sports, to wildness, and much company.
TREB. There is no fear[15] in him; let him not die;
For he will live, and laugh at this hereafter.
[Clock strikes.
BRU. Peace! count the clock.
CAS. The clock hath stricken three.
TREB. 'Tis time to part.
CAS. But it is doubtful yet
Whether Cæsar will come forth to-day or no;
For he is superstitious grown of late,
Quite from the main opinion he held once
Of fantasy, of dreams, and ceremonies.
It may be, these apparent prodigies,

[14] despair. [15] cause of fear.

The unaccustomed terror of this night,
And the persuasion of his augurers, [339
May hold him from the Capitol to-day.
DEC. Never fear that: if he be so resolved,
I can o'ersway him; for he loves to hear
That unicorns may be betrayed with trees,
And bears with glasses, elephants with holes,
Lions with toils, and men with flatterers;
But, when I tell him he hates flatterers,
He says he does, being then most flatterëd. [351
Let me work;[16]
For I can give his humor the true bent,
And I will bring him to the Capitol.
CAS. Nay, we will all of us be there to fetch him.
BRU. By the eighth hour: is that the uttermost?
CIN. Be that the uttermost; and fail not then. [360
MET. Caius Ligarius doth bear Cæsar hard,
Who rated him for speaking well of Pompey:
I wonder none of you have thought of him.
BRU. Now, good Metellus, go along by him:
He loves me well, and I have given him reasons; [370
Send him but hither, and I'll fashion him.
CAS. The morning comes upon's: we'll leave you, Brutus.—
And, friends, disperse yourselves; but all remember
What you have said, and show yourselves true Romans.
BRU. Good gentlemen, look fresh and merrily; [379
Let not our looks put on our purposes;
But bear it as our Roman actors do,
With untired spirits and formal constancy:
And so good morrow to you every one!
[*Exeunt all except* BRUTUS.
[*Calling.*] Boy! Lucius!—Fast asleep! It is no matter.—
Enjoy the honey-heavy dew of slumber
Thou hast no figures nor no fantasies
Which busy care draws in the brains [39
of men;
Therefore thou sleep'st so sound.

Enter PORTIA.

POR. Brutus, my lord
BRU. Portia, what mean you? Wherefore rise you now?
It is not for your health thus to commi
Your weak condition to the raw col morning.
POR. Nor for yours neither. You've ur gently, Brutus, [40
Stole from my bed; and yesternight a supper
You suddenly arose, and walked about,
Musing and sighing, with your arm across,
And when I asked you what the matte was,
You stared upon me with ungentle look
I urged you further; then you scratche your head, [41
And too impatiently stamped with you foot;
Yet I insisted, yet you answered not,
But, with an angry wafture[17] of you hand,
Gave sign for me to leave you. So I di
Fearing to strengthen that impatiënce
Which seemed too much enkindled, an withal [42
Hoping it was but an effect of humor,
Which sometime hath his hour with ever man:
It will not let you eat, nor talk, nc sleep;
And, could it work so much upon you shape
As it hath much prevailed on your co dition,[18]
I should not know you, Brutus. Dear m lord, [43
Make me acquainted with your cause grief.
BRU. I am not well in health, and th is all.

[16] It is to be doubted if this should be a separate line.

[17] wave.
[18] affected your temper.

Por. Brutus is wise; and, were he not in health,
He would embrace the means to come by it.
Bru. Why, so I do. Good Portia, go to bed. [441
Por. Is Brutus sick, and is it physical [19]
To walk unbracëd and suck up the humors
Of the dank morning? What! is Brutus sick,
And will he steal out of his wholesome bed
To dare the vile contagion of the night,
And tempt the rheumy and unpurgëd air
To add unto his sickness? No, my Brutus; [452
You have some sick offence [20] within your mind,
Which, by the right and virtue of my place,
I ought to know of; and, upon my knees,
I charm you, by my once-commended beauty,
By all your vows of love and that [460 great vow
Which did incorporate and make us one,
That you unfold to me, your self, your half,
Why you are heavy, and what men tonight
Have had resort to you; for here have been
Some six or seven, who did hide their faces [470
Even from darkness.
Bru. Kneel not, gentle Portia.
Por. I should not need, if you were gentle Brutus.
Within the bond of marriage, tell me, Brutus,
Is it excepted, I should know no secrets
That appertain to you? Am I yourself
But, as it were, in sort or limitation,
To keep with you at meals, comfort your bed, [481
And talk to you sometimes? Dwell I but in the suburbs
Of your good pleasure? If it be no more,
Portia is Brutus' harlot, not his wife.

[19] healthy.
[20] sickness-causing trouble.

Bru. You are my true and honorable wife,
As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart.
Por. If this were true, then should I know this secret. [491
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman that Lord Brutus took to wife;
I grant I am a woman, but, withal,
A woman well-reputed, Cato's daughter.
Think you I am no stronger than my sex,
Being so fathered and so husbanded?
Tell me your counsels, I will not disclose 'em. [500
I have made strong proof of my constancy,
Giving myself a voluntary wound
Here, in the thigh: can I bear that with patience
And not my husband's secrets?
Bru. O ye gods!
Render me worthy of this noble wife.
[*Knocking within.*
Hark, hark! one knocks. Portia, go in awhile; [511
And by and by thy bosom shall partake
The secrets of my heart.
All my engagements I will cónstrue to thee,
All the charactery of my sad brows.
Leave me with haste. [*Exit* Portia.] Lucius, who's that knocks?

Re-enter Lucius *with* Ligarius.

Luc. Here is a sick man that would speak with you. [521
Bru. <Caius Ligarius, that Metellus spoke of.>
Boy, stand aside.—Caius Ligarius! how?
Lig. Vouchsafe good morrow from a feeble tongue.
Bru. O! what a time have you chose out, brave Caius,
To wear a kerchief. Would you were not sick. [530
Lig. I am not sick if Brutus have in hand
Any exploit worthy the name of honor.
Bru. Such an exploit have I in hand, Ligarius,

Had you a healthful ear to hear of it.
LIG. By all the gods that Romans bow before, [538
I here discard my sickness. Soul of Rome!
Brave son, derived from honorable loins!
Thou, like an exorcist, hast conjured up
My mortifiëd spirit. Now bid me run,
And I will strive with things impossible;
Yea, get the better of them. What's to do?
BRU. A piece of work that will make sick men whole.
LIG. But are not some whole that we must make sick? [549
BRU. That must we also. What it is, my Caius,
I shall unfold to thee as we are going
To whom it must be done.
LIG. Set on your foot,
And with a heart new-fired, I follow you,
To do I know not what; but it sufficeth
That Brutus leads me on.
BRU. Follow me then.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

It is towards eight o'clock the next morning. It is again thundering, and flashes of lightning illuminate the room in CÆSAR'S *house which constitutes the scene.* CÆSAR *enters in his dressing-gown.*

CÆS. Nor heaven nor earth have been at peace to-night:
Thrice hath Calphurnia in her sleep cried out, [10
"Help, ho! They murder Cæsar!"—[*Calling.*] Who's within?

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. My lord!
CÆS. Go bid the priests do present sacrifice,
And bring me their opinions of success.
SERV. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter CALPHURNIA.

CAL. What mean you, Cæsar? Think you to walk forth? [21
You shall not stir out of your house to-day.
CÆS. Cæsar shall forth: the things that threatened me
Ne'er looked but on my back; when they shall see
The face of Cæsar, they are vanishëd.
CAL. Cæsar, I never stood on ceremonies;[21] [30
Yet now they fright me. There is one within,
Besides the things that we have heard and seen,
Recounts most horrid sights seen by the watch.
A lioness hath whelpëd in the streets;
And graves have yawned and yielded up their dead;
Fierce fiery warriors fought[22] upon the clouds, [41
In ranks and squadrons and right form of war,
Which drizzled blood upon the Capitol;
The noise of battle hurtled in the air;
Horses did neigh, and dying men did groan,
And ghosts did shriek and squeal about the streets.
O Cæsar! these things are beyond all use,[23] [51
And I do fear them.
CÆS. What can be avoided
Whose end is purposed by the mighty gods?
Yet Cæsar shall go forth; for these predictions
Are to the world in general as to Cæsar.
CAL. When beggars die there are no comets seen; [60
The heavens themselves blaze forth the death of princes.
CÆS. Cowards die many times before their deaths;
The valiant never taste of death but once.
Of all the wonders that I yet have heard,
It seems to me most strange that men should fear;
Seeing that death, a necessary end,
Will come when it will come. [70

Re-enter SERVANT.

What say the augurers?

[21] heeded auguries. [22] B, fight.
[23] custom.

SERV. They would not have you to stir forth to-day.
Plucking the entrails of an offering forth,
They could not find a heart within the beast.
CÆS. The gods do this in shame of cowardice:
Cæsar should be a beast without a [80 heart
If he should stay at home to-day for fear.
No, Cæsar shall not; danger knows full well
That Cæsar is more dangerous than he:
We are two lions littered in one day,
And I the elder and more terrible:
And Cæsar shall go forth.
CAL. Alas! my lord,
Your wisdom is consumed in confidence.
Do not go forth to-day: call it my fear [91
That keeps you in the house, and not your own.
We'll send Mark Antony to the senate-house,
And he shall say you are not well to-day:
Let me, upon my knee, prevail in this.
CÆS. Mark Antony shall say I am not well;
And, for thy humor, I will stay at home.

Enter DECIUS. [101

Here's Decius Brutus, he shall tell them so.
DEC. Cæsar, all hail! Good morrow, worthy Cæsar:
I come to fetch you to the senate-house.
CÆS. And you are come in very happy time
To bear my greeting to the senators,
And tell them that I will not come [110 to-day:
Cannot, is false, and that I dare not, falser;
I will not come to-day: tell them so, Decius.
CAL. Say he is sick.
CÆS. Shall Cæsar send a lie?
Have I in conquest stretched mine arm so far [119
To be afeard to tell greybeards the truth?
Decius, go tell them Cæsar will not come.
DEC. Most mighty Cæsar, let me knew some cause,
Lest I be laughed at when I tell them so.
CÆS. The cause is in my will: I will not come;
That is enough to satisfy the senate:
But for your private satisfactiön,
Because I love you, I will let you know:
Calphurnia here, my wife, stays me at home: [131
She dreamt to-night she saw my statuë,
Which, like a fountain with an hundred spouts,
Did run pure blood; and many lusty Romans
Came smiling, and did bathe their hands in it;
And these does she apply for warnings and portents, [140
And evils imminent; and on her knee
Hath begged that I will stay at home to-day.
DEC. This dream is all amiss interpreted;
It was a vision fair and fortunate:
Your statue spouting blood in many pipes,
In which so many smiling Romans bathed,
Signifies that from you great Rome shall suck [150
Reviving blood, and that great men shall press
For tinctures, stains, relics, and cognizance.
This by Calphurnia's dream is signified.
CÆS. And this way have you well expounded it.
DEC. I have, when you have heard what I can say:
And know it now: the senate have concluded [161
To give this day a crown to mighty Cæsar.
If you shall send them word you will not come,
Their minds may change. Besides, it were a mock
Apt to be rendered, for some one to say,
"Break up the senate till another time,
When Cæsar's wife shall meet with better dreams." [171

If Cæsar hide himself, shall they not whisper,
"Lo! Cæsar is afraid"?
Pardon me, Cæsar; for my dear, dear love
To your proceeding bids me tell you this,
And reason to my love is liable.[24]

CÆS. How foolish do your fears seem now, Calphurnia! [180
I am ashamëd I did yield to them.
Give me my robe, for I will go.

Enter PUBLIUS, BRUTUS, LIGARIUS, METELLUS, CASCA, TREBONIUS, *and* CINNA.

And look where Publius is come to fetch me.

PUB. Good morrow, Cæsar.

CÆS. Welcome, Publius!—
What! Brutus, are you stirred so early too?— [191
Good morrow, Casca.—Caius Ligarius,
Cæsar was ne'er so much your enemy
As that same ague which hath made you lean.—
What is't o'clock?

BRU. Cæsar, 'tis strucken eight.

CÆS. I thank you for your pains and courtesy.

Enter ANTONY. [200

See! Antony, that revels long o' nights,
Is, notwithstanding, up.—Good morrow, Antony!

ANT. So to most noble Cæsar.

CÆS. Bid them prepare within:
I am to blame to be thus waited for.
Now, Cinna;—now, Metellus;—what, Trebonius! [208
I have an hour's talk in store for you;
Remember that you call on me to-day:
Be near me, that I may remember you.

TREB. Cæsar, I will. <And so near will I be
That your best friends shall wish I had been further.>

CÆS. Good friends, go in, and taste some wine with me;
And we, like friends, will straightway go together. [219

BRU. <That every like is not the same, O Cæsar,
The heart of Brutus earns[25] to think upon!> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

ARTEMIDORUS *has, somehow, learned of the conspiracy and has written out a warning which he waits, in a street just outside the Capitol, to give to* CÆSAR *as he passes on his way thither. He proceeds to read over what he has written.*

ART. "Cæsar, beware of Brutus; take heed of Cassius; come not near Casca; have an eye to Cinna; trust not Tre- [10
bonius; mark well Metellus Cimber; Decius Brutus loves thee not; thou hast wronged Caius Ligarius. There is but one mind in all these men; and it is bent against Cæsar. If thou be'st not immortal, look about you: security gives way to conspiracy. The mighty gods defend thee! Thy lover,

ARTEMIDORUS."

Here will I stand till Cæsar pass along,
And as a suitor will I give him this. [21
My heart laments that virtue cannot live
Out of the teeth of emulatiön.[26]
If thou read this, O Cæsar! thou mayst live;
If not, the Fates with traitors do contrive.

SCENE IV

PORTIA, *torn by her anxieties, has been unable to remain indoors, and has stepped out into the street in front of her house, accompanied by* LUCIUS.

POR. I prithee, boy, run to the senate-house;
Stay not to answer me, but get thee gone.—
Why dost thou stay? [9

LUC. To know my errand, madam.

POR. I would have had thee there, and here again,
Ere I can tell thee what thou shouldst do there.

[24] subject.

[25] yearns.

[26] envy.

<O constancy! be strong upon my side;
Set a huge mountain 'tween my heart and tongue;
I have a man's mind, but a woman's might. [19
How hard it is for women to keep counsel!>
Art thou here yet?

LUC. Madam, what shall I do?
Run to the Capitol, and nothing else?
And so return to you, and nothing else?

POR. Yes, bring me word, boy, if thy lord look well,
For he went sickly forth; and take good note
What Cæsar doth, what suitors press to him. [31
Hark, boy! what noise is that?

LUC. I hear none, madam.

POR. Prithee, listen well:
I heard a bustling rumor, like a fray,
And the wind brings it from the Capitol.

LUC. Sooth, madam, I hear nothing.

Enter the SOOTHSAYER.

POR. Come hither, fellow: which way hast thou been? [40

SOOTH. At mine own house, good lady.

POR. What is't o'clock?

SOOTH. About the ninth hour, lady.

POR. Is Cæsar yet gone to the Capitol?

SOOTH. Madam, not yet: I go to take my stand,
To see him pass on to the Capitol.

POR. Thou hast some suit to Cæsar, hast thou not?

SOOTH. That I have, lady: if it will please Cæsar [51
To be so good to Cæsar as to hear me,
I shall beseech him to befriend himself.

POR. Why, know'st thou any harm's intended towards him?

SOOTH. None that I know will be, much that I fear may chance.
Good morrow to you. <Here the street is narrow:
The throng that follows Cæsar at the heels, [61
Of senators, of prætors, common suitors,
Will crowd a feeble man almost to death:
I'll get me to a place more void, and there
Speak to great Cæsar as he comes along.> [*Exit.*

POR. <I must go in. Ay me! how weak a thing
The heart of woman is. O Brutus! [70
The heavens speed thee in thine enterprise.
Sure, the boy heard me.> [*In order to mislead* LUCIUS.] Brutus hath a suit
That Cæsar will not grant. <O! I grow faint.>
Run, Lucius, and commend me to my lord; [79
Say I am merry: come to me again,
And bring me word what he doth say to thee. [*Exeunt, severally.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

A crowd of people, including the SOOTHSAYER, *wait in the street where* ARTEMIDORUS *has taken his stand. Trumpets sound, and* CÆSAR *enters, accompanied by* BRUTUS, CASSIUS, CASCA, DECIUS, METELLUS, TREBONIUS, CINNA, ANTONY, LEPIDUS, PUBLIUS, *and Others. The Senate is seen in session on the rear-stage, among them* POPILIUS.

CÆS., *to the* SOOTHSAYER. The ides of March are come. [11

SOOTH. Ay, Cæsar; but not gone.

ART. Hail, Cæsar! [*Handing a paper to him.*] Read this schedule.

DEC., *giving* CÆSAR *another paper.* Trebonius doth desire you to o'erread,
At your best leisure, this his humble suit.

ART. O Cæsar! read mine first; for mine's a suit [20
That touches Cæsar nearer. Read it, great Cæsar.

CÆS. What touches us ourself shall be last served.

ART. Delay not, Cæsar; read it instantly.

CÆS. What! is the fellow mad?

PUB., *putting* ARTEMIDORUS *aside.* Sirrah, give place.

CÆS. What! urge you your petitions in the street? [31
Come to the Capitol.

CÆSAR goes up to the Senate-House, the rest following. All the SENATORS *rise.*[1]

POP., *plucking the passing* CASSIUS *by the sleeve.* <I wish your enterprise to-day may thrive.
CAS. What enterprise, Popilius?
POP. Fare you well.>
[*Advances to* CÆSAR.
BRU. <What said Popilius Lena? [41
CAS., *excitedly.* He wished to-day our enterprise might thrive.
I fear our purpose is discoverëd.
BRU. Look how he makes to Cæsar: mark him.
CAS. Casca, be sudden, for we fear prevention.
Brutus, what shall be done? If this be known, [50
Cassius or Cæsar never shall turn back;
For I will slay myself.
BRU., *calmly.* Cassius, be constant:
Popilius Lena speaks not of our purposes;
For, look, he smiles, and Cæsar doth not change.
CAS. Trebonius knows his time; for, look you, Brutus, [58
He draws Mark Antony out of the way.>
[*Exeunt* ANTONY *and* TREBONIUS. CÆSAR *and the* SENATORS *take their seats.*
DEC. <Where is Metellus Cimber? Let him go,
And presently prefer his suit to Cæsar.
BRU. He is addressed; [2] press near and second him.
CIN. Casca, you are the first that rears your hand.>
CÆS. Are we all ready? What is now amiss, [70
That Cæsar and his senate must redress?
MET. Most high, most mighty, and most puissant Cæsar,
Metellus Cimber throws before thy seat
An humble heart—
[*Kneels. The other conspirators press around him, as if concerned in his petition.*
CÆS. I must prevent thee, Cimber.
These couchings and these lowly courtesies [82
Might fire the blood of ordinary men,
And turn pre-ordinance and first decree
Into the law of children. Be not fond,[3]
To think that Cæsar bears such rebel blood
That will be thawed from the true quality
With that which melteth fools; I mean sweet words, [91
Low-crookëd curtsies, and base spaniel fawning.
Thy brother by decree is banishëd:
If thou dost bend and pray and fawn for him,
I spurn thee like a cur out of my way.
Know, Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will be satisfied. [100
MET. Is there no voice more worthy than my own,
To sound more sweetly in great Cæsar's ear
For the repealing of my banished brother?
BRU., *kneeling.* I kiss thy hand, but not in flattery, Cæsar;
Desiring thee, that Publius Cimber may
Have an immediate freedom of repeal.
CÆS. What, Brutus! [111
CAS., *kneeling.* Pardon, Cæsar; Cæsar, pardon:
As low as to thy foot doth Cassius fall,
To beg enfranchisement for Publius Cimber.
CÆS. I could be well moved if I were as you;
If I could pray to move, prayers would move me; [120
But I am constant as the northern star,
Of whose true-fixed and resting quality
There is no fellow in the firmament.

[1] On a modern stage this would be a new scene, the prior scene closing when Cæsar quits the street, and the new scene being entirely an interior one, the Senate being shown for the first time.

[2] ready.

[3] foolish.

'he skies are painted with unnumbered sparks,
'hey are all fire and every one doth shine,
ut there's but one in all doth hold his place:
o, in the world; 'tis furnished well with men;
nd men are flesh and blood, and apprehensive; [4]
'et in the number I do know but one
'hat, unassailable, holds on his rank,
'nshaked of motion; and that I am he,
et me a little show it, even in this,
'hat I was constant Cimber should be banished,
nd constant do remain to keep him so.

CIN. O Cæsar,—

CÆS. Hence! Wilt thou lift up Olympus!

DEC., *kneeling.* Great Cæsar—

CÆS. Doth not Brutus bootless kneel?

CASCA. Speak, hands, for me!

[CASCA, *who has taken up a position ehind* CÆSAR, *stabs him in the back of he neck. The other conspirators draw heir swords and daggers, and stab him kewise.* CÆSAR *struggles till he receives dagger thrust from* BRUTUS. *Then he urrenders to his fate.*

CÆS. *Et tu, Brute?* Then fall, Cæsar!

Falls at the foot of POMPEY'S *statue and dies. Most of the* SENATORS *and the people who have thronged in after* CÆSAR *rush out into the street in panic.*

CIN. Liberty! Freedom! Tyranny is dead!
un hence, proclaim, cry it about the streets.

CAS. Some to the common pulpits, and cry out,
Liberty, freedom, and enfranchisement!"

BRU. People and senators, be not affrighted;
ly not; stand still; ambition's debt is paid.

CASCA. Go to the pulpit, Brutus.

DEC. And Cassius too.

BRU. Where's Publius?

CIN. Here, quite confounded with this mutiny.

MET. Stand fast together, lest some friend of Cæsar's
Should chance—

BRU. Talk not of standing. Publius, good cheer;
There is no harm intended to your person,
Nor to no Roman else; so tell them, Publius.

CAS. And leave us, Publius; lest that the people,
Rushing on us, should do your age some mischief.

BRU. Do so; and let no man abide this deed
But we the doers.

Re-enter TREBONIUS.

CAS. Where is Antony?

TRE. Fled to his house amazed.
Men, wives, and children stare, cry out, and run
As it were doomsday.

BRU. Fates, we will know your pleasures.
That we shall die, we know; 'tis but the time
And drawing days out that men stand upon.

CASCA. Why, he that cuts off twenty years of life
Cuts off so many years of fearing death.

BRU. Grant that, and then is death a benefit:
So are we Cæsar's friends, that have abridged
His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords:
Then walk we forth, even to the market-place;
And, waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
Let's all cry, "Peace, freedom, and liberty!"

[4] intelligent.

CAS. Stoop, then, and wash. How many ages hence
Shall this our lofty scene be acted o'er,
In states unborn and accents yet unknown!
[*They all bathe their hands in* CÆSAR'S *blood.*
BRU. How many times shall Cæsar bleed in sport, [231
That now on Pompey's basis lies along
No worthier than the dust!
CAS. So oft as that shall be,
So often shall the knot of us be called
The men that gave their country liberty.
DEC. What! shall we forth?
CAS. Ay, every man away:
Brutus shall lead; and we will grace his heels [240
With the most boldest and best hearts of Rome.

Enter a SERVANT.

BRU. Soft! who comes here? A friend of Antony's.
SERV., *kneeling.* Thus, Brutus, did my master bid me kneel;
Thus did Mark Antony bid me fall down;
And, being prostrate, thus he bade me say: [251
"Brutus is noble, wise, valiant, and honest;
Cæsar was mighty, bold, royal, and loving:
Say I love Brutus, and I honor him;
Say I feared Cæsar, honored him, and loved him.
If Brutus will vouchsafe that Antony
May safely come to him, and be resolved[5] [260
How Cæsar hath deserved to lie in death,
Mark Antony shall not love Cæsar dead
So well as Brutus living, but will follow
The fortunes and affairs of noble Brutus
Thorough[6] the hazards of this untrod state
With all true faith." So says my master Antony.
BRU. Thy master is a wise and valiant Roman; [270
I never thought him worse.
Tell him, so please him come unto this place,
He shall be satisfied, and, by my honor
Depart untouched.
SERV. I'll fetch him presently. [*Exit*
BRU. I know that we shall have him well to friend.
CAS. I wish we may: but yet have I mind [28
That fears him much; and my misgiving still[8]
Falls shrewdly to the purpose.

Re-enter ANTONY.

BRU. But here comes Antony.—Welcome, Mark Antony.
ANT. O mighty Cæsar! dost thou lie so low?
Are all thy conquests, glories, tri- [29
umphs, spoils,
Shrunk to this little measure? Fare thee well.—
I know not, gentlemen, what you intend
Who else must be let blood, who else is rank:
If I myself, there is no hour so fit
As Cæsar's death's hour, nor no instrument
Of half that worth as those your swords made rich [30
With the most noble blood of all this world.
I do beseech ye, if ye bear me hard,
Now, whilst your purpled hands do reek and smoke,
Fulfil your pleasure. Live a thousand years,
I shall not find myself so apt[9] to die:
No place will please me so, no mean of death, [31
As here by Cæsar, and by you cut off,
The choice and master spirits of this age.
BRU. O Antony! beg not your death of us.
Though now we must appear bloody and cruel,
As, by our hands and this our present act
You see we do, yet see you but our hands

[5] told.
[6] through.
[7] at once.
[8] always.
[9] ready.

nd this the bleeding business they have done:
ur hearts you see not; they are pitiful;
nd pity to the general wrong of Rome—
s fire drives out fire, so pity pity—
lath done this deed on Cæsar. For your part,
o you our swords have leaden points, Mark Antony;
ur arms, in strength of malice, and our hearts,
f brothers' temper, do receive you in,
Vith all kind love, good thoughts, and reverence.
Cas. Your voice shall be as strong as any man's
n the disposing of new dignities.
Bru. Only be patient till we have appeased
he multitude, beside themselves with fear;
nd then we will deliver you the cause
Vhy I, that did love Cæsar when I struck him,
lave thus proceeded.
Ant. I doubt not of your wisdom.
et each man render me his bloody hand:
irst, Marcus Brutus, will I shake with you;
Text, Caius Cassius, do I take your hand;
Tow, Decius Brutus, yours; now yours, Metellus;
Tours, Cinna; and, my valiant Casca, yours;
Though last, not least in love, yours, good Trebonius.—
Gentlemen all, alas! what shall I say?
My credit now stands on such slippery ground,
That one of two bad ways you must conceit me,
Either a coward or a flatterer.—
That I did love thee, Cæsar, O! 'tis true:
f then thy spirit look upon us now,
Shall it not grieve thee dearer[10] than thy death,
To see thy Antony making his peace,
Shaking the bloody fingers of thy foes,
Most noble, in the presence of thy corse?
Had I as many eyes as thou hast wounds,
Weeping as fast as they stream forth thy blood,
It would become me better than to close
In terms of friendship with thine enemies.
Pardon me, Julius! Here wast thou bayed, brave hart;
Here didst thou fall; and here thy hunters stand,
Signed in thy spoil, and crimsoned in thy lethe.—
O world! thou wast the forest to this hart;
And this, indeed, O world! the heart of thee.
How like a deer, strucken by many princes,
Dost thou here lie!
Cas. Mark Antony,—
Ant. Pardon me, Caius Cassius:
The enemies of Cæsar shall say this;
Then, in a friend, it is cold modesty.[11]
Cas. I blame you not for praising Cæsar so;
But what compáct mean you to have with us?
Will you be pricked in number of our friends?
Or shall we on, and not depend on you?
Ant. Therefore I took your hands, but was indeed
Swayed from the point by looking down on Cæsar.
Friends am I with you all, and love you all,
Upon this hope, that you shall give me reasons
Why and wherein Cæsar was dangerous.
Bru. Or else were this a savage spectacle.
Our reasons are so full of good regard[12]
That, were you, Antony, the son of Cæsar,
You should be satisfied.
Ant. That's all I seek;
And am, moreover, suitor that I may
Produce his body to the market-place;
And in the pulpit, as becomes a friend,
Speak in the order of his funeral.
Bru. You shall, Mark Antony.
Cas. Brutus, a word with you.

[10] more.

[11] moderation.

[12] so worthy.

<You know not what you do; do [420
not consent
That Antony speak in his funeral:
Know you how much the people may be
moved
By that which he will utter?
BRU. By your pardon;
I will myself into the pulpit first,
And show the reason of our Cæsar's
death: [429
What Antony shall speak, I will protest
He speaks by leave and by permissiön,
And that we are contented Cæsar shall
Have all true rites and lawful ceremonies.
It shall advantage more than do us
wrong.
CAS. I know not what may fall; I like
it not.>
BRU. Mark Antony, here, take you
Cæsar's body. [439
You shall not in your funeral speech
blame us,
But speak all good you can devise of
Cæsar,
And say you do 't by our permissiön;
Else shall you not have any hand at all
About his funeral; and you shall speak
In the same pulpit whereto I am going,
After my speech is ended.
ANT. Be it so;
I do desire no more. [450
BRU. Prepare the body, then, and fol-
low us.
[*Exeunt all but* ANTONY, *who is now at
last free to express his real
thoughts.*
ANT. O! pardon me, thou bleeding
piece of earth,
That I am meek and gentle with these
butchers; [459
Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever livëd in the tide of times.
Woe to the hand that shed this costly
blood!
Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,
Which like dumb mouths do ope their
ruby lips,
To beg the voice and utterance of my
tongue,
A curse shall light upon the limbs of
men; [470
Domestic fury and fierce civil strife
Shall cumber all the parts of Italy;
Blood and destruction shall be so in use
And dreadful objects so familiär,
That mothers shall but smile when they
behold
Their infants quartered with the hand
of war; [47
All pity choked with custom of fell deeds
And Cæsar's spirit, ranging for revenge
With Ate by his side come hot from hell
Shall in these cónfines with a monarch'
voice
Cry "Havoc!" and let slip the dogs o
war;
That this foul deed shall smell above th
earth
With carrion men, groaning for burial.

Enter a SERVANT.

You serve Octavius Cæsar, do you not
SERV. I do, Mark Antony. [49
ANT. Cæsar did write for him to com
to Rome.
SERV. He did receive his letters, and i
coming;
And bid me say to you by word o
mouth—
[*Seeing the body.*] O Cæsar!—
ANT. Thy heart is big, get thee apar
and weep. [50
Passion, I see, is catching; for min
eyes,
Seeing those beads of sorrow stand i
thine,
Began to water. Is thy master coming
SERV. He lies to-night within seve
leagues of Rome.
ANT. Post back with speed, and te
him what hath chanced:
Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerou
Rome, [51
No Rome of safety for Octavius yet;
Hie hence and tell him so. Yet, sta
awhile;
Thou shalt not back till I have born
this corpse
Into the market-place; there shall I try
In my oration how the people take
The cruel issue of these bloody men;

cording to the which thou shalt discourse 521
young Octavius of the state of things.
nd me your hand.
[*Exeunt, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Scene II

UTUS *and* Cassius, *followed by a throng of* Citizens, *enter the Forum.*

Citizens. We will be satisfied: let us be satisfied.
Bru. Then follow me, and give me audience, friends.—
ssius, go you into the other street,
nd part the numbers.—
ose that will hear me speak, let 'em stay here; [10
ose that will follow Cassius, go with him;
nd public reasons shall be renderëd
Cæsar's death.
1 Cit. I will hear Brutus speak.
2 Cit.[13] I will hear Cassius; and compare their reasons,
hen severally we hear them renderëd.
Exit Cassius, *with some of the* Citizens; Brutus *ascends the rostrum.*
3 Cit. The noble Brutus is ascended: silence! [22
Bru. Be patient till the last.
omans, countrymen, and lovers! hear
e for my cause; and be silent, that you
ay hear: believe me for mine honor, and
ve respect to mine honor, that you may
lieve: censure me in your wisdom, and
vake your senses, that you may the better judge. If there be any in this as- [30
mbly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to
m I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was
less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar,
is is my answer: Not that I loved
æsar less, but that I loved Rome more.
ad you rather Cæsar were living, and
e all slaves, than that Cæsar were dead,
live all free men? As Cæsar loved me,
weep for him; as he was fortunate, [40
rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honor
m; but, as he was ambitious, I slew him. There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honor for his valor; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply. [52

Citizens. None, Brutus, none.

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death. [60

Enter Antony *and Others, with* Cæsar's *body.*

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony, who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart: that, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death. [71

Citizens. Live, Brutus! live! live!
1 Cit. Bring him with triumph home unto his house.
2 Cit. Give him a statue with his ancestors.
3 Cit. Let him be Cæsar.
4 Cit. Cæsar's better parts
Shall be crowned in Brutus.
1 Cit. We'll bring him to his house [80 with shouts and clamors.
Bru. My countrymen—
2 Cit. Peace! silence! Brutus speaks.
3 Cit. Peace, ho!
Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony.
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech,
Tending to Cæsar's glories, which Mark Antony, [91
By our permission, is allowed to make.
I do entreat you, not a man depart,

[13] Cannot be the "2 Cit." of the rest of the ene.

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.
[*Exit.*
1 Cit. Stay, ho! and let us hear Mark Antony.
3 Cit. Let him go up into the public chair;
We'll hear him.—Noble Antony, go up!
Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholding to you.
[*Ascends the rostrum.*
4 Cit. What does he say of Brutus?
3 Cit. He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholding to us all.
4 Cit. 'Twere best he speak no harm of Brutus here.
1 Cit. This Cæsar was a tyrant.
3 Cit. Nay, that's certain:
We are bless'd that Rome is rid of him.
2 Cit. Peace! let us hear what Antony can say.
Ant. You gentle Romans,—
Citizens, *shouting*. Peace, ho! let us hear him.
Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interrëd with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitiöus;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest—
For Brutus is an honorable man;
So are they all, all honorable men—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitiöus;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitiöus?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitiöus;
And Brutus is an honorable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown
Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitiöus;
And, sure, he is an honorable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1 Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2 Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3 Cit. Has he, masters?
I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4 Cit. Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1 Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2 Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3 Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4 Cit. Now mark him; he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honorable men.
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose

o wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
han I will wrong such honorable men.
ut here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar;
found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
et but the commons hear this testament
Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read),
nd they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
nd dip their napkins in his sacred blood,
ea, beg a hair of him for memory,
nd, dying, mention it within their wills,
equeathing it as a rich legacy
nto their issue.
4 Cit. We'll hear the will: read it, Mark Antony.
Citizens. The will, the will! we will hear Cæsar's will.
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends; I must not read it:
t is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
ou are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
nd, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
t will inflame you, it will make you mad.
Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
or, if you should, O! what would come of it?
4 Cit. Read the will! we'll hear it, Antony;
ou shall read us the will, Cæsar's will.
Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
have o'ershot myself to tell you of it.
fear I wrong the honorable men
Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar; I do fear it.
4 Cit. They were traitors: "honorable men"!
Citizens. The will! the testament!
2 Cit. They were villains, murderers. The will! read the will.
Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? and will you give me leave?
Citizens. Come down.
2 Cit. Descend. [Antony *comes down.*
3 Cit. You shall have leave.
4 Cit. A ring; stand round.
1 Cit. Stand from the hearse; stand from the body.
2 Cit. Room for Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me, stand far off.
Citizens. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
[*Takes up* Cæsar's *mantle, hacked, blood-stained, and displays it.*
You all do know this mantle: I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening, in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through:
See what a rent the envious Casca made:
Through this the well-belovëd Brutus stabbed;
And, as he plucked his cursëd steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it,
As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
If Brutus so unkindly knocked or no;
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel:
Judge, O you gods! how dearly Cæsar loved him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquished him: then burst his mighty heart;
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statuë,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
O! what a fall was there, my countrymen;

Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
O! now you weep, and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity; these are gracious drops.
Kind souls, what! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded? Look you here,
Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.
1 Cit. O piteous spectacle!
2 Cit. O noble Cæsar!
3 Cit. O woeful day!
4 Cit. O traitors! villains!
1 Cit. O most bloody sight!
2 Cit. We will be revenged.
Citizens. Revenge!—About!—Seek!—Burn!
Fire!—Kill!—Slay! Let not a traitor live.
Ant. Stay, countrymen!
1 Cit. Peace there! Hear the noble Antony.
2 Cit. We'll hear him, we'll follow him, we'll die with him.
Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.
They that have done this deed are honorable:
What private griefs[14] they have, alas! I know not,
That made them do it; they are wise and honorable,
And will, no doubt, with reasons answer you.
I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts:
I am no orator, as Brutus is;
But, as you know me all, a plain blunt man,
That love my friend; and that they know full well
That gave me public leave to speak of him.
For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,
Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,
To stir men's blood: I only speak right on.
I tell you that which you yourselves do know,
Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,
And bid them speak for me; but, were I Brutus,
And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony
Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue
In every wound of Cæsar, that should move
The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.
Citizens. We'll mutiny.
1 Cit. We'll burn the house of Brutus.
3 Cit. Away, then! come, seek the conspirators.
Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen; yet hear me speak.
Citizens. Peace, ho!—Hear Antony, most noble Antony.
Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what.
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves?
Alas! you know not: I must tell you, then.
You have forgot the will I told you of.
Citizens. Most true. The will! let's stay and hear the will.
Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.
To every Roman citizen he gives,
To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.
2 Cit. Most noble Cæsar! we'll revenge his death.
3 Cit. O royal Cæsar!
Ant. Hear me with patience.
Citizens, *shouting*. Peace, ho!
Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbors, and new-planted orchards,
On this side Tiber; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

[14] personal grievances.

Here was a Cæsar! when comes such another?

1 Cit. Never, never!—Come, away, away!

We'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitors' houses.
Take up the body.

2 Cit. Go fetch fire.

3 Cit. Pluck down benches.

4 Cit. Pluck down forms, windows, any thing.

[*Exeunt* Citizens, *with the body.*

Ant. Now let it work: mischief, thou art afoot;
Take thou what course thou wilt!

Enter a Servant.

How now, fellow!

Serv. Sir, Octavius is already come to Rome.

Ant. Where is he?

Serv. He and Lepidus are at Cæsar's house.

Ant. And thither will I straight to visit him.
He comes upon a wish. Fortune is merry,
And in this mood will give us any thing.

Serv. I heard him say Brutus and Cassius
Are rid like madmen through the gates of Rome.

Ant. Belike they had some notice of[15] the people,
How I had moved them. Bring me to Octavius.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Cinna, *the poet, comes forth for a stroll.*

Cin. I dreamt to-night[16] that I did feast with Cæsar,
And things unlucky charge my fantasy:
I have no will to wander forth of doors,
Yet something leads me forth.

The Citizens *of the preceding scene, having paid honor to the body of* Cæsar *by burning it "in the holy place," are now bent on wreaking vengeance on the conspirators. As they enter, they encounter* Cinna.

1 Cit. What is your name?

2 Cit. Whither are you going?

3 Cit. Where do you dwell?

4 Cit. Are you a married man, or a bachelor?

2 Cit. Answer every man directly.

1 Cit. Ay, and briefly.

4 Cit. Ay, and wisely.

3 Cit. Ay, and truly, you were best.

Cin. What is my name? Whither am I going? Where do I dwell? Am I a married man, or a bachelor? Then, to answer every man directly and briefly, wisely and truly: wisely I say, I am a bachelor.

2 Cit. That's as much as to say, they are fools that marry; you'll bear me a bang for that, I fear. Proceed; directly.

Cin. Directly, I am going to Cæsar's funeral.

1 Cit. As a friend or an enemy?

Cin. As a friend.

2 Cit. That matter is answered directly.

4 Cit. For your dwelling, briefly.

Cin. Briefly, I dwell by the Capitol.

3 Cit. Your name, sir, truly.

Cin. Truly, my name is Cinna.

2 Cit. Tear him to pieces; he's a conspirator.

Cin. I am Cinna the poet, I am Cinna the poet.

4 Cit. Tear him for his bad verses, tear him for his bad verses.

Cin. I am not Cinna the conspirator.

2 Cit. It is no matter, his name's Cinna; pluck but his name out of his heart, and turn him going.

3 Cit. Tear him, tear him!—Come, brands, ho! firebrands! To Brutus', to Cassius'; burn all. Some to Decius' house, and some to Casca's; some to Ligarius'. Away! go!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

Scene I

Some months later, in a room in Antony's *house in Rome,* Antony, Oc-

[15] information concerning.
[16] last night.

TAVIUS, *and* LEPIDUS *are seated around a table. Civil war is raging, and these three are the leaders of the Cæsarian faction, the triumvirate bent on dividing the Roman world between them. They are at present engaged in the pleasing work of proscribing their enemies, whether public or private.* LEPIDUS *is of alto-* [10
gether inferior mettle to the other two.

ANT. These many then shall die; their names are pricked.

OCT. Your brother too must die; consent you, Lepidus?

LEP. I do consent.

OCT. Prick him down, Antony.

LEP. Upon condition Publius shall not live,
Who is your sister's son, Mark Antony.

ANT. He shall not live; look, with a spot I damn him. [22
But, Lepidus, go you to Cæsar's house;
Fetch the will hither, and we shall determine
How to cut off some charge in legacies.

LEP. What! shall I find you here?

OCT. Or here or at the Capitol.

[*Exit* LEPIDUS.

ANT. This is a slight unmeritable man,
Meet to be sent on errands: is it fit, [31
The three-fold world divided, he should stand
One of the three to share it?

OCT. So you thought him,
And took his voice who should be pricked to die,
In our black sentence and proscriptiön.

ANT. Octavius, I have seen more days than you: [40
And, though we lay these honors on this man,
To ease ourselves of divers sland'rous loads,
He shall but bear them as the ass bears gold,
To groan and sweat under the busïness,
Either led or driven, as we point the way;
And, having brought our treasure where we will, [51
Then take we down his load, and turn him off,
Like to the empty ass, to shake his ears
And graze in commons.

OCT. You may do your will
But he's a tried and valiant soldiër.

ANT. So is my horse, Octavius; and for that,
I do appoint him store of provender. [6
It is a creature that I teach to fight,
To wind, to stop, to run directly on,
His corporal motion governed by my spirit;
And, in some taste, is Lepidus but so:
He must be taught, and trained, and bid go forth;
A barren-spirited fellow; one that feeds
On abject orts, and imitatiöns, [6
Which, out of use, and staled by other men,
Begin his fashion: do not talk of him
But as a property. And now, Octavius
Listen great things: Brutus and Cassius
Are levying powers; we must straight make head;
Therefore let our alliance be combined
Our best friends made, and our best means stretched out; [7
And let us presently go sit in council,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answerëd.

OCT. Let us do so: for we are at the stake,
And bayed about with many enemies;
And some that smile have in their hearts I fear,
Millions of mischief. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II

After the lapse of some more months the republican forces, under BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *are near Sardis, where they await the clash with the enemy's troops.*

Things have not gone well with the two leaders. As the assassination of CÆSAR *has ended in proscriptions and civil war, with the party of liberty on the defensive,* BRUTUS *feels that his great stroke has failed, and he and* CASSIUS *are somewhat out of temper with one another.* [12

A drum sounds. BRUTUS, TITINIUS,

ucius, *and Soldiers enter from one side,*
d Lucilius *and* Pindarus *from the*
her. Brutus' *tent occupies the rear*
age. It is the dusk of early evening.

Bru. Stand, ho!
Lucil. Give the word, ho! and stand.
Bru. What now, Lucilius! is Cassius
near? [21
Lucil. He is at hand; and Pindarus is
come
o do you salutation from his master.
Pindarus *gives a letter to* Brutus,
which the latter reads.
Bru. He greets me well.—Your mas-
ter, Pindarus,
his own change, or by ill officers,
ath given me some worthy cause to
wish [31
ings done undone; but, if he be at
hand,
shall be satisfied.
Pin. I do not doubt
ıt that my noble master will appear
ich as he is, full of regard and honor.
Bru. He is not doubted.—A word,
Lucilius.
How he received you, let me be re- [40
solved.
Lucil. With courtesy and with re-
spect enough;
ıt not with such familiar instances,
or with such free and friendly confer-
ence,
s he hath used of old.
Bru. Thou hast described
hot friend cooling. Ever note, Lu-
cilius, [50
hen love begins to sicken and decay,
useth an enforcëd ceremony.
here are no tricks in plain and simple
faith;
ıt hollow men, like horses hot at hand,
ake gallant show and promise of their
mettle;
ıt, when they should endure the bloody
spur,
ney fall their crests, and, like deceitful
jades, [61
nk in the trial. Comes his army on?
Lucil. They mean this night in Sardis
to be quartered;
The greater part, the horse in general,
Are come with Cassius.>
[*A march is heard.*
Bru. Hark! he is arrived.
March gently on to meet him. [69

Enter Cassius *and* Soldiers.

Cas. Stand, ho!
Bru. Stand, ho! Speak the word along.
1 Sold. Stand!
2 Sold. Stand!
3 Sold. Stand!
Cas. Most noble brother, you have
done me wrong.
Bru. Judge me, you gods! Wrong I
mine enemies? [79
And, if not so, how should I wrong a
brother?
Cas. Brutus, this sober form of yours
hides wrongs;
And when you do them—
Bru. <Cassius, be content;
Speak your griefs softly: I do know you
well.
Before the eyes of both our armies here,
Which should perceive nothing but love
from us, [90
Let us not wrangle: bid them move away;
Then in my tent, Cassius, enlarge your
griefs,
And I will give you audience.>
Cas. Pindarus,
Bid our commanders lead their charges
off
A little from this ground.
[*Exit* Pindarus, Cassius' *men following.*
Bru. Lucius,[1] do you the like; and let
no man [101
Come to our tent till we have done our
conference.
Let Lucilius [2] and Titinius guard our door.
[Lucius *goes off, followed by* Brutus'
men. Lucilius *and* Titinius *take
their stand some distance from the
tent, just "offstage".* Brutus *and*
Cassius *enter the tent.* [109
Cas., *breaking at once into the heart
of his grievance.* That you have
wronged me doth appear in this:

[1] F, Lucilius.
[2] F, Lucius.

You have condemned and noted Lucius Pella
For taking bribes here of the Sardians;
Wherein my letters, praying on his side,
Because I knew the man, were slighted off.
BRU. You wronged yourself to write in such a case. [120
CAS. In such a time as this it is not meet
That every nice[3] offence should bear his comment.
BRU. Let me tell you, Cassius, you yourself
Are much condemned to have[4] an itching palm,
To sell and mart your offices for gold
To undeservers. [130
CAS. I an itching palm!
You know that you are Brutus that speaks this,
Or, by the gods, this speech were else your last.
BRU. The name of Cassius honors this corruption,
And chastisement doth therefore hide his head.
CAS. Chastisement! [140
BRU. Remember March, the ides of March remember:
Did not great Julius bleed for justice' sake?
What villain touched his body, that did stab,
And not for justice? What! shall one of us,
That struck the foremost man of all this world [150
But for supporting robbers, shall we now
Contaminate our fingers with base bribes,
And sell the mighty space of our large honors
For so much trash as may be graspëd thus?
I had rather be a dog, and bay the moon,
Than such a Roman.
CAS. Brutus, bay[5] not me;
I'll not endure it: you forget yourself,
To hedge me in. I am a soldier, I, [161

[3] trifling.
[4] accused of having.
[5] B, "bait," which may be right.

Older in practice, abler than yourself
To make conditions.
BRU. Go to; you are not, Cassiu
CAS. I am.
BRU. I say you are not.
CAS. Urge me no more, I shall forg myself;
Have mind upon your health; tempt n no farther. [1
BRU. Away, slight man!
CAS. Is't possible?
BRU. Hear me, for I will speal
Must I give way and room to your ras choler?
Shall I be frighted when a madma stares?
CAS. O ye gods! ye gods! Must I en dure all this? [17
BRU. All this! ay, more: fret till you proud heart break;
Go show your slaves how choleric yo are,
And make your bondmen tremble. Mus I budge?
Must I observe[6] you? Must I stand an crouch
Under your testy humor? By the god
You shall digest the venom of you spleen, [19
Though it do split you; for, from th day forth,
I'll use you for my mirth, yea, for m laughter,
When you are waspish.
CAS. Is it come to this
BRU. You say you are a better soldiër
Let it appear so; make your vauntin true, [19
And it shall please me well. For min own part,
I shall be glad to learn of noble men.
CAS. You wrong me every way; yo wrong me, Brutus;
I said an elder soldier, not a better:
Did I say, "better"?
BRU. If you did, I care not.
CAS. When Cæsar lived, he durst no thus have moved me. [20
BRU. Peace, peace! you durst not s have tempted him.

[6] do reverence to.

CAS. I durst not!
BRU. No.
CAS. What! durst not tempt him!
BRU. For your life you durst not.
CAS. Do not presume too much upon my love;
may do that I shall be sorry for.
BRU. You have done that you should be sorry for.
here is no terror, Cassius, in your threats;
or I am armed so strong in honesty
hat they pass by me as the idle wind,
hich I respect[7] not. I did send to you
r certain sums of gold, which you denied me;
r I can raise no money by vile means:
heaven, I had rather coin my heart,
d drop my blood for drachmas, than to wring
om the hard hands of peasants their vile trash
any indirection.[8] I did send
you for gold to pay my legiöns,
hich you denied me: was that done like Cassius?
ould I have answered Caius Cassius so?
hen Marcus Brutus grows so covetous
lock such rascal counters from his friends,
ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts;
sh him to pieces!
CAS. I denied you not.
BRU. You did.
CAS. I did not: he was but a fool
hat brought my answer back. Brutus hath rived my heart.
friend should bear his friend's infirmities;
t Brutus makes mine greater than they are.
BRU. I do not, till you practise them on me.
CAS. You love me not.
BRU. I do not like your faults.
CAS. A friendly eye could never see such faults.
BRU. A flatterer's would not, though they do appear

[7] regard.
[8] dishonest practice.

As huge as high Olympus.
CAS. Come, Antony, and young Octavius, come,
Revenge yourselves alone on Cassius,
For Cassius is aweary of the world;
Hated by one he loves; braved by his brother;
Checked like a bondman; all his faults observed,
Set in a note-book, learned, and conned by rote,
To cast into my teeth. O! I could weep
My spirit from mine eyes. There is my dagger,
And here my naked breast; within, a heart
Dearer than Plutus' mine, richer than gold:
If that thou be'st a Roman, take it forth;
I, that denied thee gold, will give my heart:
Strike, as thou didst at Cæsar; for, I know,
When thou didst hate him worst, thou lov'dst him better
Than ever thou lov'dst Cassius.
BRU. Sheathe your dagger:
Be angry when you will, it shall have scope;
Do what you will, dishonor shall be humor.
O Cassius! you are yokëd with a lamb
That carries anger as the flint bears fire,
Who, much enforcëd, shows a hasty spark,
And straight is cold again.
CAS. Hath Cassius lived
To be but mirth and laughter to his Brutus,
When grief and blood ill-tempered vexeth him?
BRU. When I spoke that I was ill-tempered too.
CAS. Do you confess so much? Give me your hand.
BRU. And my heart too.
CAS. O Brutus!
BRU. What's the matter?
CAS. Have not you love enough to bear with me,

When that rash humor which my mother gave me
Makes me forgetful?
BRU. Yes, Cassius; and from henceforth
When you are over-earnest with your Brutus, [319
He'll think your mother chides, and leave you so.
[*A noise reaches their ears. It is that of an altercation between a* POET *and the two guardians of the tent. The voices become louder.*
POET. Let me go in to see the generals;
There is some grudge between 'em; 'tis not meet
They be alone. [329
LUCIL. You shall not come to them.
POET. Nothing but death shall stay me.

The POET *slips by the guards and rushes in, followed by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and* LUCIUS. *They all come to the entrance of the tent.*

CAS. How now! What's the matter?
POET. For shame, you generals! What do you mean?
Love, and be friends, as two such men should be; [340
For I have seen more years, I'm sure, than ye.
CAS. Ha, ha! how vildly doth this cynic rime!
BRU. Get you hence, sirrah; saucy fellow, hence!
CAS. Bear with him, Brutus; 'tis his fashiön.
BRU. I'll know his humor when he knows his time: [350
What should the wars do with these jigging fools?
Companion, hence!
CAS. Away, away! be gone.
[LUCILIUS *and* TITINIUS *thrust forth the* POET. *He departs, humiliated.*
BRU. Lucilius and Titinius, bid the commanders
Prepare to lodge their companies tonight. [360
CAS. And come yourselves, and bring Messala with you,
Immediately to us.
[*Exeunt* LUCILIUS *and* TITINIU
BRU. Lucius, a bowl of win
[*Exit* LUCIU
CAS. I did not think you could ha
been so angry.
BRU. O Cassius! I am sick of ma
griefs. [3
CAS. Of your philosophy you make
use,
If you give place to accidental evils.
BRU. No man bears sorrow bette
Portia is dead.
CAS. Ha! Portia!
BRU. She is dead.
CAS. How scaped I killing when
crossed you so?
O insupportable and touching loss! [3
Upon what sickness?
BRU. Impatient of my absen
And grief that young Octavius with Ma
Antony
Have made themselves so strong (
with her death
That tidings came); with this she f
distract,
And, her attendants absent, swallow
fire. [3
CAS. And died so?
BRU. Even so.
CAS. O ye immortal god

Enter LUCIUS, *with wine and tapers.*

BRU. Speak no more of her.—Give
a bowl of wine.—
In this I bury all unkindness, Cassius.
[*Drin*
CAS. My heart is thirsty for that no
pledge. [4
Fill, Lucius, till the wine o'erswell
cup;
I cannot drink too much of Brutus' lo
[*Drin*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

BRU. Come in, Titinius. [*Exit* LUCIU
TITINIUS *and* MESSALA *enter the te*
Welcome, good Messala.
Now sit we close about this taper here,
And call in question our necessities. [4
CAS. Portia, art thou gone?

BRU. No more, I pray you.—
essala, I have here receivëd letters,
at young Octavius and Mark Antony
me down upon us with a mighty power,
nding their expedition toward Philippi.
MES. Myself have letters of the self-
same tenor.
BRU. With what addition?
MES. That, by proscription and bills
of outlawry, [421
tavius, Antony, and Lepidus,
ve put to death an hundred senators.
BRU. Therein our letters do not well
agree;
ne speak of seventy senators that died
their proscriptions, Cicero being one.
CAS. Cicero one!
MES. Cicero is dead,
d by that order of proscriptiön. [430
d you your letters from your wife, my
lord?
BRU. No, Messala.
MES. Nor nothing in your letters writ
of her?
BRU. Nothing, Messala.
MES. That, methinks, is strange.
BRU. Why ask you? Hear you aught
of her in yours?
MES. No, my lord. [440
BRU. Now, as you are a Roman, tell
me true.
MES. Then like a Roman bear the
truth I tell:
r certain she is dead, and by strange
manner.
BRU. Why, farewell, Portia. We must
die, Messala:
ith meditating that she must die once,
have the patience to endure it now.
MES. Even so great men great losses
should endure. [452
CAS. I have as much of this in art as
you,
t yet my nature could not bear it so.
BRU. Well, to our work alive. What do
you think
marching to Philippi presently?
CAS. I do not think it good.
BRU. Your reason? [460
CAS. This is it:
is better that the enemy seek us:
So shall he waste his means, weary his
soldiers,
Doing himself offence; whilst we, lying
still,
Are full of rest, defence, and nimbleness.
BRU. Good reasons must, of force, give
place to better,
The people 'twixt Philippi and this
ground [471
Do stand but in a forced affectiön;
For they have grudged us contributiön:
The enemy, marching along by them,
By them shall make a fuller number up,
Come on refreshed, new-added, and en-
couraged;
From which advanatge shall we cut him
off,
If at Philippi we do face him there, [480
These people at our back.
CAS. Hear me, good brother.
BRU. Under your pardon. You must
note, beside,
That we have tried the utmost of our
friends,
Our legions are brim-full, our cause is
ripe:
The enemy increaseth every day;
We, at the height, are ready to decline.
There is a tide in the affairs of men, [491
Which, taken at the flood, leads on to
fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bound in shallows and in miseries.
On such a full sea are we now afloat;
And we must take the current when it
serves,
Or lose our ventures. [499
CAS. Then, with your will, go on;
We'll along ourselves, and meet them at
Philippi.
BRU. The deep of night is crept upon
our talk,
And nature must obey necessity,
Which we will niggard with a little rest.
There is no more to say?
CAS. No more. Good-night:
Early to-morrow will we rise, and hence.
BRU., *calling*. Lucius! [510

Re-enter LUCIUS.

My gown. [*Exit* LUCIUS.
Farewell, good Messala:

Good-night, Titinius.—Noble, noble Cassius,
Good-night, and good repose.
CAS. O my dear brother!
This was an ill beginning of the night:
Never come such division 'tween our souls!
Let it not, Brutus.
BRU. Every thing is well.
CAS. Good-night, my lord.
BRU. Good-night, good brother.
TIT. and MES. Good-night, Lord Brutus.
BRU. Farewell, every one.
[*Exeunt* CASSIUS, TITINIUS, *and* MESSALA.

Re-enter LUCIUS, *with the gown.*

Give me the gown. Where is thy instrument?
LUC. Here in the tent.
BRU. What! thou speak'st drowsily.
Poor knave, I blame thee not; thou art o'er-watched.
Call Claudius and some other of my men;
I'll have them sleep on cushions in my tent.
LUC., *calling.* Varro! and Claudius!

Enter VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS.

VAR. Calls my lord?
BRU. I pray you, sirs, lie in my tent and sleep:
It may be I shall raise you by and by
On business to my brother Cassius.
VAR. So please you, we will stand and watch your pleasure.
BRU. I will not have it so; lie down, good sirs;
It may be I shall otherwise bethink me.—
Look, Lucius, here's the book I sought for so;
I put it in the pocket of my gown.
[VARRO *and* CLAUDIUS *lie down.*
LUC. I was sure your lordship did not give it me.
BRU. Bear with me, good boy, I am much forgetful.
Canst thou hold up thy heavy eyes awhile,
And touch thy instrument a strain or two?
LUC. Ay, my lord, an 't please you.
BRU. It does, my bo
I trouble thee too much, but thou a willing.
LUC. It is my duty, sir.
BRU. I should not urge thy duty pa thy might;
I know young bloods look for a time rest.
LUC. I have slept, my lord, already.
BRU. It was well done, and thou sha sleep again;
I will not hold thee long: if I do live,
I will be good to thee. [*Music, and a so by* LUCIUS. *Soon the boy's he nods: he sings himself asleep.*
This is a sleepy tune: O murd'rous slu ber!
Lay'st thou thy leaden mace upon m boy,
That plays thee music? Gentle knav good-night;
I will not do thee so much wrong wake thee.
If thou dost nod, thou break'st thy i strument;
[*Taking the instrument from him.*] I take it from thee; and, good bo good-night.—
Let me see, let me see; is not the le turned down
Where I left reading? Here it is, think.
[*He reads for a few moment*
How ill this taper burns! [*Looking up, sees before him the* GHOST Cæsar.] Ha! who comes here?
I think it is the weakness of mine eye
That shapes this monstrous apparitiön
It comes upon me.—Art thou any thing
Art thou some god, some angel, or son devil,
That mak'st my blood cold and my ha to stare?
Speak to me what thou art.
GHOST. Thy evil spirit, Brutus.
BRU. Why com'st thou
GHOST. To tell thee thou shalt see m at Philippi.
BRU. Well; then I shall see thee again
GHOST. Ay, at Philipp

BRU. Why, I will see thee at Philippi then. [*The* GHOST *vanishes.*
Now I have taken heart, thou vanishest:
Ill spirit, I would hold more talk with thee.—
Calling.] Boy, Lucius!—Varro!—Claudius!—Sirs, awake!
Claudius! [620
LUC. The strings, my lord, are false.
BRU. <He thinks he still is at his instrument.>
Lucius, awake!
LUC. My lord!
BRU. Didst thou dream, Lucius, that thou so criedst out?
LUC. My lord, I do not know that I did cry.
BRU. Yes, that thou didst. Didst thou see any thing? [631
LUC. Nothing, my lord.
BRU. Sleep again, Lucius.—[LUCIUS *closes his eyes, and in a moment is asleep again.*] Sirrah, Claudius!
Fellow thou! awake!
VAR. My lord!
CLAU. My lord!
BRU. Why did you so cry out, sirs, in your sleep? [640
VAR. and CLAU. Did we, my lord?
BRU. Ay: saw you any thing?
VAR. No, my lord, I saw nothing.
CLAU. Nor I, my lord.
BRU. Go, and commend me to my brother Cassius.
Bid him set on his powers betimes before,
And we will follow.
VAR. and CLAU. It shall be done, my lord. [651
[*The two go out, leaving* BRUTUS *alone with the sleeping* LUCIUS.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

On the plains of Philippi, OCTAVIUS *and* ANTONY, *with their army, are awaiting the enemy's advance.*

OCT. Now, Antony, our hopes are answerëd:
You said the enemy would not come down,
But keep the hills and upper regiöns;
It proves not so; their battles are at hand; [10
They mean to warn[1] us at Philippi here,
Answering before we do demand of them.
ANT. Tut! I am in their bosoms, and I know
Wherefore they do it: they could be content
To visit other places; and come down
With fearful bravery, thinking by this face [19
To fasten in our thoughts that they have courage;
But 'tis not so.

Enter a MESSENGER, *hurriedly.*

MESS. Prepare you, generals:
The enemy comes on in gallant show;
Their bloody sign of battle is hung out,
And something to be done immediately.
ANT. Octavius, lead your battle softly on,
Upon the left hand of the even field. [30
OCT. Upon the right hand I; keep thou the left.
ANT. Why do you cross me in this exigent?
OCT. I do not cross you; <but I will do so.>

A drum beats. BRUTUS *and* CASSIUS, *attended by* LUCILIUS, TITINIUS, *and Soldiers, march in.*

BRU. They stand, and would have parley. [41
CAS. Stand fast, Titinius: we must out and talk.
OCT. Mark Antony, shall we give sign of battle?
ANT. No, Cæsar, we will answer on their charge.[2]
Make forth; the generals would have some words.
OCT. Stir not until the signal. [50
BRU. Words before blows: is it so, countrymen?

[1] summon.
[2] await their onset.

Oct. Not that we love words better, as you do.
Bru. Good words are better than bad strokes, Octavius.
Ant. In your bad strokes, Brutus, you give good words:
Witness the hole you made in Cæsar's heart,
Crying, "Long live! hail, Cæsar!"
Cas. Antony,
The posture of your blows are yet unknown;
But, for your words, they rob the Hybla bees,
And leave them honeyless.
Ant. Not stingless too?
Bru. O! yes, and soundless too;
For you have stol'n their buzzing, Antony,
And very wisely threat before you sting.
Ant. Villains! you did not so when your vile daggers
Hacked one another in the sides of Cæsar:
You showed your teeth like apes, and fawned like hounds,
And bowed like bondmen, kissing Cæsar's feet;
Whilst damnëd Casca, like a cur, behind,
Struck Cæsar on the neck. O you flatterers!
Cas. Flatterers! Now, Brutus, thank yourself:
This tongue had not offended so to-day,
If Cassius might have ruled.
Oct. Come, come, the cause: if arguing make us sweat,
The proof of it will turn to redder drops.
Look;
I draw a sword against conspirators;
When think you that the sword goes up again?
Never, till Cæsar's three-and-thirty wounds
Be well avenged; or till another Cæsar
Have added slaughter to the sword of traitors.
Bru. Cæsar, thou canst not die by traitors' hands,
Unless thou bring'st them with thee.
Oct. So I hope;
I was not born to die on Brutus' sword.
Bru. O! if thou wert the noblest of thy strain,
Young man, thou couldst not die more honorable.
Cas. A peevish[3] schoolboy, worthless of such honor,
Joined with a masquer and a reveller.
Ant. Old Cassius still!
Oct. Come, Antony; away!—
Defiance, traitors, hurl we in your teeth.
If you dare fight to-day, come to the field;
If not, when you have stomachs.
[*Exeunt* Octavius, Antony, *and their Army*.
Cas. Why now, blow wind, swell billow, and swim bark!
The storm is up, and all is on the hazard.
Bru. Ho!
Lucilius! hark, a word with you.
Lucil. My lord?
[Brutus *and* Lucilius *talk apart*.
Cas. Messala!
Mes. What says my general?
Cas. Messala,
This is my birth-day; as this very day
Was Cassius born. Give me thy hand, Messala:
Be thou my witness that against my will,
As Pompey was, am I compelled to set
Upon one battle all our liberties.
You know that I held Epicurus strong,
And his opinion; now I change my mind,
And partly credit things that do presage.
Coming from Sardis, on our former[4] ensign
Two mighty eagles fell, and there they perched,
Gorging and feeding from our soldiers' hands;
Who to Philippi here consorted us:
This morning are they fled away and gone,
And in their steads do ravens, crows, and kites
Fly o'er our heads and downward look on us,
As we were sickly prey: their shadows seem

[3] silly.
[4] forward.

A canopy most fatal, under which
Our army lies, ready to give up the ghost.
MES. Believe not so.
CAS. I but believe it partly,
For I am fresh of spirit and resolved
To meet all perils very constantly. [159
BRU., *finishing his colloquy with* LUCILIUS *and rejoining* CASSIUS. Even so, Lucilius.
CAS. Now, most noble Brutus,
The gods to-day stand friendly, that we may,
Lovers in peace, lead on our days to age!
But, since the affairs of men rest still incertain,
Let's reason with the worst that may befall. [170
If we do lose this battle, then is this
The very last time we shall speak together:
What are you, then, determinëd to do?
BRU. Even by the rule of that philosophy
By which I did blame Cato for the death
Which he did give himself; I know not how,
But I do find it cowardly and vile, [180
For fear of what might fall, so to prevent[5]
The time of life: arming myself with patience,
To stay[6] the providence of some high powers
That govern us below.
CAS. Then, if we lose this battle,
You are contented to be led in triumph
Thorough the streets of Rome? [190
BRU. No, Cassius, no: think not, thou noble Roman,
That ever Brutus will go bound to Rome:
He bears too great a mind; but this same day
Must end that work the ides of March begun;
And whether we shall meet again I know not. [199
Therefore our everlasting farewell take:
For ever, and for ever, farewell, Cassius!
If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
If not, why, then this parting was well made.
CAS. For ever, and for ever, farewell, Brutus!
If we do meet again, we'll smile indeed;
If not, 'tis true this parting was well made. [209
BRU. Why, then, lead on.—O! that a man might know
The end of this day's business, ere it come;
But it sufficeth that the day will end,
And then the end is known.—Come, ho! away! [*Exeunt.*

[5] anticipate.
[6] await.

SCENE II

An alarum is heard. Beside the field of battle, BRUTUS *gives orders to* MESSALA.

BRU. Ride, ride, Messala, ride, and give these bills[7]
Unto the legions on the other side.
[*Loud alarum.*
Let them set on at once, for I perceive
But cold demeanor in Octavius' wing,
And sudden push gives them the overthrow. [10
Ride, ride, Messala: let them all come down. [*Exeunt.*

[7] orders.

SCENE III

On a hillside CASSIUS *and* TITINIUS *are watching the battle, which is not going too well for them. It is between two and three o'clock in the afternoon.*

CAS. O! look, Titinius, look, the villains fly!
Myself have to mine own turned enemy;
This ensign here of mine was turning back; [9
I slew the coward, and did take it from him.
TIT. O Cassius! Brutus gave the word too early;
Who, having some advantage on Octavius,
Took it too eagerly: his soldiers fell to spoil,
Whilst we by Antony are all enclosed.

PINDARUS *rushes in.*

PIN. Fly further off, my lord, fly further off;
Mark Antony is in your tents, my lord:
Fly, therefore, noble Cassius, fly far off!
CAS. This hill is far enough.—Look, look, Titinius;
Are those my tents where I perceive the fire?
TIT. They are, my lord.
CAS. Titinius, if thou lovest me,
Mount thou my horse, and hide thy spurs in him,
Till he have brought thee up to yonder troops
And here again; that I may rest assured
Whether yond troops are friend or enemy.
TIT. I will be here again, even with a thought. [*Exit.*
CAS. Go, Pindarus, get higher on that hill;
My sight was ever thick; regard Titinius,
And tell me what thou not'st about the field. [PINDARUS *ascends the hill.*
This day I breathëd first; time is come round,
And, where I did begin, there shall I end;
My life is run his compass.—Sirrah, what news?
PIN., *above.* O my lord!
CAS. What news?
PIN. Titinius is enclosëd round about
With horsemen that make to him on the spur;
Yet he spurs on:—Now they are almost on him;
Now, Titinius! now some light.—O! he lights too:
He's ta'en [*shout*]; and, hark! they shout for joy.
CAS. Come down; behold no more.
O, coward that I am, to live so long,
To see my best friend ta'en before my face! [PINDARUS *descends.*
Come hither, sirrah:
In Parthia did I take thee prisoner;
And then I swore thee, saving of thy life,
That, whatsoever I did bid thee do,
Thou shouldst attempt it. Come now, keep thine oath:
Now be a freeman; and with this good sword,
That ran through Cæsar's bowels, search this bosom.
Stand not to answer; here, take thou the hilts;
And, when my face is covered, as 'tis now, [*Flings his cloak over his face.*
Guide thou the sword. [PINDARUS *carries out his instructions.*]—Cæsar, thou art revenged,
Even with the sword that killed thee. [*Dies.*
PIN. So, I am free; yet would not so have been;
Durst I have done my will.—O Cassius!
Far from this country Pindarus shall run,
Where never Roman shall take note of him. [*Exit.*

Re-enter TITINIUS, *with* MESSALA.

MES. It is but change, Titinius; for Octavius
Is overthrown by noble Brutus' power,
As Cassius' legions are by Antony.
TIT. These tidings will well comfort Cassius.
MES. Where did you leave him?
TIT. All disconsolate,
With Pindarus, his bondman, on this hill.
MES. Is not that he that lies upon the ground?
TIT. He lies not like the living. O my heart!
MES. Is not that he?
TIT. No, this *was* he, Messala;
But Cassius is no more. O setting sun!
As in thy red rays thou dost sink to-night,
So in his red blood Cassius' day is set;
The sun of Rome is set. Our day is gone;
Clouds, dews, and dangers come; our deeds are done.
Mistrust of my success hath done this deed.
MES. Mistrust of good success hath done this deed.
O hateful error, melancholy's child!
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men

The things that are not? O error! soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engendered thee.

TIT. What, Pindarus! Where art thou, Pindarus?

MES. Seek him, Titinius, whilst I go to meet [128

The noble Brutus, thrusting this report
Into his ears; I may say, thrusting it;
For piercing steel and darts envenomëd
Shall be as welcome to the ears of Brutus
As tidings of this sight.

TIT. Hie you, Messala;
And I will seek for Pindarus the while.
[*Exit* MESSALA.

Why didst thou send me forth, brave Cassius?
Did I not meet thy friends? and did not they [140
Put on my brows this wreath of victory,
And bid me give it thee? Didst thou not hear their shouts?
Alas! thou hast miscónstrued every thing.
But, hold thee, take this garland on thy brow;
Thy Brutus bid me give it thee, and I
Will do his bidding.—Brutus, come apace, [149
And see how I regarded Caius Cassius.—
By your leave, gods: this is a Roman's part:
Come, Cassius' sword, and find Titinius' heart.
[*Kills himself with* CASSIUS' *sword.*

Alarum. Re-enter MESSALA, *with* BRUTUS, CATO, STRATO, VOLUMNIUS, LUCILIUS, LABEO, *and* FLAVIUS.

BRU. Where, where, Messala, doth his body lie? [160

MES. Lo, yonder: and Titinius mourning it.

BRU. Titinius' face is upward.

CATO. He is slain.

BRU. O Julius Cæsar! thou art mighty yet!
Thy spirit walks abroad, and turns our swords
In our own proper entrails. [*Low alarums.*

CATO. Brave Titinius!
Look whe'r he have not crowned dead Cassius! [172

BRU. Are yet two Romans living such as these?
The last of all the Romans, fare thee well!
It is impossible that ever Rome
Should breed thy fellow. Friends, I owe more tears
To this dead man than you shall [180 see me pay.—
I shall find time, Cassius, I shall find time.—
Come therefore, and to Thassos send his body:
His funerals shall not be in our camp,
Lest it discomfort us.—Lucilius, come;
And come, young Cato;—let us to the field.— [189
Labeo and Flavius, set our battles on.—
'Tis three o'clock; and, Romans, yet ere night
We shall try fortune in a second fight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Alarums and fighting. BRUTUS, CATO, LUCILIUS *and others enter to the support of their men.*

BRU. Yet, countrymen, O! yet hold up your heads!

CATO. What bastard doth not? Who will go with me?
I will proclaim my name about the field:
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho! [11
A foe to tyrants, and my country's friend;
I am the son of Marcus Cato, ho!
[*Rushes on the foe.*

BRU. And I am Brutus, Marcus Brutus, I;
Brutus, my country's friend; know me for Brutus!
[*Exit, charging the enemy.* CATO *is overpowered, and falls.*

LUCIL. O young and noble Cato, art thou down? [20
Why, now thou diest as bravely as Titinius,
And mayst be honored, being Cato's son.

[*The soldiers of* BRUTUS *are driven off.* LUCILIUS *remains, and is surrounded.*

1 SOLD. Yield, or thou diest.

LUCIL. Only I yield to die:
[*Offering money.*] There is so much that thou wilt kill me straight. [30
Kill Brutus, and be honored in his death.

1 SOLD. We must not. A noble prisoner!

2 SOLD. Room, ho! Tell Antony Brutus is ta'en.

1 SOLD. I'll tell the news: here comes the general.

Enter ANTONY.

Brutus is ta'en, my lord.

ANT. Where is he? [40

LUCIL. Safe, Antony; Brutus is safe enough:
I dare assure thee that no enemy
Shall ever take alive the noble Brutus:
The gods defend him from so great a shame!
When you do find him, or alive or dead,
He will be found like Brutus, like himself.

ANT. This is not Brutus, friend; but, I assure you, [50
A prize no less in worth. Keep this man safe;
Give him all kindness: I had rather have
Such men my friends than enemies. Go on,
And see whe'r Brutus be alive or dead;
And bring us word unto Octavius' tent
How every thing is chanced. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

BRUTUS'S *army has fled, and he is left on a neglected part of the field with only* VOLUMNIUS, DARDANIUS, CLITUS, *and* STRATO.

BRU. Come, poor remains of friends, rest on this rock.

CLI. Statilius showed the torch-light; but, my lord,
He came not back: he is or ta'en or slain.

BRU. Sit thee down, Clitus: slaying is the word; [11
It is a deed in fashion. Hark thee, Clitus.
[*Whispers.*

CLI. <What, I, my lord? No, not for all the world.

BRU. Peace, then! no words.

CLI. I'll rather kill myself.>

BRU. Hark thee, Dardanius. [*Whispers.*

DAR. <Shall I do such a deed?>

CLI. <O, Dardanius! [20

DAR. O, Clitus!

CLI. What ill request did Brutus make to thee?

DAR. To kill him, Clitus. Look, he meditates.

CLI. Now is that noble vessel full of grief,
That it runs over even at his eyes.>

BRU. Come hither, good Volumnius: list a word. [30

VOL. <What says my lord?

BRU. Why this, Volumnius:
The ghost of Cæsar hath appeared to me
Two several times by night; at Sardis once,
And this last night here in Philippi fields.
I know my hour is come.

VOL. Not so, my lord.

BRU. Nay, I am sure it is, Volumnius.
Thou seest the world, Volumnius, how it goes; [41
Our enemies have beat us to the pit:
It is more worthy to leap in ourselves
Than tarry till they push us. Good Volumnius,
Thou know'st that we two went to school together:
Even for that our love of old, I prithee,
Hold thou my sword-hilts, whilst I run on it. [50

VOL. That's not an office for a friend, my lord.> [*Alarum still.*

CLI. Fly, fly, my lord! there is no tarrying here.

BRU. Farewell to you; and you; and you, Volumnius.—
Strato, thou hast been all this while asleep;
Farewell to thee too, Strato.—Countrymen, [60
My heart doth joy that yet, in all my life,
I found no man but he was true to me.
I shall have glory by this losing day,

More than Octavius and Mark Antony
By this vile conquest shall attain unto.
So fare you well at once; for Brutus' tongue
Hath almost ended his life's history:
Night hangs upon mine eyes; my bones would rest, [71
They have but labored to attain this hour.
[*Alarum. Cry within,* "Fly, fly, fly!"
CLI. Fly, my lord, fly.
BRU. Hence! I will follow.
Exeunt CLITUS, DARDANIUS, *and* VOLUMNIUS.
I prithee, Strato, stay thou by thy lord:
Thou art a fellow of a good respect;
Thy life hath had some smatch of honor in it: [81
Hold then my sword, and turn away thy face,
While I do run upon it. Wilt thou, Strato?
STRA. Give me your hand first: fare you well, my lord.
BRU. Farewell, good Strato.—[*He runs on his sword.*] Cæsar, now be still;
I killed not thee with half so good a will.
[*Dies.* [90

Alarum. A retreat is sounded. OCTAVIUS, ANTONY, *and soldiers enter, with* MESSALA *and* LUCILIUS *prisoners.*

OCT. What man is that?
MES. My master's man.—Strato, where is thy master?
STRA. Free from the bondage you are in, Messala;
The conquerors can but make a fire of him; [100
For Brutus only overcame himself,
And no man else hath honor by his death.

LUCIL. So Brutus should be found.—I thank thee, Brutus,
That thou hast proved Lucilius' saying true.
OCT. All that served Brutus, I will entertain them.—
Fellow, wilt thou bestow thy time with me? [111
STRA. Ay, if Messala will prefer me to you.
OCT. Do so, good Messala.
MES. How died my master, Strato?
STRA. I held the sword, and he did run on it.
MES. Octavius, then take him to follow thee, [119
That did the latest service to my master.
ANT. This was the noblest Roman of them all;
All the conspirators, save only he,
Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar;
He only in a general honest thought
And common good to all made one of them.
His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up [130
And say to all the world, "This was a man!"
OCT. According to his virtue let us use him,
With all respect and rites of burial.
Within my tent his bones to-night shall lie, [137
Most like a soldier, ordered honorably.
So, call the field to rest; and let's away,
To part[8] the glories of this happy day.
[*They all march off, soldiers bearing the body of* BRUTUS.

[8] divide.

AS YOU LIKE IT

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

For this, one of the most charming and delightful of Shakespeare's plays, we are indebted to the folio, since it was not published in quarto. Is was, however, entered in the Stationers' Register on August 4, 1600, not for publication, but "to be staied." Apparently a piracy was anticipated; but, probably as a result of this order, none was forthcoming. This is one of two circumstances that enable us to date the play within very narrow limits. The other is the failure of Meres to name it in his list of Shakespeare's principal plays in 1598. We may, therefore, put down the main writing of the play, as we have it, to about 1600, shortly before the entry in the Register; but it is quite likely that there may have been interpolations in the years that followed up to the publication of the folio. It has been thought that there are allusions to statutes of 1603 and 1605; but neither is certain. Mr. Dover Wilson is very suspicious of the Hymen masque in the final scene; but, when all has been said that can be said, there is no good reason to accept a theory of late tinkering, even though the Hymen songs do not look in the least like Shakespeare's work.

There is better reason for believing that the play in an earlier form was written in or about 1593–4, though we are then faced with the fact of its absence from the Meres list; but that difficulty is not insuperable, for reasons that cannot be entered upon here. The arguments for an early original date are—(1) a very clear reference to Marlowe's "Hero and Leander," and, though, as the poem was first printed in 1598, this reference would seem to fit in with the 1600 writing, the form (that is to say, the wording) of it makes it more likely to have been written very soon after Marlowe's death, and we need have no hesitation in believing that the poem circulated in manuscript long before publication; (2) a clear reference to the assassination of Marlowe in May, 1593, in words that would have a meaning soon after the event, but none, to the public, six or seven years later; (3) the introduction of Sir Oliver Martext, which is absolutely purposeless, except as a side-glance at the Martin Marprelate controversy; and, though the second phase of this lasted from 1593 to 1599, such a hint of it was more likely to be given in the former year than in the latter; (4) a definite parallel with Nashe's "Strange News," which, issued in 1592–3, began the bitter war between him and Gabriel Harvey; (5) the curious similarity in certain

respects between the play and Greene's "Orlando Furioso," which was being acted in 1592; and (6) the fact that the source of the play, Lodge's "Rosalynde, Euphues' Golden Legacy," was published in 1590, it being much likelier to have been used by Shakespeare in 1593 than in 1600. These matters are dealt with at length by Mr. Dover Wilson in the new Cambridge Shakespeare, and, taken together, make a strong case for an early version of the play in the latter part of 1593. There are certain inconsistencies in the text that point in the same direction, since they are most easily accounted for on a theory of rewriting after a lapse of years. Thus, we find that the rightful Duke has been long banished, though the opening scene would lead one to believe that his deposition was quite recent, this scene being probably a 1600 substitution for the original one; in the same scene Sir Rowland de Boys' second son is named Jaques, this being the only place where he is named, he being called on the occasion of his only appearance merely "Second Brother;" and Celia, who is, according to the folio, the taller of the two girls in I 2, is the shorter elsewhere. Professor Wilson endeavors to account for this last discrepancy by assuming that in the years between the different versions of the play the boy who played Rosalind had grown; but surely, in any case, it must have been the taller girl who went into boy's attire. The simplest explanation of the contradiction is that, in I 2, "taller" is a misprint for "smaller." The most significant of the three "inconsistencies" referred to is the one that is least an inconsistency,—that is not, in fact, strictly speaking, an inconsistency at all. In real life there would be nothing unnatural, or even unlikely, in having two participants in the events narrated enjoying the name of "Jaques"; but a playwright is always careful to have no duplication of names, unless in very special circumstances and for a definite purpose. It may be that the melancholy Jaques was first introduced in the revised play, and that, when he came to the final scene, Shakespeare realized that it would not do to bring in another Jaques, wherefore Jaques de Boys was fubbed off with the amorphous designation, "Second Brother." Why he is brought in at all, when any nameless messenger might have done as well, is something that cannot be explained. Professor Wilson suggests that he may have played a more considerable part in the original draft.

There are faults in the play that cannot be set down to revision. Such are the scamped finish, the impossible conversions, the useless scenes and characters (V 1 and V 3; Sir Oliver Martext, William, the Pages, and the representative of Hymen); but these flaws are mere spots on the sun. It is one of the most sunny of Shakespeare's comedies, and this fact, combined with the opportunity it affords a leading lady to get into doublet and hose, has helped to make it one of the

great stage plays. Its characters have been praised at least as much as they deserve; but they are an attractive collection, though certainly one, at least, Oliver, fails to convince of his reality. Two of the most admired characters—Jaques and Touchstone—are Shakespeare's own creation, there being no originals for them in Lodge's story. But, when so much admiration is bestowed upon these and upon Celia and Rosalind and Orlando, it may be as well to direct attention to one whose delineation receives but little notice. The usurping Duke is but slightly sketched; but how vividly he is set before us! He is not one of the great characters of the play; but he is one of the truest. It is lamentable that Shakespeare could have found no better way of disposing of him than by bringing him to an incredible conversion. To rescue the true Duke from the danger he was in and replace him on his throne, he chose about the most stupid and unlikely way that could have occurred to him. To the spoiling of the play, he cut the Gordian knot with a vengeance.

CHARACTERS

DUKE,[1] *living in exile.*
FREDERICK, *his Brother, Usurper of his Dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES } *Lords attending upon the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a Courtier, attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *a Wrestler.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO } *Sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a Clown.*
ADAM, DENNIS } *Servants to Oliver.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a Vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS } *Shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a Country Fellow, in love with Audrey.*
HYMEN.
ROSALIND, *Daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *Daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a Shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a Country Wench.*
Lords, Pages, Foresters, and Attendants.

[1] Called throughout the play, "Duke S."—that is to say, "Duke Senior."

PLACE: *France, or where you like it.*
TIME: *When you like it.*

ACT ONE

SCENE I

Sir ROWLAND DE BOYS *has left three sons, the youngest of whom,* ORLANDO, *is hated and unfairly treated by the inheritor of the estate, the eldest son,* OLIVER. *The unnaturalness of this hatred is matched by the unbrotherliness of the reigning* DUKE, *who has deposed and driven forth his elder brother.*

In an orchard belonging to OLIVER'S *estate,* ORLANDO *is talking to* ADAM, *a faithful old family retainer, who is more attached to him than to his master.* [12

ORL. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion bequeathed me by will but poor a thousand crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me [20 rustically at home, or to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping, for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage, and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth, for the which his ani- [30 mals on his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines[1] my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think [40 is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude. I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

ADAM. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

ORL. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up. [48

[ADAM *steps aside.*

Enter OLIVER.

OLI. Now, sir! what make you here?

ORL. Nothing: I am not taught to make anything.

OLI. What mar you then, sir?

ORL. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

OLI. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught awhile. [59

ORL. Shall I keep your hogs, and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

OLI. Know you where you are, sir?

ORL. O! sir, very well: here in your orchard.

OLI. Know you before whom, sir?

ORL. Ay, better than him I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of [70 blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us. I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.

OLI. What, boy! [*Strikes him.*

ORL. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this. [81

[*Grips* OLIVER *by the throat.*

[1] undermines.

OLI. Wilt thou lay hands on me, villain?

ORL. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so: thou hast railed on thyself. [92

ADAM, *coming forward*. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance, be at accord.

OLI., *struggling*. Let me go, I say.

ORL. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring [100 and hiding from me all gentleman-like qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it; therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes. [108

OLI. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? [ORLANDO *lets him go*.] Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

ORL., *going*. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good. [115

OLI. Get you with him, you old dog.

ADAM. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. [*Near tears*.] God be with my old master! he would not have spoke such a word. [*Exeunt* ORLANDO *and* ADAM.

OLI. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns neither. —[*Calling*.] Holla, Dennis! [125

Enter DENNIS.

DEN. Calls your worship?

OLI. Was not Charles the duke's wrastler here to speak with me?

DEN. So please you, he is here at the door, and importunes access to you. [131

OLI. Call him in. [*Exit* DENNIS.] 'Twill be a good way; and to-morrow the wrastling is.

Enter CHARLES.

CHA. Good morrow to your worship!

OLI. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?

CHA. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old [140 duke is banished by his younger brother the new duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.

OLI. Can you tell if Rosalind, the duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

CHA. O, no; for the duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her—being ever [150 from their cradles bred together—that she would have followed her exile, or have died to stay behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

OLI. Where will the old duke live?

CHA. They say he is already in the forest of Arden, and a many merry men with him; and there they live like the [160 old Robin Hood of England. They say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

OLI. What, you wrastle to-morrow before the new duke?

CHA. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother Orlando hath a dis- [170 position to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrastle for my credit, and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and, for your love, I would be loath to foil[2] him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal, that either you might [180 stay him from his intendment or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into, in

[2] injure.

that it is a thing of his own search and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it; but he is resolute. I'll tell [190 thee, Charles, it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition; an envious emulator of every man's good parts; a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion. I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for, if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on [200 thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee—and almost with tears I speak it—there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder. [211

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone again, I'll never wrastle for prize more; and so God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit* Charles.] Now will I stir this gamester. I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, [220 hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle, never schooled, and yet learned, full of noble device, of all sorts enchantingly beloved, and, indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised. But it shall not be so long; this wrastler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither, which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II

Rosalind *and* Celia *are together on a lawn in front of the* Duke's *palace. There is a spot prepared for a wrestling encounter.*

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz, be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of, and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure. [12

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the duke my father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee. [21

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I, nor none is like to have; and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir: for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection; by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster. Therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry. [32

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither than, with safety of a pure blush, thou mayst in honor come off again. [40

Ros. What shall be our sport then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros. I would we could do so, for her benefits are mightily misplaced, and the bountiful blind woman doth most mistake in her gifts to women. [49

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest, and

those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter TOUCHSTONE.

CEL. No: when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune [60 fall into the fire? Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument?

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural [3] the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

CEL. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who, perceiving our natural wits too dull to [70 reason of such goddesses, hath sent this natural for our whetstone: for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits.—How now, wit! whither wander you?

TOUCH. Mistress, you must come away to your father.

CEL. Were you made the messenger?

TOUCH. No, by mine honor; but I was bid to come for you. [80

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

TOUCH. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught: now, I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn. [89

CEL. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry: now unmuzzle your wisdom.

TOUCH. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

CEL. By our beards, if we had them, thou art. [98

TOUCH. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

CEL. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

TOUCH. One that old Frederick, your father, loves. [109

CEL.[4] My father's love is enough to honor him. Enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation [5] one of these days.

TOUCH. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely what wise men do foolishly.

CEL. By my troth, thou sayest true; for, since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau. [121

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

CEL. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then we shall be news-crammed.

CEL. All the better; we shall be more marketable.

Enter LE BEAU.

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau: what's the news? [30

LE BEAU. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

CEL. Sport! Of what color?

LE BEAU. What color, madam! How shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

TOUCH. Or as the Destinies decree.

CEL. Well said: that was laid on with a trowel. [139

TOUCH. Nay, if I keep not my rank—

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

LE BEAU. You amaze me, ladies: I

[3] fool.

[4] Dover Wilson argues that this speech is rightly given to Rosalind in the folio. He therefore supposes that Touchstone, when asked a question by Celia, gives his answer to Rosalind. That is not likely. The threat of a whipping for censoriousness also comes better from Celia than from Rosalind. Touchstone would fear no whipping for speaking disrespectfully of the banished Duke.

[5] censoriousness.

uld have told you of good wrastling, ich you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the rastling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; d, if it please your ladyships, you may e the end, for the best is yet to do; and re, where you are, they are coming to rform it. [151

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead d buried.

Le Beau. There comes an old man and s three sons,—

Cel. I could match this beginning with old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of cellent growth and presence;— [159

Ros. With bills on their necks, "Be it own unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three rastled with Charles, the duke's wras-r; which Charles in a moment threw n and broke three of his ribs, that ere is little hope of life in him: so he rved the second, and so the third. nder they lie; the poor old man, their ther, making such pitiful dole over em that all the beholders take his part th weeping. [171

Ros. Alas!

Touch. But what is the sport, mon-ur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser ery day: it is the first time that ever I ard breaking of ribs was sport for dies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee. [180

Ros. But is there any else longs to feel is broken music in his sides? is there t another dotes upon rib-breaking? hall we see this wrastling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; r here is the place appointed for the rastling, and they are ready to per-rm it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: t us now stay and see it. [190

Flourish. Enter Duke Frederick, *rds,* Orlando, Charles, *and Attend-nts.*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas! he is too young: yet he looks successfully. [200

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrastling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man: in pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him. [211

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

[Duke *goes aside.*

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princes call for you.

Orl. I attend them with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrastler? [221

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger: I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with your eyes or knew yourself with your judgment, the fear [230 of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir: your reputation shall not therefore be misprised. We will make it our suit to the duke that the wrastling might not go forward. [238

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts, wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but

one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so. I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing; only in the world I fill up a place which may be better supplied when I have made it empty. [252

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well. Pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth? [261

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways. [271

[*The wrestling begins with the usual wary openings for a hold.*

Ros. Now Hercules be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg.

[Orlando *succeeds in getting a good hold.*

Ros. O excellent young man!

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [281

[Charles *is thrown. A shout of delight from the onlookers.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man? [290

[Charles *is borne out.*

Orl. Orlando, my liege, the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:
The world esteemed thy father hono
able;
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased
with this deed, [3
Hadst thou descended from anoth
house;
But fare thee well; thou art a galla
youth:
I would thou hadst told me of anoth
father.

[*Exeunt* Duke Frederick *and his tra*
including Le Beau.

Cel. <Were I my father, coz, would
do this?> [3

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Ro
land's son,
His youngest son; and would not chan
that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. <My father loved Sir Rowland
his soul,
And all the world was of my fathe
mind:
Had I before known this young man
son, [3
I should have given him tears unto e
treaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin,
Let us go thank him and encourage hi
My father's rough and envious dispo
tion
Sticks me at heart.> Sir, you have w
deserved: [3
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded
promise,[6]
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros., *taking a chain from her neck, a*
bestowing it on him. Gentlema
Wear this for me, one out of suits wi
fortune,
That could give more, but that her ha
lacks means.— [3
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentlema

[*The two girls go away slow*

Orl. <Can I not say "I thank you
My better parts

[6] the "all" seems to be superfluous.

e all thrown down, and that which
here stands up
but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.>
Ros., *stopping*. He calls us back: my
pride fell with my fortunes; [350
ask him what he would.—[*Turning
to* Orlando.] Did you call, sir?
, you have wrastled well, and over-
thrown
ore than your enemies.
Cel. Will you go, coz?
Ros. Have with you.—Fare you well.
[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.
Orl. What passion hangs these weights
upon my tongue? [360
annot speak to her; yet she urged con-
ference.
poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Charles or something weaker masters
thee.

Re-enter Le Beau.

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship
counsel you
leave this place. Albeit you have de-
served [370
gh commendation, true applause, and
love,
t such is now the duke's conditiön
at he miscónsters all that you have
done.
e duke is humorous: [7] what he is, in-
deed,
ore suits you to conceive than I to
speak of.
Orl. I thank you, sir; and, pray you,
tell me this: [381
hich of the two was daughter of the
duke,
at here was at the wrastling?
Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we
judge by manners:
t yet, indeed, the smaller [8] is his
daughter:
e other is daughter to the banished
duke, [390
d here detained by her usurping
uncle,
To keep his daughter company; whose
loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of
sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle
niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her
virtues, [402
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the
lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you
well:
Hereafter, in a better world than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge
of you. [410
Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare
you well. [*Exit* Le Beau.
Thus must I from the smoke into the
smother;
From tyrant duke unto a tyrant brother.
But heavenly Rosalind! [*Exit.*

[7] touchy.
[8] F has "taller," which contradicts every other description of the two girls.

Scene III

Rosalind *is on a couch in a room in the palace.* Celia *is with her.* Rosalind *is love-smitten, and* Celia *knows it.*

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! Not a word?

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons. [10

Ros. Then there were two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father?

Ros., *rising*. No, some of it is for my child's father. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burrs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them. [21

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burrs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry "hem," and have him.

Cel. Come, come; wrastle with thy affections.

Ros. O! they take the part of a better wrastler than myself! [30

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of a fall. But, turning these jests out of service, let us talk in good earnest: is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The duke my father loved his father dearly. [39

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?

Ros. Let me love him for that; and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the duke. [51

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords.*

Duke F. Mistress, dispatch you with your safest haste,
And get you from our court.
Ros. Me, uncle?
Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found [60
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.
Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me.
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires,
If that I do not dream or be not frantic,— [70
As I do trust I am not—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your highness.
Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee no
Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot ma
me a traitor: [
Tell me whereon the likelihood depend
Duke F. Thou art thy father's daug
ter; there's enough.
Ros. So was I when your highness to
his dukedom;
So was I when your highness banish
him.
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our frien
What's that to me? my father was
traitor: [
Then, good my liege, mistake me not
much
To think my poverty is treacherous.
Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak
Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stayed her
your sake;
Else had she with her father rang
along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have
stay: [
It was your pleasure and your own
morse.[9]
I was too young that time to value h
But now I know her: if she be a trait
Why, so am I; we still have slept
gether,
Rose at an instant, learned, played,
together;
And, whereso'er we went, like Jun
swans, [
Still we went coupled and inseparable
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; a
her smoothness,
Her very silence, and her patiënce
Speak to the people, and they pity he
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of
name;
And thou wilt show more bright and se
more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not
lips: [
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she
banished.

[9] mercy.

CEL. Pronounce that sentence then, on me, my liege:
cannot live out of her company.
DUKE F. You are a fool.—You, niece, provide yourself:
f you outstay the time, upon mine honor, [131
nd in the greatness of my word, you die.
[*Exeunt* DUKE FREDERICK *and Lords.*
CEL. O my poor Rosalind! whither wilt thou go?
Vilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am. [140
ROS. I have more cause.
CEL. Thou hast not, cousin;
rithee, be cheerful; know'st thou not, the duke
Iath banished me, his daughter?
ROS. That he hath not.
CEL. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Vhich teacheth thee that thou and I am one: [150
hall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl?
Jo: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Vhither to go, and what to bear with us:
nd do not seek to take your change upon you,
'o bear your griefs yourself and leave me out; [160
'or, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,
ay what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.
ROS. Why, whither shall we go?
CEL. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.
ROS. Alas, what danger will it be to us,
Iaids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold. [171
CEL. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire,
nd with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.
ROS. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall, [180
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and—in my heart,
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will—
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside, [188
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.
CEL. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?
ROS. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page,
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?
CEL. Something that hath a reference to my state: [199
No longer Celia, but Aliena.
ROS. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?
CEL. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me.
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away, [209
And get our jewels and our wealth together.
Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty, and not to banishment.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT TWO

SCENE I

We are introduced here to the old DUKE *and his little court, composed of* AMIENS *and two or three other faithful Lords, who have betaken themselves to the forest of Arden. They are all attired like foresters.*

DUKE S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious[1] court?
Here feel we but[2] the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference; as, the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
"This is no flattery: these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am."
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head;
And this our life, exempt[3] from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.
AMI. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.
DUKE S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me, the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forkëd heads
Have their round haunches gored.
1 LORD. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished you.
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls along th
wood;
To the which place a poor sequester
stag,
That from the hunters' aim had ta'en
hurt,
Did come to languish; and, indeed, n
lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth su
groans
That their discharge did stretch l
leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big rou
tears
Coursed one another down his innoce
nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hai
fool,
Much markëd of the melancholy Jaqu
Stood on th' extremest verge of the sw
brook,
Augmenting it with tears.
DUKE S. But what said Jaque
Did he not moralize this spectacle?
1 LORD. O, yes, into a thousand simile
First, for his weeping into the needle
stream;
"Poor deer," quoth he, "thou mak'st
testament
As worldlings do, giving thy sum of mo
To that which had too much;" then, b
ing there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friend
"'Tis right," quoth he; "thus mise
doth part
The flux of company." Anon, a carele
herd,
Full of the pasture, jumps along by hi
And never stays to greet him: "Ay
quoth Jaques,
"Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens
'Tis just the fashion; wherefore do y
look
Upon that poor and broken bankru
there?"
Thus most invectively he pierce
through
The body of the country, city, court,
Yea, and of this our life; swearing th
we

[1] malicious. [2] B, not. [3] distant.

e mere usurpers, tyrants, and what's worse,
fright the animals and to kill them up their assigned and native dwelling-place.
DUKE S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?
2 LORD. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
on the sobbing deer.
DUKE S. Show me the place.
love to cope[4] him in these sullen fits,
r then he's full of matter.
2 LORD. I'll bring you to him straight.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

In his palace, DUKE FREDERICK *is blustering over the disappearance of his daughter. The* LORDS *and Attendants with him can do nothing to ease his mind.*

DUKE F. Can it be possible that no man saw them?
cannot be: some villains of my court
e of consent and sufferance in this.
1 LORD. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
he ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
w her a-bed; and, in the morning early,
ney found the bed untreasured of their mistress.
2 LORD. My lord, the roynish[5] clown, at whom so oft
our Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
isperia, the princess' gentlewoman,
onfesses that she secretly o'erheard
our daughter and her cousin much commend
he parts and graces of the wrastler
hat did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
d she believes, wherever they are gone,
hat youth is surely in their company.
DUKE F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant hither;
he be absent, bring his brother to me;
ll make him find him. Do this suddenly,

[4] meet.
[5] mangy.

And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.

SCENE III

ADAM *meets* ORLANDO *at the door of* OLIVER'S *house.*

ORL. Who's there?
ADAM. What! my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O, you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you here?
Why are you virtuous? Why do people love you?
And wherefore are you gentle, strong, and valiant?
Why would you be so fond to overcome
The bony priser of the humorous duke?
Your praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours: your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms[6] him that bears it!
ORL. Why, what's the matter?
ADAM. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives.
Your brother—no, no brother; yet the son—
Yet not the son, I will not call him son
Of him I was about to call his father—
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging where you use to lie,
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.
ORL. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

[6] poisons.

ADAM. No matter whither, so you come not here.
ORL. What! wouldst thou have me go and beg my food? [50
Or with a base and boist'rous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted[7] blood and bloody brother.
ADAM. But do do so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father, [61
Which I did store to be my foster-nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown.
Take that; and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant: [71
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;
Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly. Let me go with you;
I'll do the service of a younger man [80
In all your business and necessities.
ORL. O good old man! how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotiön,
And, having that, do choke their service up [91
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prun'st a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield,
In lieu of all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways, we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages spent, [101
We'll light upon some settled low content.
ADAM. Master, go on, and I will follow thee
To the last gasp with truth and loyalty
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek; [111
But at fourscore it is too late a week;
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well, and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt*

[7] perverted.

SCENE IV

ROSALIND, *dressed as a boy*, CELIA, *in the guise of a shepherd, and* TOUCHSTONE *have reached the forest. They are all three on the verge of exhaustion.*

Ros. O Jupiter! how weary are my spirits.
TOUCH. I care not for my spirits if my legs were not weary. [8
Ros. I could find it in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore courage, good Aliena.
CEL. I pray you, bear with me: I cannot go no further.
TOUCH. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross if I did bear you, for I think you have no money in your purse. [21
Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.
TOUCH. Ay, now am I in Arden; the more fool I: when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.
Ros. Ay, be so, good Touchstone. Look you, who comes here? a young man and an old in solemn talk. [29

Enter CORIN *and* SILVIUS.

COR. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

SIL. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

COR. I partly guess, for I have loved ere now.

SIL. No, Corin; being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover [40
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But, if thy love were ever like to mine—
As sure I think did never man love so—
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

COR. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

SIL. O! thou didst then ne'er love so heartily.
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly [51
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved;
Or, if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wear[y]ing thy hearer with thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved: [57
Or, if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,
Thou hast not loved. O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

ROS. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound,
I have by hard adventure found mine own. [65

TOUCH. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone, and bid him take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile; and I remember the kissing of her batler, and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopped hands had milked; and I remember the wooing of [72 a peascod instead of her, from whom I took two cods, and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears, "Wear these for my sake." We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but, as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly. [79

ROS. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

TOUCH. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

ROS. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

TOUCH. And mine; but it grows something stale with me. [89

CEL. I pray you, one of you question yond man,
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

TOUCH. Holla, you, clown!

ROS. Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman.

COR. Who calls?

TOUCH. Your betters, sir.

COR. Else are they very wretched.

ROS. Peace, I say.—Good even to you, friend. [100

COR. And to you, gentle sir, and to you all.

ROS. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed.
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed, [110
And faints for succor.

COR. Fair sir, I pity her,
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man,
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven
By doing deeds of hospitality. [121
Besides, his cote,[8] his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale; and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is come see,

[8] cottage.

And in my voice most welcome shall you be. [30

Ros. What is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,

That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,

Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock, [39

And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,

And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold. Go with me: if you like upon report The soil, the profit, and this kind of life, I will your very faithful feeder be, And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Amiens, Jaques, *and others are gathered together under a large and leafy tree. In the background is the entrance to a cave, which is the new palace of the old* Duke. *A meal is preparing and is being set.*

SONG

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat, [10
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More! I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more. [21

Ami. My voice is ragged; [9] I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?

[9] rough.

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names they owe me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than t please myself. [3

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank an man, I'll thank you: but that they ca compliment is like th' encounter of tw dog-apes; and when a man thanks m heartily, methinks I have given him penny and he renders me the beggarl thanks. Come, sing;—and you that wi not, hold your tongues. [3

Ami. Well, I'll end the song.—Sir cover the while; the duke will drink unde this tree.—He hath been all this day t look you.

Jaq. And I have been all this day t avoid him. He is too disputable [10] fo my company: I think of as many matter as he, but I give heaven thanks, an make no boast of them. Come, warble come.

SONG

Ami. Who doth ambition shun, [5
[*All together here*
And loves to live i' th' sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note that I made yesterday in despite of m invention. [6

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes:

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdamë, ducdamë, ducdamë; [11]
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me. [7

Ami. What's that "ducdamë"?

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation to ca fools into a circle. I'll go sleep if

[10] fond of disputation.

[11] Romany, meaning "I tell fortunes." Se Note in the Couch-Wilson "New" Shakespeare.

n; if I cannot, I'll rail against all the
st-born of Egypt.
AMI. And I'll go seek the duke: his
nquet is prepared.
Exeunt AMIENS *and* JAQUES *severally.*

SCENE VI

RLANDO *and* ADAM *enter into another*
rt of the forest. ADAM *is exhausted.*
ADAM, *falling to the ground.* Dear
aster, I can go no further: O! I die
r food. Here lie I down, and measure
t my grave. Farewell, kind master.
ORL. Why, how now, Adam! no greater
art in thee? Live a little; comfort a lit-
e; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth
rest yield anything savage, I will [10
her be food for it, or bring it for food
thee. Thy conceit[12] is nearer death
an thy powers. For my sake be com-
rtable, hold death awhile at the arm's
d, I will here be with thee presently,
d, if I bring thee not something to eat,
will give thee leave to die; but, if thou
est before I come, thou art a mocker
my labor. Well said! thou lookest
eerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. [20
et thou liest in the bleak air. [*Helping*
m to his feet.] Come, I will bear thee
some shelter, and thou shalt not die
r lack of a dinner, if there live any-
ing in this desert. Cheerly, good Adam.
[*Goes out, supporting the old man.*

SCENE VII

We are again before the old DUKE'S
ve. He, AMIENS, *and other* LORDS *are*
rtaking of a repast of fruit and wine.
hey are discussing JAQUES.

DUKE S. I think he be transformed
into a beast,
or I can nowhere find him like a man.
1 LORD. My lord, he is but even now
gone hence: [9
ere was he merry, hearing of a song.
DUKE S. If he, compact of jars, grow
musical,
'e shall have shortly discord in the
spheres.

12 imagination.

Go, seek him: tell him I would speak
with him.
1 LORD. He saves my labor by his own
approach.

Enter JAQUES.

DUKE S. Why, how now, monsieur!
what a life is this, [21
That your poor friends must woo your
company!
What, you look merrily!
JAQ. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' th'
forest,
A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in
the sun, [30
And railed on Lady Fortune in good
terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
"Good morrow, fool," quoth I. "No, sir,"
quoth he,
"Call me not fool till heaven hath sent
me fortune."
And then he drew a dial from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, "It is ten a'clock; [40
Thus we may see," quoth he, "how the
world wags:
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine,
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour we ripe and
ripe,
And then from hour to hour we rot and
rot,
And thereby hangs a tale." When I did
hear [50
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contem-
plative,
And I did laugh sans intermissiön
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
O[13] worthy fool! Motley's the only
wear.
DUKE S. What fool is this?
JAQ. A worthy fool! One that hath
been a courtier, [61
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

13 F has "A" here, and "O" to begin Jaques' next speech.

They have the gift to know it; and in his brain—
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit
After a voyage—he hath strange places crammed
With observatiön, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley coat. [70
DUKE S. Thou shalt have one.
JAQ. It is my only suit;
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have: [80
And they that are most gallëd with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The why is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob; [if not,]
The wise man's folly is anatomized
Even by the squand'ring[14] glances of the fool. [91
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of th' infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.
DUKE S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do. [100
JAQ. What, for a counter, would I do, but good?
DUKE S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin;
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting[15] itself;
And all th' embossëd sores and headed evils,
That thou wi' th' licence of free foot hast caught, [110
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.
JAQ. Why, who cries out on pride,

[14] aimless.
[15] instinct.

That can therein tax any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the wearer's[16] very means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bear
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders? [2
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she, such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest functiön,
That says his bravery[17] is not on my cost—
Thinking that I mean him—but therein suits [3
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,
Then he hath wronged himself; if he be free,
Why then, my taxing like a wild goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here? [4

Enter ORLANDO, *with his sword drawn*

ORL. Forbear, and eat no more.
JAQ. Why, I have eat none yet
ORL. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
JAQ. Of what kind should this cock come of?
DUKE S. Art thou thus boldened, man by thy distress, [5
Or else a rude despiser of good manners
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
ORL. You touched my vein at first the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility; yet am I inland bred
And know some nurture. But forbear I say: [5
He dies that touches any of this fruit
Till I and my affairs are answerëd.

[16] B, weary.
[17] finery.

JAQ. And you will not be answerëd with reason,
must die.
DUKE S. What would you have? Your gentleness shall force,
lore than your force move us to gentleness.
ORL. I almost die for food; and let me have it. [70
DUKE S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.
ORL. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
thought that all things had been savage here,
nd therefore put I on the countenance f stern commandment. But, whate'er you are
hat in this desert inaccessible, [80
nder the shade of melancholy boughs,
ose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
ever you have looked on better days,
ever been where bells have knolled to church,
ever sat at any good man's feast,
ever from your eyelids wiped a tear,
nd know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
et gentleness my strong enforcement be:
n the which hope I blush and hide my sword. [92
DUKE S. True is it that we have seen better days,
nd have with holy bell been knolled to church,
nd sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
f drops that sacred pity hath engendered; [100
nd therefore sit you down in gentleness
nd take upon command what help we have
hat to your wanting may be ministered.
ORL. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Vhiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn
nd give it food. There is an old poor man, [109
Vho after me hath many a weary step
imped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils, age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.
DUKE S. Go, find him out,
And we will nothing waste till you return.
ORL. I thank ye; and be blessed for your good comfort! [*Exit.*
DUKE S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy: [121
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.
JAQ. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts, [131
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms;
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school; and then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow; then a soldier, [142
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputatiön
Even in the cannon's mouth; and then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined, [151
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern [18] instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide [160
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,

[18] well-worn.

Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything. [170

Re-enter ORLANDO, *carrying Adam on his back.*

DUKE S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burden,
And let him feed.
ORL. I thank you most for him.
ADAM. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.
DUKE S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you [181
As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

SONG

AMI. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen, [190
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot: [200
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly. [209

[*During the song,* ORLANDO *has been talking confidentially to the* DUKE.

DUKE S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully y were,
And as mine eye doth his effigies witn
Most truly limned and living in yo face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the du
That loved your father: the residue your fortune, .[2
Go to my cave and tell me.—Good c man,
Thou art right welcome as thy mast is.—
Support him by the arm. Give me yo hand,
And let me all your fortunes understar
[*He goes into the cave hand in ha with* ORLANDO, *who has an a round* ADAM.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

DUKE FREDERICK *has had* OLIV *brought to his palace. The* DUKE *is tended by his Lords, and* OLIVER *guarded by Servants. The* DUKE *is inclined to accept* OLIVER'S *statements.*

DUKE F. Not seen him since? Sir, s that cannot be;
But, were I not the better part ma mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument
Of my revenge, thou present. But lo to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he
Seek him with candle; bring him, de or living,
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou d call thine [
Worth seizure, do we seize into our han
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brothe mouth
Of what we think against thee.
OLI. O that your highness knew r heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.

DUKE F. More villain thou!—[*To his Attendants.*] Well, push him out of doors; [30
nd let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent upon his house and lands.
Do this expediently, and turn him going.

SCENE II

ORLANDO *is making use of the trees of he forest of Arden, affixing to them his ove-verses in praise of* ROSALIND. *He ittingly chooses moonlight for this pleasnt task. He has just affixed one to a ree, and regards his work with satisaction.*

ORL. Hang there, my verse, in witness of my love:— [9
And thou, thrice-crownëd queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name, that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books,
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character,
That every eye, which in this forest looks,
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere. [21
Run, run, Orlando: carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she. [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The next morning, CORIN *and* TOUCHSTONE *are conversing near the sheepcote that is now the home of* CELIA *and* ROSALIND.

COR. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

TOUCH. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught. In respect that it is solitary, I like it [10 very well; but, in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but, in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor well; but, as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd? [19

COR. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is, and that he that wants money, means, and content, is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet, and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred. [30

TOUCH. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

COR. No, truly.

TOUCH. Then thou art damned.

COR. Nay, I hope.

TOUCH. Truly, thou art damned like an ill-roasted egg, all on one side.

COR. For not being at court? Your reason. [39

TOUCH. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin; and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous[1] state, shepherd.

COR. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court, are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute [50 not at the court, but you kiss your hands; that courtesy would be uncleanly if courtiers were shepherds.

TOUCH. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

COR. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells,[2] you know, are greasy. [58

TOUCH. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

COR. Besides, our hands are hard.

TOUCH. Your lips will feel them the sooner: shallow again. A more sounder instance; come.

1 perilous. 2 skins.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet. [71

Touch. Most shallow man! Thou worms-meat in respect of a good piece of flesh, indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: [3] civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned? God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw. [82

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm; and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you, to bring the ewes and the rams together, and to offer to get your living by the copulation of cattle; to be [92 bawd to a bell-wether, and to betray a she-lamb of a twelvemonth to a crooked-pated, old, cuckoldy ram, out of all reasonable match. If thou be'st not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds: I cannot see else how thou shouldst scape. [99

Cor. Here comes young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.

Enter Rosalind, *reading one of* Orlando's *effusions, which she has taken from a tree. She does not perceive that she is not alone.*

Ros. "From the east to western Ind,
No jewel is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind, [109
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind,
But the fair of Rosalind."

Touch. I'll rime you so, eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping hours excepted: it is the right butte women's rank to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:— [1

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter-garments must be lined;
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bin
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind;
Such a nut is Rosalind. [1
He that sweetest rose will find
Must find love's prick and Rosalin

This is the very false gallop of verse why do you infect yourself with them

Ros. Peace! you dull fool: I fou them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fru

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then shall graff it with a medlar: then it w be the earliest fruit i' the country; [1 for you'll be rotten ere you be half rip and that's the right virtue of the medla

Touch. You have said; but whethe wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Ros. Peace!

Here comes my sister, reading: stan aside.

Enter Celia, *reading another of* Orlando's *poems.* [1

Cel. "Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil sayings show.
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring [4] pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span
Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend an
friend; [1
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence' end,
Will I Rosalinda write;
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged

[3] meditate.

[4] errant.

That one body should be filled
With all graces wide enlarged:
Nature presently distilled [170
Helen's cheek, but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,
Sad Lucretia's modesty.
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have, [180
And I to live and die her slave."

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter![5] what dious homily of love have you wearied our parishioners withal, and never cried, Have patience, good people!" [Celia, *artled, drops the paper.*

Cel. How now! back, friends!—Shepherd, go off a little.—Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an onorable retreat; though not with [190 g and baggage, yet [*picking up the ropped paper*] with scrip and scrippage.

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and ore too; for some of them had in them ore feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might ear the verses. [199

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame, and uld not bear themselves without the erse, and therefore stood lamely in the erse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wonering, how thy name should be hanged nd carved upon these trees? [206

Ros. I was seven of the nine days out the wonder before you came; for look ere what I found on a palm-tree: I was ever so be-rimed since Pythagoras' time, at I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember. [212

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, bout his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet; but mountains may be removed with earthquakes, and so encounter. [221

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now, with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful! and after that, out of all whooping! [229

Ros. Good my complexion! dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle; either too much [239 at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth, that I may drink thy tidings.

Cel. So you may put a man in your belly.

Ros. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat, or his chin worth a beard? [247

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful. Let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin. [252

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrastler's heels and your heart, both, in an instant.

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak, sad brow and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando. [260

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he?[6] What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee, and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

[5] B, Jupiter.

[6] How was he dressed?

CEL. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth first: 'tis a word too great for [270
any mouth of this age's size. To say "ay" and "no" to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

ROS. But doth he know that I am in this forest and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrastled? [277

CEL. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

ROS. It may well be called Jove's tree, when it drops forth such fruit.

CEL. Give me audience, good madam.

ROS. Proceed.

CEL. There lay he, stretched along like a wounded knight. [288

ROS. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

CEL. Cry "holla!" to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

ROS. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.

CEL. I would sing my song without a burthen: thou bringest me out of tune.

ROS. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak. Sweet, say on. [300

CEL. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

ROS. 'Tis he: slink by, and note him.
[*They hide behind a tree.*

Enter ORLANDO *and* JAQUES.

JAQ. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

ORL. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society. [311

JAQ. God be wi' you: let's meet as little as we can.

ORL. I do desire we may be better strangers.

JAQ. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

ORL. I pray you mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredl

JAQ. Rosalind is your love's name?

ORL. Yes, just. [3

JAQ. I do not like her name.

ORL. There was no thought of pleasi you when she was christened.

JAQ. What stature is she of?

ORL. Just as high as my heart.

JAQ. You are full of pretty answe Have you not been acquainted with gol smiths' wives, and conned them out rings? [3

ORL. Not so; but I answer you rig painted cloth, from whence you ha studied your questions.

JAQ. You have a nimble wit: I thi 'twas made of Atalanta's heels. Will y sit down with me? and we two will r against our mistress the world and a our misery.

ORL. I will chide no breather[7] in t world but myself, against whom I kno most faults. [3

JAQ. The worst fault you have is to in love.

ORL. 'Tis a fault I will not change f your best virtue. I am weary of you.

JAQ. By my troth, I was seeking f a fool when I found you.

ORL. He is drowned in the brook: lo but in, and you shall see him. [3

JAQ. There I shall see mine own figu

ORL. Which I take to be either a fo or a cipher.

JAQ. I'll tarry no longer with yo Farewell, good Signior Love.

ORL. I am glad of your departu Adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.
[*Exit* JAQUE

ROS. <I will speak to him like a sau lackey, and under that habit play the [3 knave with him.> Do you hear, forester

ORL. Very well: what would you?

ROS. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

ORL. You should ask me, what time day; there's no clock in the forest.

ROS. Then there is no true lover in t forest; else sighing every minute a groaning every hour would detect t lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.[3

[7] living being.

ORL. And why not the swift foot of ime? had not that been as proper?

ROS. By no means, sir. Time travels divers paces with divers persons. I'll ll you who Time ambles withal, who ime trots withal, who Time gallops ithal, and who he stands still withal.

ORL. I prithee, who doth he trot ithal? [377

ROS. Marry, he trots hard with a young aid between the contract of her mar- age and the day it is solemnized; if ie interim be but a se'nnight, Time's ace is so hard that it seems the length seven year.

ORL. Who ambles Time withal? [384

ROS. With a priest that lacks Latin, id a rich man that hath not the gout; r the one sleeps easily because he can- ot study, and the other lives merrily ecause he feels no pain; the one lacking ie burden of lean and wasteful learning, ie other knowing no burden of heavy edious penury. These Time ambles ithal. [393

ORL. Who doth he gallop withal?

ROS. With a thief to the gallows; for ough he go as softly as foot can fall e thinks himself too soon there.

ORL. Who stays it still withal? [398

ROS. With lawyers in the vacation; for ey sleep between term and term, and en they perceive not how Time moves.

ORL. Where dwell you, pretty youth?

ROS. With this shepherdess, my sister; ere in the skirts of the forest, like fringe pon a petticoat.

ORL. Are you native of this place?

ROS. As the cony, that you see dwell here she is kindled.[8] [408

ORL. Your accent is something finer an you could purchase in so removed dwelling.

ROS. I have been told so of many: but ndeed an old religious uncle of mine aught me to speak, who was in his outh an inland man; one that knew ourtship too well, for there he fell in ve. I have heard him read many lec- ures against it; and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal. [421

ORL. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

ROS. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are; every one fault seeming monstrous till his fellow fault came to match it.

ORL. I prithee, recount some of them.

ROS. No, I will not cast away my [430 physic, but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving "Rosalind" on their barks; hangs odes upon haw- thorns, and elegies on brambles; all, for- sooth, deifying the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

ORL. I am he that is so love-shaked. I pray you, tell me your remedy. [441

ROS. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

ORL. What were his marks?

ROS. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye[9] and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable[10] spirit, which you have not; a beard neglected, [450 which you have not: but I pardon you for that, for, simply, your having in beard is a younger brother's revenue. Then, your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied, and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man: you are rather loving yourself than seeming the lover point-device in your accoutrements, as of any other. [461

ORL. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

ROS. Me believe it! you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does; that is one of the points in the which women still give the

[8] littered.

[9] an eye with blue lines beneath it.

[10] unready to be questioned.

lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired? [472

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rimes speak?

Orl. Neither rime nor reason can express how much. [479

Ros. Love is merely a madness, and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do; and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one; and in this manner. He was to imagine me his love, his [489 mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish[11] youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking, proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles, for every passion something, and for no passion truly anything; as boys and women are, for the most part, cattle of this color; would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now [500 weep for him, then spit at him; that I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness, which was, to forswear the full stream of the world, and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't. [509

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind, and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you; and by the way you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go? [519

[11] wayward.

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind.—Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt*

Scene IV

In another part of the forest, some days later, Touchstone *is making love to* Audrey *beside a tree, at the back of which is* Jaques, *eavesdropping.*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features? [1

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poet, honest Ovid, was among the Goths.

Jaq. <O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!>

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child Understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning in a little room. Truly, [2 I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what "poetical" is. Is it honest in deed and word? Is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly, for the truest poetry is the most feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical? [3

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest:[12] now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou were hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. <A material fool!> [3

Aud. Well, I am not fair, and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul[13] slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

[12] chaste.
[13] ill-favored.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank
ne gods I am foul. [46
Touch. Well, praised be the gods for
ny foulness! sluttishness may come here-
fter. But, be it as it may be, I will
arry thee; and to that end I have been
ith Sir Oliver Martext, the vicar of the
ext village, who hath promised to meet
ne in this place of the forest, and to
ouple us.
Jaq. <I would fain see this meeting.>
Aud. Well, the gods give us joy! [56
Touch. Amen! A man may, if he were
a fearful heart, stagger in this at-
empt; for here we have no temple but
ne wood, no assembly but horn-beasts.
ut what though? Courage! As horns
re odious, they are necessary. It is said,
nany a man knows no end of his goods:"
ght; many a man has good horns, and
nows no end of them. Well, that is
ne dowry of his wife; 'tis none of his
vn getting. Horns? Even so. Poor [67
en alone? No, no; the noblest deer
ath them as huge as the rascal.[14] Is the
ngle man therefore blessed? No: as a
alled town is more worthier than a
llage, so is the forehead of a married
an more honorable than the bare brow
a bachelor; and, by how much defence
better than no skill, by so much is a
orn more precious than to want. Here
omes Sir Oliver.— [77

Enter Sir Oliver Martext.

ir Oliver Martext, you are well met:
ill you dispatch us here under this tree,
shall we go with you to your chapel?
Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the
oman?
Touch. I will not take her on gift of
ny man.
Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or
ne marriage is not lawful.
Jaq., *coming forward, his hat in his*
and. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her. [89
Touch. Good even, good Master What-
e-call't: how do you, sir? You are very
ell met: God 'ild[15] you for your last
ompany: I am very glad to see you.
Even a toy in hand here, sir. Nay, pray
be covered.
Jaq. Will you be married, motley?
Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir,
the horse his curb, and the falcon her
bells, so man hath his desires; and, as [99
pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.
Jaq. And will you, being a man of your
breeding, be married under a bush, like
a beggar? Get you to church, and have
a good priest that can tell you what mar-
riage is: this fellow will but join you to-
gether as they join wainscot; then one of
you will prove a shrunk panel, and, like
green timber, warp, warp. [109
Touch. <I am not in the mind but I
were better to be married of him than of
another: for he is not like to marry me
well; and not being well married, it will
be a good excuse for me hereafter to
leave my wife.>
Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me
counsel thee.
Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in
bawdry.— [120
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not

[*Singing*] O sweet Oliver!
O brave Oliver!
Leave me not behind thee:

but,—

[*Singing*] Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey. [130
Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene V

In a glade near their cottage, Rosalind *tells* Celia *her distress because* Orlando *has not come, as promised.*

Ros. Never talk to me: I will weep.
Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.
Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

[14] lean deer.
[15] yield (=reward).

CEL. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep. [10

ROS. His very hair is of the dissembling color.

CEL. Something browner than Judas's; marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

ROS. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

CEL. An excellent color: your chesnut was ever the only color. [19

ROS. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

CEL. He hath bought a pair of cast lips of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

ROS. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

CEL. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

ROS. Do you think so? [30

CEL. Yes: I think he is not a pickpurse nor a horse-stealer; but, for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet or a worm-eaten nut.

ROS. Not true in love?

CEL. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

ROS. You have heard him swear downright he was. [40

CEL. "Was" is not "is": besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmers of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the duke your father.

ROS. I met the duke yesterday and had much question with him. He asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed, and let [50 me go. But what talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

CEL. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse, athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny[16] tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose. But all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here? [61

Enter CORIN.

COR. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress. [69

CEL. Well, and what of him?

COR. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little, and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it. [78

ROS. O! come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor in their play.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI

In another part of the forest. SILVIUS *is vainly urging his suit to the unresponsive* PHEBE.

SIL. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe:
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard, [9
Falls not the axe upon the humbled neck,
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN, *behind.*

PHE. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye: [19
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,

[16] feeble.

Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee;
Now counterfeit to swound; why, now fall down;
Or, if thou canst not, O! for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers.
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee;
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not;
Nor, I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.

SIL. O dear Phebe,
If ever—as that ever may be near—
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.

PHE. But, till that time,
Come not thou near me; and, when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As, till that time, I shall not pity thee.

ROS., *advancing*. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty
(As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed),
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work. Od's my little life!
I think she means to tangle my eyes too.
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,
That can entame my spirits to your worship.—
You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer[17] man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That make the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.—
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love;
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can; you are not for all markets.
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul, being foul to be a scoffer.—
So take her to thee, shepherd. Fare you well.

PHE. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together:
I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

ROS. He's fallen in love with your foulness; and [*to* SILVIUS] she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. [*To* PHEBE.] Why look you so upon me?

PHE. For no ill will I bear you.

ROS. I pray you, do not fall in love with me;
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

[17] better.

'Tis at the tuft of olives here hard by.—
Will you go, sister?—Shepherd, ply her hard.—
Come, sister.—Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused[18] in sight as he.—
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND, CELIA, *and* CORIN.

PHE. Dead shepherd, now I find thy saw of might:
"Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?"

SIL. Sweet Phebe,—

PHE. Ha! what sayst thou, Silvius?

SIL. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

PHE. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

SIL. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

PHE. Thou hast my love: is not that neighborly?

SIL. I would have you.

PHE. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee;
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too;
But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

SIL. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

PHE. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

SIL. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot[19] once was master of.

PHE. Think not I love him, though I ask for him.
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well,
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth—not very pretty;
But, sure, he's proud; and yet his pride becomes him.
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and, faster than his tongue
Did make offence, his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall; yet for his years he's tall.
His leg is but so-so; and yet 'tis well.
There was a pretty redness in his lip—
A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels, as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him; but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
Have more cause to hate him than to love him;
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black,
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me.
I marvel why I answered not again.
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.
I'll write to him a very taunting letter
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

SIL. Phebe, with all my heart.

PHE. I'll write it straight;[20]

[18] deceived, mistaken.

[19] peasant.

[20] straightway.

The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

Scene I

A few minutes later, in the glade of III 5, Rosalind *and* Celia *are being entertained by the conversation of* Jaques.

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth, let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing. [9

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why, then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor [20 the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice,[1] nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects, and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, which, by often rumination, wraps me in a most humorous sadness. [30

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad. I fear you have sold your own lands to see other men's; then, to have seen much and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad: and to travel for it too! [41

[1] fastidious.

Enter Orlando.

Orl. Good day, and happiness, dear Rosalind!

Jaq. Nay then, God be wi' you, an you talk in blank verse.

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp, and wear strange suits, disable[2] all the benefits of your own country, be out of love with your na- [50 tivity, and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. [*Exit* Jaques.]—Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while? You a lover! An you serve me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise. [60

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' th' shoulder, but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, and you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief [70 be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail!

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman: besides, he brings his destiny with him.

Orl. What's that?

Ros. Why, horns; that such as you are fain to be beholding to your wives for: [80 but he comes armed in his fortune, and prevents the slander of his wife.

Orl. Virtue is no horn-maker; and my Rosalind is virtuous.

Ros. And I am your Rosalind?

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer[3] than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor, and like [90 enough to consent. What would you say

[2] disparage. [3] face.

to me now, an I were your very, very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first, and, when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking—God warn us!—matter, the [100 cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty, and there begins new matter.

Orl. Who could be out, being before his beloved mistress?

Ros. Marry, that should you, if I were your mistress; or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit.

Orl. What, of my suit? [100

Ros. Not out of your apparel, and yet out of your suit. Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand [120 years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, *videlicet*, in a love-cause. Troilus had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot mid-summer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to [130 wash him in the Hellespont, and, being taken with the cramp, was drowned; and the foolish coroners of that age found it was Hero of Sestos. But these are all lies: men have died from time to time, and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me. [140

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly. But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition; and, ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay, and twenty such. [150

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?—Come, sister, you shall be the priest and marry us.—Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words. [160

Ros. You must begin,—"Will you, Orlando,"—

Cel. Go to.—Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say, "I take thee, Rosalind, for wife." [170

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission; but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl goes before the priest; and, certainly, a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her?

Orl. For ever and a day. [181

Ros. Say "a day," without the "ever." No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids; but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen; more clamorous than a parrot against rain; more new-fangled than an ape; more [190 giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain, and I will do that when you are

disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

ORL. But will my Rosalind do so?

ROS. By my life, she will do as I do.

ORL. O! but she is wise.

ROS. Or else she could not have the [200 wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit, and it will out at the casement; shut that, and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

ORL. A man that hath a wife with such a wit, he might say, "wit, whither wilt?"

ROS. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit [210 going to your neighbor's bed.

ORL. And what wit could wit have to excuse that?

ROS. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O! that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion,[4] let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool.

ORL. For these two hours, Rosa- [220 lind, I will leave thee.

ROS. Alas! dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours.

ORL. I must attend the duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

ROS. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove; my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away; and [230 so come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

ORL. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

ROS. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call [240 Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful. Therefore, beware my censure, and keep your promise.

ORL. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so, adieu.

ROS. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try. Adieu. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

CEL. You have simply misused our [250 sex in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

ROS. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.

CEL. Or rather, bottomless; that, as [260 fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

ROS. No; that same wicked bastard of Venus, that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy that abuses[5] every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow, and sigh till he come. [270

CEL., *much more practical, and commonplace.* And I'll sleep.

[*Settles herself to sleep on a grassy knoll.*

SCENE II

JAQUES, LORDS, *and foresters enter the space in front of the old* DUKE'S *cave. The foresters carry a slain deer, and the* LORDS *are telling* JAQUES *of the sport.*

JAQ. Which is he that killed the deer?

1 LORD. Sir, it was I.

JAQ. Let's present him to the duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his [10 head for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

2 LORD.[6] Yes, sir.

JAQ. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough.

[4] the effect of her husband's behavior.

[5] deceives.

[6] As the singing lord, this was doubtless Amiens. The scene was probably not in the original version.

[*The horns and skin are put on the* First Lord, *and he is borne about while the others sing:*

What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear. [20
Then sing him home. The rest shall bear this burden.
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:
Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

In the glade Rosalind *is awaiting* Orlando, *who has not kept his promise to return in two hours.* Celia *is with her.*

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? And here much Orlando!

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and a troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows, and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here. [10

Enter Silvius.

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth:
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this:
[*Gives* Rosalind *a letter.*
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish actiön
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor. Pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger. [20

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter,
And play the swaggerer: bear this, bear all:
She says I am not fair; that I lack manners;
She calls me proud, and that she could not love me
Were man as rare as phœnix. 'Od's my will! [30
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me?—Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents:
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into th' extremity of love. [39
I saw her hand: she has a leathern hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a housewife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention, and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a [50 cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiop words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will [60 you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me. Mark how the tyrant writes:

"Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?"

Can a woman rail thus?

Sil. Call you this railing? [70

Ros. "Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?"

Did you ever hear such railing?

"Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance to me."

Meaning me a beast.

"If the scorn of your bright eyne
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack! in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspéct. [80
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee

Little knows this love in me;
And by him seal up thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die." [90

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity.— Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that, if she love me, I charge her to love thee: if she [100 will not, I will never have her, unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word, for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver.

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones. Pray you, if you know
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheepcote fenced about with olive-trees? [111

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place;
But at this hour the house doth keep itself:
There's none within. [120

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments, and such years: "The boy is fair,
Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe forester[7]: but the woman low,
And browner than her brother." Are not you [130
The owner of the house I did inquire for?

Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.

Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both;
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?

Ros. I am: what must we understand by this? [141

Oli. Some of my shame, if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkerchief was stained.

Cel. I pray you, tell it.

Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again [150
Within an hour; and, pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak, whose boughs were mossed with age,
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair, [161
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head, nimble in threats, approached
The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it unlinked itself, [169
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush; under which bush's shade
A lioness, with udders all drawn dry,
Lay couching, head on ground, with cat-like watch,
When that the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead.
This seen, Orlando did approach [180 the man,
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.

[7] F, sister.

CEL. O! I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived 'mongst men.
OLI. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
ROS. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?
OLI. Twice did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.
CEL. Are you his brother?
ROS. Was it you he rescued?
CEL. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
OLI. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I. I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
ROS. But, for the bloody napkin?
OLI. By and by.
When, from the first to last, betwixt us two,
Tears our recountments had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place:
In brief, he led me to the gentle duke,
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,
There stripped himself; and here, upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted,
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him; bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither, stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise; and to give this napkin,
Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind
[ROSALIND *swoons*.
CEL. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!
OLI. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.
CEL. There is more in it.—Cousin! Ganymede!
OLI. Look, he recovers.
ROS. I would I were at home.
CEL. We'll lead you thither
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?
OLI. Be of good cheer, youth. You a man! You lack a man's heart.
ROS. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah! a body would think this was well counterfeited. I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!
OLI. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.
ROS. Counterfeit, I assure you.
OLI. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.
ROS. So I do; but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.
CEL. Come; you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.
OLI. That will I, for I must bear answer back
How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.
ROS. I shall devise something. But, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting to him. Will you go?
[*Goes out, supported by* CELIA *and* OLIVER.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

The next day, TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY *are together in the forest.* AUDREY *is disgusted at the postponement of her marriage brought about by* JAQUES.

TOUCH. We shall find a time, Audrey: patience, gentle Audrey.

AUD. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.

TOUCH. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey; a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

AUD. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world. Here comes the man you mean.

Enter WILLIAM, *hat in hand.*

TOUCH. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown. By my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for: we shall be flouting; we cannot hold.

WILL. Good even, Audrey.

AUD. God ye good even, William.

WILL. And good even to you, sir.

TOUCH. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

WILL. Five-and-twenty, sir.

TOUCH. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

WILL. William, sir.

TOUCH. A fair name. Wast born i' th' forest here?

WILL. Ay, sir, I thank God.

TOUCH. "Thank God;" a good answer. Art rich?

WILL. Faith, sir, so-so.

TOUCH. "So-so," is good, very good, very excellent good: and yet it is not; it is but so-so. Art thou wise?

WILL. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

TOUCH. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, "The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool." The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape, would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat, and lips to open. You do love this maid?

WILL. I do, sir.

TOUCH. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

WILL. No, sir.

TOUCH. Then learn this of me: to have is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric, that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that *ipse* is he: now, you are not *ipse*, for I am he.

WILL. Which he, sir?

TOUCH. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon —which is, in the vulgar, leave—the society—which, in the boorish, is company —of this female—which, in the common, is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage. I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'errun thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

AUD. Do, good William.

WILL. God rest you merry, sir. [*Exit.*

Enter CORIN.

COR. Our master and mistress seek you: come, away, away!

TOUCH. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

OLIVER *has, with a suddenness as amazing as his conversion, fallen in love with* CELIA, *and she with him. Only a day has passed, and she is already betrothed to him, and now, in an opening in the forest, he asks* ORLANDO *for his consent, though there seems no reason why he should consider this necessary.* ORLANDO *has his arm in a scarf.*

ORL. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that, but seeing, you should love her? and, loving, woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

OLI. Neither call the giddiness of it in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her

sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her, that she loves me; consent with both, that we may [20 enjoy each other. It shall be to your good; for my father's house and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

ORL. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the duke and all's contented followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for, look you, here comes my Rosalind. [30

Enter ROSALIND.

ROS. God save you, brother.

OLI. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

ROS. O! my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf.

ORL. It is my arm.

ROS. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

ORL. Wounded it is, but with the [40 eyes of a lady.

ROS. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swound when he showed me your handkercher?

ORL. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

ROS. O! I know where you are. Nay, 'tis true: there was never anything so sudden but the fight of two rams and Cæsar's thrasonical brag of "I came, [50 saw, and overcame:" for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before [60 marriage. They are in the very wrath of love, and they will together: clubs cannot part them.

ORL. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the duke to the nuptial. But, O! how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes. By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my [70 brother happy in having what he wishes for.

ROS. Why then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

ORL. I can live no longer by thinking.

ROS. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then—for now I speak to some purpose—that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit.[1] I speak not this that you should [80 bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good, and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician, most profound in his art, and yet not damnable. If you do [80 love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena, shall you marry her. I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

ORL. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

ROS. By my life, I do; which I ten- [100 der dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will. Look, here comes a lover of mine, and a lover of hers.

Enter SILVIUS *and* PHEBE.

PHE. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you. [110

ROS. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you.
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd:
Look upon him; love him: he worships you.

[1] wit.

PHE. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

SIL. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of faith and service;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And I for Ganymede.

ORL. And I for Rosalind.

ROS. And I for no woman.

SIL. It is to be all made of fantasy,

All made of passion, and all made of wishes;

All adoration, duty, and observance;

All humbleness, all patience, and impatience;

All purity, all trial, all obeisance;

And so am I for Phebe.

PHE. And so am I for Ganymede.

ORL. And so am I for Rosalind.

ROS. And so am I for no woman.

PHE., *to* ROSALIND. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

SIL., *to* PHEBE. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ORL. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

ROS. Who do you speak to, "Why blame you me to love you?"

ORL. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

ROS. Pray you, no more of this: 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves against the moon. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will help you, if I can: [*To* PHEBE.] I would love you, if I could.—To-morrow meet me all together. [*To* PHEBE.] I will marry you, if ever I marry woman; and I'll be married to-morrow. [*To* ORLANDO.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfy[2] man; and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* SILVIUS.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you; and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* ORLANDO.] As you love Rosalind, meet. [*To* SILVIUS.] As you love Phebe, meet; and, as I love no woman, I'll meet.—So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

SIL. I'll not fail, if I live.

PHE. Nor I.

ORL. Nor I. [*Exit* ROSALIND.

[2] F., and all ed., "satisfied."

SCENE III

In another part of the forest, TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY *also talk of marriage on the morrow.*

TOUCH. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

AUD. I do desire it with all my heart, and I hope it is no dishonest desire to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished duke's pages.

Enter two PAGES.

1 PAGE. Well met, honest gentleman.

TOUCH. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

2 PAGE. We are for you: sit i' th' middle.

1 PAGE. Shall we clap into 't roundly, without hawking or spitting, or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues to a bad voice?

2 PAGE. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse.

[*The two* PAGES *sing.*

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, &c.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, &c.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownëd with the prime
In the spring time, &c.

TOUCH. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

1 PAGE. You are deceived, sir: we kept time; we lost not our time.

TOUCH. By my troth, yes; I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [50

[*Exit, with* AUDREY.

SCENE IV

The DUKE, *the next day, accompanied by* AMIENS, JAQUES, ORLANDO, OLIVER, *and* CELIA, *enters the glade.*

DUKE S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy
Can do all this that he hath promisëd?

ORL. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not;
As those that fear they hope, and know they fear. [10

Enter ROSALIND, SILVIUS, *and* PHEBE.

ROS. Patience once more, whiles our compáct is urged.
[*To the* DUKE.] You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?

DUKE S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.

ROS., *to* ORLANDO. And you say you will have her when I bring her? [20

ORL. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.

ROS., *to* PHEBE. You say that you'll marry me, if I be willing?

PHE. That will I, should I die the hour after.

ROS. But, if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd? [30

PHE. So is the bargain.

ROS., *to* SILVIUS. You say that you'll have Phebe, if she will?

SIL. Though to have her and death were both one thing.

ROS. I have promised to make all this matter even.—
Keep you your word, O duke, to give your daughter;—
You yours, Orlando, to receive his [4 daughter.—
Keep your word, Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else, refusing me, to wed this shepherd.
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,
If she refuse me: and from hence I go
To make these doubts all even. [4

[*Exeunt* ROSALIND *and* CELIA.

DUKE S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively touches of my daughter's favor.

ORL. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him,
Methought he was a brother to your daughter;
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born, [60
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle
Whom he reports to be a great magician
Obscurëd in the circle of this forest.

Enter TOUCHSTONE *and* AUDREY.

JAQ. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools. [70

TOUCH. Salutation and greeting to you all!

JAQ. Good my lord, bid him welcome. This is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

TOUCH. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation.[3] I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend, [80 smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought one.

JAQ. And how was that ta'en up?

TOUCH. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

[3] put my statements to the proof.

JAQ. How seventh cause? Good my ord, like this fellow.

DUKE S. I like him very well. [89

TOUCH. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear, and to forswear, according as marriage binds and blood breaks. A poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own; a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will. Rich honesty dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house, as your pearl in your foul oyster. [100

DUKE S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

TOUCH. According to the fool's bolt, sir, and such dulcet diseases.

JAQ. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

TOUCH. Upon a lie seven times removed (bear your body more seeming, Audrey), as thus, sir: I did dislike the [110 cut of a certain courtier's beard; he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called "the retort courteous." If I sent him word again, it was not well cut, he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called "the quip modest." If, again, it was not well cut, he disabled[4] my judgment: this is called "the reply churlish." If, again, it was [120 not well cut, he would answer I spake not true: this is called "the reproof valiant:" if, again, it was not well cut, he would say I lie: this is called "the countercheck quarrelsome": and so to "the lie circumstantial," and "the lie direct."

JAQ. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

TOUCH. I durst go no further than "the lie circumstantial;" nor he durst [130 not give me the "lie direct;" and so we measured swords and parted.

JAQ. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

TOUCH. O sir, we quarrel in print; by the book, as you have books for good manners. I will name you the degrees: the first, the "retort courteous;" the second, the "quip modest;" the third, the "reply churlish;" the fourth, the [140 "reproof valiant;" the fifth, the "countercheck quarrelsome;" the sixth, the "lie with circumstance;" the seventh, the "lie direct." All these you may avoid but the lie direct; and you may avoid that too, with an "if." I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel; but, when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an "if," as "If you said so, then I said so;" and they [150 shook hands and swore brothers. Your "if" is the only peace-maker; much virtue in "if."

JAQ. <Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing, and yet a fool.

DUKE S. He uses his folly like a stalking horse; and, under the presentation of that, he shoots his wit.> [159

Enter someone representing HYMEN, *leading by the hands* CELIA *and* ROSALIND, *no longer in disguise. Soft music sounds.*

SONG.

HYM. *Then is there mirth in heaven.*
When earthly things, made even,
Atone together.—
Good duke, receive thy daughter;
Hymen from heaven brought her;
Yea, brought her hither, [169
That thou mightst join her hand with his,
Whose heart within her bosom is.

ROS., *to the* DUKE. To you I give myself, for I am yours.—

[*To* ORLANDO.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

DUKE S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

ORL. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind. [180

PHE. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu!

ROS., *to the* DUKE. I'll have no father, if you be not he.

[4] denied.

[*To* Orlando.] I'll have no husband, if you be not he;
[*To* Phebe.] Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym., *singing.* [189

Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.

[*To* Orlando *and* Rosalind.] You and you no cross shall part.
[*To* Oliver *and* Celia.] You and you are heart in heart.
[*To* Phebe.] You to his love must [200 accord,
Or have a woman to your lord.
[*To* Touchstone *and* Audrey.] You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.—
Whiles a wedlock hymn we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning,
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish. [210

Song in Chorus.

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessëd bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock then be honorëd.
Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece! welcome thou art to me;
Even daughter, welcome in no less [220 degree.
Phe., *to* Silvius. I will not eat my word; now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys.

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son of old Sir Rowland,
That brings these tidings to this fair [230 assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power, which were on foot
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword; [240
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came,
Where, meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted
Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother, [250
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exíled. This to be true
I do engage my life.
Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly to thy brothers' wedding:
To one, his lands withheld; and to the other [260
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.—
First, in this forest, let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot;
And after, every of this happy number
That have endured shrewd[5] days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returnëd fortune, [270
According to the measure of their states.
Meantime, forget this new-fall'n dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.—
Play, music! and you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to th' measures fall.
Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The duke hath put on a religious life, [280

[5] hard.

And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

JAQ. DE B. He hath.

JAQ. To him will I: out of these convertites

There is much matter to be heard and learn'd.—

[*To the* DUKE.] You to your former honor I bequeath;

Your patience and your virtue well [290 deserve it.

[*To* ORLANDO.] You to a love that your true faith doth merit;

[*To* OLIVER.] You to your land, and love, and great allies;

To SILVIUS.] You to a long and well-deservëd bed;

To TOUCHSTONE.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage

s but for two months victualed. So, [300 to your pleasures:

am for other than for dancing measures.

DUKE. Stay, Jaques, stay.

JAQ. To see no pastime, I: what you would have

'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites, [310

As we do trust they'll end, in true delights. [*A dance. Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

SPOKEN BY ROSALIND.

It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush, 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue; yet to good wine they do use good bushes, and good plays [320 prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in, then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is, to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women! for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please [330 you; and I charge you, O men! for the love you bear to women—as I perceive by your simpering none of you hate them—that, between you and the women, the play may please. If I were a woman[6] I would kiss as many of you as had beards that pleased me, complexions that liked me, and breaths that I defied not; and, I am sure, as many as have good beards, or good faces, or sweet [340 breaths, will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell.

[6] Here the boy-actor speaks for himself.

HAMLET

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

The most famous of Elizabethan plays exists in three versions—in four, if we count one which is extant only in a German translation or adaptation. The first is found only in the first quarto, published in 1603, under the title of "The Tragical History of Hamlet," and claiming that the play had been "diverse times acted by his Highnesse servants in the Cittie of London, as also in the two Universities of Cambridge and Oxford, and elsewhere." The authorship is attributed to "William Shake-speare." That issue must have been later than May 19, since the actors are spoken of as the King's men. In the Stationers' Register entry of July, 1602, where the play is entitled "The Revenge of Hamlet," it is described as "latelie acted by the Lord Chamberleyne his servants;" but that entry refers probably to the edition of 1604.

The second version is that of the second quarto (1604), calling itself also "The Tragicall Historie of Hamlet," and declaring itself to be "newly imprinted and enlarged to almost as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect coppie." That title-page, it is to be noted, does not brand the other as fraudulent, but speaks of the play being enlarged, presumably after May, 1603. The third version is that of the folio. The standard text is invariably made up from the second quarto and the folio versions, which are apparently two different stage versions of Shakespeare's original text, each containing passages omitted from the other. Concerning the first quarto there has been a great variety of opinion. It is often stated to be nothing but an imperfect version of Q2. As a matter of fact, it seems to be a corrupt rendering of an earlier version. Not only is the order of the scenes different; but even the names of characters are changed, even so important a character as Polonius, who figures as Corambis. Before we consider this, we had better give attention to the date at which the play enshrined in the two recognized versions was produced.

It is commonly argued that the limits of date are 1598, since it is not named by Meres (though that may mean only that an earlier version was in large measure not Shakespeare's work), and 1604, when Q2 was published. The play helps to date itself by reason of allusions to the theatrical history of the years 1600–1603; though there are some

ifferences of opinion as to the precise references. The "late innova-ion" is usually taken to point to the restriction in 1600 of the number f city theatres to two; but Boas has shown that Shakespeare twice ses the word "innovation" in the sense of "disturbance," and W. J. awrence has declared the reference to be to the closing of the theatres n account of the plague from May, 1603, to the following February. Ve have a very marked allusion to the successful competition of the hildren's companies, and we have also a notable attack on Kemp, an ttack which is much more severe in Q1 than in Q2, which may but oes not necessarily mean that Kemp, who had left the company in 599, had returned before the revised version was written. A note of Gabriel Harvey's shows that the play was in existence before February, 600–1; and Lawrence has directed attention to evidence in favor of a erformance in 1600, because of a topical allusion to an incident in the erformance of Jonson's "Every Man out of his Humour," 1599; but he ees also revision subsequent to April, 1601.

We may, in fact, be tolerably sure that our current version dates artly from 1600, partly from 1601, and perhaps also partly from 1603; ut the problem is not settled when we have arrived at that conclusion. The title-page of Q1 implies a more or less lengthy history; and Boas as shown reason to doubt whether the play was really given at either niversity, and suggests that the actual performances referred to were nes given in the town of Oxford in October, 1593, and in Cambridge own in 1594–5. We know that a "Hamlet" was acted by the Chamber-ain's men in 1594 and in 1596. Was that version one with which hakespeare had nothing to do, or had he taken a hand in it even at hose early dates? No one can say positively.

Of this early "Hamlet" we have several hints by various writers. Armin, in a work of 1608, tells us that Hamlet speaks of "things called whips," a phrase which, oddly enough, appears in one of those addi-ions to "The Spanish Tragedy" which are supposed not to be the ork of Kyd; "Westward Hoe" refers to "mad Hamlet" as crying Revenge"; and Lodge, in 1596, credits him with a similar cry. The arliest reference to the play is contained in Nashe's prefatory epistle o Greene's "Menaphon," entered in the Stationers' Register in August, 589. It is somewhat indirect; but it is generally held, with good eason, to insinuate Kyd's authorship. Many scholars have, therefore, ome to the conclusion that Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is based upon an ld play of Kyd's. If so, the overwriting has been very thorough in he two recognized versions of the play; and the first version, though here is a good deal that is not Shakespeare's, does not bear any marked esemblance to the work of Kyd. The structure of the tragedy is on Kydian lines; and the catalogue of woes in IV 5 is quite in the tone

of Kyd; but the manner of writing is not his; so that it seems that, even if Shakespeare built on Kyd, he did not accept his verse, even when he retained the matter of it.

The German play, "Der bestrafte Brudermord," which has "Hamlet" as an alternative title, comes much nearer to Kyd. It has a prologue of a very Kydian type, resembles Q1 in having Corambis, and apparently has no knowledge of the later versions. (Not otherwise can we account for the omission of the gravediggers' scene.) The date of the play seems to be determined by the allusion to the fatal expedition to Portugal in 1589. English actors were in Denmark in 1586. It is a pretty sound assumption that in this "Fratricide Punished" we have a version, probably considerably mutilated, of the play on which Shakespeare's was based.

Confining ourselves now to the standard text, we find several reasons for believing that the play has undergone revision. In I 2 we have narrated incidents occurring in I 1, something hardly to be expected from an able and experienced playwright, such as Shakespeare was. Presumably, the opening scene, showing the events in action, was not in the original. In III 2 the King witnesses unmoved the dumb show rendering the details of his crime, and afterwards asks "Have you heard the argument?" Greg has explained that he does not blench at seeing the show because the crime was not his, the details being only a figment of Hamlet's imagination. Dover Wilson disagrees, and explains that the King was unmoved because he did not trouble to watch. Is not the true explanation much simpler? Did not the old play have only this dumb show, which had the effect secured in the current version more elaborately? As we cannot suppose Hamlet to have been such an utter fool as to run the risk of ruining the prospect of "getting the play over" by giving a preliminary synopsis of it, we can only imagine that the play was written to take the place of the dumb show, and the latter, by some bungle, was left in the printed versions. Another indication of rewriting is held to be the failure to fulfil Hamlet's promised contribution to the tragedy, for which we are so carefully prepared. This supposed failure has actually been treated, after the manner of Shakespearolaters, as an example of his "consummate art"; but is there any failure? Do not the two speeches preceding Hamlet's "Wormwood, wormwood!" and the speech following meet the requirements?

It is not safe to deduce from the style of the play performed before the King that it is of early date, for in it Shakespeare was imitating early work, unless, indeed, he is actually quoting from some lost tragedy. But there are two passages that it is very difficult to attribute to the mature Shakespeare. The first consists of the last eight lines of

ıe King's soliloquy in III 3. Whether Shakespeare's or not, they ıust be a remnant from an earlier version, though, strangely enough, ıe passage has no foundation in the first quarto. The second has to ɔ with the Queen's description of the death of Ophelia in IV 7. Can ıy one fancy Shakespeare in 1600 or 1601 beginning the account of ıe tragedy with "There is a willow grows aslant a brook"? Here is a ıagnificent dramatic opportunity treated merely as an excuse for escriptive poetry. If that was ever the way of Shakespeare, it was ssuredly only in his very early days as a dramatist. Nor would it be ısy to imagine anything more futile than Laertes' feeble "Alas! then, ıe is drowned," with which he greets the story. That line makes him ıe most dull-witted of fools, whose slow comprehension enabled him ɔ understand that his sister was really dead only after some eighteen ıes had been devoted to the subject. If these passages in III 3 and V 7 are to be regarded as Shakespeare's, we can only suppose that he as at work on the play a decade before he wrote the version that as made him famous.

Of all characters in imaginative literature no other vies with Hamlet r the intense interest aroused amongst people capable of thought. his fact has helped to create the impression that the play is Shakeeare's greatest; but there are several flaws in it that are against such rating—its diffuseness, its verbosity, the unheroic character of the ero, the sketchiness of the drawing of such vital characters as the King ıd the Queen. Both as a philosophical work and as drama it is magficent—note especially, when considering it as drama, the splendidly ffective opening—and it is wonderful too as a study in psychology, ıough a heretic may perhaps be pardoned for wondering if the diffiılty learned men have had in deciding whether Hamlet was or was ɔt mad, or was or was not intended to be mad, is a proof of the reatness of the psychology.

CHARACTERS

CLAUDIUS, *King of Denmark.*
HAMLET, *Son to the late, and Nephew to the present King.*
FORTINBRAS, *Prince of Norway.*
HORATIO, *Friend to Hamlet.*
POLONIUS, *Lord Chamberlain.*
LAERTES, *his Son.*
VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, OSRIC — *Courtiers.*
A GENTLEMAN.
MARCELLUS, BERNARDO — *Officers.*
FRANCISCO, *a Soldier.*
REYNALDO, *Servant to Polonius.*
GHOST OF HAMLET'S FATHER.
A PRIEST.
A CAPTAIN.
ENGLISH AMBASSADORS.
PLAYERS.
TWO CLOWNS, *Grave-diggers.*
GERTRUDE, *Queen of Denmark and Moth to Hamlet.*
OPHELIA, *Daughter to Polonius.*
Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Sailor Messengers, Attendants, Servant, an Mourners.

PLACE: *Elsinore.*
TIME: *Late 9th or early 10th century.*

HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK

ACT ONE

SCENE I

HAMLET, *King of Denmark, has been done to death, almost two months ago, by his brother* CLAUDIUS, *the adulterous lover of his* QUEEN. CLAUDIUS *has succeeded him both as husband and as monarch.*

The GHOST *of the murdered King has taken to appearing to two officers who have charge of the watch on the walls of the castle. One of them has undertaken to tell* HAMLET, *the late* KING'S *son, of the strange occurrence. The other,* BERNARDO, *now enters to the soldier,* FRANCISCO, *who is doing sentry duty. It is shortly after midnight.*

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, answer me; stand, and unfold yourself.

BER. Long live the king!

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come most carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now struck twelve; get thee to bed, Francisco.

FRAN. For this relief much thanks: 'tis bitter cold;
And I am sick at heart.

BER. Have you had quiet guard?

FRAN. Not a mouse stirring.

BER. Well, good-night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals[1] of my watch, bid them make haste.

FRAN. I think I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who's there?

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.

[1] companions.

FRAN. Give you good-night.

MAR. O, farewell, honest soldier!
Who hath relieved you?

FRAN. Bernardo has my place.
Give you good-night. [*Exit.*

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say,
What! is Horatio there?

HOR. A piece of him.

BER. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

MAR. What! has this thing appeared again to-night?

BER. I have seen nothing.

MAR. Horatio says 'tis but our fantasy,
And will not let belief take hold of him
Touching this dreaded sight twice seen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along
With us to watch the minutes of this night;
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes and speak to it.

HOR. Tush, tush! 'twill not appear.

BER. Sit down awhile,
And let us once again assail your ears,
That are so fortified against our story,
What we two nights have seen.

HOR. Well, sit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo speak of this.

BER. Last night of all,
When yond same star that's westward from the pole
Had made his course t' illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus and myself,
The bell then beating one—

MAR. Peace! break thee off; look where it comes again!

Enter GHOST.

BER. In the same figure—like the king that's dead.

MAR. Thou art a scholar; speak to it, Horatio.
BER. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.
HOR. Most like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
BER. It would be spoke to.
MAR. Question it, Horatio. [90
HOR. What art thou that usurp'st this time of night,
Together with that fair and war-like form
In which the majesty of buried Denmark
Did sometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, speak!
MAR. It is offended.
BER. See! it stalks away.
HOR. Stay! speak, speak! I charge [100 thee, speak! [*Exit* GHOST.
MAR. 'Tis gone, and will not answer.
BER. How now, Horatio! you tremble and look pale:
Is not this something more than fantasy?
What think you on't?
HOR. Before my God, I might not this believe
Without the sensible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes. [110
MAR. Is it not like the king?
HOR. As thou art to thyself:
Such was the very armor he had on
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frowned he once, when, in an angry parle,
He smote the sledded Polacks on the ice.
'Tis strange.
MAR. Thus twice before, and just [120 at this dead hour,
With martial stalk hath he gone by our watch.
HOR. In what particular thought to work I know not;
But in the gross and scope of my opinion,
This bodes some strange eruption to our state.
MAR. Good now, sit down; and tell me, he that knows, [130
Why this same strict and most observant watch
So nightly toils the subject of the land;
And why such daily cast of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why such impress of shipwrights, whose sore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week; [140
What might be toward, that this sweaty haste
Doth make the night joint-laborer with the day:
Who is't that can inform me?
HOR. That can I;
At least, the whisper goes so. Our last king,
Whose image even but now appeared to us, [150
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway—
Thereto pricked on by a most emulate pride—
Dared to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet—
For so this side of our known world esteemed him—
Did slay this Fortinbras; who, by a sealed compact, [160
Well ratified by law and heraldry,
Did forfeit with his life all those his lands
Which he stood seized of, to the conqueror;
Against the which, a moiety competent
Was gagëd by our king; which had returned
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquisher; as, by the [170 same covenant,
And carriage of the article designed,
His fell to Hamlet. Now, sir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimprovëd mettle hot and full,
Hath in the skirts of Norway here and there
Sharked up a list of lawless resolutes,
For food and diet, to some enterprise
That hath a stomach in't; which is [180 no other—
As it doth well appear unto our state—
But to recover of us, by strong hand

And terms compulsative, those foresaid lands
So by his father lost. And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The source of this our watch and the chief head
Of this post-haste and romage in [190
the land.
BER. I think it be no other but e'en so;
Well may it sort that this portentous figure
Comes armëd through our watch, so like the king
That was and is the question of these wars.
HOR. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye. [200
In the most high and palmy state of Rome,
A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets;
As stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,[2] [209
Disasters in the sun; and the moist star
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse;
And even the like precurse of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding still the fates
And prologue to the omen coming on,
Have heaven and earth together demonstrated [220
Unto our climatures and countrymen.
But, soft, behold! lo, where it comes again!

Re-enter GHOST.

I'll cross it, though it blast me.—Stay, illusion!
If thou hast any sound, or use of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do ease and grace to me, [231
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which happily foreknowing may avoid,
O! speak;
Or if thou hast uphoarded in thy life
Extorted treasure in the womb of earth,
For which, they say, you spirits oft walk in death, [239
Speak of it: stay, and speak! [*The* GHOST *seems about to speak, but is prevented by a cock-crow.*]—Stop it, Marcellus.
MAR. Shall I strike at it with my partisan?
HOR. Do, if it will not stand.
BER. 'Tis here!
HOR. 'Tis here!
[*Since the cock crew, the* GHOST *has been fading away; now it vanishes from sight.* [251
MAR. 'Tis gone!
We do it wrong, being so majestical,
To offer it the show of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,
And our vain blows malicious mockery.
BER. It was about to speak when the cock crew.
HOR. And then it started like a guilty thing [260
Upon a fearful summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and shrill-sounding throat
Awake the god of day; and at his warning,
Whether in sea or fire, in earth or air,
The extravagant and erring spirit hies
To his confine; and of the truth herein [270
This present object made probatiön.
MAR. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long;
And then, they say, no spirit can walk abroad; [280
The nights are wholesome; then no planets strike,

[2] Something seems to have been dropped out here.

No fairy takes, nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallowed and so gracious is the time.
HOR. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn in russet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill. [290
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have seen to-night
Unto young Hamlet; for, upon my life,
This spirit, dumb to us, will speak to him.
Do you consent we shall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
MAR. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know [201
Where we shall find him most conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The following day, the KING *and* QUEEN *are sitting in one of the state rooms of the Castle, attended by* POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, *Lords, and Servants.* HAMLET *is also present, evidently in dejected mood. He has bitterly resented his mother's remarriage, which took place within a month of his father's death.* [9

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it us befitted
To bear our hearts in grief and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe,
Yet so far hath discretion fought with nature
That we, with wisest sorrow, think on him [20
Together with remembrance of ourselves;
Therefore our sometime sister, now our queen,
The imperial jointress of this warlike state,
Have we, as 'twere with a defeated joy,
With one auspicious and one drooping[3] eye,
With mirth in funeral and with dirge in marriage, [30
In equal scale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife; nor have we herein barred
Your better wisdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: for all, our thanks.
Now follows that you know, young Fortinbras,
Holding a weak supposal of our worth,
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death [40
Our state to be disjoint and out of frame,
Colleaguëd with the dream of his advantage,
He hath not failed to pester us with message,
Importing the surrender of those lands
Lost by his father, with all bands of law,
To our most valiant brother. So much for him.
Now for ourself and for this time [50 of meeting:
Thus much the business is: we have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,
Who, impotent and bed-rid, scarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpose, to suppress
His further gait[4] herein; in that the levies,
The lists and full proportions, are all [60 made
Out of his subject; and we here dispatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway,
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king more than the scope
Of these delated articles allow. [70
Farewell and let your haste commend your duty.
COR. and VOL. In that and all things will we show our duty.
KING. We doubt it nothing. Heartily farewell!—

[3] B, dropping.
[4] action.

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; what is't, [80
Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice; what wouldst thou beg, Laertes,
That shall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more instrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to [90
thy father.
What wouldst thou have, Laertes?
LAER. Dread my lord,
Your leave and favor to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To show my duty in your coronation,
Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France [100
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.
KING. Have you your father's leave?—What says Polonius?
POL. He hath, my lord, wrung from me my slow leave
By laborsome petition, and at last
Upon his will I sealed my hard consent.
I do beseech you, give him leave to go.
KING. Take thy fair hour, Laer- [110
tes; time be thine,
And thy best graces spend it at thy will.—
But now, my cousin[5] Hamlet, and my son,—
HAM. <A little more than kin, and less than kind.>
KING. How is it that the clouds still hang on you?
HAM. Not so, my lord; I am too much i' th' sun. [120
QUEEN. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted color off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not for ever with thy vailëd[6] lids
Seek for thy noble father in the dust:

[5] kinsman. [6] lowered.

Thou know'st 'tis common; all that lives must die,
Passing through nature to eternity.
HAM. Ay, madam, it is common. [130
QUEEN. If it be,
Why seems it so particular with thee?
HAM. Seems, madam! Nay, it is; I know not "seems."
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor customary suits of solemn black,
Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected havior of the visage, [140
Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
That can denote me truly; these indeed seem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within which passeth show;
These but the trappings and the suits of woe. [150
KING. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,
To give these mourning duties to your father;
But, you must know, your father lost a father;
That father lost, lost his, and the survivor bound
In filial obligation for some term
To do obsequious[7] sorrow; but to [160
persever
In obstinate condolement is a course
Of impious stubbornness; 'tis unmanly grief:
It shows a will most incorrect to heaven,
A heart unfortified, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple and unschooled:
For what we know must be and is as common [169
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we in our peevish opposition
Take it to heart? Fie! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To reason most absurd, whose common theme

[7] funeral.

Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
From the first corse till he that died [180
to-day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing[8] woe, and think of us
As of a father; for, let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our throne;
And with no less nobility of love
Than that which dearest father bears [190
his son
Do I impart toward you. For your intent
In going back to school in Wittenberg,
It is most retrograde[9] to our desire;
And we beseech you, bend you to remain
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefest courtier, cousin, and our son.

QUEEN. Let not thy mother lose her prayers, Hamlet: [201

I pray thee, stay with us; go not to Wittenberg.

HAM. I shall in all my best obey you, madam.

KING. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply.

Be as ourself in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforced accord of [210
Hamlet
Sits smiling to my heart; in grace whereof,
No jocund health that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds shall tell,
And the king's rouse the heavens shall bruit again,
Re-speaking earthly thunder.—Come away. [220

[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.

HAM. O! that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
Thaw and resolve itself into a dew;
Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!

[8] unavailing. [9] contrary.

How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world.
Fie on't! O fie! 'tis an unweeded [23
garden,
That grows to seed; things rank and
gross in nature
Possess it merely.[10] That it should come
to this!
But two months dead: nay, not so much
not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a satyr; so loving to my
mother [24
That he might not beteem[11] the winds of
heaven
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and
earth!
Must I remember? why, she would hang
on him,
As if increase of appetite had grown
By what it fed on; and yet, within a
month—
Let me not think on't: Frailty, thy name
is woman! [25
A little month; or ere those shoes were
old
With which she followed my poor father's
body,
Like Niobe, all tears; why, she, even she—
O God! a beast, that wants discourse[12]
of reason,
Would have mourned longer—married
with mine uncle, [26
My father's brother, but no more like my
father
Than I to Hercules: within a month,
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous
tears
Had left the flushing in her gallèd eyes,
She married. O! most wicked speed, to
post [26
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart, for I must hold my
tongue!

Enter HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.

HOR. Hail to your lordship!

[10] entirely.
[11] would not permit.
[12] the faculty.

HAM. I am glad to see you well.
Horatio, or I do forget myself.
HOR. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.
HAM. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you.
And what make you from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus!
MAR. My good lord!
HAM. I am very glad to see you. [*To* BERNARDO.] Good even, sir.—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?
HOR. A truant disposition, good my lord.
HAM. I would not hear your enemy say so,
Nor shall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truster of your own report
Against yourself; I know you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elsinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep ere you depart.
HOR. My lord, I came to see your father's funeral.
HAM. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-student;
I think it was to see my mother's wedding.
HOR. Indeed, my lord, it followed hard upon.
HAM. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral baked meats
Did coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.
Would I had met my dearest foe in heaven
Ere I had ever seen that day, Horatio!
My father! methinks I see my father.
HOR. O, where, my lord?
HAM. In my mind's eye, Horatio.
HOR. I saw him once; he was a goodly king.
HAM. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I shall not look upon his like again.
HOR. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.
HAM. Saw who?
HOR. My lord, the king, your father.
HAM. The king, my father!
HOR. Season your admiration[13] for a while
With an attent ear, till I may deliver,
Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
HAM. For God's love, let me hear.
HOR. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead vast and middle of the night,
Been thus encountered: a figure like your father,
Armëd at point exactly, cap-a-pe,
Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
Goes slow and stately by them: thrice he walked
By their oppressed and fear-surprisëd eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilst they, distilled
Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
Stand dumb and speak not to him. This to me
In dreadful secrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes. I knew your father;
These hands are not more like.
HAM. But where was this?
MAR. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.
HAM. Did you not speak to it?
HOR. My lord, I did;
But answer made it none; yet once methought
It lifted up it head and did address
Itself to motion, like as it would speak;
But even then the morning cock crew loud,
And at the sound it shrunk in haste away
And vanished from our sight.
HAM. 'Tis very strange.

[13] Moderate your astonishment.

HOR. As I do live, my honored lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
HAM. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?
MAR. and BER. We do, my lord.
HAM., *harking back to the* GHOST. Armed, say you?
MAR. and BER. Armed, my lord.
HAM. From top to toe?
MAR. and BER. My lord, from head to foot.
HAM. Then saw you not his face.
HOR. O yes! my lord; he wore his beaver up.
HAM. What looked he? frowningly?
HOR. A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.
HAM. Pale or red?
HOR. Nay, very pale.
HAM. And fixed his eyes upon you?
HOR. Most constantly.
HAM. I would I had been there.
HOR. It would have much amazed you.
HAM. Very like, very like. Stayed it long?
HOR. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
MAR. and BER. Longer, longer.
HOR. Not when I saw it.
HAM. His beard was grizzled?
HOR. No[14]: it was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silvered.
HAM. I will watch to-night:
Perchance 'twill walk again.
HOR. I warrant it will.
HAM. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape
And bid me hold my peace.—I pray you all,
If you have hitherto concealed this sight,
Let it be tenable in your silence still;
And, whatsoever else shall hap to-night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue.
I will requite your loves. So, fare you well.
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll visit you.
ALL. Our duty to your honor.
HAM. [Rather] your loves, as mine to you. Farewell!
[*Exeunt* HORATIO, MARCELLUS, *and* BERNARDO.
My father's spirit, in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would the night were come!
Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exit.*

[14] B, gives this word to Hamlet.

SCENE III

HAMLET *has been paying attention to* OPHELIA. LAERTES *thinks it well to give her some brotherly words of advice before taking his departure to France.*

LAER. My necessaries are embarked; farewell:
And, sister, as the winds give benefit
And convoy is assistant, do not sleep,
But let me hear from you.
OPH. Do you doubt that?
LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favor,
Hold it a fashion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; sweet, not lasting;
The perfume and suppliance[15] of a minute;
No more.
OPH. No more but so?
LAER. Think it no more:
For nature, crescent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward service of the mind and soul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps he loves you now,
And now no soil nor cautel[16] doth besmirch

[15] gratification.
[16] deceit.

he virtue of his will; but you must fear,
is greatness weighed, his will is not his own,
or he himself is subject to his birth;
e may not, as unvalued persons do,
arve for himself, for on his choice depends
he safety and the health of the whole state;
nd therefore must his choice be circumscribed
nto the voice and yielding of that body
Vhereof he is the head: then, if he says he loves you,
fits your wisdom so far to believe it
s he in his particular act and place
Iay give his saying deed; which is no further
han the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
hen weigh what loss your honor may sustain,
with too credent ear you list his songs,
r lose your heart, or your chaste treasure open
o his unmastered importunity.
ear it, Ophelia; fear it, my dear sister;
nd keep you in the rear of your affection,
ut of the shot and danger of desire.
he chariest maid is prodigal enough
she unmask her beauty to the moon;
irtue herself scapes not calumnious strokes;
he canker galls the infants of the spring
oo oft before their buttons[17] be disclosed,
nd in the morn and liquid dew of youth
ontagious blastments[18] are most imminent.
e wary then; best safety lies in fear:
outh to itself rebels, though none else near.

OPH. I shall the effect of this good lesson keep
s watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
o not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whiles, like a puffed and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own rede.

LAER., *not particularly relishing having the tables turned on him.* O! fear me not.
I stay too long; but here my father comes.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double blessing is a double grace;
Occasion smiles upon a second leave.

POL. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for shame!
The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail,
And you are stayed for. There, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter: Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that th' opposëd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower nor a lender be;

[17] buds. [18] blights.

For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee!

LAER. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

POL. The time invites you; go; your servants tend.

LAER. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

OPH. 'Tis in my memory locked,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.

LAER. Farewell! [*Exit.*

POL. What is't, Ophelia, he hath said to you?

OPH. So please you, something touching the Lord Hamlet.

POL. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you yourself
Have of your audience been most free and bounteous.
If it be so—as so 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution—I must tell you,
You do not understand yourself so clearly
As it behoves my daughter and your honor.
What is between you? give me up the truth.

OPH. He hath, my lord, of late made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

POL. Affection! pooh! you speak like a green girl,
Unsifted in such perilous circumstance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

OPH. I do not know, my lord, what I should think.

POL. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourself a baby,
That you have ta'en these tenders for true pay,
Which are not sterling. Tender yourself more dearly;
Or—not to crack the wind of the poor phrase,
Running it thus—you'll tender me a fool.

OPH. My lord, he hath impórtuned me with love
In honorable fashion.

POL. Ay, fashion you may call it: go to, go to.

OPH. And hath given countenance to his speech, my lord,
With almost all the holy vows of heaven.

POL. Ay, springes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul
Lends the tongue vows: these blazes, daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Even in their promise, as it is a-making,
You must not take for fire. From this
Be somewhat scanter of your maiden presence;
Set your entreatments at a higher rate
Than a command to parley. For Lord Hamlet,
Believe so much in him, that he is young,
And with a larger tether may he walk
Than may be given you: in few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows, for they are brokers,
Not of that dye which their investments show,
But mere implorators of unholy suits,
Breathing like sanctified and pious bawds,[19]
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you so slander any moment's leisure,
As to give words or talk with the Lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

OPH. I shall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

[19] B. bonds.

SCENE IV

The next night, HAMLET *has joined* HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS *upon the platform in the hope of encountering the* GHOST.

HAM. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
HOR. It is a nipping and an eager air.
HAM. What hour now?
HOR. I think it lacks of twelve.
MAR. No, it is struck.
HOR. Indeed? I heard it not.
Then it draws near the season wherein the spirit
Held his wont to walk. [*A flourish of trumpets is heard, and the firing of ordnance.*] What does this mean, my lord?
HAM. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swaggering upspring reels;
And, as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
HOR. Is it a custom?
HAM. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind—though I am native here
And to the manner born—it is a custom
More honored in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel east and west
Makes us traduced and taxed of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though performed at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for some vicious mole[20] of nature in them,
As in their birth—wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin—
By the o'ergrowth of some complexiön,[21]
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason,
Or by some habit that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men,
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,[22]
Shall in the general censure[23] take corruption
From that particular fault: the dram of evil
Doth all the noble substance of a doubt,[24]
To his own scandal.

Enter GHOST.

HOR. Look, my lord, it comes!
HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!—
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,
Bring with thee airs from heaven or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee: I'll call thee Hamlet—
King—father—royal Dane—O! answer me:
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canónized bones, hearsëd in death,
Have burst their cerements; why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned,
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again. What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in cómplete steel
Revisits' thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature
So horridly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?

[20] blemish. [21] trait. [22] attain. [23] judgment.
[24] No satisfactory emendation of this corrupt line has yet been forthcoming.

Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do? [100

[*The* GHOST *beckons* HAMLET.

HOR. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

MAR. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removëd ground:
But do not go with it.

HOR. No, by no means.

HAM. It will not speak; then will I follow it. [110

HOR. Do not, my lord.

HAM. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again; I'll follow it.

HOR. What if it tempt you toward the flood, my lord,
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff [120
That beetles o'er his base into the sea,
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason
And draw you into madness? think of it;
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain
That looks so many fathoms to the sea
And hears it roar beneath. [130

HAM. It waves me still.—Go on; I'll follow thee.

MAR., *clutching his arm.* You shall not go, my lord.

HAM. Hold off your hands!

HOR., *also seizing hold of him.* Be ruled; you shall not go.

HAM. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve. [140

[GHOST *beckons.*

Still am I called.—Unhand me, gentlemen.
[*As they do not do so, he struggles to free himself.*
By heaven! I'll make a ghost of him that lets[25] me.

[*Breaks free from his companions.*

I say, away! Go on, I'll follow thee.

[*Follows the* GHOST *out.*

[25] hinders.

HOR. He waxes desperate with imagination. [151

MAR. Let's follow; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

HOR. Have after. To what issue will this come?

MAR. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.

HOR. Heaven will direct it.

MAR. Nay, let's follow him.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The GHOST *has led* HAMLET *to another part of the platform.*

HAM. Whither wilt thou lead me? speak; I'll go no further.

GHOST. Mark me.

HAM. I will.

GHOST. My hour is almost come,
When I to sulphurous and tormenting flames
Must render up myself. [10

HAM. Alas, poor ghost!

GHOST. Pity me not, but lend thy serious hearing
To what I shall unfold.

HAM. Speak; I am bound to hear.

GHOST. So art thou to revenge, when thou shalt hear.

HAM. What?

GHOST. I am thy father's spirit;
Doomed for a certain term to walk [20 the night,
And for the day confined to fast in fires
Till the foul crimes done in my days of nature
Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
I could a tale unfold whose lightest word
Would harrow up thy soul, freeze [30 thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres,
Thy knotted and combinëd locks to part
And each particular hair to stand an end
Like quills upon the fretful porpentine;
But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood. List, list, O list!
If thou didst ever thy dear father love—
HAM. O God!
GHOST. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.
HAM. Murder!
GHOST. Murder most foul, as in the best it is;
But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.
HAM. Haste me to know't, that I, with wings as swift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.
GHOST. I find thee apt;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That roots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgëd process[26] of my death
Rankly abused; but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life
Now wears his crown.
HAM. O my prophetic soul!
My uncle!
GHOST. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast,
With witchcraft of his wit, with traitorous gifts—
O wicked wit and gifts, that have the power
So to seduce!—won to his shameful lust
The will of my most seeming-virtuous queen.
O Hamlet! what a falling-off was there;
From me, whose love was of that dignity
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch whose natural gifts were poor
To those of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be moved,
Though lewdness court it in a shape of heaven,
So lust, though to a radiant angel linked,
Will sate itself in a celestial bed,
And prey on garbage.
But, soft! methinks I scent the morning air;
Brief let me be. Sleeping within my orchard,
My custom always in the afternoon,
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursëd hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of my ears did pour
The leperous distilment, whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man
That swift as quicksilver it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body,
And with a sudden vigor it doth posset[27]
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
And a most instant tetter barked about,
Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
All my smooth body.
Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once dispatched;
Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
Unhouselled, disappointed,[28] unanelled,[29]
No reckoning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[30] and damnëd incest.
But, howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,

[26] false tale.
[27] coagulate. [28] unprepared.
[29] without being given extreme unction.
[30] lust.

To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
And gins to pale his uneffectual fire; [140
Adieu, adieu! Hamlet, remember me.
[*Exit.*
HAM. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
And shall I couple hell? O fie! Hold, hold, my heart!
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up! Remember thee!
Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory [150 holds a seat
[*Clutching his head*] In this distracted globe. Remember thee!
Yea, from the table[31] of my memory
I'll wipe away all trivial fond[32] recórds,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live [160
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven!
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damnëd villain!
My tables: meet it is I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain;
At least I'm sure it may be so in [170 Denmark. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, "Adieu, adieu! remember me."
I have sworn't.
HOR., *within.* My lord! my lord!
MAR., *within.* Lord Hamlet!
HOR., *within.* Heaven secure him!.
MAR., *within.* So be it. [179
HOR., *within.* Hillo, ho, ho, my lord!
HAM., *calling.* Hillo, ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?
HOR. What news, my lord?
HAM. O! wonderful.
HOR. Good my lord, tell it.
HAM. No; you will reveal it
HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven!
MAR. Nor I, my lord. [19
HAM. How say you, then; would hear of man once think it?
But you'll be secret?
HOR. *and* MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.
HAM. There's ne'er a villain dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's—an arrant knave.
HOR. There needs no ghost, my lord come from the grave, [20
To tell us this.
HAM. Why, right; you are i' th' right;
And so, without more circumstance at all
I hold it fit that we shake hands and part;
You, as your business and desire shall point you—
For every man hath business and desire,
Such as it is—and, for mine own poor part, [210
Look you, I'll go pray.
HOR. These are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
HAM. I'm sorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, faith, heartily.
HOR. There's no offence, my lord.
HAM. Yes, by Saint Patrick, but there is, Horatio,
And much offence, too. Touching [220 this vision here,
It is an honest ghost, that let me tell you;
For your desire to know what is between us,
O'ermaster 't as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, scholars, and soldiërs,
Give me one poor request.
HOR. What is't, my lord? we will.
HAM. Never make known what [230 you have seen to-night.
HOR. *and* MAR. My lord, we will not!
HAM. Nay, but swear't.
HOR. In faith,
My lord, not I!

[31] tablet. [32] foolish.

MAR. Nor I, my lord, in faith!
HAM., *drawing his sword.* Upon my sword.
MAR. We have sworn, my lord, already.
HAM. Indeed, upon my sword, indeed.
GHOST, *beneath.* Swear. [241
HAM. Ah, ha, boy! sayst thou so? art thou there, true-penny?—
Come on (you hear this fellow in the cellarage):
Consent to swear.
HOR. Propose the oath, my lord.
He and MARCELLUS *lay their hands on* HAMLET'S *sword.*
HAM. Never to speak of this that [250 you have seen;
Swear by my sword.
GHOST, *beneath.* Swear.
HAM. *Hic et ubique?* then we'll shift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my sword:
Never to speak of this that you have heard, [260
Swear by my sword.
GHOST, *beneath.* Swear.
HAM. Well said, old mole! canst work i' th' earth so fast?
A worthy pioner!—Once more remove, good friends.
HOR. O day and night, but this is wondrous strange!
HAM. And therefore as a stranger give it welcome. [270
There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in our[33] philosophy.
But come;
Here, as before, never, so help you mercy,
How strange or odd soe'er I bear myself,
As I perchance hereafter shall think meet
To put an antic disposition on, [280
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall,
With arms encumbered[34] thus, or this head-shake,
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,
As, "Well, well, we know," or, "We could, and if we would;"
Or, "If we list to speak," or, "There be, and if they might," [290
Or such ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me: this not to do,
So grace and mercy at your most need help you,
Swear.
GHOST, *beneath.* Swear. [*They swear.*
HAM. Rest, rest, perturbëd spirit!—So, gentlemen,
With all my love I do commend me [300 to you;
And what so poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to express his love and friending to you,
God willing, shall not lack. Let us go in together;
And still your fingers on your lips, I pray.—
The time is out of joint; O cursëd spite,
That ever I was born to set it right!—
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

[33] Q, your, which is generally accepted, though the F reading is preferable.
[34] folded.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

In a room in POLONIUS' *house, we have that venerable and sententious old gentleman despatching a servant,* REYNALDO, *to Paris, ostensibly to bear* LAERTES *money, to provide for his necessities, but actually to find out how the young man is behaving himself. Rather more than a couple of months have passed since the events of Act I.*

POL. Give him this money and these [10 notes, Reynaldo.
REY. I will, my lord.
POL. You shall do marvellous wisely, good Reynaldo,
Before you visit him, to make inquiry
Of his behavior.
REY. My lord, I did intend it.
POL. Marry, well said, very well said. Look you, sir,

Inquire me first what Danskers are in [20
Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and
where they keep,
What company, at what expense; and,
finding
By this encompassment and drift of ques-
tion
That they do know my son, come you
more nearer
Than your particular demands will [30
touch it:
Take you, as 'twere, some distant knowl-
edge of him;
As thus, "I know his father, and his
friends,
And, in part, him." Do you mark this,
Reynaldo?

REY. Ay, very well, my lord.

POL. "And, in part, him; but," you
may say, "not well; [40
But, if 't be he I mean, he's very wild,
Addicted so and so;" and there put on
him
What forgeries you please; marry, none
so rank
As may dishonor him; take heed of that;
But, sir, such wanton, wild, and usual
slips
As are companions noted and most known
To youth and liberty. [50

REY. As gaming, my lord?

POL. Ay, or drinking, fencing, swear-
ing, quarrelling,
Drabbing; you may go so far.

REY. My lord, that would dishonor
him.

POL. Faith, no; as you may season it
in the charge.
You must not put another scandal on
him, [60
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning; but breathe his
faults so quaintly
That they may seem the taints of liberty,
The flash and outbreak of a fiery mind,
A savageness in unreclaimëd blood,
Of general assault.

REY. But, my good lord,—

[*Hesitates, fearing to ask the question
that is knocking at his lips.* [70

POL. Wherefore should you do this?

REY. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

POL. Marry, sir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:
You laying these slight sullies on my son,
As 'twere a thing a little soiled i' th'
working,
Mark you,
Your party in convérse, him you [80
would sound,
Having ever seen in the prenominate
crimes
The youth you breathe of guilty, be as-
sured,
He closes with you in this consequence:
"Good sir," or so; or "friend," or "gentle-
man,"
According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country. [90

REY. Very good, my lord.

POL. And then, sir, does he this—he
does—what was I about to say? By the
mass, I was about to say something.
Where did I leave?

REY. At "closes in the consequence."
At "friend or so," and "gentleman."

POL. At "closes in the consequence;"
ay, marry;
He closes with you thus: "I know [100
the gentleman;
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; with such, or such;
and, as you say,
There was he gaming; there o'ertook in 's
rouse;
There falling out at tennis;" or per-
chance,
"I saw him enter such a house of sale,"
Videlicet, a brothel, or so forth. See [110
you now?
Your bait of falsehood takes this carp
of truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlasses, and with assays of bias,
By indirections find directions out.
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son. You have me, have
you not?

REY. My lord, I have. [120

POL. God be wi' you; fare you well.

REY. Good my lord! [*Turns to go.*
POL. Observe his inclination in yourself.
REY. I shall, my lord.
POL. And let him ply his music.
REY. Well, my lord.
POL. Farewell! [*Exit* REYNALDO.

OPHELIA *comes in hurriedly, evidently greatly agitated, the result of an extraordinary experience she has just had with* HAMLET.

How now, Ophelia! what's the matter?
OPH. Alas! my lord, I have been so affrighted.
POL. With what, in the name of God?
OPH. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
Lord Hamlet, with his doublet all unbraced;
No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
Ungartered, and down-gyvëd to his ankle;
Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look so piteous in purport
As if he had been loosëd out of hell
To speak of horrors, he comes before me.[1]
POL. Mad for thy love?
OPH. My lord, I do not know;
But truly I do fear it.
POL. What said he?
OPH. He took me by the wrist and held me hard,
Then goes he to the length of all his arm,
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face
As he would draw it. Long stayed he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He raised a sigh so piteous and profound
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk
And end his being. That done, he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
He seemed to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And to the last bended their light on me.
POL. Come, go with me; I will go seek the king.
This is the very ecstasy[2] of love,
Whose violent property fordoes itself
And leads the will to desperate undertakings
As oft as any passion under heaven
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry.
What! have you given him any hard words of late?
OPH. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters and denied
His access to me.
POL. That hath made him mad.
I am sorry that with better heed and judgment
I had not quoted[3] him; I feared he did but trifle,
And meant to wrack thee; but, beshrew my jealousy!
By heaven, it is as proper to our age[4]
To cast beyond ourselves in our opinions
As it is common for the younger sort
To lack discretion. Come, go we to the king:
This must be known; which, being kept close, might move
More grief to hide than hate to utter love. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

The strange behavior of HAMLET *has caused* KING CLAUDIUS *no small amount of worry, and he has sent for two absent friends of the* PRINCE'S, ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, *to come to Court, in the hope that they may either bring some happiness to the young man or ascertain the cause of his moodiness. On the day of* HAMLET'S *strange behavior to* OPHELIA, *the* KING *and* QUEEN *are receiving the two youths in a room in the castle. Several Attendants are present.*

[1] It may be doubted if this line is correct; but certainly "horrors" is not, as Abbott would have us believe, trisyllabic. More probably "before" is.

[2] madness. [3] noted. [4] old age.

KING. Welcome, dear Rosencrantz and Guildenstern!
Moreover[5] that we much did long to see you,
The need we have to use you did provoke
Our hasty sending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; so I call it,
Sith[6] nor the exterior nor the inward man
Resembles that it was. What it should be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' understanding of himself
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That, being of so young days brought up with him,
And since so neighbored to his youth and humor,
That you vouchsafe your rest here in our court
Some little time; so by your companies
To draw him on to pleasures, and to gather,
So much as from occasion you may glean,
Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
That, opened, lies within our remedy.
QUEEN. Good gentlemen, he hath much talked of you;
And sure I am two men there are not living
To whom he more adheres. If it will please you
To show us so much gentry[7] and good will
As to expend your time with us awhile,
For the supply and profit of our hope,
Your visitation shall receive such thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.
ROS. Both your majesties
Might, by the sovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleasures more into command
Than to entreaty.
GUIL. But we both obey,
And here give up ourselves, in the full bent,
To lay our service freely at your feet,
To be commanded.
KING. Thanks, Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern.
QUEEN. Thanks, Guildenstern and gentle Rosencrantz;
And I beseech you instantly to visit
My too much changëd son.—Go, some of you,
And bring these gentlemen where Hamlet is.
GUIL. Heavens make our presence and our practices
Pleasant and helpful to him!
QUEEN. Ay, amen!
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and some Attendants.*

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. Th' ambassadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully returned.
KING. Thou still hast been the father of good news.
POL. Have I, my lord? Assure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my soul,
Both to my God and to my gracious king;
<And I do think—or else this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy so sure
As it hath used to do—that I have found
The very cause of Hamlet's lunacy.
KING. O! speak of that; that do I long to hear.
POL. Give first admittance to th' ambassadors;
My news shall be the fruit to that great feast.
KING. Thyself do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* POLONIUS.
He tells me, my sweet queen, that he hath found
The head and source of all your son's distemper.
QUEEN. I doubt it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhasty marriage.
KING. Well, we shall sift him.>

[5] besides. [6] since. [7] courtesy.

Re-enter POLONIUS, *with* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

VOLT. Most fair return of greetings, and desires.

Upon our first, he sent out to suppress
His nephew's levies, which to him appeared
To be a preparation 'gainst the Polack;
But, better looked into, he truly found
It was against your highness: whereat grieved,
That so his sickness, age, and impotence
Was falsely borne in hand,[8] sends out arrests
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys,
Receives rebuke from Norway, and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle never more
To give th' assay of arms against your majesty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thousand crowns in annual fee,
And his commission to employ those soldiers,
So levied as before, against the Polack;
With an entreaty, herein further shown,
[*Hands the* KING *a document.*
That it might please you to give quiet pass
Through your dominions for this enterprise,
On such regards of safety and allowance
As therein are set down.

KING. It likes us well;
And at our more considered time we'll read,
Answer, and think upon this business:
Meantime we thank you for your well-took labor.
Go to your rest; at night we'll feast together.
Most welcome home!

[*Exeunt* VOLTIMAND *and* CORNELIUS.

POL. This business is well ended.—
My liege, and madam, to expostulate[9]
What majesty should be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waste night, day, and time.
Therefore, since brevity is the soul of wit,[10]
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief. Your noble son is mad:
Mad call I it; for, to define true madness,
What is't but to be nothing else but mad?
But let that go.

QUEEN. More matter, with less art.

POL. Madam, I swear I use no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis 'tis true: a foolish figure;
But farewell it, for I will use no art.
Mad let us grant him, then; and now remains
That we find out the cause of this effect,
Or rather say, the cause of this defect,
For this effect defective comes by cause;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend:[11]
I have a daughter (have, while she is mine),
Who, in her duty and obedience (mark)
[*Producing a paper*] Hath given me this (now gather and surmise):
"To the celestial, and my soul's idol, the most beautified Ophelia."
That's an ill phrase, a vild phrase; "beautified" is a vild phrase; but you shall hear. Thus:
"In her excellent white bosom, these, &c.—"

QUEEN. Came this from Hamlet to her?

POL. Good madam, stay awhile; I will be faithful.

"Doubt thou the stars are fire;
Doubt that the sun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt I love.

O dear Ophelia! I am ill at these numbers: I have not art to reckon my

[8] misled. [9] discuss. [10] wisdom. [11] consider.

groans; but that I love thee best, O most best! believe it. Adieu!

Thine evermore, most dear lady, whilst this machine is to him,[12]

HAMLET."

This in obedience hath my daughter showed me;
And, more above,[13] hath his solicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

KING. But how hath she
Received his love?

POL. What do you think of me?

KING. As of a man faithful and honorable.

POL. I would fain prove so. But what might you think,
When I had seen this hot love on the wing—
As I perceived it, I must tell you that,
Before my daughter told me—What might you,
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,
If I had played the desk or table-book,
Or given my heart a winking, mute and dumb,
Or looked upon this love with idle sight;
What might you think? No, I went round[14] to work,
And my young mistress thus I did bespeak:
"Lord Hamlet is a prince, out of thy star;
This must not be;" and then I precepts gave her,
That she should lock herself from his resort,
Admit no messengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, she took the fruits of my advice;
And he, repulsëd—a short tale to make—
Fell into a sadness, then into a fast,
Thence to a watch,[15] thence into a weakness,
Thence to a lightness;[16] and by this declension
Into the madness wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

KING. Do you think 'tis this?

QUEEN. It may be, very likely.

POL. Hath there been such a time—I'd fain know that—
That I have positively said, "'Tis so,"
When it proved otherwise?

KING. Not that I know.

POL., *pointing to his head and shoulder.* Take this from this, if this be otherwise:
If circumstances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

KING. How may we try it further?

POL. You know sometimes he walks four hours together
Here in the lobby.

QUEEN. So he does indeed.

POL. At such a time I'll loose my my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter; if he love her not,
And be not from his reason fall'n thereon,
Let me be no assistant for a state,
But keep a farm and carters.[17]

KING. We will try it.

QUEEN. But look where sadly the poor wretch comes, reading.

POL. Away! I do beseech you, both away.
I'll board him presently.

[*Exeunt* KING, QUEEN, *and Attendants.*

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

O! give me leave.
How does my good Lord Hamlet?

HAM. Well, God a-mercy.

POL. Do you know me, my lord?

HAM. Excellent well; you are—a fishmonger.[18]

POL. Not I, my lord.

HAM. Then I would you were so honest a man.

POL. Honest, my lord!

HAM. Ay, sir; to be honest, as this

[12] whilst his body is his.
[13] also.
[14] straight.
[15] sleeplessness.
[16] lightheadedness.
[17] This line, which has never been questioned, is probably corrupt.
[18] bawd, fornicator.

orld goes, is to be one man picked out
f ten thousand.
Pol. That's very true, my lord. [409
Ham. For, if the sun breeds maggots in
dead dog, being a god kissing carrion
-[*Breaking off suddenly.*] Have you a
aughter?
Pol. I have, my lord.
Ham. Let her not walk i' th' sun: con-
eption is a blessing; but not as your
aughter may conceive. Friend, look
't.
Pol. How say you by that? <Still
arping on my daughter! yet he [420
new me not at first; he said I was a
shmonger: he is far gone, far gone; and
uly in my youth I suffered much ex-
emity for love; very near this. I'll
peak to him again.> What do you read,
y lord?
Ham. Words, words, words.
Pol. What is the matter, my lord?
Ham. Between who?
Pol. I mean the matter that you [430
ad, my lord.
Ham. Slanders, sir: for the satirical
gue says here that old men have grey
eards, that their faces are wrinkled,
eir eyes purging thick amber and
um-tree gum, and that they have a
entiful lack of wit, together with most
eak hams: all which, sir, though I most
owerfully and potently believe, yet I
ld it not honesty to have it thus [440
t down; for you yourself, sir, should be
d as I am, if, like a crab, you could go
ckward.
Pol. <Though this be madness, yet
ere is method in't.> Will you walk
t of the air, my lord?
Ham. Into my grave?
Pol. Indeed, that is out o' th' air.
How pregnant sometimes his replies
e! a happiness that often madness [450
s on, which reason and sanity could not
prosperously be delivered of. I will
ave him, and suddenly contrive the
eans of meeting between him and my
ughter.> My honorable lord, I will
ost humbly take my leave of you.
Ham. You cannot, sir, take from me
any thing that I will more willingly part
withal—except my life, except my life,
except my life. [460
Pol. Fare you well, my lord!
Ham. <These tedious old fools!>

As Polonius *is going out, he meets* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern *entering.*

Pol. You go to seek the Lord Hamlet;
there he is.
Ros., *to* Polonius. God save you, sir!
[*Exit* Polonius, *whose remark to the newcomers has been sufficient* [470
to put Hamlet *on his guard concerning them.*
Guil. Mine honored lord!
Ros. My most dear lord!
Ham. My excellent good friends!—
How dost thou, Guildenstern?—Ah,
Rosencrantz!—Good lads, how do ye
both?
Ros. As the indifferent children of the
earth. [480
Guil. Happy in that we are not over-
happy;
On Fortune's cap we are not the very
button.
Ham. Nor the soles of her shoe?
Ros. Neither, my lord.
Ham. Then you live about her waist,
or in the middle of her favors?
Guil. Faith, her privates we. [489
Ham. In the secret parts of Fortune?
O! most true; she is a strumpet. What
news?
Ros. None, my lord, but that the
world's grown honest.
Ham. Then is doomsday near; but
your news is not true. Let me question
more in particular: what have you, my
good friends, deserved at the hands of
Fortune, that she sends you to prison
hither? [500
Guil. Prison, my lord!
Ham. Denmark's a prison.
Ros. Then is the world one.
Ham. A goodly one; in which there
are many confines,[19] wards, and dun-
geons, Denmark being one o' th' worst.

[19] places of confinement.

Ros. We think not so, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so: to me it is a prison. [511

Ros. Why, then, your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nutshell, and count myself a king of infinite space, were it not that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition, for the very substance of the ambitious is merely the shadow of a dream. [521

Ham. A dream itself is but a shadow.

Ros. Truly; and I hold ambition of so airy and light a quality that it is but a shadow's shadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars bodies, and our monarchs and outstretched heroes the beggars' shadows. Shall we to th' court? for, by my fay, I cannot reason.

Ros. *and* Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No such matter; I will not [531 sort you with the rest of my servants, for, to speak to you like an honest man, I am most dreadfully attended. But, in the beaten way of friendship, what make you at Elsinore?

Ros. To visit you, my lord; no other occasion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; [540 and sure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear a halfpenny. Were you not sent for? Is it your own inclining? Is it a free visitation? Come, come, deal justly with me: come, come; nay, speak.

Guil. What should we say, my lord?

Ham. Why anything, but to the purpose. You were sent for; and there is a kind of confession in your looks which your modesties have not craft enough [550 to color: I know the good king and queen have sent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you must teach me; but let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowship, by the consonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preserved love, and by what more dear a better proposer[20] could charge you withal, be even and direct with me whether you were sent for or no! [56

Ros., *to* Guildenstern. <What say you?>

Ham. <Nay, then, I have an eye of [21] you.> If you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were sent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; so shall my anticipation prevent your discovery,[22] and your secrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late— [57 but wherefore I know not—lost all my mirth, forgone all custom of exercises and indeed it goes so heavily with my disposition that this good frame, the earth seems to me a sterile promontory; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you this brave[23] o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted[24] with golden fire why, it appears no other thing to me but a foul and pestilent congregation of [58 vapors. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reason! how infinite in faculty; in form and moving how express[25] and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehension how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust? man delights not me; [*seeing them smile*] no, nor woman neither, though, by your smiling, you seem to say so. [591

Ros. My lord, there was no such stuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I said, "man delights not me"?

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten[26] entertainment the players shall receive from you: we coted[27] them on the way; and hither are they coming, to offer you service. [600

Ham. He that plays the king shall be welcome; his majesty shall have tribute of me; the adventurous knight shall use his foil and target; the lover shall not sigh gratis; the humorous man shall end his part in peace; the clown shall make

[20] orator. [21] on. [22] revelation. [23] gorgeous. [24] ornamented. [25] exact. [26] starved. [27] passed.

hose laugh whose lungs are tickle a' th'
ere; [28] and the lady shall say her mind
reely, or the blank verse shall halt for't.
What players are they? [610

Ros. Even those you were wont to take
elight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it they travel?
heir residence,[29] both in reputation and
rofit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think their inhibition comes by
he means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the same estima-
on they did when I was in the city?
re they so followed? [620

Ros. No, indeed they are not.

Ham. How comes it? Do they grow
usty?

Ros. Nay, their endeavor keeps in the
onted pace: but there is, sir, an aery
f children, little eyases, that cry out on
he top of question,[30] and are most tyran-
ically [31] clapped for't: these are now
he fashion, and so berattle the common
tages—so they call them—that [630
many wearing rapiers are afraid of goose-
uills, and dare scarce come thither.

Ham. What! are they children? who
naintains 'em? how are they escoted? [32]
Will they pursue the quality no longer
han they can sing? will they not say
fterwards, if they should grow them-
elves to common players—as it is most
ke, if their means are no better—their
riters do them wrong, to make [640
hem exclaim against their own succession?

Ros. Faith, there has been much to-do
n both sides: and the nation holds it
o sin to tarre [33] them to controversy:
here was, for a while, no money bid for
rgument, unless the poet and the player
ent to cuffs in the question.

Ham. Is it possible?

Guil. O! there has been much throw-
g about of brains. [650

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Her-
les and his load too.

[28] are inclined to mirth.
[29] stay in the city.
[30] Usually explained as "at the top of their
ices," but probably rather "shrilly and with a
ing inflection."
[31] extravagantly.
[32] paid. [33] spur.

Ham. It is not very strange; for my uncle is King of Denmark, and those that would make mows [34] at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, a hundred ducats a-piece for his picture in little. 'Sblood, there is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could [660 find it out. [*Flourish of trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elsinore. Your hands; come; the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb, lest my extent [35] to the players—which, I tell you, must show fairly outward—should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are wel- [670 come; but my uncle-father and aunt-mother are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. <Hark you, Guildenstern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: [680 that great baby you see there is not yet out of his swaddling-clouts.

Ros. Happily [36] he's the second time come to them; for they say an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesy he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.> [*Pretending to reply to a remark, lest* Polonius *should suspect the subject of their whispering.*] You say right, sir; o' Mon- [690 day morning; 'twas so indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you: when Roscius was an actor in Rome—

Pol., *not to be put off his news.* The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzz, buzz! [37]

Pol. Upon mine honor,— [699

Ham. Then came each actor on his ass—

Pol. The best actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pas-

[34] faces. [35] behavior.
[36] perhaps. [37] stale news.

toral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral, scene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light. For the law of writ and the liberty, these are the only men.

HAM. O Jephthah, judge of Israel, [710 what a treasure hadst thou!

POL. What a treasure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why

"One fair daughter and no more,
The which he lovëd passing well."

POL. <Still on my daughter!>

HAM. Am I not i' th' right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter that I love pass- [720 ing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows, then, my lord?

HAM. Why,

"As by lot, God wot."

And then, you know,

"It came to pass, as most like it was."—

The first row of the pious chanson will show you more; for look where my abridgment comes. [730

Enter four or five PLAYERS.

You are welcome, masters; welcome, all. [*To the* SECOND PLAYER.] I am glad to see thee well.—Welcome, good friends.—[*To the* FIRST PLAYER.] O, my old friend! Thy face is valanced[38] since I saw thee last: com'st thou to beard me in Denmark?—[*To the* BOY *who plays heroines.*] What! my young lady and mistress! By'r lady, your ladyship is [740 nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.[39] Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.—Masters, you are all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers, fly at anything we see: we'll have a speech straight. [*To the* FIRST PLAYER.] Come, give us a taste of your quality; come, a passionate speech. [750

1 PLAY. What speech, my good lord?

HAM. I heard thee speak me a speec once, but it was never acted; or, if was, not above once; for the play, I r member, pleased not the million; 'tw caviare to the general; but it was—as received it, and others whose judgments such matters cried in the top of mine—a excellent play, well digested in the scene set down with as much modesty as [76 cunning. I remember one said there we no sallets in the lines to make the matt savory, nor no matter in the phrase tha might indict the author of affectation but called it an honest method, as whol some as sweet, and by very much mo handsome than fine. One speech in it chiefly loved; 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido and thereabout of it especially, where h speaks of Priam's slaughter. If it [77 live in your memory, begin at this lin (let me see, let me see):

"The rugged Pyrrhus, like th' Hyrcania beast,—"

'Tis not so, it begins with Pyrrhus—

"The rugged Pyrrhus, he, whose sabl arms,
Black as his purpose, did the night re semble
When he lay couchëd in the ominous [78 horse,
Hath now this dread and black complex ion smeared
With heraldry more dismal; head to foo
Now is he total gules; horridly tricked
With blood of fathers, mothers, daugh ters, sons,
Baked and impasted with the parchin streets, [78
That lend a tyrannous and damnëd ligh
To their vild murders: roasted in wrat and fire,
And thus o'er-sizëd[40] with coagulate gore
With eyes like carbuncles, the hellis Pyrrhus
Old grandsire Priam seeks."

So proceed you.

POL. Fore God, my lord, well spoken with good accent and good discretion.

1 PLAY. "Anon, he finds him [80

[38] bearded. [39] a high shoe.

[40] coated with glue.

triking too short at Greeks; his antique sword,
ebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
epugnant to command. Unequal matched,
yrrhus at Priam drives: in rage strikes wide;
ut with the whiff and wind of his fell sword
h' unnervëd father falls. Then [810
senseless Ilium,
eeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
toops to his base, and with a hideous crash
akes prisoner Pyrrhus' ear: for lo! his sword,
hich was declining on the milky head
f reverend Priam, seemed i' th' air to stick: [820
, as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus stood,
nd like a neutral to his will and matter,
id nothing;
ut, as we often see, against some storm,
silence in the heavens, the rack stand still,
he bold winds speechless, and the orb below
s hush as death, anon the dreadful thunder [830
oth rend the region; so, after Pyrrhus' pause,
rousëd vengeance sets him new a-work;
nd never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
n Mars's armor, forged for proof eterne,
ith less remorse [41] than Pyrrhus' bleeding sword
ow falls on Priam.
ut, out, thou strumpet, Fortune! All you gods, [840
general synod, take away her power;
reak all the spokes and fellies from her wheel,
nd bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
s low as to the fiends!"

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to th' barber's, with your ard.—Prithee, say on: he's for a jig or a tale of bawdry, or he sleeps. [850 Say on; come to Hecuba.

1 Play. "But who, O! who had seen the mobled queen—"

Ham. "The mobled [42] queen"!

Pol., *hastening to agree with the prince.* That's good; "mobled queen" is good.

1 Play. "Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames
With bisson rheum; [43] a clout upon [860 that head
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemëd loins,
A blanket, in th' alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steeped,
'Gainst Fortune's state would treason have pronounced:
But, if the gods themselves did see [870 her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs,
The instant burst of clamor that she made—
Unless things mortal move them not at all—
Would have made milch the burning [880 eyes of heaven,
And passion [44] in the gods."

Pol. Look! wh'er he has not turned his color, and has tears in 's eyes.—Pray you, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee speak out the rest soon.—Good my lord, will you see the players well bestowed? Do ye hear, let them be well used; for they are the abstracts and brief chronicles [890 of the time: after your death you were better have a bad epitaph than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Ham. God's bodikins, man, much better; use every man after his desert, and who should scape whipping? Use them

41 pity.

42 veiled.
43 blinding tears.
44 compassion.

after your own honor and dignity: the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in. [901

Pol. Come, sirs.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow. [Polonius *marches off, followed by all the* Players *save the* First, *whom* Hamlet *stays, as he is about to go with the rest.*] <Dost thou hear me, old friend; can you play the Murder of Gonzago?

1 Play. Ay, my lord. [910

Ham. We'll ha't to-morrow night. You could, for a need, study a speech of some dozen or sixteen lines, which I would set down and insert in't, could you not?

1 Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord; and look you mock him not.> [*Exit* First Player.] My good friends, I'll leave you till night; you are welcome to Elsinore. [921

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exit, with* Guildenstern.

Ham. Ay, so! God be wi' ye! Now I am alone.

O! what a rogue and peasant slave am I!
Is it not monstrous that this player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of passion,
Could force his soul so to his own conceit [930
That, from her working, all his visage wanned,
Tears in his eyes, distraction in's aspéct,
A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
With forms to his conceit? and all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him or he to Hecuba
That he should weep for her? What would he do [941
Had he the motive and the cue for passion
That I have? He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech,
Make mad the guilty and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze[45] indeed [95
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,[46]
Like John-a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing; no, not for a king
Upon whose property and most dear life
A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward?
Who calls me villain, breaks my pate across, [96
Plucks off my beard and blows it in my face,
Tweaks me by th' nose, gives me the lie i' th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
'Swounds, I should take it, for it cannot be [97
But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
To make oppression bitter, or ere this
I should have fatted all the region kites
With this slave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain!
O! vengeance!—
Why, what an ass am I! This is most brave [980
That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Must, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a-cursing, like a very drab,
A scullion!
Fie upon't! foh! About, my brain! I have heard, [990
That guilty creatures sitting at a play
Have, by the very cunning of the scene,
Been struck so to the soul that presently
They have proclaimed their malefactiöns;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will speak

[45] confound.
[46] pine.

Vith most miraculous organ. I'll have these players
lay something like the murder of my father
efore mine uncle; I'll observe his looks;
ll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
know my course. The spirit that I have seen
lay be the devil: and the devil hath power
' assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
ut of my weakness and my melancholy—
s he is very potent with such spirits—
buses[47] me to damn me. I'll have grounds
lore relative[48] than this: the play's the thing
herein I'll catch the conscience of the king.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The next day in a lobby in the castle, OSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN *have ported to the* KING *and* QUEEN *the ilure of their attempt to trap* HAMLET. OLONIUS *and* OPHELIA *are present, in rtherance of the plot to test* HAMLET *respect of his love for* OPHELIA.

KING. And can you, by no drift of circumstance,[1]
et from him why he puts on this confusion,
rating so harshly all his days of quiet
ith turbulent and dangerous lunacy?
ROS. He does confess he feels himself distracted;
ut from what cause he will by no means speak.
GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be sounded,
ut, with a crafty madness, keeps aloof,
hen we would bring him on to some confession
f his true state.
QUEEN. Did he receive you well?
ROS. Most like a gentleman.

47 deceives. 48 definite.
1 roundabout way.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his disposition.
ROS. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
QUEEN. Did you assay him
To any pastime?
ROS. Madam, it so fell out that certain players
We o'er-raught[2] on the way; of these we told him,
And there did seem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the court,
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.
POL. 'Tis most true;
And he beseeched me to entreat your majesties
To hear—and see—the matter.
KING. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him so inclined.—
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpose on to these delights.
ROS. We shall, my lord.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too;
For we have closely sent for Hamlet hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront[3] Ophelia.
Her father and myself, lawful espials,
Will so bestow ourselves, that, seeing, unseen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge,
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If 't be th' affliction of his love or no
That thus he suffers for.
QUEEN. I shall obey you.—
And for your part, Ophelia, I do wish
That your good beauties be the happy cause
Of Hamlet's wildness; so shall I hope your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honors.
OPH. Madam, I wish it may.
[*Exit* QUEEN.

2 overtook. 3 meet.

POL. Ophelia, walk you here.—[*To the* KING.] Gracious, so please you,
We will bestow ourselves. [*To* OPHELIA.] Read on this book,
That show of such an exercise may color
Your loneliness. We are oft to blame in this—
'Tis too much proved that with devotion's visage
And pious action we do sugar o'er
The devil himself.
KING. <O! 'tis too true;
How smart a lash that speech doth give my conscience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plast'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it
Than is my deed to my most painted word:
O heavy burden!>
POL. I hear him coming: let's withdraw, my lord.
[*The* KING *and* POLONIUS *withdraw behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. <To be, or not to be: that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them? To die: to sleep;
No more; and, by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to; 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die, to sleep;
To sleep: perchance to dream: ay, there's the rub;
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,[4]
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life;
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of disprized love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardels bear,
To grunt and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death,
The undiscovered country from whose bourn
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action. Soft you now!
The fair Ophelia!> Nymph, in thy orisons
Be all my sins remembered.
OPH. Good my lord,
How does your honor for this many a day?
HAM. I humbly thank you; well, well, well.
OPH. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longëd long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.
HAM. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.
OPH. My honored lord, you know right well you did;
And, with them, words of so sweet breath composed
As made the things more rich: their perfume lost,
Take these again; for to the noble mind

[4] turmoil.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

HAM. Ha, ha! are you honest?[5]

OPH. My lord!

HAM. Are you fair?

OPH. What means your lordship? [180

HAM. That if you be honest and fair, your honesty should admit no discourse to your beauty.

OPH. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honesty?

HAM. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will sooner transform honesty from what it is to a bawd than the force of honesty can translate beauty into his likeness: this was sometime a para- [190 dox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love thee once.

OPH. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe so.

HAM. You should not have believed me; for virtue cannot so inoculate[6] our old stock but we shall relish of it. I loved you not.

OPH. I was the more deceived. [199

HAM. Get thee to a nunnery: why wouldst thou be a breeder of sinners? I I am myself indifferent honest; but yet I could accuse me of such things that it were better my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in. What should such fellows as I do, crawling between [210 heaven and earth? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us. Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

OPH. At home, my lord.

HAM. Let the doors be shut upon him, that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

OPH. <O! help him, you sweet heavens!> [219

HAM. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery, go; farewell. Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell!

OPH. <O heavenly powers, restore him!> [230

HAM. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God has given you one face, and you make yourselves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages; those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as [240 they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*

OPH. O! what a noble mind is here o'erthrown:
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword;
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair state,
The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
Th' observed of all observers, quite, quite down! [250
And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That sucked the honey of his music vows,
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatched form and feature of blown youth
Blasted with ecstasy. O! woe is me,
To have seen what I have seen, see [260 what I see!

Re-enter KING *and* POLONIUS.

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he spake, though it lacked form a little,
Was not like madness. There's something in his soul
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the [270 disclose
Will be some danger; which for to prevent,

[5] virtuous. [6] graft.

I have in quick determinatiön
Thus set it down; he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the seas and countries different
With variable objects shall expel
This something-settled matter in his heart,
Whereon his brains still beating puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol. It shall do well: but yet do I believe
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia!
You need not tell us what Lord Hamlet said;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you please;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play
Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To show his griefs: let her be round with him;
And I'll be placed, so please you, in the ear
Of all their conference. If she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdom best shall think.

King. It shall be so:
Madness in great ones must not unwatched go.

Scene II

On the evening of the same day. Hamlet *gives instructions to the* Players *how they are to perform their parts. It is the hall in which the play is to be acted.*

Ham. Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue; but, if you mouth it, as many of your players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus; but use all gently: for, in the very torrent, tempest, and—as I may say—whirlwind of passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O! it offends me to the soul to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings, who for the most part are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise: I could have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-herods Herod: pray you, avoid it.

1 Play. I warrant your honor.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor: suit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this special observance, that you o'erstep not the modesty of nature; for anything so overdone is from the purpose of playing, whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his[7] form and pressure.[8] Now, this overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one must in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O! there be players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellowed that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made men and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abhominably.

2 Play. I hope we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O! reform it altogether. And let those that play your clowns speak no more than is set down for them; for there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too, though in the mean time some necessary question of the play be then to be considered; that's

7 its. 8 character.

villanous, and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go, make you ready. [*Exeunt* PLAYERS.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord! will the king hear this piece of work?

POL. And the queen too, and that presently.

HAM. Bid the players make haste. [*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to hasten them?

ROS. AND GUIL. We will, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

HAM., *calling*. What, ho! Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

HOR. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

HAM. Horatio, thou art e'en as just a man

As e'er my conversation coped withal.

HOR. O! my dear lord.

HAM. Nay, do not think I flatter;

For what advancement may I hope from thee,

That no revénue hast but thy good spirits

To feed and clothe thee? Why should the poor be flattered?

No; let the candied tongue lick absurd pomp,

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee

Where thrift may follow fawning. Dost thou hear?

Since my dear soul was mistress of her choice

And could of men distinguish, her election

Hath sealed thee for herself; for thou hast been

As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;

A man that fortune's buffets and rewards

Hast ta'en with equal thanks; and bless'd are those

Whose blood[9] and judgment are so well commingled

That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger

To sound what stop she please. Give me that man

That is not passion's slave, and I will wear him

In my heart's core, ay, in my heart of heart,

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.

There is a play to-night before the king;

One scene of it comes near the circumstance,

Which I have told thee, of my father's death:

I prithee, when thou seest that act afoot,

Even with the very comment of thy soul[10]

Observe mine uncle; if his occulted guilt

Do not itself unkennel in one speech,

It is a damnëd ghost that we have seen,

And my imaginations are as foul

As Vulcan's stithy. Give him heedful note;

For I mine eyes will rivet to his face,

And, after, we will both our judgments join

In censure of his seeming.

HOR. Well, my lord:

If he steal aught the whilst this play is playing,

And scape detecting, I will pay the theft.

[*The Danish national march is played.*

HAM. They are coming to the play; I must be idle:[11]

Get you a place.

With a flourish of trumpets, enter the KING, *the* QUEEN, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

KING. How fares our cousin Hamlet?

HAM. Excellent, i' faith; of the chameleon's dish: I eat the air, promise-crammed; you cannot feed capons so.

KING. I have nothing with this answer, Hamlet; these words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now. [*To* POLONIUS.] My lord, you played once i' th' university, you say?

9 passion.

10 with all your capacity for observation.

11 seem careless.

Pol. That did I, my lord, and was accounted a good actor. [160

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæsar; I was killed i' th' Capitol; Brutus killed me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him to kill so capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they stay upon your patience.[12]

Queen. Come hither, my good Hamlet, sit by me. [170

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive. [*Goes over to* Ophelia.

Pol., *to the* King. <O ho! do you mark that?>

Ham. Lady, shall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think I meant coun- [180 try matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought—to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord. [189

Ham. O God, your only jig-maker! <What should a man do but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within's[13] two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then, let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. O heavens! die two months ago, and not forgotten yet! Then there's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life [201 half a year; but, by'r lady, he must build churches then, or else shall he suffer not thinking on—with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is, "For, O! for, O! the hobby-horse is forgot."*>*

Hautboys play. The dumb-show enters.

Enter a King *and a* Queen, *very lovingly; the* Queen *embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes show of* [210 *protestation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; lays him down upon a bank of flowers: she, seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the* King's *ears, and exit. The* Queen *returns, finds the* King *dead, and makes passionate action. The* Poisoner, *with some two or three* Mutes, *comes in again, seeming* [220 *to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The* Poisoner *woos the* Queen *with gifts; she seems loath and unwilling awhile, but in the end accepts his love.* [*Exeunt.*

Oph. <What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho;[14] it means mischief.

Oph. Belike this show imports the argument of the play. [230

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We shall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counsel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this show meant?

Ham. Ay, or any show that you'll show him; be not you ashamed to show, he'll not shame to tell you what it means. [240

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.*>*

Pro. *For us and for our tragedy,*
Here stooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. <Is this a prologue or the posy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.*>* [249

Enter two Players, King *and* Queen.

P. King. *Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round*
Neptune's salt wash and Tellus' orbëd ground,

[12] await your permission.
[13] within this.
[14] sneaking mischief.

And thirty dozen moons with borrowed sheen
About the world have times twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts and Hymen did our hands [260
Unite commutual in most sacred bands.

P. Queen. *So many journeys may the sun and moon*
Make us again count o'er ere love be done!
But, woe is me! you are so sick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former state,
That I distrust[15] *you. Yet, though I distrust,* [270
Discomfort you, my lord, if nothing must;
For women's fear and love holds quantity,[16]
In neither aught,[17] *or in extremity.*
Now, what my love is proof hath made you know;
And, as my love is sized, my fear is so.
Where love is great, the littlest doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great [280
love grows there.

P. King. *Faith, I must leave thee, love, and shortly too;*
My operant powers their functions leave to do;
And thou shalt live in this fair world behind,
Honored, beloved; and haply one as kind
For husband shalt thou—

P. Queen. *O! confound the rest;* [290
Such love must needs be treason in my breast:
In second husband let me be accurst;
None wed the second but who killed the first.

Ham. <Wormwood, wormwood!>

P. Queen. *The instances*[18] *that second marriage move,*
Are base respects of thrift, but none of love; [300
A second time I kill my husband dead,
When second husband kisses me in bed.

P. King. *I do believe you think what now you speak;*
But what we do determine oft we break.
Purpose is but the slave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity;[19]
Which now, like fruit unripe, sticks on the tree, [309
But fall unshaken when they mellow be.
Most necessary 'tis that we forget
To pay ourselves what to ourselves is debt;
What to ourselves in passion we propose,
The passion ending, doth the purpose lose.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themselves destroy;
Where joy most revels grief doth most lament; [320
Grief joys, joy grieves, on slender accident.
This world is not for aye, nor 'tis not strange,
That even our love should with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a question left us yet to prove
Whether love lead fortune or else fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favorite flies; [330
The poor advanced makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend;
For who not needs shall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try
Directly seasons him his enemy.
But, orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do so contráry run
That our devices still are overthrown; [340
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no second husband wed;
But die thy thoughts when thy first lord is dead.

P. Queen. *Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!*
Sport and repose lock from me day and night! [350
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!

[15] Feel uneasy about.
[16] are proportionate.
[17] Dr. Tannenbaum suggests "In either aught."
[18] inducements.
[19] little value.

Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy!
Both here and hence pursue me lasting strife,
If, once, a widow, ever I be wife!
HAM. <If she should break it now!>
P. King. *'Tis deeply sworn. Sweet, leave me here awhile;* [361
My spirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with sleep. [Sleeps.
P. Queen. *Sleep rock thy brain;*
And never come mischance between us twain! [Exit.
HAM. Madam, how like you this play?
QUEEN. The lady doth protest too much, methinks. [370
HAM. O! but she'll keep her word.
KING. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?
HAM. No, no, they do but jest, poison in jest; no offence i' th' world.
KING. What do you call the play?
HAM. The Mouse-trap. Marry, how? Tropically.[20] This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name; his wife, Baptista. You [380 shall see anon; 'tis a knavish piece of work; but what of that? your majesty and we that have free souls, it touches us not: let the galled jade wince, our withers are unwrung.

Enter PLAYER *as* LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.
OPH. <You are as good as a chorus, my lord. [389
HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could see the puppets dallying.
OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.
HAM. It would cost you a groaning to take off my edge.
OPH. Still better, and worse.
HAM. So you must take your husbands.> Begin, murderer; pox, leave thy damnable faces, and begin. [400 Come; the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

[20] by a trope.

Luc. *Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;*
Confederate season, else no creature seeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds collected,
With Hecate's ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, [410
Thy natural magic and dire property,
On wholesome life usurp immediately.
[Pours the poison into the Sleeper's ears.
HAM. He poisons him i' th' garden for's estate. His name's Gonzago; the story is extant, and writ in choice Italian. You shall see anon how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.
[CLAUDIUS *rises from his chair in agitation.* [420
OPH. <The king rises.
HAM. What! frighted with false fire?>
QUEEN. How fares my lord?
POL. Give o'er the play.
KING. Give me some light: away!
ALL. Lights, lights, lights!
[*The* KING *and* QUEEN *go out, followed by all their train. The* PLAYERS *withdraw on the other side, leaving* HAMLET *and* HORATIO *alone.* [430
HAM. "Why, let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungallëd play;
For some must watch, while some must sleep:
So runs the world away."
Would not this, sir, and a forest of feathers, if the rest of my fortunes turn Turk with me, with two Provincial roses on my razed shoes, get me a fellowship in a cry of players, sir? [441
HOR. Half a share.
HAM. A whole one, I;
"For thou dost know, O Damon dear,
This realm dismantled was
Of Jove himself; and now reigns here
A very, very—pajock."[21]
HOR. You might have rimed.
HAM. O good Horatio! I'll take the ghost's word for a thousand pound. Didst perceive? [451
HOR. Very well, my lord.

[21] peacock.

HAM. Upon the talk of the poisoning?

HOR. I did very well note him.

HAM. Ah, ha! [*Calling.*] Come, some music! come, the recorders!—

For, if the king like not the comedy,

Why, then, belike he likes it not, perdy. Come, some music!

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN. [461

GUIL. Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.

HAM. Sir, a whole history.

GUIL. The king, sir,—

HAM. Ay, sir, what of him?

GUIL. Is in his retirement marvellous distempered.

HAM. With drink, sir? [469

GUIL. No, my lord, rather with choler.

HAM. Your wisdom should show itself more richer to signify this to his doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation would perhaps plunge him into far more choler.

GUIL. Good my lord, put your discourse into some frame, and start not so wildly from my affair.

HAM. I am tame, sir; pronounce. [479

GUIL. The queen, your mother, in most great affliction of spirit, hath sent me to you.

HAM. You are welcome.

GUIL. Nay, good my lord, this courtesy is not of the right breed. If it shall please you to make me a wholesome answer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon and my return shall be the end of my business.

HAM. Sir, I cannot. [490

GUIL. What, my lord?

HAM. Make you a wholesome answer; my wit's diseased; but, sir, such answer as I can make you shall command; or, rather, as you say, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: my mother, you say,—

ROS. Then, thus she says: your behavior hath struck her into amazement and admiration.[22] [500

HAM. O wonderful son, that can so astonish a mother! But is there no sequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? Impart.

ROS. She desires to speak with you in her closet ere you go to bed.

HAM. We shall obey, were she ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us? [509

ROS. My lord, you once did love me.

HAM. So I do still, [*spreading out his hands*] by these pickers and stealers.

ROS. Good my lord, what is your cause of distemper? you do surely bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

HAM. Sir, I lack advancement.

ROS. How can that be when you have the voice of the king himself for your succession in Denmark? [520

HAM. Ay, sir; but, "While the grass grows,"—the proverb is something musty.

Enter PLAYERS, *with recorders.*[23]

O! the recorders: let me see one.—To withdraw with you! why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

GUIL. O! my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly. [529

HAM. I do not well understand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

GUIL. My lord, I cannot.

HAM. I pray you.

GUIL. Believe me, I cannot.

HAM. I do beseech you.

GUIL. I know no touch of it, my lord.

HAM. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your [539 mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

GUIL. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

HAM. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of [550

[22] wonder.

[23] flageolets.

my compass; and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter POLONIUS.

God bless you, sir!

POL. My lord, the queen would speak with you, and presently.[24]

HAM. Do you see yonder cloud that's almost in shape of a camel?

POL. By th' mass, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

HAM. Methinks it is like a weasel.

POL. It is backed like a weasel.

HAM. Or like a whale?

POL. Very like a whale.

HAM. Then I will come to my mother by and by. <They fool me to the top of my bent.> I will come by and by.

POL. I will say so. [*Exit.*

HAM. By and by is easily said.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt all but* HAMLET.

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When churchyards yawn and hell itself breathes out
Contagion to this world: now could I drink hot blood,
And do such bitter business as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft! now to my mother.
O heart! lose not thy nature; let not ever
The soul of Nero enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none;
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,[25]
To give them seals[26] never, my soul, consent! [*Exit.*

SCENE III

The KING, *having withdrawn from the performance in a state of perturbation, feels no more comfortable the more he considers the circumstances. He has made up his mind that* HAMLET *must be sent away, and is telling* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN *that they are to go with him.*

KING. I like him not; nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore prepare you;
I your commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to England shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure
Hazard so dangerous as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunacies.

GUIL. We will ourselves provide.
Most holy and religious fear it is
To keep those many, many bodies safe
That live and feed upon your majesty.

ROS. The single and peculiar life is bound
With all the strength and armor of the mind
To keep itself from noyance,[27] but much more
That spirit upon whose weal depend and rest
The lives of many. The cease[28] of majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf[29] doth draw
What's near it within it; it is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined; which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king sigh, but with a general groan.

KING. Arm you, I pray you, to this speedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

ROS. *and* GUIL. We will haste us.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

[24] at once.
[25] reproached.
[26] To render them in action.
[27] hurt.
[28] decease.
[29] whirlpool.

Enter POLONIUS.

POL. My lord, he's going to his mother's closet:
Behind the arras I'll convey myself
To hear the process; I'll warrant she'll tax him home;
And, as you said, and wisely was it said,
'Tis meet that some more audience than a mother—
Since nature makes them partial—should o'erhear
The speech, of vantage.[30] Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed
And tell you what I know.
KING. Thanks, dear my lord.—
[*Exit* POLONIUS.
O! my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldest curse upon't;
A brother's murder! Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as sharp as will:
My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
And, like a man to double business bound,
I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
And both neglect. What if this cursëd hand
Were thicker than itself with brother's blood,
Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens
To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy
But to confront the visage of offence?
And what's in prayer but this two-fold force,
To be forestallëd, ere we come to fall,
Or pardoned, being down? Then, I'll look up;
My fault is past. But, O! what form of prayer
Can serve my turn? "Forgive me my foul murder"?
That cannot be; since I am still possessed
Of those effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardoned and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world
Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice,
And oft 'tis seen the wicked prize itself
Buys out the law; but 'tis not so above;
There is no shuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature, and we ourselves compelled
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults
To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
Try what repentance can: what can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
O wretched state! O bosom black as death!
O limëd soul, that, struggling to be free,
Art more engaged!—Help, angels! make assay;
Bow, stubborn knees; and heart, with strings of steel,
Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe.
All may be well. [*Retires and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET, *drawing his sword.*

HAM. <Now might I do it pat, now he is praying;
And now I'll do't: and so he goes to heaven;
And so am I revenged. That would be scanned.[31]
A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his sole son, do this same villain send
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
He took my father grossly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May;
And how his audit stands who knows save heaven?
But in our circumstance and course of thought
'Tis heavy with him. And am I then revenged,

30 unseen.

31 is to be considered.

To take him in the purging of his soul,
When he is fit and seasoned for his passage?
No.
Up, sword, and know thou a more horrid hent; [32] [159
When he is drunk asleep, or in his rage,
Or in th' incestuous pleasure of his bed,
At gaming, swearing, or about some act
That has no relish of salvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven,
And that his soul may be as damned and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother stays.— [169
This physic but prolongs thy sickly days.> [*Exit. The* KING *rises and advances.*

KING. My words fly up; my thoughts remain below:
Words without thoughts never to heaven go.

SCENE IV

POLONIUS, *having just left the* KING, *has hurried to the* QUEEN'S *apartment, to tell her of* HAMLET'S *coming.*

POL. He will come straight. Look you lay home to him;
Tell him his pranks have been too broad to bear with,
And that your Grace hath screened and stood between
Much heat and him. I'll silence me [10 e'en here.
Pray you, be round with him.

HAM., *within.* Mother, mother, mother!

QUEEN. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not. Withdraw; I hear him coming.

[POLONIUS *hides behind the arras.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now, mother, what's the matter? [20

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou hast thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

[32] occasion.

QUEEN. Come, come, you answer with an idle tongue.

HAM. Go, go, you question with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet!

HAM. What's the matter now? [30

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not so:
You are the queen, your husband's brother's wife;
And—would it were not so!—you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then, I'll set those to you that can speak.

HAM. Come, come, and sit you down; you shall not budge; [40
You go not, till I set you up a glass
Where you may see the inmost part of you.

QUEEN. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
[*Calling.*] Help, help, ho!

POL., *behind.* What, ho! help! help! help!

HAM., *drawing his sword.* How now! a rat? Dead, for a ducat, dead! [50
[*Makes a pass through the arras.*

POL., *behind.* O! I am slain.

QUEEN. O me! what hast thou done?

HAM. Nay, I know not: is it the king?

QUEEN. O! what a rash and bloody deed is this!

HAM. A bloody deed! almost as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother. [60

QUEEN. As kill a king!

HAM. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
[*Lifts up the arras and discovers* POLONIUS *dead.*
[*To* POLONIUS.] Thou wretched, rash, intruding fool, farewell!
I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune;
Thou find'st to be too busy is some danger.— [70
Leave wringing of your hands: peace! sit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for so I shall
If it be made of penetrable stuff,

If damnëd custom have not brassed it so
That it is proof and bulwark against sense.
QUEEN. What have I done that thou dar'st wag thy tongue
In noise so rude against me?
HAM. Such an act
That blurs the grace and blush of modesty,
Calls virtue hypocrite, takes off the rose
From the fair forehead of an innocent love
And sets a blister there, makes marriage vows
As false as dicers' oaths; O! such a deed
As from the body of contraction[33] plucks
The very soul, and sweet religion makes
A rhapsody of words; heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this solidity and compound mass,
With tristful visage, as against the doom,
Is thought-sick at the act.
QUEEN. Ay me! what act,
That roars so loud and thunders in the index?
HAM. Look here, upon this picture, and on this;
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
See, what a grace was seated in this brow;
Hyperion's curls, the front of Jove himself,
An eye like Mars, to threaten and command,
A station like the herald Mercury
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill,
A combination and a form indeed
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This was your husband: look you now, what follows:
Here is your husband; like a mildewed ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten[34] on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it love, for at your age
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment
Would step from this to this? Sense, sure, you have,
Else could you not have motion; but sure, that sense
Is apoplexed; for madness would not err,
Nor sense to ecstasy was ne'er so thralled
But it reserved some quantity of choice,
To serve in such a difference. What devil was't
That thus hath cozened you at hoodman-blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without sight,
Ears without hands or eyes, smelling sans all,
Or but a sickly part of one true sense
Could not so mope.[35]
O shame! where is thy blush? Rebellious hell,
If thou canst mutine in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire: proclaim['t] no shame
When the compulsive ardor gives the charge,
Since frost itself as actively doth burn,
And reason panders will.
QUEEN. O Hamlet! speak no more;
Thou turn'st mine eyes into my very soul;
And there I see such black and grainëd spots
As will not leave their tinct.
HAM. Nay, but to live
In the rank sweat of an enseamëd bed,
Stewed in corruption, honeying and making love
Over the nasty sty—
QUEEN. O! speak to me no more;
These words like daggers enter in mine ears;
No more, sweet Hamlet!
HAM. A murderer, and a villain;

[33] the marriage contract.
[34] fatten.
[35] be so foolish.

A slave that is not twentieth part the tithe
Of your precédent lord; a vice of kings;
A cut-purse of the empire and the rule,
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!

QUEEN. No more!

HAM. A King
Of shreds and patches!—

Enter GHOST, *in dressing-gown.*

Save me, and hover o'er me with your wings,
You heavenly guards!—What would your gracious figure?

QUEEN, *to whom the ghost is invisible.* Alas! he's mad!

HAM. Do you not come your tardy son to chide,
That, lapsed in time and passion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O! say.

GHOST. Do not forget: this visitation
Is but to whet thy almost blunted purpose.
But, look! amazement on thy mother sits;
O! step between her and her fighting soul;
Conceit[36] in weakest bodies strongest works.
Speak to her, Hamlet.

HAM. How is it with you, lady?

QUEEN. Alas! how is't with you,
That you do bend your eye on vacancy
And with th' incorporal air do hold discourse?
Forth at your eyes your spirits wildly peep;
And, as the sleeping soldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,
Starts up and stands an end. O gentle son!
Upon the heat and flame of thy distemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?

HAM. On him, on him! Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cause conjoined, preaching to stones,
Would make them capable.—Do not look upon me
Lest with this piteous action you convert
My stern effects. Then what I have to do
Will want true color; tears, perchance, for blood.

QUEEN. To whom do you speak this?

HAM. Do you see nothing there?

QUEEN. Nothing at all; yet all that is I see.

HAM. Nor did you nothing hear?

QUEEN. No, nothing but ourselves.

HAM. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away;
My father, in his habit as he lived;
Look where he goes, even now, out at the portal! [*Exit* GHOST.

QUEEN. This is the very coinage of your brain:
This bodiless creation ecstasy
Is very cunning in.

HAM. Ecstasy!
My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful music. It is not madness
That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
And I the matter will re-word which madness
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your soul
That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks;
It will but skin and film the ulcerous place,
Whilst rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;

[36] imagination.

Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For in the fatness of these pursy[37] times
Virtue itself of vice must pardon beg,
Yea, curb and woo for leave to do him good.

QUEEN. O Hamlet! thou hast cleft my heart in twain.

HAM. O! throw away the worser part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good-night; but go not to mine uncle's bed;
Assume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monster, custom, who all sense doth eat
Of habits evil,[38] is angel yet in this,
That to the use of actions fair and good
He likewise gives a frock or livery,
That aptly is put on. Refrain to-night;
And that shall lend a kind of easiness
To the next abstinence: the next more easy;
For use almost can change the stamp of nature,
And master ev'n the devil or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good-night:
And when you are desirous to be bless'd,
I'll blessing beg of you. For this same lord, [*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: but heaven hath pleased it so,
To punish me with this, and this with me,
That I must be their scourge and minister.
I will bestow him, and will answer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good-night.
I must be cruel only to be kind:
Thus bad begins, and worse remains behind.
One word more, good lady.

QUEEN. What shall I do?

HAM. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king tempt you again to bed,
Pinch wanton on your cheek, call you his mouse;
And let him, for a pair of reechy[39] kisses,
Or paddling in your neck with his damned fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I essentially am not in madness,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good you let him know;
For who that's but a queen, fair, sober, wise,
Would from a paddock,[40] from a bat, a gib,[41]
Such dear concernings hide? who would do so?
No, in despite of sense and secrecy,
Unpeg the basket on the house's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,
To try conclusions, in the basket creep,
And break your own neck down.

QUEEN. Be thou assured, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou hast said to me.

HAM. I must to England; you know that?

QUEEN. Alack!
I had forgot: 'tis so concluded on.

HAM. There's letters sealed; and my two schoolfellows,
Whom I will trust as I will adders fanged,
They bear the mandate; they must sweep my way,
And marshal me to knavery. Let it work;
For 'tis the sport to have the enginer
Hoist with his own petar: and it shall go hard
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O! 'tis most sweet,

[37] luxurious. [38] B, devil. [39] beastly. [40] toad. [41] tom cat.

When in one line two crafts directly meet.
This man shall set me packing;
I'll lug the guts into the neighbor room.
Mother, good-night. Indeed this counsellor
Is now most still, most secret, and most grave,
Who was in life a foolish prating knave.—
Come, sir, to draw toward an end with you.—
Good-night, mother.
[*Goes out, dragging with him the body of* POLONIUS.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The QUEEN *has just joined the* KING *in his chamber, having found him closeted with* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN. *She makes no effort to conceal her agitation—rather, makes it obvious to her consort.*

KING. There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves:
You must translate; 'tis fit we understand them.
Where is your son?

QUEEN, *to* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN. Bestow this place on us a little while.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ah! my good lord, what have I seen tonight!

KING. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

QUEEN. Mad as the sea and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawless fit,
Behind the arras hearing something stir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, "A rat! a rat!"
And, in his brainish apprehension, kills
The unseen good old man.

KING. O heavy deed!
It had been so with us had we been there.
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourself, to us, to every one.
Alas! how shall this bloody deed be answered?
It will be laid to us, whose providence
Should have kept short, restrained, and out of haunt,
This mad young man: but so much was our love,
We would not understand what was most fit,
But, like the owner of a foul disease,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

QUEEN. To draw apart the body he hath killed;
O'er whom his very madness, like some ore
Among a mineral of metals base,
Shows itself pure: he weeps for what is done.[1]

KING. O Gertrude! come away.
The sun no sooner shall the mountains touch
But we will ship him hence; and this vild deed
We must, with all our majesty and skill,
Both countenance and excuse.—[*Calling.*] Ho! Guildenstern!—

Re-enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Friends both, go join you with some further aid.
Hamlet in madness hath Polonius slain,
And from his mother's closet hath he dragged him.
Go seek him out; speak fair; and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haste in this.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wisest friends,
And let them know both what we mean to do
And what's untimely done: so, haply, slander,
Whose whisper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank

[1] The Queen's story is not strictly truthful.

ransports his poisoned shot, may miss
our name,
nd hit the woundless air. O! come
away;
Iy soul is full of discord and dismay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

HAMLET *has got rid of the body of* OLONIUS *and enters one of his rooms the castle.*

HAM. Safely stowed!
ROS *and* GUIL., *within.* Hamlet! Lord
Hamlet!
HAM. What noise? who calls on Ham-
let?
! here they come. [9

nter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

ROS. What have you done, my lord,
with the dead body?
HAM. Compounded it with dust,
whereto 'tis kin.
ROS. Tell us where 'tis, that we may
take it thence,
nd bear it to the chapel.
HAM. Do not believe it.
ROS. Believe what? [19
HAM. That I can keep your counsel
nd not mine own. Besides, to be de-
anded of a sponge, what replication
ould be made by the son of a king?
ROS. Take you me for a sponge, my
rd?
HAM. Ay, sir, that soaks up the king's
ountenance, his rewards, his authori-
es.[2] But such officers do the king best
rvice in the end: he keeps them, like
ape, in the corner of his jaw; first [30
outhed, to be last swallowed: when he
eds what you have gleaned, it is but
ueezing you, and, sponge, you shall be
y again.
ROS. I understand you not, my lord.
HAM. I am glad of it: a knavish
eech sleeps in a foolish ear.
ROS. My lord, you must tell us where
e body is, and go with us to the king.
HAM. The body is with the king, [40
t the king is not with the body. The
ng is a thing—

[2] attributes.

GUIL. A thing, my lord!
HAM. Of nothing. Bring me to him.
"Hide fox!"[3] and all after. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

The KING, *attended, is in another room of the castle, still worrying over* HAMLET'S *extraordinary actions.*

KING. <I have sent to seek him, and
to find the body.
How dangerous is it that this man goes
loose!
Yet must not we put the strong law on
him: [9
He's loved of the distracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but
their eyes;
And where 'tis so, th' offender's
scourge[4] is weighed,
But never the offence. To bear all
smooth and even,
This sudden sending him away must
seem
Deliberate pause.[5] Diseases desperate
grown [20
By desperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.>

Enter ROSENCRANTZ.

How now! what hath befall'n?
ROS. Where the dead body is bestowed,
my lord,
We cannot get from him.
KING. But where is he?
ROS. Without, my lord; guarded, to
know your pleasure. [30
KING. Bring him before us.
ROS., *calling.* Ho, Guildenstern! bring
in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. Now, Hamlet, where's Polo-
nius?
HAM. At supper.
KING. At supper! Where?
HAM. Not where he eats, but where
he is eaten: a certain convocation of [40
politic worms are e'en at him. Your
worm is your only emperor for diet: we

[3] A children's game.
[4] punishment.
[5] arrangement.

fat all creatures else to fat us, and we fat ourselves for maggots. Your fat king and your lean beggar is but variable service; two dishes, but to one table. That's the end.

KING. Alas, alas!

HAM. A man may fish with the worm that hath eat of a king, and eat of the fish that hath fed of that worm. [51

KING. What dost thou mean by this?

HAM. Nothing, but to show you how a king may go a progress through the guts of a beggar.

KING. Where is Polonius?

HAM. In heaven; send thither to see: if your messenger find him not there, seek him i' th' other place yourself. But, indeed, if you find him not within [60 this month, you shall nose him as you go up the stairs into the lobby.

KING, *to some Attendants.* Go seek him there.

HAM. He will stay till you come.
[*Exeunt Attendants.*

KING. Hamlet, this deed, for thine especial safety,
Which we do tender,[6] as we dearly grieve
For that which thou hast done, must send thee hence [71
With fiery quickness. Therefore prepare thyself;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' associates tend,[7] and every thing is bent
For England.

HAM. For England!

KING. Ay, Hamlet.

HAM. Good. [80

KING. So is it, if thou knew'st our purposes.

HAM. I see a cherub that sees them. But, come; for England! Farewell, dear mother.

KING. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

HAM. My mother: father and mother is man and wife, man and wife is one flesh, and so, my mother.—Come, for England! [*Exit.* [90

KING. Follow him at foot; tempt him with speed aboard:
Delay it not, I'll have him hence tonight.
Away! for every thing is sealed and done
That else leans on th' affair: pray you, make haste.
[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN. [100
<And, England, if my love thou hold'st at aught—
As my great power thereof may give thee sense,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Danish sword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us—thou mayst not coldly set [110
Our sovereign process, which imports at full,
By letters congruing[8] to that effect,
The present death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectic in my blood he rages,
And thou must cure me. Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.>

[6] cherish. [7] wait.

SCENE IV

On a plain in Denmark that lies along the road that HAMLET *and his companions are taking on their way to the coast,* FORTINBRAS *and his soldiers are marching. A* CAPTAIN *is with* FORTINBRAS.

FOR. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Claims the conveyance of a promised march [11
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,[9]
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do't, my lord.

FOR., *to the troops.* Go softly on.
[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and* SOLDIERS.

[8] So Qq. F has "conjuring."
[9] presence.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

HAM. Good sir, whose powers are these?
CAP. They are of Norway, sir.
HAM. How purposed, sir, I pray you?
CAP. Against some part of Poland.
HAM. Who commands them, sir?
CAP. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.
HAM. Goes it against the main of Poland, sir,
Or for some frontier?
CAP. Truly to speak, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats (five!), I would not farm[10] it;
Nor will it yield to Norway or the Pole A ranker rate, should it be sold in fee.
HAM. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.
CAP. Yes, 'tis already garrisoned.
HAM. Two thousand souls and twenty thousand ducats
Will not debate[11] the question of this straw.
This is th' imposthume of much wealth and peace,
That inward breaks, and shows no cause without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, sir.
CAP. God be wi' you, sir. [*Exit.*
ROS. Will't please you go, my lord?
HAM. I'll be with you straight. Go a little before.
[*Exeunt all except* HAMLET.
How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to sleep and feed? a beast, no more.
Sure he that made us with such large discourse,
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reason
To fust[12] in us unused. Now, whe'r it be
Bestial oblivion, or some craven scruple
Of[13] thinking too precisely on th' event,
A thought, which, quartered, hath but one part wisdom,
And ever three parts coward, I do not know
Why yet I live to say, "This thing's to do;"
Sith I have cause and will and strength and means
To do't. Examples gross as earth exhort me;
Witness this army of such mass and charge
Led by a delicate and tender prince,
Whose spirit with divine ambition puffed
Makes mouths at the invisible event,
Exposing what is mortal and unsure
To all that fortune, death, and danger dare,
Even for an egg-shell. Rightly to be great
Is not to stir without great argument,
But greatly to find quarrel in a straw
When honor's at the stake. How stand I then,
That have a father killed, a mother stained,
Excitements of my reason and my blood,
And let all sleep, while, to my shame, I see
Th' imminent death of twenty thousand men,
That, for a fantasy and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds, fight for a plot
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cause,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the slain? O! from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth! [*Exit.*

[10] lease. [11] determine. [12] grow musty. [13] As a result of.

SCENE V

The unfortunate OPHELIA, *as a result of her accumulation of troubles, has lost her reason. She is desirous of seeing the* QUEEN, *and a* GENTLEMAN *is visiting the*

QUEEN'S *apartments, to induce her to grant an interview.* HORATIO *also is present. A few days have elapsed.*

QUEEN. I will not speak with her.

GENT. She is importunate, indeed distract:

Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would she have?

GENT. She speaks much of her father; says she hears
There's tricks i' th' world; and hems; and beats her heart;
Spurns enviously[14] at straws; speaks things in doubt,
That carry but half sense: her speech is nothing;
Yet the unshapëd use of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks and nods and gestures yield them,
Indeed would make one think there might be thought,
Though nothing sure, yet much unhappily.

HOR. 'Twere good she were spoken with, for she may strew
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.

QUEEN. Let her come in.

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.

<To my sick soul, as sin's true nature is,
Each toy[15] seems prologue to some great amiss:
So full of artless jealousy[16] is guilt,
It spills itself in fearing to be spilt.>

Re-enter GENTLEMAN, *with* OPHELIA.

OPH. Where is the beauteous majesty of Denmark?

QUEEN. How now, Ophelia!

OPH., *singing.*

How should I your true love know
From another one?
By his cockle hat and staff,
And his sandal shoon.

QUEEN. Alas, sweet lady! what imports this song?

OPH. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

[*Singing.*]

He is dead and gone, lady;
He is dead and gone;
At his head a grass-green turf;
At his heels a stone.

O, ho!

QUEEN. Nay, but, Ophelia—

OPH. Pray you, mark.

[*Singing.*]

White his shroud as the mountain snow,—

Enter KING.

QUEEN. Alas! look here, my lord.

OPH., *singing.*

Larded with sweet flowers;
Which bewept to the grave did go
With true-love showers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God 'ild[17] you! They say the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord! we know what we are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

KING. Conceit upon[18] her father.

OPH. Pray you, let's have no words of this; but, when they ask you what it means, say you this:

[*Singing.*]

To-morrow is Saint Valentine's day,
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine;
Then up he rose, and donned his clothes,
And dupped the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

KING. Pretty Ophelia!

OPH. Indeed, la! without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

[*Singing.*]

By Gis and by Saint Charity,
Alack, and fie for shame!
Young men will do 't, if they come to 't;
By Cock, they are to blame.
Quoth she, "Before you tumbled me,
You promised me to wed:"
"So would I ha' done, by yonder sun,
And thou hadst not come to my bed."

KING. How long hath she been thus?

[14] angrily. [15] trifle. [16] suspicion.

[17] reward: contraction for "yield."

[18] The outcome of allowing her thoughts to dwell upon.

OPH. I hope all will be well. We must
e patient: but I cannot choose but
eep, to think they should lay him i'
' cold ground. My brother shall know
it: and so I thank you for your good
unsel. Come, my coach! Good-night,
dies; good-night, sweet ladies; good-
ght, good-night! [*Exit.* [109

KING. Follow her close; give her good
watch, I pray you. [*Exit* HORATIO.
this is the poison of deep grief; it
springs
l from her father's death.—O Gertrude,
Gertrude!
hen sorrows come, they come not single
spies,[19]
ıt in battalions. First, her father
slain; [119
ext, your son gone; but he most violent
author
his own just remove; the people
muddied,
ick and unwholesome in their thoughts
and whispers,
r good Polonius' death (and we have
done but greenly,[20]
hugger-mugger[21] to inter him); poor
Ophelia [129
vided from herself and her fair judg-
ment,
ithout the which we are pictures, or
mere beasts;
st, and as much containing as all these,
er brother is in secret come from
France,
eds on his wonder, keeps himself in
clouds,
d wants not buzzers to infect his ear
ith pestilent speeches of his father's
death; [141
herein necessity, of matter beggared,
ill nothing stick our person to arraign
ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude!
this,
ke to a murdering-piece, in many
places
ves me superfluous death.
[*A noise within.*
QUEEN. Alack! what noise is this? [150

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

KING. Where are my Switzers? Let
them guard the door.
What is the matter?
GEN. Save yourself, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his list,[22]
Eats not the flats with more impetuous
haste
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers. The rabble call
him lord; [161
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, custom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every word,
They cry, "Choose we; Laertes shall be
king!"
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to
the clouds,
"Laertes shall be king, Laertes king!"
QUEEN. How cheerfully on the false
trail they cry! [171
O! this is counter, you false Danish dogs!
KING. The doors are broke.
[*Noise within.*

Enter LAERTES, *armed;* DANES *following.*

LAER. Where is the king?—Sirs, stand
you all without.
DANES. No, let's come in.
LAER. I pray you, give me leave.
DANES. We will, we will. [180
[*They retire without the door.*
LAER. I thank you: keep the door.—O
thou vild king!
Give me my father.
QUEEN, *grasping the young man's arm.*
Calmly, good Laertes.
LAER. That drop of blood that's calm
proclaims me bastard,
Cries cuckold to my father, brands the
harlot [190
Even here, between the chaste un-
smirchëd brow
Of my true mother.
KING. What is the cause, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks so giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our
person:
There's such divinity doth hedge a king,

19 scouts. 20 stupidly. 21 secrecy.
22 limits.

That treason can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,
Why thou art thus incensed.—Let him go, Gertrude.—
Speak, man.

LAER. Where is my father?

KING. Dead.

QUEEN. But not by him.

KING. Let him demand his fill.

LAER. How come he dead? I'll not be juggled with.
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackest devil!
Conscience and grace, to the profoundest pit!
I dare damnation. To this point I stand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come what comes; only I'll be revenged
Most throughly for my father.

KING. Who shall stay you?

LAER. My will; not all the world:
And, for my means, I'll husband them so well,
They shall go far with little.

KING. Good Laertes,
If you desire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, swoopstake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loser?

LAER. None but his enemies.

KING. Will you know them then?

LAER. To his good friends [*making an appropriate gesture*] thus wide I'll ope my arms;
And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,
Repast them with my blood.

KING. Why, now you speak
Like a good child and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltless of your father's death,
And am most sensibly[23] in grief for it,
It shall as level to your judgment pierce
As day does to your eye.

DANES, *within*. Let her come in.

LAER. How now! what noise is that?

Re-enter OPHELIA, *with a basket of flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears seven times salt,
Burn out the sense and virtue[24] of mine eye!
By heaven, thy madness shall be paid by weight,
Till our scale turn the beam.—O rose of May!
Dear maid, kind sister, sweet Ophelia!
O heavens! is't possible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and, where 'tis fine,
It sends some precious instance of itself
After the thing it loves.

OPH., *singing*.

They bore him barefaced on the bier;
Hey non nonny, nonny, hey nonny;
And in his grave rained many a tear—

[*Breaking off suddenly.*] Fare you well my dove!

LAER. Hadst thou thy wits, and did persuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

OPH., *singing*.

You must sing a-down, a-down,
And you call him a-down-a.

O how the wheel becomes it! It is the false steward that stole his master's daughter.

LAER. This nothing's more than matter.[25]

OPH., *dipping her hand into her basket*. There's rosemary; that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember. And there is pansies; that's for thoughts.

LAER. A document[26] in madness, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

OPH., *distributing her gatherings, beginning with the* KING. There's fennel for you, and columbines. [*To the* QUEEN.] There's rue for you; and here's some for me.—We may call it herb of grace a' Sundays.—O! you must wear your rue with a difference.—[*To* LAERTES.] There's a daisy; I would give you some violets, but they withered

[23] feelingly. [24] power. [25] sense. [26] lesson.

all, when my father died. They say he made a good end,—
[*Singing.*]
For bonny sweet Robin is all my joy.
LAER. Thought and affliction, passion,[27] hell itself,
She turns to favor[28] and to prettiness.
OPH., *singing.*
And will he not come again?
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead;
Go to thy death-bed;
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow;
All flaxen was his poll;
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan:
God ha' mercy on his soul!
And of all Christian souls, I pray God.—
God be wi' ye! [*Exit.*
LAER. Do you see this, O God?
KING. Laertes, I must cómmune with your grief,
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wisest friends you will,
And they shall hear and judge 'twixt you and me.
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touched, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in satisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we shall jointly labor with your soul
To give it due content.
LAER. Let this be so:
His means of death, his obscure burial,
No trophy, sword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite nor formal ostentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I must call't in question.
KING. So you shall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you go with me. [*Exeunt.*

[27] sorrow.
[28] sweetness.

SCENE VI

In another room in the castle, a SERVANT *has just told* HORATIO *that an interview is desired with him.*

HOR. What are they that would speak with me?
SERV. Sailors, sir: they say they have letters for you.
HOR. Let them come in.—
[*Exit* SERVANT.
I do not know from what part of the world
I should be greeted, if not from Lord Hamlet.

Enter SAILORS.

1 SAIL. God bless you, sir!
HOR. Let him bless thee too!
2 SAIL. He shall, sir, and't please Him. There's a letter for you, sir—it comes from th' ambassador that was bound for England—if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.
HOR. <"Horatio, when thou shalt have overlooked this, give these fellows some means to the king: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at sea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chase. Finding ourselves too slow of sail, we put on a compelled valor; in the grapple I boarded them: on the instant they got clear of our ship, so I alone became their prisoner. They have dealt with me like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did: I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have sent; and repair thou to me with as much haste as thou wouldst fly death. I have words to speak in thine ear will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter. These good fellows will bring thee where I am. Rosencrantz and Guildenstern hold their course for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.
He that thou knowest thine,
HAMLET.">
Come, I will give you way for these your letters,

And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Scene VII

In the royal apartments, the King *has told* Laertes *something of the circumstances of* Polonius' *death.*

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he which hath your noble father slain
Pursued my life.
Laer. It well appears: but tell me
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As, by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirred up.
King. O! for two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinewed,[29]
But yet to me they are strong. The queen his mother
Lives almost by his looks; and, for myself—
My virtue or my plague, be it either which—
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a public count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces; so that my arrows,
Too slightly timbered for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aimed them.
Laer. And so have I a noble father lost;
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections! But my revenge will come.
King. Break not your sleeps for that: you must not think
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull
That we can let our beard be shook with danger,
And think it pastime. You shortly shall hear more;
I loved your father, and we love ourself
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine—

Enter a Messenger.

How now! what news?
Mess. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet:
This to your majesty; this to the queen.
King. From Hamlet! who brought them?
Mess. Sailors, my lord, they say; I saw them not.
They were given me by Claudio; he received them
Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes, you shall hear them.—
Leave us. [*Exit* Messenger.
"High and mighty, you shall know I am set naked on your kingdom. To-morrow shall I beg leave to see your kingly eyes; when I shall, first asking your pardon thereunto, recount the occasions of my sudden and more strange return. Hamlet."
What should this mean? Are all the rest come back?
Or is it some abuse,[30] and no such thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. "Naked,"
And, in a postscript here, he says "alone."
Can you advise me?

[29] weak.

[30] delusion.

LAER. I'm lost in it, my lord. But let him come:
warms the very sickness in my heart,
hat I shall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus didest thou."
KING. If it be so, Laertes,
s how should it be so? how otherwise?
ill you be ruled by me? [101
LAER. Ay, my lord;
o you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.
KING. To thine own peace. If he be now returned,
s checking at his voyage, and that he means
o more to undertake it, I will work him
o an exploit, now ripe in my device,
nder the which he shall not choose but fall; [111
nd for his death no wind of blame shall breathe,
ut even his mother shall uncharge the practice
nd call it accident.
LAER. My lord, I will be ruled;
ne rather if you could devise it so
nat I might be the organ.
KING. It falls right. [120
ou have been talked of since your travel much,
nd that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
herein, they say, you shine; your sum of parts
id not together pluck such envy from him
s did that one, and that, in my regard,
the unworthiest siege.[31] [130
LAER. What part is that, my lord?
KING. A very riband in the cap of youth,
et needful too; for youth no less becomes
ne light and careless livery that it wears
nan settled age his sables and his weeds,
nporting health and graveness. Two months since [140
ere was a gentleman of Normandy:
've seen myself, and served against, the French,
And they can well on horseback; but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his seat,
And to such wondrous doing brought his horse
As he had been incorpsed and demi- [150
natured
With the brave beast; so far he topped my thought,
That I, in forgery[32] of shapes and tricks,
Come short of what he did.
LAER. A Norman was't?
KING. A Norman.
LAER. Upon my life, Lamord.
KING. The very same.
LAER. I know him well; he is the [160
brooch indeed
And gem of all the nation.
KING. He made confession of you,
And gave you such a masterly report
For art and exercise in your defence,
And for your rapier most especially,
That he cried out, 'twould be a sight indeed
If one could match you; the scrimers[33] of their nation, [170
He swore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you opposed them. Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet so envenom with his envy
That he could nothing do but wish and beg
Your sudden coming o'er, to play with him.
Now, out of this— [180
LAER. What out of this, my lord?
KING. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a sorrow,
A face without a heart?
LAER. Why ask you this?
KING. Not that I think you did not love your father,
But that I know love is begun by time,
And that I see, in passages of proof, [190
Time qualifies the spark and fire of it.
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick or snuff that will abate it,

[31] nature.
[32] invention.
[33] fencers.

And nothing is at a like goodness still;
For goodness, growing to a plurisy,
Dies in his own too-much. That we would do
We should do when we would, for this "would" changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this "should" is like a spendthrift sigh,
That hurts by easing. But, to the quick o' th' ulcer:
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To show yourself your father's son in deed
More than in words?

LAER. To cut his throat—i' th' church.

KING. No place, indeed, should murder sanctuarize;
Revenge should have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep close within your chamber.
Hamlet returned shall know you are come home;
We'll put on those shall praise your excellence,
And set a double varnish on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager on your heads: he, being remiss,
Most generous and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that, with ease
Or with a little shuffling, you may choose
A sword unbated,[34] and, in a pass of practice,
Requite him for your father.

LAER. I will do't;
And, for that purpose, I'll anoint my sword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal that, but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all simples that have virtue
Under the moon, can save the thing from death
That is but scratched withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that, if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.

KING. Let's further think of this;
Weigh what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assayed; therefore this project
Should have a back or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft! let me see;
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings.—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry—
As make your bouts more violent to that end—
And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him
A chalice for the nonce,[35] whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venomed stuck,[36]
Our purpose may hold there.—But stay! what noise?

Enter QUEEN.

How now, sweet queen!

QUEEN. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drowned Laertes.

LAER. Drowned! O, where?

QUEEN. There is a willow grows aslant a brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she come,

[34] not blunted.

[35] occasion. [36] thrust.

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There, on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds [300
Clamb'ring to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up;
Which time she chanted snatches of old tunes, [310
As one incapable [37] of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued [38]
Unto that element; but long it could not be
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death. [319

LAER. Alas! then, she is drowned?

QUEEN. Drowned, drowned.

LAER. Too much of water hast thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears; but yet
It is our trick; [39] nature her custom holds,
Let shame say what it will; when these are gone,
The woman will be out.—Adieu, my lord!
I have a speech of fire, that fain would blaze, [330
But that this folly douts [40] it. [*Exit.*

KING. Let's follow, Gertrude.
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I this will give it start again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

Two GRAVEDIGGERS *enter a churchyard, to prepare* OPHELIA'S *grave, the coroner having decided that the body is to receive Christian burial. It is the day following that of her death.*

1 CLO. Is she to be buried in Christian burial that wilfully seeks her own salvation?

2 CLO. I tell thee she is; and therefore make her grave straight: the [10 crowner hath sat on her, and finds it Christian burial.

1 CLO. How can that be, unless she drowned herself in her own defence?

2 CLO. Why, 'tis found so.

1 CLO. It must be *se offendendo;* [1] it cannot be else. For here lies the point: if I drown myself wittingly it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform: argal,[2] she drowned herself wittingly. [21

2 CLO. Nay, but hear you, goodman, deliver—

1 CLO. Give me leave. Here lies the water; good! here stands the man; good! if the man go to this water, and drown himself, it is, will he, nill [3] he, he goes (mark you that!); but, if the water come to him and drown him, he drowns not himself: argal, he that is not guilty of his own death shortens not his own life. [31

2 CLO. But is this law?

1 CLO. Ay, marry, is't—crowner's quest law.

2 CLO. Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, she should have been buried out of Christian burial.

1 CLO. Why, there thou say'st; and the more pity that great folk should have [40 countenance in this world to drown or hang themselves more than their even Christian.[4] Come, my spade. There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profession.

2 CLO. Was he a gentleman?

1 CLO. He was the first that ever bore arms.

2 CLO. Why, he had none. [50

1 CLO. What! art a heathen? How

[37] insensible. [38] suited.
[39] way. [40] quenches.

[1] The Clown's blunder for "*defendendo.*"
[2] The Clown's blunder for "*ergo.*"
[3] will not.
[4] fellow Christians.

dost thou understand the Scripture? The Scripture says, Adam digged; could he dig without arms? I'll put another question to thee; if thou answerest me not to the purpose, confess thyself—

2 Clo. Go to.

1 Clo. What is he that builds stronger than either the mason, the shipwright, or the carpenter? [60

2 Clo. The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thousand tenants.

1 Clo. I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to those that do ill. Now, thou dost ill to say the gallows is built stronger than the church: argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come. [69

2 Clo. Who builds stronger than a mason, a shipwright, or a carpenter?

1 Clo. Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 Clo. Marry, now I can tell.

1 Clo. To't.

2 Clo. Mass, I cannot tell.

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio *at a distance.*

1 Clo. Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating; and, when you are asked this question next, say, "a [80 grave-maker:" the houses that he makes last till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan; fetch me a stoup of liquor.

[*Exit* Second Clown.

1 Clown, *singing as he digs.*

In youth, when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet,
To contract—[*Ejaculating.*] O!—the time for—[*Ejaculating.*] Ah!—my behove,
O! methought there was nothing meet. [90

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his business, that he sings at grave-making?

Hor. Custom hath made it in him a property of easiness.

Ham. 'Tis e'en so; the hand of little employment hath the daintier sense.

1 Clo., *singing.*

But age, with his stealing steps,
Hath clawed me in his clutch,
And hath shippëd me intil[5] the land,
As if I had never been such.

[*Throws up a skull.*

[5] into.

Ham. That skull had a tongue in it and could sing once; how the knave jowls it to th' ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the first murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this ass now o'er-reaches, one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord. [110

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could say "Good morrow, sweet lord! How dost thou, good lord?" This might be my Lord Such-a-one, that praised my Lord Such-a-one's horse, when he meant to beg it, might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en so; and now my Lady Worm's; chapless, and knocked about the mazzard[6] with a sexton's spade. [120 Here's fine revolution, if we had the trick to see't! Did these bones cost no more the breeding but to play at loggats with 'em! mine ache to think on't.

1 Clo., *singing.*

A pick-axe, and a spade, a spade,
For and a shrouding sheet;
O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

[*Throws up another skull.* [130

Ham. There's another! Why may not that be the skull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits now, his quillets, his cases, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he suffer this rude knave now to knock him about the sconce with a dirty shovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Hum! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his statutes, his recognizances, [140 his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries; is this the fine[7] of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchases —and double ones too—than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyance of his lands will hardly lie in this box, and must the inheritor himself have no more, ha? [150

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

[6] noddle. [7] end.

HAM. Is not parchment made of sheep-skins?

HOR. Ay, my lord, and of calf-skins too.

HAM. They are sheep and calves which seek out assurance in that. I will speak to this fellow.—[*Advancing.*] Whose grave's this, sir?

1 CLO. Mine, sir. [160

[*Singing.*]

O! a pit of clay for to be made
For such a guest is meet.

HAM. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou liest in't.

1 CLO. You lie out on't, sir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't; and yet it is mine.

HAM. Thou dost lie in't, to be in't and say it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou liest. [171

1 CLO. 'Tis a quick lie, sir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

HAM. What man dost thou dig it for?

1 CLO. For no man, sir.

HAM. What woman, then?

1 CLO. For none, neither.

HAM. Who is to be buried in't?

1 CLO. One that was a woman, sir; but, rest her soul, she's dead. [180

HAM. How absolute the knave is! we must speak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the Lord, Horatio, these three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown so picked that the toe of the peasant comes so near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.[8]—How long hast thou been a grave-maker?

1 CLO. Of all the days i' th' year, I came to't that day our last King Hamlet overcame Fortinbras. [191

HAM. How long is that since?

1 CLO. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that; it was the very day that young Hamlet was born—he that is mad, and sent into England.

HAM. Ay, marry; why was he sent into England?

1 CLO. Why, because he was mad: he shall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there. [201

[8] chilblain.

HAM. Why?

1 CLO. 'Twill not be seen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.

HAM. How came he mad?

1 CLO. Very strangely, they say.

HAM. How strangely?

1 CLO. Faith, e'en with losing his wits.

HAM. Upon what ground?

1 CLO. Why, here in Denmark. I [210 have been sexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

HAM. How long will a man lie i' th' earth ere he rot?

1 CLO. Faith, if he be not rotten before he die—as we have many pocky corses now-a-days, that will scarce hold the laying-in—he will last you some eight year or nine year; a tanner will last you nine year. [220

HAM. Why he more than another?

1 CLO. Why, sir, his hide is so tanned with his trade that he will keep out water a great while, and your water is a sore decayer of your whoreson dead body. [*Taking up a skull.*] Here's a skull now; this skull hath lain you in the earth three-and-twenty years.

HAM. Whose was it?

1 CLO. A whoreson mad fellow's it was: whose do you think it was? [231

HAM. Nay, I know not.

1 CLO. A pestilence on him for a mad rogue! a' poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once. This same skull, sir, was Yorick's skull, the king's jester.

HAM. This!

1 CLO. E'en that.

HAM. Let me see ['t]. [*Takes the skull.*]—Alas! poor Yorick.—I knew [240 him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jest, of most excellent fancy; he hath borne me on his back a thousand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at it. Here hung those lips that I have kissed I know not how oft.—Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your songs? your flashes of merriment, that were wont to set the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own [250 grinning? quite chapfallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let

her paint an inch thick, to this favor she must come; make her laugh at that. —Prithee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

HOR. What's that, my lord?

HAM. Dost thou think Alexander looked o' this fashion i' th' earth?

HOR. E'en so.

HAM. And smelt so? pah! [260

[*Puts down the skull.*

HOR. E'en so, my lord.

HAM. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HOR. 'Twere to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAM. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough, [270 and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth into dust; the dust is earth; of earth we make loam, and why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not stop a beer-barrel?

Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay,
Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
O! that that earth, which kept the world in awe, [280
Should patch a wall t'expel the winter's flaw.
But soft! but soft! aside: here comes the king.

[HAMLET *and* HORATIO *step aside, where they may be unseen. Enter* PRIESTS *and others marching in solemn procession, preceding the body of* OPHELIA *carried on a bier,* LAERTES *and other Mourners following. Behind them come the* [290 KING *and* QUEEN, *with their respective trains.*

<The queen, the courtiers! who is that they follow?
And with such maimëd rites? This doth betoken
The corse they follow did with desperate hand
Fordo it[9] own life; 'twas of some estate.
Couch we awhile, and mark.> [300

LAER. What ceremony else?

HAM. <That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: mark.>

LAER. What ceremony else?

1 PRIEST. Her obsequies have been a
far enlarged
As we have warrantise; her death wa
doubtful,
And, but that great command o'ersway
the order, [31
She should in ground unsanctified hav
lodged
Till the last trumpet; for charitabl
prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles should b
thrown on her;
Yet here she is allowed her virgin crants
Her maiden strewments, and the bringing
home
Of bell and burial. [32

LAER. Must there no more be done?

1 PRIEST. No more be done
We should profane the service of th
dead,
To sing sage requiem and such rest to he
As to peace-parted souls.

LAER. Lay her i' th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted flesh
May violets spring! I tell thee, churlis
priest, [33
A minist'ring angel shall my sister be,
When thou liest howling.

HAM. <What! the fair Ophelia!>

[*The body is lowered into the grave*

QUEEN, *scattering flowers.* Sweets t
the sweet: farewell!
I hoped thou shouldst have been m
Hamlet's wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have decked
sweet maid, [34
And not t'have strewed thy grave.

LAER. O! treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that cursëd hea
Whose wicked deed thy most ingeniou
sense
Deprived thee of.—Hold off the earth
awhile,
Till I have caught her once more in min
arms. [*Leaps into the grave*
Now pile your dust upon the quick an
dead, [35
Till of this flat a mountain you hav
made,

[9] its.

To o'er-top old Pelion or the skyish head
Of blue Olympus.
HAM., *advancing*. What is he whose grief
Bears such an emphasis? whose phrase of sorrow
Conjúres the wand'ring stars, and makes them stand [361
Like wonder-wounded hearers? This is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the grave.*
LAER. The devil take thy soul! [*Grapples with him.*
HAM. Thou pray'st not well.
I prithee take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not splenetive[10] and rash
Yet have I in me something dangerous,
Which let thy wisdom fear. Away [371 thy hand!
KING. Pluck them asunder!
QUEEN. Hamlet! Hamlet!
ALL. Gentlemen!
HOR. Good my lord, be quiet.
[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the grave.*
HAM. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme [380
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.
QUEEN. O my son! what theme?
HAM. I loved Ophelia: forty thousand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love,
Make up my sum.—What wilt thou do for her?
KING. O! he is mad, Laertes.
QUEEN. For love of God, forbear him.
HAM. 'Swounds, show me what thou'lt do: [391
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel?[11] eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her; and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw [399
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart! Nay, and thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
QUEEN. This is mere madness;
And thus a while the fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are [410 disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping.
HAM. Hear you, sir;
What is the reason that you use me thus?
I loved you ever: but it is no matter;
Let Hercules himself do what he may,
The cat will mew and dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
KING. I pray you, good Horatio, [420 wait upon him. [*Exit* HORATIO.
[*To* LAERTES.] <Strengthen your patience in our last night's speech;
We'll put the matter to the present push.>
Good Gertrude, set some watch over your son.
[*To* LAERTES.] This grave shall have a living[12] monument. [429
<An hour of quiet shortly shall we see;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.>
[*Exeunt.*

[10] easily moved to anger.
[11] vinegar.

SCENE II

Not till HAMLET *and* HORATIO *have entered the great hall in the castle does the former proceed to tell his friend the story of his escape from the* KING'S *plot against his life.*

HAM. So much for this, sir: now shall you see the other!
You do remember all the circumstance?
HOR. Remember it, my lord?
HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a [10 kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought I lay
Worse than the mutines in the bilboes.[13] Rashly—
And praised be rashness for it; let us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,

[12] lasting.
[13] Mutineers in their joint fetters.

When our deep plots do pall; and that should teach us
There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.
HOR. That is most certain.
HAM. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarfed [14] about me, in the dark
Groped I to find out them, had my desire,
Fingered their packet, and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold—
My fears forgetting manners—to unseal
Their grand commission; where I found, Horatio,
O royal knavery! an exact command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! such bugs [15] and goblins in my life,
That, on the supervise,[16] no leisure bated,[17]
No, not to stay the grinding of the axe,
My head should be struck off.
HOR. Is't possible?
HAM., *handing* HORATIO *a paper*. Here's the commission: read it at more leisure.
But wilt thou hear me how I did proceed?
HOR. I beseech you.
HAM. Being thus be-netted round with villanies—
Ere I could make a prologue to my brains
They had begun the play—I sat me down,
Devised a new commission, wrote it fair.
(I once did hold it, as our statists [18] do,
A baseness to write fair, and labored much
How to forget that learning; but, sir, now
It did me yeoman's service.) Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?
HOR. Ay, good my lord.

[14] thrown on carelessly.
[15] bugbears.
[16] reading.
[17] allowed.
[18] statesmen,

HAM. An earnest conjuration from the king—
As England was his faithful tributary,
As love between them like the palm should flourish,
As peace should still her wheaten garland wear,
And stand a comma 'tween their amities,
And many such-like "as"es of great charge—
That, on the view and knowing of these contents,
Without debatement further, more or less,
He should the bearers put to sudden death,
Not shriving-time allowed.
HOR. How was this sealed?
HAM. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant.
I had my father's signet in my purse,
Which was the model of that Danish seal;
Folded the writ up in form of the other,
Subscribed it, gave't th' impression, placed it safely,
The changeling never known. Now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.
HOR. So Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to't.
HAM. Why, man, they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Does by their own insinuation [19] grow.
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass [20] and fell incensëd points
Of mighty opposites.[21]
HOR. Why, what a king is this!
HAM. Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon—[22]
He that hath killed my king and whored my mother,
Popped in between th' election and my hopes,

[19] meddling.
[20] thrust.
[21] adversaries.
[22] behove me.

Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage—is't not perfect conscience
To quit him with this arm? and is't [120 not to be damned
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

HOR. It must be shortly known to him from England
What is the issue of the business there.

HAM. It will be short: the interim is mine;
And a man's life's no more than to say "One;" [130
But I am very sorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forget myself;
For, by the image of my cause, I see
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favors;
But, sure, the bravery[23] of his grief did put me
Into a tow'ring passion.

HOR. Peace! who comes here? [139

Enter OSRIC, *a young dandy, of very affected speech.*

OSR., *raising his hat.* Your lordship is right welcome back to Denmark.

HAM. I humbly thank you, sir. [*To* HORATIO.] <Dost know this water-fly?

HOR. No, my good lord.

HAM. Thy state is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him. He hath much land, and fertile. Let a beast be [149 lord of beasts, and his crib shall stand at the king's mess: 'tis a chough; but, as I say, spacious in the possession of dirt.>

OSR. Sweet lord, if your lordship were at leisure, I should impart a thing to you from his majesty.

HAM. I would receive it, sir, with all diligence of spirit. Your bonnet to his right use; 'tis for the head. [159

OSR. I thank your lordship; 'tis very hot.

HAM. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

OSR. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

[23] ostentatious display.

HAM. But yet methinks it is very sultry and hot for my complexion.

OSR. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very sultry, as 'twere; I cannot tell how. [169 But, my lord, his majesty bade me signify to you that he has laid a great wager on your head. Sir, this is the matter—

HAM., *again urging him to put on his hat.* I beseech you, remember—

OSR. Nay, in good faith; for mine ease, in good faith. Sir, here is newly come to court Laertes; believe me, an absolute gentleman, full of most excellent differences,[24] of very soft society and great showing; indeed, to speak feelingly of [180 him, he is the card or calendar of gentry, for you shall find in him the continent[25] of what part a gentleman would see.

HAM., *copying and caricaturing* OSRIC's *affected diction.* Sir, his definement suffers no perdition in you; though, I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetic of memory, and yet but yaw neither, in respect of his quick sail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take [190 him to be a soul of great article; and his infusion[26] of such dearth and rareness, as, to make true diction of him, his semblable is his mirror; and who else would trace him, his umbrage,[27] nothing more.

OSR. Your lordship speaks most infallibly of him.

HAM. The concernancy,[28] sir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath? [200

OSR. Sir?

HOR. Is't not possible to understand in another tongue? You will do't, sir, really.

HAM. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

OSR. Of Laertes?

HOR. His purse is empty already; all's golden words are spent.

HAM. Of him, sir. [210

OSR. I know you are not ignorant—

HAM. I would you did, sir; in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me. Well, sir.

[24] unique qualities.
[25] sum.
[26] endowment.
[27] shadow.
[28] purpose.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is—

Ham. I dare not confess that, lest I should compare with him in excellence; but, to know a man well, were to know himself.

Osr. I mean, sir, for his weapon; but, in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but, well.

Osr. The king, sir, hath wagered with him six Barbary horses; against the which he has imponed,[29] as I take it, six French rapiers and poniards, with their assigns, as girdle, hangers, and so. Three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very responsive to the hilts, most delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew you must be edified by the margent,[30] ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phrase would be more german to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our sides; I would it might be hangers till then. But on; six Barbary horses against six French swords, their assigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet against the Danish. Why is this "imponed," as you call it?

Osr. The king, sir, hath laid, that in a dozen passes between yourself and him, he shall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordship would vouchsafe the answer.

Ham. How if I answer "no"?

Osr. I mean, my lord, the opposition of your person in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall; if it please his majesty, 'tis the breathing time[31] of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpose, I will win for him an I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my shame and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I re-deliver you so?

Ham. To this effect, sir; after what flourish your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordship.

Ham. Yours, yours. [*Exit* Osric.] He does well to commend it himself; there are no tongues else for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the shell on his head.

Ham. He did comply[32] with his dug before he sucked it. Thus has he—and many more of the same bevy that I know the drossy age dotes on—only got the tune of the time and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yesty[33] collection which carries them through and through the most fond and winnowed opinions; and, do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his majesty commended him to you by young Osric, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am constant to my purposes; they follow the king's pleasure: if his fitness[34] speaks, mine is ready; now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen desires you to use some gentle entertainment to Laertes before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me.

[*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart; but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

29 staked.
30 instructed by the marginal notes.
31 time for athletic exercise.
32 compliment.
33 frothy.
34 convenience.

HAM. It is but foolery; but it is such
a kind of gain-giving [35] as would perhaps
trouble a woman.
HOR. If your mind dislike any thing,
obey it; I will forestal their repair hither,
and say you are not fit.
HAM. Not a whit; we defy augury;
there's a special providence in the fall
of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not [320
to come; if it be not to come, it will be
now; if it be not now, yet it will come:
the readiness is all. Since no man has
aught of what he leaves, what is't to
leave betimes? Let be.

Enter KING, QUEEN, LAERTES, *Lords*, OSRIC, *and Attendants with foils, &c.*

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take
this hand from me. [329
The KING *puts the hand of* LAERTES
into that of HAMLET.
HAM. Give me your pardon, sir; I've
done you wrong;
Pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows,
And you must needs have heard, how I
am punished
With sore distraction. What I have
done,
That might your nature, honor, and [340
exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was mad-
ness.
Was't Hamlet wronged Laertes? Never
Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself does wrong
Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not; Hamlet denies
it. [350
Who does it then? His madness. If't
be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wronged;
His madness is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir, in this audience,
Let my disclaiming from a purposed evil
Free me so far in your most generous
thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the
house, [360
And hurt my brother.
LAER. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me
most
To my revenge; but in my terms of
honor
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement,
Till by some elder masters, of known
honor,
I have a voice and precedent of peace, [370
To keep my name ungored; but, till that
time,
I do receive your offered love like love,
And will not wrong it.
HAM. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly
play.—
Give us the foils. Come on.
LAER. Come, one for me.
HAM. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in [380
mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' th' darkest
night,
Stick fiery off indeed.
LAER. You mock me, sir.
HAM. No, by this hand.
KING. Give them the foils, young
Osric.—Cousin Hamlet,
You know the wager?
HAM. Very well, my lord; [390
Your Grace hath laid the odds o' th'
weaker side.
KING. I do not fear it; I have seen you
both;
But, since he is bettered, we have there-
fore odds.
LAER. This is too heavy; let me see
another.
HAM. This likes me well.—These foils
have all a length? [400
OSR. Ay, my good lord.
[*They prepare to play.*
KING. Set me the stoups of wine upon
that table.
If Hamlet give the first or second hit,
Or quit in answer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance
fire;
The king shall drink to Hamlet's better
breath; [410

[35] misgiving.

And in the cup an union[36] shall he throw,
Richer than that which four successive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle[37] to the trumpets speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth, [420
"Now the king drinks to Hamlet!" Come, begin;
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

HAM. Come on, sir.

LAER. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

HAM. One!

LAER. No!

HAM. Judgment!

OSR. A hit, a very palpable hit!

LAER. Well; again. [420

KING. Stay; give me drink.—[*Pretending to drop a pearl into the cup, but actually dropping in poison.*] Hamlet, this pearl is thine;
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets sound; and cannon shot off within.*

HAM. I'll play this bout first; set it by awhile.
Come.—[*They play.*] Another hit!—What say you? [441

LAER. A touch, a touch, I do confess.

KING. Our son shall win.

QUEEN, *proffering an excuse for* LAERTES.[38] He's fat, and scant of breath.
Here, Hamlet, take my napkin,[39] rub thy brows;
The queen carouses to thy fortune, Hamlet. [450

HAM. Good madam!

KING, *hastily.* Gertrude, do not drink.

QUEEN. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.

KING. <It is the poisoned cup! it is too late.>

HAM. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

QUEEN. Come, let me wipe thy face. [459

LAER., *to the* KING, *while the* QUEEN *wipes* HAMLET'S *face.* <My lord, I'll hit him now.

KING. I do not think't.>

LAER. <And yet 'tis almost 'gainst my conscience.>

HAM. Come, for the third, Laertes. You but dally;
I pray you pass with your best violence.
I am afeard you make a wanton of me.

LAER. Say you so? come on. [*They play.*

OSR. Nothing, neither way. [471

LAER. Have at you now.

[LAERTES *wounds* HAMLET; *then, in scuffling, they change rapiers, and* HAMLET *wounds* LAERTES.

KING. Part them! they are incensed.

HAM. Nay, come, again. [*The* QUEEN *falls.*

OSR. Look to the queen there, ho!

HOR. They bleed, on both sides.—How is't, my lord? [481

OSR. How is't, Laertes?

LAER. Why, as a woodcock to mine own springe, Osric;
I am justly killed with mine own treachery.

HAM. How does the queen?

KING. She swounds to see them bleed.

QUEEN. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet! [490
The drink, the drink; I am poisoned. [*Dies.*

HAM. O villany! Ho! let the door be locked:
Treachery! seek it out. [LAERTES *falls.*

LAER. It is here, Hamlet. Hamlet, thou art slain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good; [499
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous instrument is in thy hand,
Unbated and envenomed. The foul practice
Hath turned itself on me; lo! here I lie,
Never to rise again. Thy mother's poisoned..
I can no more. The king, the king's to blame. [509

[36] an orient pearl. [37] kettle-drum.
[38] This is invariably, but most unreasonably, treated as referring to Hamlet, and a false conception of him has been created accordingly.
[39] handkerchief.

HAM. The point envenomed too!—
Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* KING.
ALL. Treason! treason!
KING. O! yet defend me, friends; I am but hurt.
HAM. Here, thou incestuous, murd'rous, damnëd Dane,
Drink off this potion;—is thy union here?
Follow my mother. [*The* KING *dies.*
LAER. He is justly served:
It is a poison tempered by himself.
Exchange forgiveness with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*
HAM. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.—
I am dead, Horatio.—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time—as this fell sergeant, death,
Is strict in his arrest—O! I could tell you—
But let it be.—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'st; report me and my cause aright
To the unsatisfied.
HOR. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane:
Here's yet some liquor left.
HAM. As th' art a man,
[*Struggling with him for it*] Give me the cup: let go; by heaven, I'll have't.—
O God! Horatio, what a wounded name,
Things standing thus unknown, shall live behind me.
If thou didst ever hold me in thy heart,
Absent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harsh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my story.
[*March afar off, and shot within.*
What warlike noise is this?
OSR. Young Fortinbras, with conquest come from Poland,
To the ambassadors of England gives
This warlike volley.
HAM. O! I die, Horatio;
The potent poison quite o'er-crows my spirit:
I cannot live to hear the news from England;
But I do prophesy th' election lights
On Fortinbras: he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents, more and less,
Which have solicited.—The rest is silence.
[*Dies.*
HOR. Now cracks a noble heart. Goodnight, sweet prince,
And flights of angels sing thee to thy rest!—
Why does the drum come hither?
[*March within.*

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the English* AMBASSADORS, *and Others.*

FORT. Where is this sight?
HOR. What is it ye would see?
If aught of woe or wonder, cease your search.
FORT. This quarry cries on havoc. O proud death!
What feast is toward in thine eternal cell,
That thou so many princes at a shot
So bloodily hast struck?
1 AMB. The sight is dismal;
And our affairs from England come too late.
The ears are senseless that should give us hearing,
To tell him his commandment is fulfilled,
That Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are dead.—
Where should we have our thanks?
HOR. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you.
He never gave commandment for their death.
But since, so jump upon this bloody question,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,

Are here arrived, give order that these bodies
High on a stage be placëd to the view;
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world
How these things came about: so shall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts,
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters; [619
Of deaths put on by cunning and forced cause,
And, in the upshot, purposes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads; all this can I
Truly deliver.

FORT. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the noblest to the audience.
For me, with sorrow I embrace my fortune; [629
I have some rights of memory[40] in this kingdom,
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

HOR. Of that I shall have also cause t
speak,
And from his mouth whose voice wi
draw on more:
But let this same be presently performed
Even while men's minds are wild, les
more mischance [64
On plots and errors happen.

FORT. Let four captain
Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to the stage
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have proved most royally: and, fo
his passage,[41]
The soldiers' music and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him.
Take up the body: such a sight as this
Becomes the field, but here shows muc
amiss.— [65
Go, bid the soldiers shoot.

[*A dead marck. Exeunt, bearing off th
bodies; after which a peal o
ordnance is shot off.*

[40] remembered rights.

[41] passing.

TWELFTH NIGHT

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

The first mention we have of what there is good reason to regard as the finest of Shakespeare's comedies is in the diary of John Manningham, who saw it given in the Middle Temple, Candlemas, 1601–2. It is therefore generally dated 1601–2; and, indeed, if it was acted there by the King's men, it is most likely to have been a new play; but, if it was acted by members of the Temple, we may be sure that it was not new. It is invariably given a date subsequent to 1598, because it is not named by Meres; but in connection therewith there are two or three matters to be taken into consideration. Meres affected balance; and here he sets off six Shakespeare comedies by the same number of what he is pleased to call tragedies, under which heading he includes anything he is not inclined to class as comedy. We are not therefore to suppose that up to the publication of Meres' book Shakespeare had written just six comedies and just six other plays. In any case, Meres did not pretend to list the whole of Shakespeare's plays. Moreover, the list is quite likely to have been made out twelve months before publication and not to have been altered to include later productions. There is more than one famous comedy not named by Meres that almost certainly existed in some form prior to the publication of his book; and "Twelfth Night" is one of the number.

Besides this, there is the possibility of its being the "Love's Labour's Won" which appears in the list. This is variously supposed to be a lost play, as is entirely probable; to be an extension of the name "Love's Labour's Lost" or part of the name of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," both these views being rendered absurd by Meres' use of the significant little word "his," which serves to distinguish this unknown play from the one that precedes it and from the one that follows it. Others suppose it to be "As You Like It," where there is much love, but little labor of love; to be "The Tempest," a view which has nothing whatever to recommend it; to be "The Taming of the Shrew," which is assuredly only partly Shakespeare's, even in its revised form, and so would probably not have been included by Meres, and is, moreover, unfitting, as being a play into the main plot of which love scarcely enters; to be "Much Ado," for which a somewhat strained case was made out by Brae, the scheme of the play not altogether atoning for the inappropriateness of the suggested title; or to be iden-

tical with "All's Well," a view that has much more to recommend it than any of the others mentioned, save only that which assumes the play to have been lost. There is no other existing Shakespearean play which the title of "Love's Labour's Won" would so well fit as "All's Well;" but it cannot be said to be in any way a parallel play to "Love's Labour's Lost," as the mysterious "Love's Labour's Won" is assumed to have been. It is strange that the claims of "Twelfth Night" to consideration have been overlooked. It has more than one point of contact with "Love's Labour's Lost," and "Love's Labour's Won" would be a fairly suitable, if somewhat ironical, title. The question is at least worthy of consideration.

But what reason is there to believe "Twelfth Night" an early play? Unless it was, its identification with "Love's Labour's Won" is utterly out of the question. Now, there is indeed a reference to an early date; but it is to one so early that it has frightened timid scholars from considering it at all. It occurs in III 1—a very clear allusion to Tarlton, the clown, whose house was the Tabor, beside St. Benet's Church, in Gracious Street. As the famous clown died in 1588, this passage cannot date later than that year. The reference by Feste to the Pythagorean theory also points to an early date, since the theory was revived in England by Giordano Bruno during his stay from 1583 to 1585. There are also marked similarities of plot and incident to such early plays as "The Two Gentlemen" and "The Comedy of Errors" (which, almost certainly, in its original form dates from no later than 1588). But, though it is thus reasonable to suppose an early basis, the play, as it stands, is almost wholly of later date, somewhere around 1601. In III 2 there is an allusion to a map published in 1599 and what is apparently a reference to the much later baiting of Ralegh by Coke at the former's trial. There is nothing improbable about late interpolations having been made, for the play did not see publication till the issue of the folio of 1623. These late inclusions are not worth much notice; and what is left of the early work is small in quantity, consisting of some rhyming matter in III 1 and V and probably some prose.

There are, however, many indications that there has been revision. The unexplained difficulty between Malvolio and the unnamed Sea-captain was in all probability properly accounted for in the original version; Orsino's title is sometimes "duke" and sometimes "count;" the three days of the early part of the play become three months in the closing act; at first Sebastian and Viola are twins, but in V they are not, neither Sebastian nor Viola being aware, when they are speaking of her birthday, that it is his birthday also; in II 5 Fabian takes the place that was to have been the Clown's; and Fabian explains (falsely) in the final scene that he and Toby had conceived the trick

which was played on Malvolio. All these circumstances serve to show that the play has undergone considerable alteration. The failure to account for the presence of Antonio in Olivia's orchard in III 5, on the other hand, does not necessarily imply alteration: it may mean nothing more than an author's carelessness. It may be worth while to mention that Capilet is given in III 5 as the name for a horse linking up with "Romeo and Juliet," just as the name Faulconbridge in "The Merchant of Venice" links up with "John;" that in III 1 there is an allusion to "Troilus and Cressida;" and that the play's sub-title, "What You Will," is the title of a play by Marston (dating probably from 1600–1), pointing to the probability of Malvolio's being, as Fleay suggested, a caricature of Marston. The name suggests Malevole of "The Malcontent;" and that implies a date of late 1601 or 1601–2.

In Viola we have one of the most delightful of Shakespeare's women; but it is not to the romantic figures of the play that our memories turn, but to the comic ones, to the roistering Sir Toby, the fatuous Sir Andrew Aguecheek, the witty and malicious Maria, the wise singing jester Feste, and, above all, the proudly Puritanical Malvolio. Of all the plays of gulling on a small scale (as contrasted with the large-scale gulling of Jonson's two tremendous comedies), there is none other so delightful as "Twelfth Night;" and it is not surprising that the misfortunes of Malvolio make a clearer impression on the memory than do the love-affairs of Olivia and Viola and the Duke.

The source of the main plot is Rich's "Apolonius and Silla;" the comic underplot is probably of Shakespeare's own invention.

CHARACTERS

ORSINO, *Duke of Illyria.*
SEBASTIAN, *Brother to Viola.*
ANTONIO, *a Sea Captain, Friend to Sebastian.*
A SEA CAPTAIN, *Friend to Viola.*
VALENTINE, CURIO } *Gentlemen attending on the Duke.*
SIR TOBY BELCH, *Uncle to Olivia.*
SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.
MALVOLIO, *Steward to Olivia.*
FABIAN.
FESTE, *a Clown*, ANOTHER CLOWN } *Servants to Olivia.*
OLIVIA, *a rich Countess.*
VIOLA.
MARIA, *Olivia's Woman.*
Lords, Priests, Sailors, Officers, Musicians, and other Attendants.

PLACE: *Illyria.*
TIME: *Indefinite.*

TWELFTH NIGHT; OR, WHAT YOU WILL

ACT ONE

Scene I

Orsino, Duke of Illyria, *is deep in love with* Olivia, *who has rejected all his advances. In one of the rooms of his palace, musicians are doing their best to soothe his troubled spirit.* Curio *and other Lords are with him.*

Duke. If music be the food of love, play on;
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,
The appetite may sicken, and so die.—
That strain again! it had a dying fall:
O! it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing and giving odor.—Enough! no more:
[Music ceases.
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.
O spirit of love! how quick and fresh art thou,
That, notwithstanding thy capacity
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,
But falls into abatement and low price,
Even in a minute: so full of shapes is fancy,[1]
That it alone is high fantastical.

Cur. Will you go hunt, my lord?

Duke. What, Curio?

Cur. The hart.

Duke. Why, so I do, the noblest that I have.
O! when mine eyes did see Olivia first,
Methought she purged the air of pestilence.
That instant was I turned into a hart;
And my desires, like fell and cruel hounds,
E'er since pursue me.

Enter Valentine.

How now! what news from her?

Val. So please my lord, I might not be admitted,
But from her handmaid do return this answer:
The element[2] itself, till seven years' heat,
Shall not behold her face at ample view;
But, like a cloistress, she will veilëd walk,
And water once a day her chamber round
With eye-offending brine: all this, to season
A brother's dead love, which she would keep fresh
And lasting in her sad remembrance.

Duke. O! she that hath a heart of that fine frame
To pay this debt of love but to a brother,
How will she love, when the rich golden shaft
Hath killed the flock of all affections else
That live in her; when liver, brain, and heart,
These sovereign thrones, are all supplied, and filled
Her sweet perfectiöns with one self king.
Away before me to sweet beds of flowers;
Love-thoughts lie rich when canopied with bow'rs.
[Exeunt.

Scene II

Sebastian *and his sister* Viola *have been wrecked upon the Illyrian coast.* Viola *has come ashore with the* Captain *and Sailors; but what has become of* Sebastian *is unknown.*

Vio. What country, friends, is this?

Cap. This is Illyria, lady.

Vio. And what should I do in Illyria?
My brother he is in Elysium.
Perchance he is not drowned: what think you, sailors?

[1] love.

[2] sky.

CAP. It is perchance that you yourself were saved.
VIO. O my poor brother! and so perchance may he be.
CAP. True, madam: and, to comfort you with chance,
Assure yourself, after our ship did split,
When you and those poor number saved with you
Hung on our driving boat, I saw your brother,
Most provident in peril, bind himself—
Courage and hope both teaching him the practice—
To a strong mast that lived upon the sea;
Where, like Arion on the dolphin's back,
I saw him hold acquaintance with the waves
So long as I could see.
VIO. For saying so, there's gold.
Mine own escape unfoldeth to my hope,
Whereto thy speech serves for authority,
The like of him. Know'st thou this country?
CAP. Ay, madam, well; for I was bred and born
Not three hours' travel from this very place.
VIO. Who governs here?
CAP. A noble duke, in nature as in name.
VIO. What is his name?
CAP. Orsino.
VIO. Orsino! I have heard my father name him:
He was a bachelor then.
CAP. And so is now, or was so very late;
For but a month ago I went from hence,
And then 'twas fresh in murmur—as, you know,
What great ones do the less will prattle of—
That he did seek the love of fair Olivia.
VIO. What's she?
CAP. A virtuous maid, the daughter of a count
That died some twelvemonth since; then leaving her
In the protection of his son, her brother,
Who shortly also died; for whose dear love,
They say, she hath abjured the company
And sight of men.
VIO. O! that I served that lady,
And might not be delivered[3] to the world,
Till I had made mine own occasion mellow,
What my estate is.
CAP. That were hard to compass,
Because she will admit no kind of suit—
No, not the duke's.
VIO. There is a fair behavior in thee, captain;
And, though that nature with a beauteous wall
Doth oft close in pollution, yet of thee
I well believe thou hast a mind that suits
With this thy fair and outward character.
I prithee—and I'll pay thee bounteously—
Conceal me what I am, and be my aid
For such disguise as haply shall become
The form of my intent. I'll serve this duke:
Thou shalt present me as an eunuch to him.
It may be worth thy pains; for I can sing
And speak to him in many sorts of music
That will allow me very worth his service.
What else may hap to time I will commit;
Only shape thou thy silence to my wit.
CAP. Be you his eunuch, and your mute I'll be:
When my tongue blabs, then let mine eyes not see.
VIO. I thank thee: lead me on.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the house of OLIVIA, *her drunken uncle,* SIR TOBY BELCH, *is taken to task by* MARIA *for his dissolute behavior.*

SIR TO. What a plague means my niece, to take the death of her brother thus? I am sure care's an enemy to life.

[3] discovered.

MAR. By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights: your cousin, my lady, takes great exceptions to your ill hours. [10

SIR TO. Why, let her except before excepted.

MAR. Ay, but you must confine yourself within the modest limits of order.

SIR TO. Confine! I'll confine myself no finer than I am. These clothes are good enough to drink in, and so be these boots too: and they be not, let them hang themselves in their own straps. [19

MAR. That quaffing and drinking will undo you: I heard my lady talk of it yesterday; and of a foolish knight that you brought in one night here to be her wooer.

SIR TO. Who? Sir Andrew Agueche ek?

MAR. Ay, he.

SIR TO. He's as tall [4] a man as any's in Illyria.

MAR. What's that to the purpose? [30

SIR TO. Why, he has three thousand ducats a year.

MAR. Ay, but he'll have but a year in all these ducats: he's a very fool and a prodigal.

SIR TO. Fie, that you'll say so! he plays o' th' viol-de-gamboys, and speaks three or four languages, word for word, without book, and hath all the good gifts of nature. [40

MAR. He hath indeed, almost natural; [5] for, besides that he's a fool, he's a great quarreller; and, but that he hath the gift of a coward to allay the gust [6] he hath in quarrelling, 'tis thought among the prudent he would quickly have the gift of a grave.

SIR TO. By this hand, they are scoundrels and substractors that say so of him. Who are they? [50

MAR. They that add, moreover, he's drunk nightly—in your company.

SIR TO. With drinking healths to my niece. I'll drink to her as long as there is a passage in my throat and drink in Illyria. He's a coward and a coystril, that will not drink to my niece till his brains turn o' th' toe like a parish-top. What, wench! *Castiliano vulgo!* for here comes Sir Andrew Agueface. [60

SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK *comes tripping in.*

SIR AND. Sir Toby Belch! how now, Sir Toby Belch!

SIR TO. Sweet Sir Andrew!

SIR AND. Bless you, fair shrew.

MAR. And you too, sir.

SIR TO. Accost, Sir Andrew, accost.

SIR AND. What's that?

SIR TO. My niece's chambermaid. [70

SIR AND. Good Mistress Accost, I desire better acquaintance.

MAR. My name is Mary, sir.

SIR AND. Good Mistress Mary Accost,—

SIR TO. You mistake, knight: "accost" is, front her, board her, woo her, assail her.

SIR AND. By my troth, I would not undertake her in this company. Is that [80 the meaning of "accost"?

MAR. Fare you well, gentlemen.

SIR TO. And thou let her part so, Sir Andrew, would thou mightst never draw sword again!

SIR AND. And you part so, mistress, I would I might never draw sword again. Fair lady, do you think you have fools in hand? [89

MAR. I have not you by th' hand.

SIR AND. Marry, but you shall have; and here's my hand.

MAR. Now, sir, "thought is free:" I pray you, bring your hand to th' buttery-bar and let it drink.

SIR AND. Wherefore, sweetheart? what's your metaphor?

MAR. It's dry, sir.

SIR AND. Why, I think so: I am not such an ass but I can keep my hand [100 dry. But what's your jest?

MAR. A dry jest, sir.

SIR AND. Are you full of them?

MAR. Ay, sir, I have them at my fingers' ends: marry, now I let go your hand, I am barren. [*Exit.*

[4] brave. [5] an idiot. [6] taste.

Sir To. O knight! thou lackest a cup of canary: when did I see thee so put down? [109

Sir And. Never in your life, I think; unless you see canary put me down. Methinks sometimes I have no more wit than a Christian or an ordinary man has; but I am a great eater of beef, and I believe that does harm to my wit.

Sir To. No question.

Sir And. And I thought that, I'd forswear it. I'll ride home to-morrow, Sir Toby. [119

Sir To. *Pourquoi*,[7] my dear knight?

Sir. And. What is *"pourquoi"?* do or not do? I would I had bestowed that time in the tongues that I have in fencing, dancing, and bear-baiting. O, had I but followed the arts!

Sir To. Then hadst thou had an excellent head—of hair.

Sir And. Why, would that have mended my hair? [129

Sir To. Past question; for thou seest it will not curl by nature.

Sir And. But it becomes me well enough, does't not?

Sir To. Excellent; it hangs like flax on a distaff, and I hope to see a housewife take thee between her legs and spin it off.

Sir And. Faith, I'll home to-morrow, Sir Toby: your niece will not be seen; or, if she be, it's four to one she'll [140 none of me. The count himself here hard by woos her.

Sir To. She'll none o' th' count; she'll not match above her degree, neither in estate, years, nor wit; I have heard her swear it. Tut, there's life in't, man.

Sir And. I'll stay a month longer. I am a fellow o' th' strangest mind i' th' world; I delight in masques and revels sometimes altogether. [150

Sir To. Art thou good at these kickchawses,[8] knight?

Sir And. As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he be, under the degree of my betters: and yet I will not compare with an old man.

[7] why.
[8] kickshaws.

Sir To. What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

Sir And. Faith, I can cut a caper. [159

Sir To. And I can cut the mutton to't.

Sir And. And I think I have the back-trick simply as strong as any man in Illyria.

Sir To. Wherefore are these things hid? wherefore have these gifts a curtain before 'em? are they like to take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? why dost thou not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a coranto? My very walk should be a jig. I would not so much [170 as make water but in a sink-a-pace.[9] What dost thou mean? is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think, by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed under the star of a galliard.

Sir And. Ay, 'tis strong, and it does indifferent well in a flame-colored stock.[10] Shall we set about some revels?

Sir To. What shall we do else? were we not born under Taurus? [180

Sir And. Taurus! that's sides and heart.

Sir To. No, sir, it is legs and thighs. Let me see thee caper. [Sir Andrew *dances.*] Ha! higher. [Sir Andrew *dances more vigorously.*] Ha, ha! excellent! [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Three days have passed since the events of the three preceding scenes. Viola, *disguised as a boy, calling herself* Cesario, *has had no trouble in obtaining employment with the* Duke, *and is already high in his favor and deep in his confidence. She is in talk with* Valentine *in one of the rooms of the palace.*

Val. If the duke continue these favors toward you, Cesario, you are like to be [10 much advanced: he hath known you but three days, and already you are no stranger.

Vio. You either fear his humor or my negligence, that you call in question the

[9] The *cinque-pas*, a dance. The galliard, the coranto, and the jig are also dances.
[10] stocking.

continuance of his love. Is he inconstant, sir, in his favors?

VAL. No, believe me.

VIO. I thank you. Here comes the count. [20

Enter DUKE, CURIO, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. Who saw Cesario? ho!

VIO. On your attendance, my lord; here.

DUKE. Stand you awhile aloof.—Cesario,
Thou know'st no less but all; I have unclasped
To thee the book even of my secret soul:
Therefore, good youth, address thy gait untó her, [31
Be not denied access, stand at her doors,
And tell them, there thy fixëd foot shall grow
Till thou have audience.

VIO. Sure, my noble lord,
If she be so abandoned to her sorrow
As it is spoke, she never will admit me.

DUKE. Be clamorous, and leap all civil bounds [40
Rather than make unprofited return.

VIO. Say I do speak with her, my lord, what then?

DUKE. O! then unfold the passion of my love;
Surprise her with discourse of my dear faith:
It shall become thee well to act my woes;
She will attend it better in thy youth
Than in a nuncio's of more grave aspéct.

VIO. I think not so, my lord. [51

DUKE. Dear lad, believe it;
For they shall yet belie thy happy years
That say thou art a man: Diana's lip
Is not more smooth and rubious; thy small pipe
Is as the maiden's organ, shrill and sound; [11]
And all is semblative a woman's part.
I know thy constellation is right apt [60
For this affair.—Some four or five attend him.—
All, if you will; for I myself am best
When least in company. Prosper well in this,
And thou shalt live as freely as thy lord,
To call his fortunes thine.

VIO. I'll do my best
To woo your lady: <yet, a barful [12] strife! [70
Whoe'er I woo, myself would be his wife.> [*Exeunt.*

[11] pure-toned.

SCENE V

As before we have had MARIA *taking* SIR TOBY *to task, now we have her, in* OLIVIA'S *garden, catechising her mistress' fool as to his doings.*

MAR. Nay, either tell me where thou hast been or I will not open my lips so wide as a bristle may enter in way of thy excuse. My lady will hang thee for thy absence. [9

CLO. Let her hang me: he that is well hanged in this world needs to fear no colors.

MAR. Make that good.

CLO. He shall see none to fear.

MAR. A good lenten answer: I can tell thee where that saying was born, of, "I fear no colors."

CLO. Where, good Mistress Mary?

MAR. In the wars; and that may you be bold to say in your foolery. [20

CLO. Well, God give them wisdom that have it; and those that are fools, let them use their talents.

MAR. Yet you will be hanged for being so long absent; or, to be turned away, is not that as good as a hanging to you?

CLO. Many a good hanging prevents a bad marriage; and, for turning away, let summer bear it out.

MAR. You are resolute then? [30

CLO. Not so, neither; but I am resolved on two points.

MAR. That if one break, the other will hold; or, if both break, your gaskins [13] fall.

CLO. Apt, in good faith; very apt. Well, go thy way: if Sir Toby would leave drinking, thou wert as witty a piece of Eve's flesh as any in Illyria. [39

[12] full of impediments. [13] breeches.

Mar. Peace, you rogue, no more o' that. Here comes my lady: make your excuse wisely, you were best. [*Exit.*

Clo. Wit, and't be thy will, put me into good fooling! Those wits that think they have thee, do very oft prove fools; and I, that am sure I lack thee, may pass for a wise man: for what says Quinapalus? "Better a witty fool than a foolish wit." [49

Enter Olivia *with* Malvolio *and a couple of male Attendants.*

God bless thee, lady!

Oli. Take the fool away.

Clo. Do you not hear, fellows? Take away the lady.

Oli. Go to, y'are a dry fool; I'll no more of you: besides, you grow dishonest.

Clo. Two faults, madonna, that drink and good counsel will amend: for give [60 the dry fool drink, then is the fool not dry; bid the dishonest man mend himself: if he mend, he is no longer dishonest; if he cannot, let the botcher mend him. Any thing that's mended is but patched: virtue that transgresses is but patched with sin; and sin that amends is but patched with virtue. If that this simple syllogism will serve, so; if it will not, what remedy? As there is no [70 true cuckold but calamity, so beauty's a flower.—The lady bade take away the fool; therefore, I say again, take her away.

Oli. Sir, I bade them take you away.

Clo. Misprision in the highest degree! Lady, *cucullus non facit monachum*;[14] that's as much to say as, I wear not motley in my brain. Good madonna, give me leave to prove you a fool. [80

Oli. Can you do it?

Clo. Dexteriously, good madonna.

Oli. Make your proof.

Clo. I must catechise you for it, madonna: good my mouse of virtue, answer me.

Oli. Well, sir, for want of other idleness, I'll bide your proof.

[14] The cowl does not make the monk.

Clo. Good madonna, why mournest thou? [90

Oli. Good fool, for my brother's death.

Clo. I think his soul is in hell, madonna.

Oli. I know his soul is in heaven, fool.

Clo. The more fool, madonna, to mourn for your brother's soul, being in heaven.—Take away the fool, gentlemen.

Oli. What think you of this fool, Malvolio? doth he not mend? [99

Mal. Yes; and shall do, till the pangs of death shake him: infirmity, that decays the wise, doth ever make the better fool.

Clo. God send you, sir, a speedy infirmity, for the better increasing your folly! Sir Toby will be sworn that I am no fox, but he will not pass his word for two pence that you are no fool.

Oli. How say you to that, Malvolio?

Mal. I marvel your ladyship takes [110 delight in such a barren rascal: I saw him put down the other day with an ordinary fool that has no more brain than a stone. Look you now, he's out of his guard already; unless you laugh and minister occasion to him, he is gagged. I protest, I take these wise men that crow so at these set kind of fools no better than the fools' zanies. [119

Oli. O! you are sick of self-love, Malvolio, and taste with a distempered appetite. To be generous, guiltless, and of free disposition, is to take those things for bird-bolts that you deem cannon-bullets. There is no slander in an allowed fool, though he do nothing but rail; nor no railing in a known discreet man, though he do nothing but reprove.

Clo. Now, Mercury endue thee with leasing, for thou speak'st well of fools! [130

Re-enter Maria.

Mar. Madam, there is at the gate a young gentleman much desires to speak with you.

Oli. From the Count Orsino, is it?

Mar. I know not, madam: 'tis a fair young man, and well attended.

Oli. Who of my people hold him in delay? [139

Mar. Sir Toby, madam, your kinsman.

Oli. Fetch him off, I pray you: he speaks nothing but madman. Fie on him! [*Exit* Maria.] Go you, Malvolio: if it be a suit from the count, I am sick, or not at home; what you will, to dismiss it. [*Exit* Malvolio.] Now you see, sir, how your fooling grows old and people dislike it.

Clo. Thou hast spoken for us, madonna, as if thy eldest son should be [150 a fool; whose skull Jove cram with brains! for here comes one of thy kin has a most weak *pia mater*.[15]

Enter Sir Toby Belch, *somewhat the worse for liquor.*

Oli. By mine honor, half drunk. What is he at the gate, cousin?

Sir To. A gentleman. [158

Oli. A gentleman! what gentleman?

Sir To. 'Tis a gentleman here—a plague o' these pickle herring!—How now, sot!

Clo. Good Sir Toby.

Oli. Cousin, cousin, how have you come so early by this lethargy?

Sir To. Lechery! I defy lechery! There's one at the gate.

Clo. Ay, marry, what is he?

Sir To. Let him be the devil, and he will, I care not: give me faith, say I. Well, it's all one. [*Exit.* [170

Oli. What's a drunken man like, fool?

Clo. Like a drowned man, a fool, and a madman: one draught above heat makes him a fool, the second mads him, and a third drowns him.

Oli. Go thou and seek the crowner, and let him sit o' my coz; for he's in the third degree of drink, he's drowned: go, look after him. [179

Clo. He is but mad yet, madonna; and the fool shall look to the madman.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Malvolio.

Mal. Madam, yond young fellow swears he will speak with you. I told him you were sick: he takes on him to understand so much, and therefore comes to speak with you. I told him you were asleep: he seems to have a foreknowledge of that too, and therefore comes to [190 speak with you. What is to be said to him, lady? he's fortified against any denial.

Oli. Tell him he shall not speak with me.

Mal. 'Has been told so; and he says he'll stand at your door like a sheriff's post, and be the supporter to a bench, but he'll speak with you.

Oli. What kind o' man is he?

Mal. Why, of mankind. [200

Oli. What manner of man?

Mal. Of very ill manner: he'll speak with you, will you or no.

Oli. Of what personage and years is he?

Mal. Not yet old enough for a man, nor young enough for a boy; as a squash is before 'tis a peascod, or a codling when 'tis almost an apple: 'tis with him in standing water, between boy and [210 man. He is very well-favored, and he speaks very shrewishly: one would think his mother's milk were scarce out of him.

Oli. Let him approach. Call in my gentlewoman.

Mal. Gentlewoman, my lady calls.

[*Exit.*

Re-enter Maria.

Oli., *to* Maria. Give me my veil: come, throw it o'er my face. [220 We'll once more hear Orsino's embassy.

[*She is veiled.*

Enter Viola *(as* Cesario*), with Attendants.*

Vio. The honorable lady of the house, which is she?

Oli. Speak to me; I shall answer for her. Your will?

Vio. Most radiant, exquisite, and unmatchable beauty—I pray you tell [230 me if this be the lady of the house, for I never saw her: I would be loath to cast away my speech; for, besides that it is excellently well penned, I have taken

[15] brain-membrane.

great pains to con it. Good beauties, let me sustain no scorn; I am very comptible,[16] even to the least sinister usage.

Oli. Whence came you, sir?

Vio. I can say little more than I have studied, and that question's out of [240 my part. Good gentle one, give me modest assurance if you be the lady of the house, that I may proceed in my speech.

Oli. Are you a comedian?

Vio. No, my profound heart; and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear I am not that I play. Are you the lady of the house?

Oli. If I do not usurp myself, I am. [249

Vio. Most certain, if you are she, you do usurp yourself; for, what is yours to bestow is not yours to reserve. But this is from my commission: I will on with my speech in your praise, and then show you the heart of my message.

Oli. Come to what is important in't: I forgive you the praise.

Vio. Alas! I took great pains to study it, and 'tis poetical. [259

Oli. It is the more like to be feigned: I pray you keep it in. I heard you were saucy at my gates, and allowed your approach rather to wonder at you than to hear you. If you be not mad, be gone; if you have reason, be brief: 'tis not that time of moon with me to make one in so skipping a dialogue.

Mar. Will you hoist sail, sir? here lies your way. [269

Vio. No, good swabber; I am to hull here a little longer.—Some mollification for your giant, sweet lady.

Oli. Tell me your mind.

Vio. I am a messenger.

Oli. Sure, you have some hideous matter to deliver, when the courtesy of it is so fearful. Speak your office.

Vio. It alone concerns your ear. I bring no overture of war, no taxation[17] of homage: I hold the olive in my hand; [280 my words are as full of peace as matter.

Oli. Yet you began rudely. What are you? what would you?

Vio. The rudeness that hath appeared in me have I learned from my entertainment. What I am, and what I would, are as secret as maidenhead; to your ears, divinity; to any other's, profanation.

Oli. Give us the place alone: we will hear this divinity. [*Exeunt* Maria *and Attendants.*] Now, sir; what is your [291 text?

Vio. Most sweet lady—

Oli. A comfortable doctrine, and much may be said of it. Where lies your text?

Vio. In Orsino's bosom.

Oli. In his bosom! In what chapter of his bosom?

Vio. To answer by the method, in the first of his heart. [300

Oli. O! I have read it: it is heresy. Have you no more to say?

Vio. Good madam, let me see your face.

Oli. Have you any commission from your lord to negotiate with my face? you are now out of your text; but we will draw the curtain and show you the picture. [*Unveiling.*] Look you, sir, such a one I was as this present: is't not well done? [310

Vio. Excellently done, if God did all.

Oli. 'Tis in grain,[18] sir; 'twill endure wind and weather.

Vio. 'Tis beauty truly blent, whose red and white
Nature's own sweet and cunning hand laid on:
Lady, you are the cruell'st she alive,
If you will lead these graces to the grave
And leave the world no copy. [320

Oli. O! sir, I will not be so hard-hearted; I will give out divers schedules of my beauty: it shall be inventoried, and every particle and utensil labelled to my will: as *Item,* Two lips, indifferent red; *Item,* Two grey eyes, with lids to them; *Item,* One neck, one chin, and so forth. Were you sent hither to praise me? [329

Vio. I see you what you are: you are too proud;
But, if you were the devil, you are fair.
My lord and master loves you: O! such love

[16] sensitive
[17] demand.
[18] natural.

Could be but recompensed, though you were crowned
The nonpareil of beauty.
OLI. How does he love me?
VIO. With adoratiöns, with fertile tears,
With groans that thunder love, with sighs of fire.
OLI. Your lord does know my mind; I cannot love him;
Yet I suppose him virtuous, know him noble,
Of great estate, of fresh and stainless youth;
In voices well divulged,[19] free, learn'd, and valiant;
And, in dimension and the shape of nature,
A gracious person; but yet I cannot love him:
He might have took his answer long ago.
VIO. If I did love you in my master's flame,
With such a suff'ring, such a deadly life,
In your denial I would find no sense;
I would not understand it.
OLI. Why, what would you?
VIO. Make me a willow cabin at your gate,
And call upon my soul within the house;
Write loyal cantons[20] of contemnëd love,
And sing them loud even in the dead of night;
Holla your name to the reverberate hills,
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out, "Olivia!" O! you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me!
OLI. You might do much. What is your parentage?
VIO. Above my fortune, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman.
OLI. Get you to your lord:
I cannot love him. Let him send no more,
Unless, perchance, you come to me again,
To tell me how he takes it. Fare you well:
I thank you for your pains: spend this for me. [*Offers* VIOLA *a purse.*
VIO. I am no fee'd post, lady; keep your purse:
My master, not myself, lacks recompense.
Love make his heart of flint that you shall love,
And let your fervor, like my master's, be
Placed in contempt! Farewell, fair cruelty. [*Exit.*
OLI. "What is your parentage?"
"Above my fortunes, yet my state is well:
I am a gentleman." I'll be sworn thou art:
Thy tongue, thy face, thy limbs, actions, and spirit,
Do give thee five-fold blazon.—Not too fast: soft! soft!
Unless the master were the man. How now!
Even so quickly may one catch the plague?
Methinks I feel this youth's perfectiöns
With an invisible and subtle stealth
To creep in at mine eyes. Well, let it be.
[*Calling.*] What, ho! Malvolio!

Re-enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. Here, madam, at your service.
OLI. Run after that same peevish messenger,
The county's man: he left this ring behind him,
Would I, or not: tell him I'll none of it.
Desire him not to flatter with his lord,
Nor hold him up with hopes: I am not for him.
If that the youth will come this way to-morrow,
I'll give him reasons for't. Hie thee, Malvolio.
MAL. Madam, I will. [*Exit.*
OLI. I do I know not what, and fear to find
Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.
Fate, show thy force: ourselves we do not owe;[21]
What is decreed must be; and be this so!

[19] of good repute.
[20] songs.
[21] own.

ACT TWO

Scene I

Sebastian, *who is a twin brother of* Viola *and wonderfully like her in appearance, has been saved from drowning by the ship of which* Antonio *is captain. He has, for some reason unexplained, given his name as* Roderigo. *He is now taking leave of his rescuer, with whom, a three days' acquaintance, he has become very friendly.*

Ant. Will you stay no longer? nor will you not that I go with you?

Seb. By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me; the malignancy of my fate might, perhaps, distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone. It were a bad recompense for your love to lay any of them on you.

Ant. Let me yet know of you whither you are bound.

Seb. No, sooth, sir: my determinate voyage is mere extravagancy.[1] But I perceive in you so excellent a touch of modesty that you will not extort from me what I am willing to keep in; therefore, it charges me in manners the rather to express myself.[2] You must know of me then, Antonio, my name is Sebastian, which I called Roderigo. My father was that Sebastian of Messaline whom I know you have heard of. He left behind him myself and a sister, both born in an hour: if the heavens had been pleased, would we had so ended! but you, sir, altered that; for some hour before you took me from the breach[3] of the sea was my sister drowned.

Ant. Alas the day!

Seb. A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was yet of many accounted beautiful: but, though I could not with such estimable wonder overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her: she bore a mind that envy could not but call fair. She is drowned already, sir, with salt water, though I seem to drown her remembrance again with more.

Ant. Pardon me, sir, your bad entertainment.

Seb. O good Antonio! forgive me your trouble!

Ant. If you will not murder me for my love, let me be your servant.

Seb. If you will not undo what you have done, that is, kill him whom you have recovered, desire it not. Fare ye well at once: my bosom is full of kindness; and I am yet so near the manners of my mother, that upon the least occasion more mine eyes will tell tales of me. I am bound to the Count Orsino's court: farewell.

Ant. The gentleness of all the gods go with thee!
I have many enemies in Orsino's court,
Else would I very shortly see thee there;
But, come what may, I do adore thee so,
That danger shall seem sport, and I will go.

Exeunt.

Scene II

Malvolio, *sent by* Olivia *after* Viola, *overtakes the latter on her way back to the palace.*

Mal. Were not you ev'n now with the Countess Olivia?

Vio. Even now, sir: on a moderate pace I have since arrived but hither.

Mal. She returns this ring to you, sir: you might have saved me my pains, to have taken it away yourself. She adds, moreover, that you should put your lord into a desperate assurance she will none of him. And one thing more; that you be never so hardy to come again in his affairs, unless it be to report your lord's taking of this. Receive it so.

Vio. She took the ring of me; I'll none of it.

Mal. Come, sir, you peevishly threw it to her; and her will is it should be so returned: if it be worth stooping for, there it lies in your eye; if not, be it his that finds it.

[*Throws the ring down, and goes out the way he came.*

[1] vagrancy.
[2] explain who I am.
[3] surf.

Vio. I left no ring with her: what means this lady?
Fortune forbid my outside have not charmed her!
She made good view of me; indeed, so much
That sure methought her eyes had lost her tongue,
For she did speak in starts distractedly.
She loves me, sure; the cunning of her passion
Invites me in this churlish messenger.
None of my lord's ring! why, he sent her none.
I am the man: if it be so, as 'tis,
Poor lady, she were better love a dream.
Disguise, I see thou art a wickedness,
Wherein the pregnant[4] enemy does much.
How easy is it for the proper-false[5]
In women's waxen hearts to set their forms!
Alas! our frailty is the cause, not we!
For, such as we are made of, such we be.
How will this fadge? My master loves her dearly;
And I, poor monster, fond[6] as much on him;
And she, mistaken, seems to dote on me.
What will become of this? As I am man,
My state is desperate for my master's love;
As I am woman,—now alas the day!—
What thriftless sighs shall poor Olivia breathe!
O time! thou must untangle this, not I;
It is too hard a knot for me t' untie.
[Takes up the ring and goes out.

Scene III

It is after midnight. Sir Toby *is in a room of* Olivia's *house in one of his noisy and riotous moods. To him enters* Sir Andrew.

Sir To. Approach, Sir Andrew: not to be a-bed after midnight is to be up betimes; and *"diluculo surgere,"*[7] thou knowest,—

Sir And. Nay, by my troth, I know not; but I know to be up late is to be up late.

Sir To. A false conclusion: I hate it as an unfilled can. To be up after midnight and to go to bed then, is early; so that to go to bed after midnight is to go to bed betimes. Does not our life consist of the four elements?

Sir And. Faith, so they say; but, I think, it rather consists of eating and drinking.

Sir To. Th'art a scholar; let us therefore eat and drink. *[Calling.]* Marian, I say! a stoup of wine!

Enter Clown.

Sir And. Here comes the fool, i' faith.

Clo. How now, my hearts! Did you never see the picture of "we three"?

Sir To. Welcome, ass! Now let's have a catch.[8]

Sir And. By my troth, the fool has an excellent breast.[9] I had rather than forty shillings I had such a leg, and so sweet a breath to sing, as the fool has. In sooth, thou wast in very gracious fooling last night, when thou spokest of Pigrogromitus, of the Vapians passing the equinoctial of Queubus: 'twas very good, i' faith. I sent thee sixpence for thy leman;[10] hadst it?

Clo. I did impeticos thy gratillity; for Malvolio's nose is no whipstock: my lady has a white hand, and the Myrmidons are no bottle-ale houses.

Sir And. Excellent! Why, this is the best fooling, when all is done. Now, a song.

Sir To. Come on; there is sixpence for you: let's have a song.

Sir And. There's a testril[11] of me too: if one knight give a—

Clo. Would you have a love-song or a song of good life?

Sir To. A love-song, a love-song.

Sir And. Ay, ay; I care not for good life.

[4] talented.
[5] good-looking deceivers.
[6] dote.
[7] early rising [is most healthful].
[8] a part-song in which the parts follow one another.
[9] voice.
[10] sweetheart.
[11] sixpence.

Clo., *singing.*

O mistress mine! where are you roaming?
O! stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low.
Trip no further, pretty sweeting; [60
Journeys end in lovers meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

Sir And. Excellent good, i' faith.

Sir To. Good, good.

Clo., *singing.*

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure. [71

Sir And. A mellifluous voice, as I am true knight.

Sir To. A contagious breath.

Sir And. Very sweet and contagious, i' faith.

Sir To. To hear by the nose, it is dulcet in contagion. But shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch that will draw three souls out of one weaver? shall we do that?

Sir And. And you love me, let's [82 do't: I am dog at a catch.

Clo. Berlady, sir, and some dogs will catch well.

Sir. And. Most certain. Let our catch be, "Thou knave."

Clo. "Hold thy peace, thou knave," knight? I shall be constrained in't to call thee knave, knight. [90

Sir And. 'Tis not the first time I have constrained one to call me knave. Begin, fool: it begins, "Hold thy peace."

Clo. I shall never begin if I hold my peace.

Sir And. Good, i' faith. Come, begin. [*They sing a catch.*

Enter Maria.

Mar. What a caterwauling do you keep here! If my lady have not called up [100 her steward Malvolio and bid him turn you out of doors, never trust me.

Sir To. My lady's a Cataian; we are politicians; Malvolio's a Peg-a-Ramsey; and "Three merry men be we." Am not I consanguineous? am I not of her blood? Tillyvally, lady!

[*Singing.*]—There dwelt a man in Babylon, lady, lady!

Clo. Beshrew me, the knight's in admirable fooling. [111

Sir And. Ay, he does well enough if he be disposed; and so do I too: he does it with a better grace; but I do it more natural.

Sir To., *singing.* O! the twelfth day of December,—

Mar. For the love o' God, peace!

Enter Malvolio.

Mal. My masters, are you mad? or [120 what are you? Have you no wit, manners, nor honesty,[12] but to gabble like tinkers at this time of night? Do ye make an alehouse of my lady's house, that ye squeak out your coziers'[13] catches without any mitigation or remorse of voice? Is there no respect of place, persons, nor time, in you?

Sir To. We did keep time, sir, in our catches. Sneck up! [130

Mal. Sir Toby, I must be round[14] with you. My lady bade me tell you that, though she harbors you as her kinsman, she's nothing allied to your disorders. If you can separate yourself and your misdemeanors, you are welcome to the house; if not, and it would please you to take leave of her, she is very willing to bid you farewell. [139

Sir To., *singing.* Farewell, dear heart since I must needs be gone.

Mar. Nay, good Sir Toby.

Clo., *singing.* His eyes do show his days are almost done.

Mal. Is't even so?

Sir To., *singing.* But I will never die.

Clo. Sir Toby, there you lie.

Mal. This is much credit to you.

Sir To., *singing.* Shall I bid him go?

Clo., *singing.* What and if you do? [150

[12] propriety.
[13] cobblers'.
[14] plain.

Sir To., *singing.* Shall I bid him go, and spare not?

Clo., *singing.* O! no, no, no, no, you dare not.

Sir To. Out of tune, sir.—[*To* Malvolio.] Ye lie. Art any more than a steward? Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale? [159

Clo. Yes, by Saint Anne; and ginger shall be hot i' th' mouth too.

Sir To. Th' art i' th' right.—Go, sir, rub your chain with crumbs. A stoup of wine, Maria!

Mal. Mistress Mary, if you prized my lady's favor at anything more than contempt you would not give means for this uncivil rule: she shall know of it, by this hand. [*Exit, followed by* Clown.

Mar. Go shake your ears. [170

Sir And. 'Twere as good a deed as to drink when a man's a-hungry, to challenge him the field and then to break promise with him and make a fool of him.

Sir To. Do't, knight: I'll write thee a challenge; or I'll deliver thy indignation to him by word of mouth.

Mar. Sweet Sir Toby, be patient for to-night: since the youth of the count's was to-day with my lady, she is much [181 out of quiet. For Monsieur Malvolio, let me alone with him: if I do not gull him into a nayword,[15] and make him a common recreation, do not think I have wit enough to lie straight in my bed. I know I can do it.

Sir To. Possess[16] us, possess us; tell us something of him.

Mar. Marry, sir, sometimes he is a kind of puritan. [191

Sir And. O! if I thought that, I'd beat him like a dog.

Sir To. What, for being a puritan? thy exquisite reason, dear knight?

Sir And. I have no exquisite reason for't, but I have reason good enough.

Mar. The devil a puritan that he is, or anything constantly but a time-pleaser; an affectioned[17] ass, that cons state without book and utters it by great swarths; the best persuaded of himself; so [202 crammed, as he thinks, with excellences that it is his ground of faith that all that look on him love him; and on that vice in him will my revenge find notable cause to work.

Sir To. What wilt thou do?

Mar. I will drop in his way some obscure epistles of love; wherein, by the [210 color of his beard, the shape of his leg, the manner of his gait, the expressure of his eye, forehead, and complexion, he shall find himself most feelingly personated. I can write very like my lady your niece; on a forgotten matter we can hardly make distinction of our hands.

Sir To. Excellent! I smell a device.

Sir And. I have't in my nose too. [219

Sir To. He shall think, by the letters that thou wilt drop, that they come from my niece, and that she is in love with him.

Mar. My purpose is, indeed, a horse of that color.

Sir And. And your horse now would make him an ass.

Mar. Ass, I doubt not.

Sir And. O! 'twill be admirable. [229

Mar. Sport royal, I warrant you: I know my physic will work with him. I will plant you two, and let the fool make a third, where he shall find the letter: observe his construction of it. For this night, to bed, and dream on the event. Farewell. [*Exit.*

Sir To. Good night, Penthesilea.

Sir And. Before me, she's a good wench.

Sir To. She's a beagle, true-bred, and one that adores me: what o' that? [240

Sir And. I was adored once too.

Sir To. Let's to bed, knight. Thou hadst need send for more money.

Sir And. If I cannot recover your niece, I am a foul way out.

Sir To. Send for money, knight: if thou hast her not i' th' end, call me cut.

Sir And. If I do not, never trust me; take it how you will. [249

Sir To. Come, come: I'll go burn some sack; 'tis too late to go to bed now.

[15] byword. [16] acquaint. [17] affected.

Come, knight; come, knight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

The next morning the Duke, *who is attended by musicians and others, receives* Curio *and* Viola *(still disguised as a youth) in a room in his palace.*

Duke. Give me some music.—Now, good morrow, friends.—
Now, good Cesario, but that piece of song,
That old and antique song we heard last night; [10
Methought it did relieve my passion much,
More than light airs and recollected terms
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times:
Come; but one verse.

Cur. He is not here, so please your lordship, that should sing it.

Duke. Who was it? [20

Cur. Feste, the jester, my lord; a fool that the Lady Olivia's father took much delight in. He is about the house.

Duke. Seek him out, and play the tune the while. [*Exit* Curio. *Music.*
Come hither, boy: if ever thou shalt love,
In the sweet pangs of it remember me;
For such as I am all true lovers are,
Unstaid and skittish in all motions else
Save in the constant image of the creature
That is beloved. How dost thou like this tune? [32

Vio. It gives a very echo to the seat
Where love is throned.

Duke. Thou dost speak masterly.
My life upon't, young though thou art, thine eye
Hath stayed upon some favor that it loves;
Hath it not, boy? [40

Vio. A little, by your favor.

Duke. What kind of woman is't?

Vio. Of your complexion.

Duke. She is not worth thee, then. What years, i' faith?

Vio. About your years, my lord.

Duke. Too old, by heaven. Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him; [50
So sways she level in her husband's heart;
For, boy, however we do praise ourselves,
Our fancies are more giddy and unfirm,
More longing, wavering, sooner lost and worn,[18]
Than women's are.

Vio. I think it well, my lord.

Duke. Then, let thy love be younger than thyself, [60
Or thy affection cannot hold the bent;
For women are as roses, whose fair flower,
Being once displayed, doth fall that very hour.

Vio. And so they are: alas, that they are so;
To die, even when they to perfection grow!

Re-enter Curio *with* Clown. [70

Duke. O, fellow! come, the song we had last night.
Mark it, Cesario; it is old and plain;
The spinsters[19] and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,[20]
Do use to chant it: it is silly sooth,[21]
And dallies with the innocence of love,
Like the old[22] age. [80

Clo. Are you ready, sir?

Duke. Ay; prithee, sing. [*Music.*

Clo. *sings.*

Come away, come away, death,
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O! prepare it.
My part of death, no one so true [90
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corse, where my bones shall be thrown.

[18] "Won" has been suggested; but "worn" in the sense of "worn out" makes perfectly good sense.
[19] spinners. [20] bobbins.
[21] simple truth. [22] golden.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O! where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

DUKE. There's for thy pains.

CLO. No pains, sir; I take pleasure in singing, sir.

DUKE. I'll pay thy pleasure then.

CLO. Truly, sir, and pleasure will be paid, one time or another.

DUKE. Give me now leave to leave thee.

CLO. Now, the melancholy god protect thee, and the tailor make thy doublet of changeable taffeta, for thy mind is a very opal! I would have men of such constancy put to sea, that their business might be everything and their intent everywhere; for that's it that always makes a good voyage of nothing. Farewell. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Let all the rest give place.
[*Exeunt* CURIO, *Attendants and Musicians.*] Once more, Cesario,
Get thee to yond same sovereign cruelty:
Tell her, my love, more noble than the world,
Prizes not quantity of dirty lands;
The parts that fortune hath bestowed upon her,
Tell her, I hold as giddily as fortune;
But 'tis that miracle and queen of gems
That nature pranks her in attracts my soul.

VIO. But if she cannot love you, sir?

DUKE. I cannot be so answered.

VIO. Sooth, but you must.
Say that some lady, as perhaps, there is,
Hath for your love as great a pang of heart
As you have for Olivia: you cannot love her;
You tell her so; must she not then be answered?

DUKE. There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion
As love doth give my heart; no woman's heart
So big, to hold so much; they lack retention.
Alas! their love may be called appetite,
No motion of the liver, but the palate,
That suffer surfeit, cloyment, and revolt;
But mine is all as hungry as the sea,
And can digest as much. Make no compare
Between that love a woman can bear me
And that I owe Olivia.

VIO. Ay, but I know—
[*Hesitates.*

DUKE. What dost thou know?

VIO. Too well what love women to men may owe:
In faith, they are as true of heart as we.
My father had a daughter loved a man,
As it might be, perhaps, were I a woman,
I should your lordship.

DUKE. And what's her history?

VIO. A blank, my lord. She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' th' bud,
Feed on her damask cheek: she pined in thought,
And, with a green and yellow melancholy,
She sat like Patience on a monument,
Smiling at grief. Was not this love indeed?
We men may say more, swear more; but indeed
Our shows are more than will; for still we prove
Much in our vows, but little in our love.

DUKE. But died thy sister of her love, my boy?

VIO. I am all the daughters of my father's house—
And all the brothers too; and yet I know not.
Sir, shall I to this lady?

DUKE. Ay, that's the theme.
To her in haste; give her this jewel; say
My love can give no place, bide no denay.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V

The same morning, in OLIVIA'S *garden,* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN *await the fruition of* MARIA'S *plan for the overthrow of* MALVOLIO. *They enter as the*

scene opens. SIR TOBY *has just told* FABIAN *what is doing.*

SIR TO. Come thy ways, Signior Fabian.

FAB. Nay, I'll come: if I lose a scruple of this sport, let me be boiled to death with melancholy. [11

SIR TO. Wouldst thou not be glad to have the niggardly rascally sheep-biter come by some notable shame?

FAB. I would exult, man: you know he brought me out o' favor with my lady about a bear-baiting here.

SIR TO. To anger him, we'll have the bear again; and we will fool him black and blue.—Shall we not, Sir Andrew? [20

SIR AND. And we do not, it is pity of our lives.

SIR TO. Here comes the little villain.

Enter MARIA.

How now, my metal of India!

MAR. Get ye all three into the box-tree. Malvolio's coming down this walk: he has been yonder i' the sun practising behavior to his own shadow this half-hour. Observe him, for the love of [30 mockery; for I know this letter will make a contemplative idiot of him. Close, in the name of jesting! [*They hide.* MARIA *drops a letter on the ground.*] Lie thou there; for here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling. [*Exit.*

Enter MALVOLIO.

MAL. 'Tis but fortune; all is fortune. Maria once told me she did affect me; and I have heard herself come thus [40 near, that, should she fancy, it should be one of my complexion. Besides, she uses me with a more exalted respect than anyone else that follows her. What should I think on't?

SIR TO. <Here's an over-weening rogue!

FAB. O, peace! Contemplation makes a rare turkey-cock of him: how he jets[23] under his advanced plumes! [50

SIR AND. 'Slight, I could so beat the rogue!

SIR TO. Peace! I say.>

MAL. To be Count Malvolio!

SIR TO. <Ah, rogue!

SIR AND. Pistol him, pistol him.

SIR TO. Peace! peace!>

MAL. There is example for't; the lady of the Strachy married the yeoman of the wardrobe. [60

SIR AND. <Fie on him, Jezebel!

FAB. O, peace! now he's deeply in; look how imagination blows him.>

MAL. Having been three months married to her, sitting in my state,—

SIR TO. <O! for a stone-bow, to hit him in the eye!>

MAL. Calling my officers about me, in my branched[24] velvet gown; having come from a day-bed, where I have left [70 Olivia sleeping;—

SIR TO. <Fire and brimstone!

FAB. O, peace! peace!>

MAL. And then to have the humor of state; and, after a demure travel of regard, telling them I know my place, as I would they should do theirs, to ask for my kinsman Toby—

SIR TO. <Bolts and shackles!

FAB. O, peace, peace, peace! now, now.> [81

MAL. Seven of my people, with an obedient start, make out for him. I frown the while; and perchance wind up my watch, or play with my—some rich jewel. Toby approaches; curtsies there to me,—

SIR TO. <Shall this fellow live?

FAB. Though our silence be drawn from us with cars, yet peace!> [90

MAL. I extend my hand to him, thus [*suiting the action to the word*], quenching my familiar smile with an austere regard of control,—

SIR TO. <And does not Toby take you a blow o' the lips then?>

MAL., *saying,* "Cousin Toby, my fortunes having cast me on your niece give me this prerogative of speech,"—

SIR. TO. <What, what?> [100

MAL. "You must amend your drunkenness."

SIR TO. <Out, scab!

[23] struts.

[24] ornamented. .

Fab. Nay, patience, or we break the sinews of our plot.>

Mal. "Besides, you waste the treasure of your time with a foolish knight,"—

Sir And. <That's me, I warrant you.>

Mal. "One Sir Andrew."

Sir And. <I knew 'twas I; for many do call me fool.>

Mal., *seeing the letter.* What employment have we here?

Fab. <Now is the woodcock near the gin.

Sir To. O, peace! and the spirit of humors intimate reading aloud to him!>

Mal., *taking up the letter.* By my life, this is my lady's hand! these be her very C's, her U's, and her T's; and thus makes she her great P's. It is, in contempt of question,[25] her hand.

Sir And. <Her C's, her U's, and her T's: why that—>

Mal. "To the unknown beloved, this and my good wishes:" her very phrases! By your leave, wax. Soft! and the impressure her Lucrece, with which she uses to seal: 'tis my lady. To whom should this be?

Fab. <This wins him, liver and all.>

Mal., *opening the letter, and reading.*

"Jove knows I love;
But who?
Lips, do not move:
No man must know."

"No man must know." What follows? the numbers altered! "No man must know:" if this should be thee, Malvolio!

Sir To. <Marry, hang thee, brock![26]>

Mal.

"I may command where I adore;
But silence, like a Lucrece knife,
With bloodless stroke my heart doth gore:
M, O, A, I, doth sway my life."

Fab. <A fustian riddle!

Sir To. Excellent wench, say I.>

Mal. "M, O, A, I, doth sway my life." Nay, but first, let me see, let me see, let me see.

Fab. <What dish o' poison has she dressed him!

Sir To. And with what wing the staniel[27] checks at it!>

Mal. "I may command where I adore." Why, she may command me: I serve her; she is my lady. Why, this is evident to any formal capacity; there is no obstruction in this. And the end, what should that alphabetical position portend? if I could make that resemble something in me,—Softly!—"M, O, A, I"—

Sir To. <O! ay, make up that: he is now at a cold scent.

Fab. Sowter will cry upon't, for all this, though it be as rank as a fox.>

Mal. M, Malvolio; M, why, that begins my name.

Fab. <Did not I say he would work it out? the cur is excellent at faults.>

Mal. M,—but then there is no consonancy in the sequel; that suffers under probation: A should follow, but O does.

Fab. <And O shall end, I hope.

Sir To. Ay, or I'll cudgel him, and make him cry, O!>

Mal. And then I comes behind.

Fab. <Ay, and you had any eye behind you, you might see more detraction at your heels than fortunes before you.>

Mal. "M, O, A, I;" this simulation is not as the former; and yet, to crush this a little, it would bow to me, for every one of these letters are in my name. Soft! here follows prose.

"If this fall into thy hand, revolve. In my stars I am above thee; but be not afraid of greatness: some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them. Thy Fates open their hands; let thy blood and spirit embrace them; and, to inure thyself to what thou art like to be, cast thy humble slough, and appear fresh. Be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity. She thus advises thee that sighs for thee. Remember who commended thy yellow stockings and wished to see thee ever cross-gartered: I say, remember. Go to, thou art made, if thou desirest to be so; if not, let me see thee a steward still, the fellow of servants, and not worthy to touch Fortune's fingers.

[25] unquestionably.
[26] badger.
[27] kestrel.

Farewell. She that would alter services with thee,

THE FORTUNATE-UNHAPPY."

Daylight and champain discovers not more: this is open. I will be proud, I will read politic authors, I will baffle [210 Sir Toby, I will wash off gross acquaintance, I will be point-devise the very man. I do not now fool myself, to let imagination jade me, for every reason excites to this, that my lady loves me. She did commend my yellow stockings of late, she did praise my leg being cross-gartered; and in this she manifests herself to my love, and, with a kind of injunction drives me to these habits of [220 her liking. I thank my stars, I am happy. I will be strange,[28] stout,[29] in yellow stockings, and cross-gartered, even with the swiftness of putting on. Jove and my stars be praised! Here is yet a postscript:

"Thou canst not choose but know who I am. If thou entertainest my love, let it appear in thy smiling; thy smiles become thee well; therefore in my presence [230 still smile, dear my sweet, I prithee."

Jove, I thank thee! I will smile: I will do everything that thou wilt have me.

[*Exit.*

FAB. I will not give my part of this sport for a pension of thousands to be paid from the Sophy.

SIR TO. I could marry this wench for this device.

SIR AND. So could I too. [240

SIR TO. And ask no other dowry with her but such another jest.

SIR AND. Nor I neither.

FAB. Here comes my noble gull-catcher.

Re-enter MARIA.

SIR TO. Wilt thou set thy foot o' my neck?

SIR AND. Or o' mine either?

SIR TO. Shall I play my freedom at [250 tray-trip, and become thy bond-slave?

SIR AND. I' faith, or I either?

SIR TO. Why, thou hast put him in such a dream that, when the image of i leaves him, he must run mad.

MAR. Nay, but say true; does it wor upon him?

SIR TO. Like aqua-vitæ with a midwif

MAR. If you will, then see the fruits o the sport, mark his first approach be- [26 fore my lady; he will come to her in yel low stockings, and 'tis a color she abhors and cross-gartered, a fashion she detests and he will smile upon her, which wi now be so unsuitable to her disposition being addicted to a melancholy as sh is, that it cannot but turn him into notable contempt. If you will see i follow me.

SIR TO. To the gates of Tartar,[30] tho most excellent devil of wit! [27

SIR AND. I'll make one too. [*Exeun*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

Sent to the house of OLIVIA, VIOL *still dressed as* CESARIO, *meets the* CLOW *in the lady's orchard.*

VIO. Save thee, friend, and thy musi Dost thou live by thy tabor?

CLO. No, sir, I live by the church.

VIO. Art thou a churchman?

CLO. No such matter, sir: I do live b the church; for I do live at my house, [and my house doth stand by the church

VIO. So thou mayst say, the king lie by a beggar, if a beggar dwell near him or, the church stands by thy tabor, i thy tabor stand by the church.

CLO. You have said, sir. To see thi age! A sentence is but a cheveril glov to a good wit: how quickly the wron side may be turned outward!

VIO. Nay, that's certain: they that dall nicely with words may quickly make ther wanton. [2

CLO. I would therefore my sister ha had no name, sir.

VIO. Why, man?

CLO. Why, sir, her name's a word; an to dally with that word might make m sister wanton. But indeed, words ar

[28] distant. [29] proud.

[30] Tartarus.

very rascals since bonds disgraced them.

VIO. Thy reason, man?

CLO. Troth, sir, I can yield you none [30 without words; and words are grown so false, I am loath to prove reason with them.

VIO. I warrant thou art a merry fellow, and carest for nothing.

CLO. Not so, sir, I do care for something; but in my conscience, sir, I do not care for you: if that be to care for nothing, sir, I would it would make you invisible. [40

VIO. Art not thou the Lady Olivia's fool?

CLO. No, indeed, sir; the Lady Olivia has no folly: she will keep no fool, sir, till she be married; and fools are as like husbands as pilchards are to herrings—the husband's the bigger. I am indeed not her fool, but her corrupter of words.

VIO. I saw thee late at the Count Orsino's. [50

CLO. Foolery, sir, does walk about the orb like the sun; it shines every where. I would be sorry, sir, but the fool should be as oft with your master as with my mistress. I think I saw your wisdom there.

VIO. Nay, and thou pass upon me, I'll no more with thee. Hold, there's sixpence for thee. [*Gives a piece of money.*

CLO. Now Jove, in his next commodity of hair, send thee a beard! [61

VIO. By my troth, I'll tell thee, I am almost sick for one, though I would not have it grow on my chin. Is thy lady within?

CLO., *pointing to the coin.* Would not a pair of these have bred, sir?

VIO. Yes, being kept together and put to use.

CLO. I would play Lord Pandarus of Phrygia, sir, to bring a Cressida to [70 this Troilus.

VIO. I understand you, sir; 'tis well begged.

CLO. The matter, I hope, is not great, sir, begging but a beggar: Cressida was a beggar. My lady is within, sir. I will conster to them whence you come; who you are and what you would are out of my welkin; I might say "element," but the word is overworn. [*Exit.* [80

VIO. This fellow's wise enough to play the fool,
And to do that well craves a kind of wit:
He must observe their mood on whom he jests,
The quality of persons, and the time,
And, like the haggard, check at every feather
That comes before his eye. This is a practice [90
As full of labor as a wise man's art;
For folly that he wisely shows is fit;
But wise men, folly-fall'n, quite taint their wit.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

SIR TO. Save you, gentleman.

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR AND. *Dieu vous garde, monsieur.*

VIO. *Et vous aussi; votre serviteur.* [100

SIR AND. I hope, sir, you are; and I am yours.

SIR TO. Will you encounter the house? my niece is desirous you should enter, if your trade be to her.

VIO. I am bound to your niece, sir: I mean, she is the list[1] of my voyage.

SIR TO. Taste your legs, sir: put them to motion. [109

VIO. My legs do better understand me, sir, than I understand what you mean by bidding me taste my legs.

SIR TO. I mean, to go, sir, to enter.

VIO. I will answer you with gait and entrance. But we are prevented.[2]

Enter OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

Most excellent accomplished lady, the heavens rain odors on you!

SIR AND. That youth's a rare courtier. "Rain odors!" well! [120

VIO. My matter hath no voice, lady, but to your own most pregnant[3] and vouchsafed ear.

SIR AND. "Odors," "pregnant," and "vouchsafed." I'll get 'em all three all ready.

[1] limit. [2] anticipated. [3] willing.

Oli. Let the garden door be shut, and leave me to my hearing.
[*Exeunt* Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, *and* Maria.
Give me your hand, sir.
Vio. My duty, madam, and most humble service.
Oli. What is your name?
Vio. Cesario is your servant's name, fair princess.
Oli. My servant, sir! 'Twas never merry world
Since lowly feigning was called compliment.
Y' are servant to the Count Orsino, youth.
Vio. And he is yours, and his must needs be yours:
Your servant's servant is your servant, madam.
Oli. For him, I think not on him: for his thoughts,
Would they were blanks rather than filled with me!
Vio. Madam, I come to whet your gentle thoughts
On his behalf.
Oli. O! by your leave, I pray you,
I bade you never speak again of him;
But, would you undertake another suit,
I had rather hear you to solicit that
Than music from the spheres.
Vio. Dear lady—
Oli. Give me leave, beseech you. I did send,
After the last enchantment you did here,
A ring in chase of you: so did I abuse[4]
Myself, my servant, and, I fear me, you:
Under your hard construction must I sit,
To force that on you, in a shameful cunning,
Which you knew none of yours: what might you think?
Have you not set mine honor at the stake,
And baited it with all th' unmuzzled thoughts
That tyrannous heart can think? To one of your receiving[5]
Enough is shown; a cypress,[6] not a bosom,
Hideth my heart. So, let me hear you speak.
Vio. I pity you.
Oli. That's a degree to love.
Vio. No, not a grize;[7] for 'tis a vulgar proof
That very oft we pity enemies.
Oli. Why, then, methinks 'tis time to smile again.
O world! how apt the poor are to be proud.
If one should be a prey, how much the better
To fall before the lion than the wolf!
[*Clock strikes.*
The clock upbraids me with the waste of time.
Be not afraid, good youth, I will not have you;
And yet, when wit and youth is come to harvest,
Your wife is like to reap a proper man.
There lies your way, due west.
Vio. Then westward-ho!
Grace and good disposition attend your ladyship!
You'll nothing, madam, to my lord by me?
Oli. Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou think'st of me.
Vio. That you do think you are not what you are.
Oli. If I think so, I think the same of you.
Vio. Then think you right: I am not what I am.
Oli. I would you were as I would have you be!
Vio. Would it be better, madam, than I am?
I wish it might, for now I am your fool.
Oli. <O! what a deal of scorn looks beautiful
In the contempt and anger of his lip.
A murderous guilt shows not itself more soon
Than love that would seem hid; love's night is noon.>

[4] deceive.
[5] quick apprehension.
[6] crape. [7] step.

Cesario, by the roses of the spring,
By maidhood, honor, truth, and every thing,
I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo; thou therefore hast no cause;
But rather reason thus with reason fetter,
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better.

VIO. By innocence I swear, and by my youth,
I have one heart, one bosom, and one truth,
And that no woman has; nor never none
Shall mistress be of it, save I alone;
And so adieu, good madam: never more
Will I my master's tears to you deplore.

OLI. Yet come again, for thou perhaps mayst move
That heart, which now abhors, to like his love. [VIOLA *departs.*

SCENE II

SIR ANDREW *has been in a position to see what occurred between* OLIVIA *and* VIOLA *in the orchard, and what he saw has made him feel that his chances with the lady of the house are but poor. He has just told* SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN *that he will no longer tarry, but has not yet given his reason.*

SIR AND. No, faith, I'll not stay a jot longer.

SIR TO. Thy reason, dear venom; give thy reason.

FAB. You must needs yield your reason, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Marry, I saw your niece do more favors to the count's serving-man than ever she bestowed upon me; I saw't i' th' orchard.

SIR TO. Did she see thee the while, old boy? tell me that.

SIR AND. As plain as I see you now.

FAB. This was a great argument of love in her toward you.

SIR AND. 'Slight! will you make an ass o' me?

FAB. I will prove it legitimate, sir, upon the oaths of judgment and reason.

SIR TO. And they have been grand-jurymen since before Noah was a sailor.

FAB. She did show favor to the youth in your sight only to exasperate you, to awake your dormouse valor, to put fire in your heart, and brimstone in your liver. You should then have accosted her, and with some excellent jests, fire-new from the mint, you should have banged the youth into dumbness. This was looked for at your hand, and this was balked: the double gilt of this opportunity you let time wash off, and you are now sailed into the north of my lady's opinion; where you will hang like an icicle on a Dutchman's beard, unless you do redeem it by some laudable attempt, either of valor or policy.

SIR AND. And 't be any way, it must be with valor, for policy I hate: I had as lief be a Brownist as a politician.

SIR TO. Why, then, build me thy fortunes upon the basis of valor: challenge me the count's youth to fight with him; hurt him in eleven places: my niece shall take note of it; and assure thyself, there is no love-broker in the world can more prevail in man's commendation with woman than report of valor.

FAB. There is no way but this, Sir Andrew.

SIR AND. Will either of you bear me a challenge to him?

SIR TO. Go, write it in a martial hand; be curst[8] and brief; it is no matter how witty, so it be eloquent and full of invention: taunt him with the licence of ink: if thou thou'st him some thrice, it shall not be amiss; and as many lies as will lie in thy sheet of paper, although the sheet were big enough for the bed of Ware in England, set 'em down: go, about it. Let there be gall enough in thy ink; though thou write with a goose-pen, no matter: about it.

SIR AND. Where shall I find you?

SIR TO. We'll call thee at the *cubiculo:* go. [*Exit* SIR ANDREW.

[8] touchy.

FAB. This is a dear manakin to you, Sir Toby.

SIR TO. I have been dear to him, lad, some two thousand strong, or so.

FAB. We shall have a rare letter from him; but you'll not deliver it. [81

SIR TO. Never trust me, then; and by all means stir on the youth to an answer. I think oxen and wainropes cannot hale them together. For Andrew, if he were opened, and you find so much blood in his liver as will clog the foot of a flea, I'll eat the rest of the anatomy.

FAB. And his opposite,[9] the youth, bears in his visage no great presage of cruelty. [91

SIR TO. Look where the youngest wren of nine comes.

Enter MARIA.

MAR. If you desire the spleen, and will laugh yourselves into stitches, follow me. Yond gull Malvolio is turned heathen, a very renegado; for there is no Christian, that means to be saved by believing [99 rightly, can ever believe such impossible passages of grossness. He's in yellow stockings.

SIR TO. And cross-gartered?

MAR. Most villanously; like a pedant that keeps a school i' the church. I have dogged him like his murderer. He does obey every point of the letter that I dropped to betray him: he does smile his face into more lines than are in the new map with the augmentation of the [110 Indies. You have not seen such a thing as 'tis; I can hardly forbear hurling things at him. I know my lady will strike him: if she do, he'll smile and take't for a great favor.

SIR TO. Come, bring us, bring us where he is. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

ANTONIO, *full of friendship for* SEBASTIAN, *has refused to leave him, and* SEBASTIAN *is obliged to admit his company. They have now arrived in the city in which* ORSINO *has his court.*

[9] adversary.

SEB. I would not by my will have troubled you;
But, since you make your pleasure of your pains,
I will no further chide you. [10

ANT. I could not stay behind you: my desire,
More sharp than filëd steel, did spur me forth;
And not all love to see you—though so much
As might have drawn one to a longer voyage—
But jealousy[10] what might befall your travel, [20
Being skilless in these parts; which to a stranger,
Unguided and unfriended, often prove
Rough and unhospitable: my willing love,
The rather by these arguments of fear,
Set forth in your pursuit.

SEB. My kind Antonio,
I can no other answer make but thanks,
And thanks, and ever thanks; for oft good turns [31
Are shuffled off with such uncurrent pay;
But, were my worth,[11] as is my conscience, firm,
You should find better dealing. What's to do?
Shall we go see the reliques[12] of this town?

ANT. To-morrow, sir: best first go see your lodging. [40

SEB. I am not weary, and 'tis long to night:
I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city.

ANT. Would you'd pardon me!
I do not without danger walk these streets:
Once, in a sea-fight 'gainst the Count his galleys, [51
I did some service; of such note indeed,
That were I ta'en here it would scarce be answered.

[10] fear.
[11] wealth.
[12] monuments.

SEB. Belike you slew great number of his people?

ANT. Th' offence is not of such a bloody nature,
Albeit the quality of the time and quarrel
Might well have given us bloody argument.
It might have since been answered in repaying
What we took from them; which, for traffic's sake,
Most of our city did: only myself stood out;
For which, if I be lapsëd[13] in this place,
I shall pay dear.

SEB. Do not then walk too open.

ANT. It doth not fit me. Hold, sir; here's my purse.
In the south suburbs, at the Elephant,
Is best to lodge: I will bespeak our diet,
Whiles you beguile the time and feed your knowledge
With viewing of the town: there shall you have me.

SEB. Why I your purse?

ANT. Haply your eye shall light upon some toy
You have desire to purchase; and your store,
I think, is not for idle markets, sir.

SEB. I'll be your purse-bearer and leave you for an hour.

ANT. To th' Elephant.

SEB. I do remember. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV

The love-sick OLIVIA *has sent for the* CESARIO *she so dotes on, and he has intimated that he will come.* MARIA, *who is with her in the garden, is impatiently waiting for the deceived* MALVOLIO *to be summoned to the lady's presence.*

OLI. <I have sent after him: he says he'll come;
How shall I feast him? what bestow on him?
For youth is bought more oft than begged or borrowed.
I speak too loud.>
Where is Malvolio? he is sad, and civil,[14]
And suits well for a servant with my fortunes:
Where is Malvolio?

MAR. He's coming, madam; but in very strange manner. He is sure possessed, madam.

OLI. Why, what's the matter? does he rave?

MAR. No, madam; he does nothing but smile: your ladyship were best to have some guard about you if he come, for sure the man is tainted in 's wits.

OLI. Go call him hither. [*Exit* MARIA.
I am as mad as he,
If sad and merry madness equal be.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* MALVOLIO.

How now, Malvolio!

MAL., *smiling inanely.* Sweet lady, ho, ho.

OLI. Smil'st thou?
I sent for thee upon a sad occasion.

MAL. Sad, lady! I could be sad: this does make some obstruction in the blood, this cross-gartering; but what of that? if it please the eye of one, it is with me as the very true sonnet is, "Please one and please all."

OLI. Why, how dost thou, man? what is the matter with thee?

MAL. Not black in my mind, though yellow in my legs. It did come to his hands, and commands shall be executed: I think we do know the sweet Roman hand.

OLI. Wilt thou go to bed, Malvolio?

MAL. To bed! ay, sweetheart; and I'll come to thee.

OLI. God comfort thee! Why dost thou smile so and kiss thy hand so oft?

MAR. How do you, Malvolio?

MAL. At your request. Yes; nightingales answer daws.

MAR. Why appear you with this ridiculous boldness before my lady?

MAL. "Be not afraid of greatness:" 'Twas well writ.

[13] taken.

[14] grave and well-measured.

OLI. What meanest thou by that, Malvolio?

MAL. "Some are born great,"—

OLI. Ha?[15]

MAL. "Some achieve greatness,"—

OLI. What sayst thou?

MAL. "And some have greatness thrust upon them."

OLI. Heaven restore thee!

MAL. "Remember who commended thy yellow stockings,"— [71

OLI. "Thy yellow stockings"!

MAL. "And wished to see thee cross-gartered."

OLI. "Cross-gartered"!

MAL. "Go to, thou art made, if thou desir'st to be so,"—

OLI. Am I made?

MAL. "If not, let me see thee a servant still." [80

OLI. Why, this is very midsummer madness.

Enter SERVANT.

SER. Madam, the young gentleman of the Count Orsino's is returned. I could hardly entreat him back: he attends your ladyship's pleasure.

OLI. I'll come to him. [*Exit* SERVANT.] Good Maria, let this fellow be looked to. Where's my cousin Toby? Let some [90 of my people have a special care of him: I would not have him miscarry for the half of my dowry.

[*Exeunt* OLIVIA *and* MARIA.

MAL. Oh, ho! do you come near me now? no worse man than Sir Toby to look to me! This concurs directly with the letter: she sends him on purpose, that I may appear stubborn to him; for she incites me to that in the letter. [100 "Cast thy humble slough," says she; "be opposite with a kinsman, surly with servants; let thy tongue tang with arguments of state; put thyself into the trick of singularity;" and consequently sets down the manner how; as, a sad face, a reverend carriage, a slow tongue, in the habit of some sir of note, and so forth. I have limed her; but it is Jove's doing, and Jove make me thankful! And [110 when she went away now, "Let this fellow be looked to!" fellow! not Malvolio, nor after my degree, but fellow. Why, everything adheres together, that no dram of a scruple, no scruple of a scruple, no obstacle, no incredulous[16] or unsafe circumstance—What can be said? Nothing that can be can come between me and the full prospect of my hopes. Well, Jove, not I, is the doer of this; and [120 he is to be thanked.

Re-enter MARIA, *with* SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Which way is he, in the name of sanctity? If all the devils in hell be drawn in little, and Legion himself possessed him, yet I'll speak to him.

FAB. Here he is, here he is. How is't with you, sir? how is't with you, man?

MAL. Go off; I discard you: let [130 me enjoy my private; go off.

MAR. Lo, how hollow the fiend speaks within him! did not I tell you? Sir Toby, my lady prays you to have a care of him.

MAL. Ah, ha! does she so?

SIR TO. Go to, go to: peace! peace! we must deal gently with him: let me alone. How do you, Malvolio? how is't with you? What, man! defy the devil: [140 consider, he's an enemy to mankind.

MAL. Do you know what you say?

MAR. La you! and you speak ill of the devil, how he takes it at heart. Pray God, he be not bewitched!

FAB. Carry his water to the wise-woman.

MAR. Marry, and it shall be done tomorrow morning, if I live. My lady would not lose him for more than I'll say.

MAL. How now, mistress! [151

MAR. O Lord!

SIR TO. Prithee, hold thy peace; this is not the way: do you not see you move him? let me alone with him.

FAB. No way but gentleness; gently, gently: the fiend is rough, and will not be roughly used.

[15] eh.

[16] incredible.

SIR TO. Why, how now, my bawcock! [17] how dost thou, chuck? [160

MAL. Sir!

SIR TO. Ay, Biddy, come with me. What, man! 'tis not for gravity to play at cherry-pit with Satan: hang him, foul collier!

MAR. Get him to say his prayers, good Sir Toby; get him to pray.

MAL. My prayers, minx!

MAR. No, I warrant you, he will not hear of godliness. [170

MAL. Go, hang yourselves all! you are idle shallow things: I am not of your element. You shall know more hereafter. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Is't possible?

FAB. If this were played upon a stage now, I could condemn it as an improbable fiction.

SIR TO. His very genius hath taken the infection of the device, man. [180

MAR. Nay, pursue him now, lest the device take air, and taint.

FAB. Why, we shall make him mad indeed.

MAR. The house will be the quieter.

SIR TO. Come, we'll have him in a dark room, and bound. My niece is already in the belief that he's mad: we may carry it thus, for our pleasure and his penance, till our very pastime, tired out of breath, prompt us to have mercy on him; at [190 which time we will bring the device to the bar, and crown thee for a finder of madmen. But see, but see.

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK.

FAB. More matter for a May morning.

SIR AND. Here's the challenge; read it: I warrant there's vinegar and pepper in't.

FAB. Is't so saucy? [200

SIR AND. Ay, is't, I warrant him: do but read.

SIR TO. Give me. "Youth, whatsoever thou art, thou art but a scurvy fellow."

FAB. Good, and valiant.

SIR TO. "Wonder not, nor admire not in thy mind, why I do call thee so, for I will show thee no reason for't."

[17] fine gentleman.

FAB. A good note, that keeps you from the blow of the law. [210

SIR TO. "Thou comest to the Lady Olivia, and in my sight she uses thee kindly; but thou liest in thy throat; that is not the matter I challenge thee for."

FAB. Very brief, and to exceeding good sense—less.

SIR TO. "I will waylay thee going home; where, if it be thy chance to kill me—" [220

FAB. Good!

SIR TO. "Thou killest me like a rogue and a villain."

FAB. Still you keep o' the windy side of the law: good!

SIR TO. "Fare thee well; and God have mercy upon one of our souls! He may have mercy upon mine, but my hope is better; and so look to thyself. Thy friend, as thou usest him, and thy [230 sworn enemy, ANDREW AGUECHEEK."
If this letter move him not, his legs cannot. I'll give't him.

MAR. You may have very fit occasion for't: he is now in some commerce with my lady, and will by and by depart.

SIR TO. Go, Sir Andrew; scout me for him at the corner of the orchard like a bum-baily: so soon as ever thou seest him, draw; and, as thou drawest, [240 swear horrible; for it comes to pass oft that a terrible oath, with a swaggering accent sharply twanged off, gives manhood more approbation than ever proof itself would have earned him. Away!

SIR AND. Nay, let me alone for swearing. [*Exit.*

SIR TO. Now will not I deliver his letter; for the behavior of the young gentleman gives him out to be of good [250 capacity and breeding; his employment between his lord and my niece confirms no less: therefore this letter, being so excellently ignorant, will breed no terror in the youth: he will find it comes from a clodpole. But, sir, I will deliver his challenge by word of mouth; set upon Aguecheek a notable report of valor; and drive the gentleman—as I know his

youth will aptly receive it—into a [260 most hideous opinion of his rage, skill, fury, and impetuosity. This will so fright them both that they will kill one another by the look, like cockatrices.

FAB. Here he comes with your niece: give them way till he take leave, and presently[18] after him.

SIR TO. I will meditate the while upon some horrid message for a challenge. [269

[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, FABIAN, *and* MARIA *at one side, while* OLIVIA *and* VIOLA *(as* CESARIO*) enter from the other.*

OLI. I have said too much unto a heart of stone,
And laid mine honor too unchary[19] out:
There's something in me that reproves my fault;
But such a headstrong potent fault it is
That it but mocks reproof. [279

VIO. With the same havior that your passion bears
Goes on my master's griefs.

OLI. Here; wear this jewel for me: 'tis my picture;
Refuse it not: it hath no tongue to vex you;
And I beseech you come again to-morrow.
What shall you ask of me that I'll deny,
That honor saved may upon asking give?

VIO. Nothing but this; your true love for my master. [291

OLI. How with mine honor may I give him that
Which I have given to you?

VIO. I will acquit you.

OLI. Well, come again to-morrow: fare thee well:
A fiend like thee might bear my soul to hell. [*Exit.*

Re-enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Gentleman, God save thee. [301

VIO. And you, sir.

SIR TO. That defence thou hast, betake thee to't: of what nature the wrongs are thou hast done him, I know not; but thy intercepter, full of despite, bloody as the hunter, attends thee at the orchard-end. Dismount thy tuck,[20] be yare[21] in thy preparation, for thy assailant is quick, skilful, and deadly. [310

VIO. You mistake, sir: I am sure no man hath any quarrel to me: my remembrance is very free and clear from any image of offence done to any man.

SIR TO. You'll find it otherwise, I assure you: therefore, if you hold your life at any price, betake you to your guard; for your opposite hath in him what youth, strength, skill, and wrath, can furnish man withal. [320

VIO. I pray you, sir, what is he?

SIR TO. He is a knight dubbed with unhatched[22] rapier, and on carpet consideration; but he is a devil in private brawl: souls and bodies hath he divorced three, and his incensement at this moment is so implacable that satisfaction can be none but by pangs of death and sepulchre. Hob, nob, is his word: give't or take't. [330

VIO. I will return again into the house and desire some conduct[23] of the lady: I am no fighter. I have heard of some kind of men that put quarrels purposely on others to taste their valor; belike this is a man of that quirk.

SIR TO. Sir, no; his indignation derives itself out of a very competent injury: therefore get you on and give him his desire. Back you shall not to the [340 house, unless you undertake that with me which with as much safety you might answer him: therefore, on, or strip your sword stark naked; for meddle you must, that's certain, or forswear to wear iron about you.

VIO. This is as uncivil as strange. I beseech you, do me this courteous office, as to know of the knight what my offence to him is: it is something of my negligence, nothing of my purpose. [351

SIR TO. I will do so. Signior Fabian, stay you by this gentleman till my return. [*Exit.*

VIO. Pray you, sir, do you know of this matter?

FAB. I know the knight is incensed

[18] straightway.
[19] inconsiderately.
[20] draw thy sword.
[21] active.
[22] unhacked.
[23] escort.

against you, even to a mortal abitrement, but nothing of the circumstance more.

Vio. I beseech you, what manner of man is he? [361

Fab. Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form, as you are like to find him in the proof of his valor. He is, indeed, sir, the most skilful, bloody, and fatal opposite that you could possibly have found in any part of Illyria. Will you walk towards him? I will make your peace with him if I can. [369

Vio. I shall be much bound to you for't: I am one that had rather go with sir priest than sir knight; I care not who knows so much of my mettle. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

Sir Toby *has joined* Sir Andrew *at the orchard-end and is now engaged in filling him with fear of his adversary.*

Sir To. Why, man, he's a very devil; I have not seen such a firago. I had a pass with him, rapier, scabbard and all, and he gives me the stuck[24] in with such a mortal motion that it is inevitable; and, on the answer, he pays you as surely as your feet hit the ground they step [10 on. They say he has been fencer to the Sophy.

Sir And. Pox on't! I'll not medddle with him.

Sir To. Ay, but he will not now be pacified: Fabian can scarce hold him yonder.

Sir And. Plague on't; and I thought he had been valiant and so cunning in fence, I'd have seen him damned ere [20 I'd have challenged him. Let him let the matter slip, and I'll give him my horse, grey Capilet.

Sir To. I'll make the motion. Stand here; make a good show on't: this shall end without the perdition of souls. <Marry, I'll ride your horse as well as I ride you.>

Fabian *and* Viola *enter.* [29

[*To* Fabian.] <I have his horse to take up the quarrel. I have persuaded him the youth's a devil.

Fab. He is as horribly conceited of him; and pants and looks pale, as if a bear were at his heels.>

Sir To. There's no remedy, sir: he will fight with you for his oath's sake. Marry, he hath better bethought him of his quarrel, and he finds that now scarce to be worth talking of: therefore draw [40 for the supportance of his vow: he protests he will not hurt you.

Vio. <Pray God defend me! A little thing would make me tell them how much I lack of a man.>

Fab. Give ground, if you see him furious.

Sir To. Come, Sir Andrew, there's no remedy: the gentleman will, for his honor's sake, have one bout with you; [50 he cannot by the duello[25] avoid it: but he has promised me, as he is a gentleman and a soldier, he will not hurt you. Come on; to't.

Sir And. Pray God he keep his oath! [*Draws.*

Vio. I do assure you, 'tis against my will. [*Draws.*

Enter Antonio.

Ant. Put up your sword. If this [60 young gentleman
Have done offence, I take the fault on me:
[*Drawing.*] If you offend him, I for him defy you.

Sir To. You, sir! why, what are you?

Ant. One, sir, that for his love dares yet do more
Than you have heard him brag to you he will. [70

Sir To. Nay, if you be an undertaker,[26] I am for you. [*Draws.*

Fab. O, good Sir Toby, hold! here come the officers.

Sir To. I'll be with you anon.

Vio., *to* Sir Andrew. Pray, sir, put your sword up, if you please.

Sir And. Marry, will I, sir; and, for that I promised you, I'll be as good as my word. He will bear you easily [80 and reins well.

[24] thrust.

[25] the laws governing duels.

[26] meddler.

Enter two OFFICERS.

1 OFF. This is the man; do thy office.
2 OFF. Antonio, I arrest thee at the suit
Of Count Orsino.
ANT. You do mistake me, sir.
1 OFF. No, sir, no jot: I know your favor[27] well,
Though now you have no sea-cap on your head.—
Take him away: he knows I know him well.
ANT. I must obey.—[*To* VIOLA.] This comes with seeking you;
But there's no remedy: I shall answer it.
What will you do, now my necessity
Makes me to ask you for my purse? It grieves me
Much more for what I cannot do for you
Than what befalls myself. You stand amazed;
But be of comfort.
2 OFF. Come, sir, away.
ANT. I must entreat of you some of that money.
VIO. What money, sir?
For the fair kindness you have showed me here,
And, part, being prompted by your present trouble,
Out of my lean and low ability
I'll lend you something: my having is not much:
I'll make division of my present[28] with you.
Hold, there is half my coffer.
ANT. Will you deny me now?
Is't possible that my deserts to you
Can lack persuasion? Do not tempt my misery,
Lest that it make me so unsound a man
As to upbraid you with those kindnesses
That I have done for you.
VIO. I know of none;
Nor know I you by voice or any feature.
I hate ingratitude more in a man
Than lying, vainness, babbling drunkenness,
Or any taint of vice whose strong corruption
Inhabits our frail blood.
ANT. O heavens themselves!
2 OFF. Come, sir: I pray you, go.
ANT. Let me speak a little. This youth that you see here
I snatched one-half out of the jaws of death,
Relieved him with such sanctity of love,
And to his image, which methought did promise
Most venerable worth, did I devotion.
1 OFF. What's that to us? The time goes by: away!
ANT. But O, how vild an idol proves this god!
Thou hast, Sebastian, done good feature shame.
In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be called deformed but the unkind:
Virtue is beauty, but the beauteous evil
Are empty trunks o'erflourished by the devil.
1 OFF. The man grows mad: away with him! Come, come, sir.
ANT. Lead me on.
[*Exeunt* OFFICERS *with* ANTONIO.
VIO. Methinks his words do from such passion fly
That he believes himself; so do not I.
Prove true, imagination, O, prove true,
That I, dear brother, be now ta'en for you!
SIR TO. <Come hither, knight; come hither, Fabian: we'll whisper o'er a couplet or two of most sage saws.>
VIO. He named Sebastian: I my brother know
Yet living in my glass; even such and so
In favor was my brother; and he went
Still in this fashion, color, ornament;
For him I imitate. O! if it prove,
Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love!
[*Exit.*
SIR TO. A very dishonest paltry boy, and more a coward than a hare! His dishonesty appears in leaving his

[27] face.
[28] present possessions.

friend here in necessity, and denying him; and, for his cowardship, ask Fabian.

FAB. A coward, a most devout coward, religious in it.

SIR AND. 'Slid, I'll after him again and beat him.

SIR TO. Do; cuff him soundly, but never draw thy sword.

SIR AND. And I do not— [*Exit.*

FAB. Come, let's see the event. [190

SIR TO. I dare lay any money 'twill be nothing yet. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The persistent OLIVIA *has once again sent for her* CESARIO; *but this time the* CLOWN, *who is her messenger, has met* SEBASTIAN *in a street near the house and mistaken him for his quarry.*

CLO. Will you make me believe that I am not sent for you?

SEB. Go to, go to; thou art a foolish fellow:
Let me be clear of thee. [10

CLO. Well held out, i' faith! No, I do not know you; nor I am not sent to you by my lady to bid you come speak with her; nor your name is not Master Cesario; nor this is not my nose neither. Nothing that is so is so.

SEB. I prithee, vent thy folly somewhere else:
Thou know'st not me.

CLO. Vent my folly! He has heard [20 that word of some great man, and now applies it to a fool. Vent my folly! I am afraid this great lubber, the world, will prove a cockney. I prithee now, ungird thy strangeness and tell me what I shall vent to my lady. Shall I vent to her that thou art coming?

SEB. I prithee, foolish Greek, depart from me:
There's money for thee: if you tarry [30 longer,
I shall give worse payment.

CLO. By my troth, thou hast an open hand. These wise men that give fools money get themselves a good report after fourteen years' purchase.

Enter SIR ANDREW.

SIR AND. Now, sir, have I met you again? [*Striking* SEBASTIAN.] There's for you! [40

SEB., *beating* SIR ANDREW. Why, there's for thee, and there, and there! Are all the people mad?

Enter SIR TOBY *and* FABIAN.

SIR TO. Hold, sir, or I'll throw your dagger o'er the house.

CLO. This will I tell my lady straight. I would not be in some of your coats for twopence. [*Exit.*

SIR TO., *holding* SEBASTIAN. Come [50 on, sir: hold.

SIR AND. Nay, let him alone; I'll go another way to work with him: I'll have an action of battery against him, if there be any law in Illyria. Though I struck him first, yet it's no matter for that.

SEB. Let go thy hand.

SIR TO. Come, sir, I will not let you go. [SEBASTIAN *draws his sword.*] Come, my young soldier, put up your [60 iron: you are well fleshed; come on.

SEB. I will be free from thee. [*Disengaging himself.*] What wouldst thou now?
If thou dar'st tempt me further, draw thy sword.

SIR TO. What, what! Nay then, I must have an ounce or two of this malapert blood from you. [*Draws.*

Enter OLIVIA. [70

OLI. Hold, Toby! on thy life I charge thee, hold!

SIR TO. Madam!

OLI. Will it be ever thus? Ungracious wretch!
Fit for the mountains and the barbarous caves,
Where manners ne'er were preached. Out of my sight!—
Be not offended, dear Cesario.— [80
Rudesby, be gone!—
[*Exeunt* SIR TOBY, SIR ANDREW, *and* FABIAN.] I prithee, gentle friend,
Let thy fair wisdom, not thy passion, sway

In this uncivil and unjust extent
Against thy peace. Go with me to my house,
And hear thou there how many fruitless pranks
This ruffian hath botched up, that thou thereby
Mayst smile at this. Thou shalt not choose but go:
Do not deny. Beshrew his soul for me;
He started one poor heart of mine in thee.

SEB. What relish is in this? how runs the stream?
Or I am mad, or else this is a dream.
Let fancy still my sense in Lethe steep;
If it be thus to dream, still let me sleep!

OLI. Nay; come, I prithee. Would thou'dst be ruled by me!

SEB. Madam, I will.

OLI. O! say so, and so be!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Meantime, in a room in OLIVIA'S *house adjoining a cell to which the maltreated* MALVOLIO *has been committed,* MARIA *devises a scheme for his further tormenting, and calls on the* CLOWN *to perform the chief part in it.*

MAR. Nay, I prithee, put on this gown and this beard; make him believe thou art Sir Topas the curate: do it quickly; I'll call Sir Toby the whilst. [*Exit.*

CLO. Well, I'll put it on and I will dissemble myself in't: and I would I were the first that ever dissembled in such a gown. I am not tall enough to become the function well, nor lean enough to be thought a good student; but to be said an honest man and a good housekeeper goes as fairly as to say a careful man and a great scholar. The competitors[1] enter.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH *and* MARIA.

SIR TO. God bless thee, Master parson.

CLO. *Bonos dies,* Sir Toby: for, as the old hermit of Prague, that never saw pen and ink, very wittily said to a niece of King Gorboduc, "That that is, is;" so I, being Master parson, am Master parson; for, what is "that," but "that," and "is," but "is"?

SIR TO. To him, Sir Topas.

CLO., *rapping at the door of the cell, and calling.* What ho! I say. Peace in this prison!

SIR TO. <The knave counterfeits well; a good knave!>

MAL., *within.* Who calls there?

CLO. Sir Topas, the curate, who comes to visit Malvolio, the lunatic.

MAL. Sir Topas, Sir Topas, good Sir Topas, go to my lady.

CLO. Out, hyperbolical fiend! how vexest thou this man! Talkest thou nothing but of ladies?

SIR TO. Well said, Master Parson!

MAL., *within.* Sir Topas, never was man thus wronged. Good Sir Topas, do not think I am mad: they have laid me here in hideous darkness.

CLO. Fie, thou dishonest Satan! (I call thee by the most modest terms; for I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy.) Sayst thou that house is dark?

MAL. As hell, Sir Topas.

CLO. Why, it hath bay-windows transparents as barricadoes, and the clerestories toward the south-north are as lustrous as ebony; and yet complainest thou of obstruction?

MAL. I am not mad, Sir Topas. I say to you, this house is dark.

CLO. Madman, thou errest: I say, there is no darkness but ignorance, in which thou art more puzzled than the Egyptians in their fog.

MAL. I say this house is as dark as ignorance, though ignorance were as dark as hell; and I say there was never man thus abused. I am no more mad than you are: make the trial of it in any constant[2] question.

CLO. What is the opinion of Pythagoras concerning wild fowl?

MAL. That the soul of our grandam might haply inhabit a bird.

[1] confederates.

[2] reasonable.

Clo. What thinkest thou of his opinion?

Mal. I think nobly of the soul, and no way approve his opinion. [79

Clo. Fare thee well: remain thou still in darkness: thou shalt hold th' opinion of Pythagoras ere I will allow of thy wits, and fear to kill a woodcock, lest thou dispossess the soul of thy grandam. Fare thee well.

Mal. Sir Topas! Sir Topas!

Sir To. My most exquisite Sir Topas!

Clo. Nay, I am for all waters.

Mar. Thou mightst have done this [89 without thy beard and gown: he sees thee not.

Sir To. To him in thine own voice, and bring me word how thou find'st him. <I would we were well rid of this knavery. If he may be conveniently delivered, I would he were; for I am now so far in offence with my niece that I cannot pursue with any safety this sport to the upshot.> Come by and by to my chamber.

[*Exeunt* Sir Toby *and* Maria. [100

Clo., *singing.*

"Hey Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does."

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "My lady is unkind, perdy!"

Mal. Fool!

Clo. "Alas, why is she so?"

Mal. Fool, I say!

Clo. "She loves another."
Who calls, ha? [110

Mal. Good fool, as ever thou wilt deserve well at my hand, help me to a candle, and pen, ink, and paper. As I am a gentleman, I will live to be thankful to thee for't.

Clo. Master Malvolio!

Mal. Ay, good fool.

Clo. Alas, sir, how fell you besides your five wits?

Mal. Fool, there was never man so [120 notoriously abused: I am as well in my wits, fool, as thou art.

Clo. But as well? then you are mad indeed, if you be no better in your wits than a fool.

Mal. They have here propertied[3] me; keep me in darkness, send ministers to me, asses; and do all they can to face me out of my wits. [129

Clo. Advise you what you say: the minister is here. [*Speaking as* Sir Topas.] Malvolio, Malvolio, thy wits the heavens restore! endeavor thyself to sleep, and leave thy vain bibble-babble.

Mal. Sir Topas!

Clo., *in the voice of* Sir Topas. Maintain no words with him, good fellow.—[*In his own voice.*] Who, I, sir? not I, sir. God be wi' you, good Sir Topas. Marry, amen. I will, sir, I will. [140

Mal. Fool, fool, fool, I say!

Clo. Alas, sir, be patient. What say you, sir? I am shent[4] for speaking to you.

Mal. Good fool, help me to some light and some paper: I tell thee I am as well in my wits as any man in Illyria.

Clo. Well-a-day, that you were, sir!

Mal. By this hand, I am. Good fool, some ink, paper, and light; and con- [150 vey what I will set down to my lady: it shall advantage thee more than ever the bearing of letter did.

Clo. I will help you to't. But tell me true: are you not mad indeed? or do you but counterfeit?

Mal. Believe me, I am not: I tell thee true.

Clo. Nay, I'll ne'er believe a madman till I see his brains. I will fetch you light and paper and ink. [161

Mal. Fool, I'll requite it in the highest degree: I prithee, be gone.

Clo., *singing.*

I am gone, sir,
And anon, sir,
I'll be with you again
In a trice,
Like to the old Vice,
Your need to sustain; [170
Who with dagger of lath,
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ah! to the devil:
Like a mad lad,
Pare thy nails, dad;
Adieu, goodman devil.

[3] made a chattel of.
[4] reproved.

Scene III

Sebastian is alone in Olivia's garden, utterly at a loss to understand the favor shown him.

Seb. This is the air; that is the glorious sun;
This pearl she gave me; I do feel't and see't;
And, though 'tis wonder that enwraps me thus,
Yet 'tis not madness. Where's Antonio then?
I could not find him at the Elephant;
Yet there he was, and there I found this credit,[5]
That he did range the town to seek me out.
His counsel now might do me golden service;
For, though my soul disputes well with my sense
That this may be some error, but no madness,
Yet doth this accident and flood of fortune
So far exceed all instance,[6] all discourse,
That I am ready to distrust mine eyes,
And wrangle with my reason that persuades me
To any other trust but that I am mad,
Or else the lady's mad: yet, if 'twere so,
She could not sway her house, command her followers,
Take and give back affairs and their dispatch
With such a smooth, discreet, and stable bearing
As I perceive she does. There's something in't
That is deceivable.[7] But here the lady comes.

Olivia comes; but she does not come alone; for, still resolute to attain her ends, she brings with her a Priest.

Oli. Blame not this haste of mine. If you mean well,
Now go with me and with this holy man
Into the chantry by; there, before him,
And underneath that consecrated roof,
Plight me the full assurance of your faith;
That my most jealous and too doubtful soul
May live at peace. He shall conceal it
Whiles[8] you are willing it shall come to note,
What time we will our celebration keep
According to my birth. What do you say?

Seb. I'll follow this good man, and go with you;
And, having sworn truth, ever will be true.

Oli. Then lead the way, good father; and heavens so shine
That they may fairly note this act of mine! *Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

Scene I

The Clown *and* Fabian *are in front of* Olivia's *house. The* Clown *has a letter in his hand.*

Fab. Now, as thou lov'st me, let me see his letter.

Clo. Good Master Fabian, grant me another request.

Fab. Anything.

Clo. Do not desire to see this letter.

Fab. This is, to give a dog, and, in recompense, desire my dog again.

Enter Duke, Viola *(still as* Cesario), Curio, *and Attendants.*

Duke. Belong you to the Lady Olivia, friends?

Clo. Ay, sir; we are some of her trappings.

Duke. I know thee well: how dost thou, my good fellow?

Clo. Truly, sir, the better for my foes and the worse for my friends.

Duke. Just the contrary; the better for thy friends.

Clo. No, sir, the worse.

Duke. How can that be?

Clo. Marry, sir, they praise me and make an ass of me; now my foes tell me plainly I am an ass: so that by my foes,

[5] news. [6] precedent. [7] deceptive. [8] till.

sir, I profit in the knowledge of myself, and by my friends I am abused: so [30 that, conclusions to be as kisses, if your four negatives make your two affirmatives, why then, the worse for my friends and the better for my foes.

DUKE. Why, this is excellent.

CLO. By my troth, sir, no; though it please you to be one of my friends.

DUKE. Thou shalt not be the worse for me: there's gold. [*Gives him a coin.*

CLO. But that it would be double- [40 dealing, sir, I would you could make it another.

DUKE. O, you give me ill counsel.

CLO. Put your grace in your pocket, sir, for this once, and let your flesh and blood obey it.

DUKE. Well, I will be so much a sinner to be a double-dealer: there's another. [*Gives another coin.*

CLO. *Primo, secundo, tertio,* is a [50 good play; and the old saying is, "the third pays for all:" the *triplex,* sir, is a good tripping measure; or the bells of Saint Bennet, sir, may put you in mind; one, two, three.

DUKE. You can fool no more money out of me at this throw: if you will let your lady know I am here to speak with her, and bring her along with you, it may awake my bounty further. [60

CLO. Marry, sir, lullaby to your bounty till I come again. I go, sir; but I would not have you to think that my desire of having is the sin of covetousness; but, as you say, sir, let your bounty take a nap; I will awake it anon. [*Exit.*

VIO. Here comes the man, sir, that did rescue me.

Enter ANTONIO *and* OFFICERS.

DUKE. That face of his I do remember well; [71
Yet, when I saw it last, it was besmeared
As black as Vulcan in the smoke of war.
A bawbling[1] vessel was he captain of,
For shallow draught and hulk unprizable,
With which such scathful[2] grapple did he make
With the most noble bottom of our fleet,
That very envy and the tongue of loss
Cried fame and honor on him. What's the matter? [81

1 OFF. Orsino, this is that Antonio
That took the Phœnix and her fraught from Candy;
And this is he that did the Tiger board,
When your young nephew Titus lost his leg.
Here in the streets, desperate of shame and state,
In private brabble did we apprehend him.

VIO. He did me kindness, sir, drew [91 on my side;
But in conclusion put strange speech upon me:
I know not what 'twas but distraction.

DUKE. Notable pirate! thou salt-water thief!
What foolish boldness brought thee to their mercies
Whom thou, in terms so bloody and [100 so dear,
Hast made thine enemies?

ANT. Orsino, noble sir,
Be pleased that I shake off these names you give me:
Antonio never yet was thief or pirate,
Though, I confess, on base and ground enough,
Orsino's enemy. A witchcraft drew me hither: [110
That most ingrateful boy there by your side,
From the rude sea's enraged and foamy mouth
Did I redeem; a wrack past hope he was:
His life I gave him, and did thereto add
My love, without retention or restraint,
All his in dedication; for his sake
Did I expose myself, pure[3] for his love,
Into the danger of this adverse town; [120
Drew to defend him when he was beset;
Where, being apprehended, his false cunning,
Not meaning to partake with me in danger,
Taught him to face me out of his acquaintance,

[1] trifling. [2] hurtful. [3] only.

And grew a twenty years removëd thing
While one would wink, denied me mine own purse,
Which I had recommended to his use
Not half an hour before.
VIO. How can this be?
DUKE. When came he to this town?
ANT. To-day, my lord; and for three months before—
No interim, not a minute's vacancy—
Both day and night did we keep company.
DUKE. Here comes the countess: now heaven walks on earth!—
But for thee, fellow; fellow, thy words are madness:
Three months this youth hath tended upon me;
But more of that anon.—Take him aside.

Enter OLIVIA *and Attendants.*

OLI. What would my lord, but that he may not have,
Wherein Olivia may seem serviceable?—
Cesario, you do not keep promise with me.
VIO. Madam!
DUKE. Gracious Olivia—
OLI., *paying no heed to the* DUKE. What do you say, Cesario? Good my lord—
VIO. My lord would speak; my duty hushes me.
OLI. If it be aught to the old tune, my lord,
It is as fat[4] and fulsome to mine ear
As howling after music.
DUKE. Still so cruel?
OLI. Still so constant, lord.
DUKE. What, to perverseness? you uncivil lady,
To whose ingrate and unauspicious altars
My soul the faithfull'st off'ring hath breathed out
That e'er devotion tendered! What shall I do?
OLI. Even what it please my lord, that shall become him.
DUKE. Why should I not, had I the heart to do it,
Like to th' Egyptian thief at point of death,
Kill what I love? a savage jealousy
That sometime savors nobly. But hear me this:
Since you to non-regardance cast my faith,
And that I partly know the instrument
That screws me from my true place in your favor,
Live you, the marble-breasted tyrant still;
But this your minion, whom I know you love,
And whom, by heaven I swear, I tender dearly,
Him will I tear out of that cruel eye,
Where he sits crownëd in his master's spite.—
Come, boy, with me; my thoughts are ripe in mischief;
I'll sacrifice the lamb that I do love,
To spite a raven's heart within a dove.
[*Turns to go.*
VIO., *following.* And I, most jocund, apt, and willingly,
To do you rest, a thousand deaths would die.
OLI. Where goes Cesario?
VIO. After him I love
More than I love these eyes, more than my life,
More, by all mores, than e'er I shall love wife.
If I do feign, you witnesses above
Punish my life for tainting of my love!
OLI. Ah me, detested! how am I beguiled!
VIO. Who does beguile you? who does do you wrong?
OLI. Hast thou forgot thyself? Is it so long?
Call forth the holy father.
[*Exit an Attendant.*
DUKE, *to* VIOLA. Come away.
OLI. Whither, my lord? Cesario, husband, stay.
DUKE, *turning back.* Husband?
OLI. Ay, husband.—Can he that deny?
DUKE. Her husband, sirrah?
VIO. No, my lord, not I.

[4] heavy.

OLI. Alas! it is the baseness of thy fear
That makes thee strangle thy propriety.[5]
Fear not, Cesario; take thy fortunes up;
Be that thou know'st thou art; and [231
then thou art
As great as that thou fear'st.—

Enter the PRIEST.

O, welcome, father!
Father, I charge thee, by thy reverence,
Here to unfold—though lately we intended
To keep in darkness what occasion now
Reveals before 'tis ripe—what thou dost know [241
Hath newly passed between this youth and me.

PRIEST. A contract of eternal bond of love,
Confirmed by mutual joinder of your hands,
Attested by the holy close of lips,
Strengthened by interchangement of your rings; [250
And all the ceremony of this compáct
Sealed in my function, by my testimony:
Since when, my watch hath told me, toward my grave
I have travelled but two hours.

DUKE. O, thou dissembling cub! what wilt thou be
When time hath sowed a grizzle on thy case?[6] [259
Or will not else thy craft so quickly grow
That thine own trip shall be thine overthrow?
Farewell, and take her; but direct thy feet
Where thou and I henceforth may never meet.

VIO. My lord, I do protest,—

OLI. O! do not swear:
Hold little[7] faith, though thou hast too much fear. [270

Enter SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK, *with his head broken.*

SIR AND. For the love of God, a surgeon! send one presently to Sir Toby.

OLI. What's the matter?

SIR AND. He has broke my head across, and has given Sir Toby a bloody coxcomb too. For the love of God, your help! I had rather than forty pound I were at home. [280

OLI. Who has done this, Sir Andrew?

SIR AND. The count's gentleman, one Cesario: we took him for a coward, but he's the very devil incardinate.

DUKE. My gentleman, Cesario?

SIR AND. Od's lifelings! here he is.—You broke my head for nothing! and that that I did, I was set on to do't by Sir Toby.

VIO. Why do you speak to me? I [290
never hurt you:
You drew your sword upon me without cause;
But I bespake you fair, and hurt you not.

SIR AND. If a bloody coxcomb be a hurt, you have hurt me: I think you set nothing by a bloody coxcomb. Here comes Sir Toby halting.

Enter SIR TOBY BELCH, *drunk, led by the* CLOWN. [300

You shall hear more: but, if he had not been in drink, he would have tickled you othergates[8] than he did.

DUKE. How now, gentlemen! how is't with you?

SIR TO. That's all one: he has hurt me, and there's th' end on't.—Sot, didst see Dick surgeon, sot?

CLO. O! he's drunk, Sir Toby, an hour agone: his eyes were set at eight i' th' [310
morning.

SIR TO. Then he's a rogue, and a passy-measures pavin.[9] I hate a drunken rogue.

OLI. Away with him! Who hath made this havoc with them?

SIR AND. I'll help you, Sir Toby, because we'll be dressed together.

SIR TO. Will you help? an ass-head and a coxcomb and a knave, a thin-faced [320
knave, a gull!

OLI. Get him to bed, and let his hurt be looked to.

[5] deny what thou art.
[6] skin. [7] a little.
[8] otherwise.
[9] *passamezzo pavin*, a dance.

[*Exeunt* Clown, Fabian, Sir Toby, *and* Sir Andrew.

Enter Sebastian.

Seb. I am sorry, madam, I have hurt your kinsman;
But, had it been the brother of my blood,
I must have done no less with wit and safety.—
You throw a strange regard upon me, and by that
I do perceive it hath offended you.
Pardon me, sweet one, even for the vows
We made each other but so late ago.
Duke. One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons;
A natural perspective, that is, and is not!
Seb. Antonio! O my dear Antonio!
How have the hours racked and tortured me
Since I have lost thee!
Ant. Sebastian are you?
Seb. Fear'st thou that, Antonio?
Ant. How have you made division of yourself?
An apple cleft in two is not more twin
Than these two creatures. Which is Sebastian?
Oli. Most wonderful!
Seb. Do I stand there? I never had a brother;
Nor can there be that deity in my nature,
Of here and everywhere. I had a sister,
Whom the blind waves and surges have devoured.
Of charity, what kin are you to me?
What countryman? what name? what parentage?
Vio. Of Messaline: Sebastian was my father;
Such a Sebastian was my brother too,
So went he suited[10] to his watery tomb.
If spirits can assume both form and suit
You come to fright us.
Seb. A spirit I am indeed;
But am in that dimension grossly clad
Which from the womb I did participate.
Were you a woman, as the rest goes even,
I should my tears let fall upon your cheek,
And say, "Thrice welcome, drownëd Viola!"
Vio. My father had a mole upon his brow.
Seb. And so had mine.
Vio. And died that day when Viola from her birth
Had numbered thirteen years.
Seb. O! that recórd[11] is lively in my soul.
He finishëd indeed his mortal act
That day that made my sister thirteen years.
Vio. If nothing lets[12] to make us happy both
But this my masculine usurped attire,
Do not embrace me till each circumstance
Of place, time, fortune, do cohere and jump[13]
That I am Viola: which to confirm,
I'll bring you to a captain in this town,
Where lie my maiden weeds:[14] by whose gentle help
I was preserved to serve this noble count.
All the occurrence of my fortune since
Hath been between this lady and this lord.
Seb., *to* Olivia. So comes it, lady, you have been mistook:
But nature to her bias drew in that.
You would have been contracted to a maid;
Nor are you therein, by my life, deceived,
You are betrothed both to a maid and man.
Duke. Be not amazed; right noble is his blood.
If this be so, as yet the glass seems true,
I shall have share in this most happy wrack.—
[*To* Viola.] Boy, thou hast said to me a thousand times
Thou never shouldst love women like to me.
Vio. And all those sayings will I overswear,
And all those swearings keep as true in soul

[10] dressed.
[11] recollection.
[12] hinders.
[13] agree.
[14] clothes.

As doth that orbëd continent the fire
That severs day from night.
DUKE. Give me thy hand;
And let me see thee in thy woman's weeds.
VIO. The captain that did bring me first on shore
Hath my maid's garments: he upon [430
some action
Is now in durance at Malvolio's suit,
A gentleman and follower of my lady's.
OLI. He shall enlarge him.—Fetch Malvolio hither.—
And yet, alas, now I remember me,
They say, poor gentleman, he's much distract.
A most extracting frenzy of mine own
From my remembrance clearly banished his. [441

Re-enter CLOWN, *with a letter, and* FABIAN.

How does he, sirrah?
CLO. Truly, madam, he holds Belzebub at the stave's end as well as a man in his case may do. He has here writ a letter to you: I should have given it to you today morning; but, as a madman's epistles are no gospels, so it skills[15] not much when they are delivered. [451
OLI. Open't, and read it.
CLO. Look then to be well edified, when the fool delivers the madman. [*Shouting.*
"By the Lord, madam,—"
OLI. How now! art thou mad?
CLO. No, madam, I do but read madness: and your ladyship will have it as it ought to be, you must allow *vox*.[16]
OLI. Prithee, read i' thy right wits. [460
CLO. So I do, madonna; but to read his right wits is to read thus: therefore perpend, my princess, and give ear.
OLI., *to* FABIAN. Read it you, sirrah.
FAB., *taking the letter from the* CLOWN. "By the Lord, madam, you wrong me, and the world shall know it: though you have put me into darkness, and given your drunken cousin rule over me, yet have I the benefit of my senses as well [470
as your ladyship. I have your own letter that induced me to the semblance I put on; with the which I doubt not but to do myself much right or you much shame. Think of me as you please. I leave my duty a little unthought of, and speak out of my injury.
THE MADLY-USED MALVOLIO."
OLI. Did he write this?
CLO. Ay, madam. [480
DUKE. This savors not much of distraction.
OLI. See him delivered, Fabian; bring him hither. [*Exit* FABIAN.
My lord, so please you, these things further thought on,
To think me as well a sister as a wife,
One day shall crown th' alliance on't, so please you,
Here at my house and at my [490
proper[17] cost.
DUKE. Madam, I am most apt t' embrace your offer.—
[*To* VIOLA.] Your master quits you: and, for your service done him,
So much against the mettle of your sex,
So far beneath your soft and tender breeding,
And since you called me master for so long, [500
Here is my hand: you shall from this time be
Your master's mistress.
OLI. A sister! you are she.

Re-enter FABIAN, *with* MALVOLIO.

DUKE. Is this the madman?
OLI. Ay, my lord, this same.—
How now, Malvolio!
MAL. Madam, you have done me wrong, [510
Notorious wrong.
OLI. Have I, Malvolio? no.
MAL. Lady, you have. Pray you peruse that letter.
You must not now deny it is your hand:
Write from it, if you can, in hand or phrase,
Or say 'tis not your seal nor your invention:
You can say none of this. Well, [520
grant it then,

[15] matters.
[16] a voice suited to the madness of the letters.
[17] own.

And tell me, in the modesty of honor,
Why you have given me such clear lights of favor,
Bade me come smiling and cross-gartered to you,
To put on yellow stockings, and to frown
Upon Sir Toby and the lighter people;
And, acting this in an obedient hope,
Why have you suffered me to be imprisoned, [531
Kept in a dark house, visited by the priest,
And made the most notorious geck[18] and gull
That e'er invention played on? tell me why.

Oli. Alas! Malvolio, this is not my writing,
Though, I confess, much like the character; [541
But, out of question, 'tis Maria's hand:
And, now I do bethink me, it was she
First told me thou wast mad; thou[19] cam'st in smiling,
And in such forms which here were presupposed
Upon thee in the letter. Prithee, be content:
This practice[20] hath most shrewdly passed upon thee; [551
But, when we know the grounds and authors of it,
Thou shalt be both the plaintiff and the judge
Of thine own cause.

Fab. Good madam, hear me speak,
And let no quarrel nor no brawl to come
Taint the condition of this present hour,
Which I have wondered at. In hope it shall not, [561
Most freely I confess, myself and Toby
Set this device against Malvolio here,
Upon some stubborn and uncourteous parts
We had conceived against him. Maria writ
The letter at Sir Toby's great importance;[21]
In recompense whereof he hath married her. [571
How with a sportful malice it was followed
May rather pluck on laughter than revenge,
If that the injuries be justly weighed
That have on both sides passed.

Oli. Alas, poor fool, how have they baffled thee!

Clo. Why, "some are born great, [580 some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrown upon them." I was one, sir, in this interlude; one Sir Topas, sir; but that's all one. "By the Lord, fool, I am not mad:" But do you remember "Madam, why laugh you at such a barren rascal? and you smile not, he's gagged"? And thus the whirligig of time brings in his revenges.

Mal. I'll be revenged on the whole [590 pack of you. [*Exit.*

Oli. He hath been most notoriously abused.

Duke. Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.—
He hath not told us of the captain yet.
When that is known and golden time convents,[22]
A solemn combination shall be made
Of our dear souls. Meantime, sweet [600 sister,
We will not part from hence.—Cesario, come;
For so you shall be, while you are a man;
But, when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.
[*Exeunt all except* Clown.

Clo. When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy, [610
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gates,
For the rain it raineth every day.

[18] dupe. [19] B and all eds., then.
[20] trick. [21] importunity.
[22] befits.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.
A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one; our play is done;
And we'll strive to please you every day. [*Exit.*

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

BY

THOMAS HEYWOOD

INTRODUCTION

Heywood's masterpiece is that rare thing in Elizabethan drama, a bloodless tragedy. Staged in March, 1602–3, it went through three editions, two of which are extant, one of these being the third, of 1617, and the other, of 1607, being probably the first. The sources of the two plots interwoven in the play have been declared to be the "Heptameron" in the one case, and Bandello in the other: but there is no reason to deprive Heywood of the credit for their invention. Neither plot is subtle or complicated enough to demand great inventive powers.

"A Woman Killed with Kindness" is full of absurdities; but it is redeemed by the beauty and simplicity and depth of its pathos. Among the absurdities are the sudden infatuation of the vindictive Acton with the sister of his victim and the resultant action (in V 1) of Sir Charles, who has up to that point been a very sympathetic character. The final scene is badly huddled up, and does not hold together. The theatrical technique is very crude. Explanations are given to the audience in the manner of twenty years previously; and the onlookers are even directly addressed. Very childish, too, is the overhearing of Wendoll's soliloquy in II 3. Cranwell's convenient illness in IV 2 is another example of the author's readiness to bend probabilities to suit his purpose; yet it is hard to see what purpose Cranwell serves in that fourth act. He seems to be there merely to make a fourth in a preposterous game of cards. But to judge the play by these technical faults, or even by its radical absurdities, would be unjust: we have only to turn to its compensating greatnesses to see what a really fine play it is. The last quarter of it is magnificent: the masterly creation of atmosphere in IV 4 is reminiscent of "Macbeth;" IV 5 is deeply affecting; and the simple pathos of the closing scene has not often been surpassed. It borders on the sentimental, it is true; but it is not false sentiment: it rings true. Nick's revelation in III 2 is magnificently done, though some of the effect of it is spoiled by the silly card-table punning which follows. Due credit has not been given to the quality of the verse, which is considerably above Heywood's usual level; there is some really fine stuff in II 3 and IV 4.

It may be said also in the drama's favor that it gives a very pleasant picture of the English country home life of the time. Frankford

shows all the fine hospitality characteristic of Heywood's heroes; and it may be doubted if there was any Elizabethan dramatist save Heywood who would have been capable of the delicacy and gentleness exhibited by his hero when he discovers his wife's guilt. There are but two flaws in it—his readiness to believe her guilty before he has obtained evidence; and his statement that he will kill the erring woman with kindness. That is a bad touch; for, if we are to look upon him as being kind only to torture her the more effectually, our sympathy with him is materially lessened. It may perhaps be well to warn students that they must not be guilty of the stupidity of applying to Frankford and his wife twentieth-century American ideas of the relations of the sexes. The whole beauty of the sentiment will be missed by anyone who wishes to judge it in the light of the feminist ideals of to-day.

If Frankford is a very fine gentleman, his wife is an object of genuine pity. It may be confessed that she falls with amazing ease; but thenceforward she wins our sympathy. Here again modern ideas of the equality of the sexes in matters of morality have to be set aside; the feminist who will find it impossible to understand her attitude when she cries:

> He cannot be so base as to forgive me!

will be unable to get from the play all that it has to give to the student of imagination and of background. And what a beautiful touch it is when the repentant woman, expecting ill-treatment from her wronged husband, makes the very feminine appeal:

> Mark not my face,
> Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
> Perfect and undeformëd to my tomb!

The only other characters calling for favorable notice are Wendoll, who is not unsympathetically presented, as one who, though by no means an ill-meaning man, is carried away by an illicit passion into disgraceful treachery to his benefactor, and Nicholas, who, though lightly, is very effectively sketched. Shafton is too diabolical to seem real; and Sir Francis is a mere impossibility.

CHARACTERS

Sir Francis Acton, *Brother to Mistress Frankford.*
Sir Charles Mountford.
Master John Frankford.
Master Malby.
Master Wendoll.
Master Cranwell.
Master Shafton.
Old Mountford, *Uncle to Sir Charles.*
Nicholas, Jenkin, Roger Brickbat, Jack Slime, Spigot, *butler* — *Household Servants to Frankford.*

Master Sandy.
Master Roder.
Master Tidy, *Cousin to Sir Charles.*
Sheriff.
Keeper of Prison.
Mistress Anne Frankford.
Susan, *Sister to Sir Charles Mountfor*
Cicely, *Maid to Mistress Frankford.*
Children of Frankford.
Women Servants in Master Frankford household.
Sheriff's Officers, Sergeant, Huntsme Falconers, Coachmen, Carters, Serv ants, Musicians.

Place: *England.*
Time: *Heywood's own day.*

A WOMAN KILLED WITH KINDNESS

PROLOGUE

I come but like a harbinger, being sent
To tell you what these preparations mean.
Look for no glorious state; our Muse is bent
Upon a barren subject, a bare scene.
We could afford this twig a timber-tree,
Whose strength might boldly on your favors build;
Our russet, tissue; drone, a honey-bee;
Our barren plot, a large and spacious field;
Our coarse fare, banquets; our thin water, wine;
Our brook, a sea; our bat's eyes, eagle's sight;
Our poet's dull and earthly Muse, divine;
Our ravens, doves; our crow's black feathers, white.
But gentle thoughts, when they may give the foil,
Save them that yield, and spare where they may spoil.

ACT ONE

Scene I

Frankford *has just been married to a lady of good standing,* Mistress Anne Acton, *and the wedding-party is being entertained in his house. Besides the bride and bridegroom, we have present her brother,* Sir Francis; *his friend* Malby, Sir Charles, Wendoll, *and* Cranwell. *The other guests are dancing in another room.* [9

Sir F. Some music, there! None lead the bride a dance?
Sir C. Yes, would she dance *The Shaking of the Sheets;*
But that's the dance her husband means to lead her.
Wen. That's not the dance that every man must dance,
According to the ballad.
Sir F. Music, ho!
By your leave, sister—by your husband's leave, [21
I should have said—the hand that but this day
Was given you in the church I'll borrow.
—Sound!
This marriage music hoists me from the ground.
Frank. Ay, you may caper; you are light and free!
Marriage hath yoked my heels; pray, then, pardon me. [31
Sir F. I'll have you dance too, brother!
Sir C. Master Frankford,
Y'are a happy man, sir; and much joy
Succeed your marriage mirth: you have a wife
So qualified, and with such ornaments
Both of the mind and body. First, her birth
Is noble, and her education such [40
As might become the daughter of a prince;
Her own tongue speaks all tongues, and her own hand
Can teach all strings to speak in their best grace,
From the shrill'st treble to the hoarsest base.
To end her many praises in one word,

She's Beauty and Perfection's eldest [50
daughter,
Only found by yours, though many a
heart hath sought her.
FRANK. But that I know your virtues
and chaste thoughts,
I should be jealous of your praise, Sir
Charles.
CRAN. He speaks no more than you
approve. [59
MAL. Nor flatters he that gives to her
her due.
MRS. F. I would your praise could find
a fitter theme
Than my imperfect beauty to speak on!
Such as they be, if they my husband
please,
They suffice me now I am marriëd.
His sweet content is like a flattering
glass, [69
To make my face seem fairer to mine
eye;
But the least wrinkle from his stormy
brow
Will blast the roses in my cheeks that
grow.
SIR F. A perfect wife already, meek
and patient!
How strangely the word husband fits
your mouth, [79
Not married three hours since! Sister,
'tis good;
You that begin betimes thus must needs
prove
Pliant and duteous in your husband's
love.—
Gramercies, brother! Wrought her to't
already!
"Sweet husband," and a curtsey, the first
day! [89
Mark this, mark this, you that are
bachelors,
And never took the grace[1] of honest
man;
Mark this, against[2] you marry, this one
phrase:
In a good time that man both wins and
woos
That takes his wife down in her wedding
shoes. [99

[1] gained the dignity.
[2] before.

FRANK. Your sister takes not after you,
Sir Francis,
All his wild blood your father spent on
you;
He got her in his age, when he grew civil.
All his mad tricks were to his land en-
tailed,
And you are heir to all; your sister, she
Hath to her dower her mother's mod-
esty. [109
SIR C. Lord, sir, in what a happy state
live you!
This morning, which to many seems a
burden,
Too heavy to bear, is unto you a pleas-
ure.
This lady is no clog, as many are;
She doth become you like a well-made
suit,
In which the tailor hath used all his art;
Not like a thick coat of unseasoned frieze,
Forced on your back in summer. [121
She's no chain
To tie your neck, and curb you to the
yoke;
But she's a chain of gold to adorn your
neck.
You both adorn each other, and your
hands,
Methinks, are matches. There's equality
In this fair combinatiön; y'are both [130
Scholars, both young, both being de-
scended nobly.
There's music in this sympathy; it carries
Consort and expectation of much joy,
Which God bestow on you from this first
day
Until your dissolution!—that's for aye.
SIR F. We keep you here too long,
good brother Frankford.
Into the hall; away! Go cheer your [140
guests.
What! Bride and bridegroom both with-
drawn at once?
If you be missed, the guests will doubt
their welcome,
And charge you with unkindness.
FRANK. To prevent it,
I'll leave you here, to see the dance
within.
MRS. F. And so will I. [150

[*Exeunt* Master *and* Mistress Frankford.

Sir F. To part you it were sin.—
Now, gallants, while the town musiciäns
Finger their frets within, and the mad lads
And country lasses, every mother's child,
With nosegays and bride-laces in their hats,
Dance all their country measures, rounds, and jigs,
What shall we do? Hark! They're all on the hoigh;[3]
They toil like mill-horses, and turn as round—
Marry, not on the toe. Ay, and they caper,
Not[4] without cutting; you shall see, to-morrow,
The hall-floor pecked and dinted like a millstone,
Made with their high shoes. Though their skill be small,
Yet they tread heavy where their hob-nails fall.

Sir C. Well, leave them to their sports! —Sir Francis Acton,
I'll make a match with you! Meet me to-morrow
At Chevy Chase; I'll fly my hawk with yours.

Sir F. For what? For what?

Sir C. Why, for a hundred pound.

Sir F. Pawn me some gold of that!

Sir C. Here are ten angels;[5]
I'll make them good a hundred pound to-morrow
Upon my hawk's wing.

Sir F. 'Tis a match; 'tis done.
Another hundred pound upon your dogs;—
Dare ye, Sir Charles?

Sir C. I dare; were I sure to lose,
I durst do more than that; here is my hand,
The first course for a hundred pound!

Sir F. A match.

Wen. Ten angels on Sir Francis Acton's hawk;
As much upon his dogs!

Cran. I'm for Sir Charles Mountford: I have seen
His hawk and dog both tried. What! Clap ye hands,
Or is't no bargain?

Wen. Yes, and stake them down.
Were they five hundred, they were all my own.

Sir F. Be stirring early with the lark to-morrow;
I'll rise into my saddle ere the sun
Rise from his bed.

Sir C. If there you miss me, say
I am no gentleman: I'll hold my day.

Sir F. It holds on all sides.—Come, to-night let's dance;
Early to-morrow let's prepare to ride:
We had need be three hours up before the bride. [*Exeunt.*

[3] frolic. [4] Q., But. [5] about $25.

Scene II

In the courtyard, Nicholas, Jenkin, Jack, *and* Roger *are preparing to follow the example of their "betters" in the house. They have some country wenches with them, and two or three musicians.*

Jen. Come, Nick, take you Joan Miniver, to trace withal; Jack Slime, traverse you with Cicely Milkpail; I will take Jane Trubkin, and Roger Brickbat shall have Isabel Motley. And, now that they are busy in the parlor, come, strike up; we'll have a crash here in the yard.

Nich. My humor is not compendious: dancing I possess not, though I can foot it; yet, since I am fallen into the hands of Cicely Milkpail, I consent.

Slime. Truly, Nick, though we were never brought up like serving courtiers, yet we have been brought up with serving creatures—ay, and God's creatures, too; for we have been brought up to serve sheep, oxen, horses, hogs, and such like; and, though we be but country fellows, it may be in the way of dancing we can do the horse-trick as well as the serving-men.

Brick. Ay, and the cross-point too.

Jen. O Slime! O Brickbat! Do not you know that comparisons are odious? Now we are odious ourselves, too;

therefore there are no comparisons to be made betwixt us.

NICH. I am sudden, and not superfluous;
I am quarrelsome, and not seditious;
I am peaceable, and not contentious;
I am brief, and not compendious.

SLIME. Foot it quickly! If the music overcome not my melancholy, I shall quarrel; and, if they suddenly do not [40 strike up, I shall presently strike thee down.

JEN. No quarrelling, for God's sake! Truly, if you do, I shall set a knave between ye.

SLIME. I come to dance, not to quarrel. Come, what shall it be? *Rogero?*

JEN. *Rogero?* No; we will dance *The Beginning of the World.*

CICELY. I love no dance so well as [50 *John, come kiss me now.*

NICH. I, that have ere now deserved a cushion, call for the *Cushion-dance.*

BRICK. For my part, I like nothing so well as *Tom Tyler.*

JEN. No; we'll have *The Hunting of the Fox.*

SLIME. *The Hay, The Hay!* There's nothing like *The Hay.*

NICH. I have said, do say, and will [60 say again——

JEN. Every man agree to have it as Nick says!

ALL. Content.

NICH. It hath been, it now is, and it shall be——

CICELY. What, Master Nicholas? What?

NICH. *Put on your Smock a' Monday.*

JEN. So the dance will come cleanly off! Come, for God's sake, agree of [70 something: if you like not that, put it to the musicians; or let me speak for all, and we'll have *Sellenger's Round.*

ALL. That, that, that!

NICH. No, I am resolved thus it shall be;
First take hands, then take ye to your heels.

JEN. Why, would you have us run away? [80

NICH. No; but I would have you shake your heels.—Music, strike up!

[*They dance;* NICK, *dancing, moves*[6] *stately and scurvily, the rest after the country fashion.*

JEN. Hey! lively, my lasses! Here's a turn for thee!

SCENE III

SIR CHARLES, SIR FRANCIS, WENDOLL, CRANWELL, *and other Gentlemen,*[7] *two Falconers, and a couple of Huntsmen are assembled in Chevy Chase, for their sport.* SIR CHARLES' *bird has just been released.*

SIR C. So; well cast off! Aloft, aloft! Well flown!
Oh, now she takes her at the souse,[8] and strikes her [10
Down to th' earth, like a swift thunderclap.

WEN. She hath struck ten angels out of my way.

SIR F. A hundred pound from me.

SIR C. What, falconer!

FALC. At hand, sir!

SIR C. Now she hath seized the fowl and 'gins to plume[9] her,
Rebeck[10] her not; rather stand still and check her! [21
So, seize her gets, her jesses, and her bells!
Away!

SIR F. My hawk killed, too.

SIR C. Ay, but 'twas at the querre,
Not at the mount like mine.

SIR F. Judgment, my masters!

CRAN. Yours missed her at the ferre.

WEN. Ay, but our merlin first had plumed the fowl, [31
And twice renewed her from the river too.
Her bells, Sir Francis, had not both one weight,
Nor was one semi-tune above the other.
Methinks, these Milan bells do sound too full,
And spoil the mounting of your hawk.

[6] B and modern eds., speaks.
[7] Malby is also listed; but, as he takes no part in the action, this may be assumed to be an error.
[8] on the descent.
[9] pluck.
[10] Recall.

SIR C. 'Tis lost.
SIR F. I grant it not. Mine like- [40
wise seized a fowl
Within her talons, and you saw her paws
Full of the feathers; both her petty singles
And her long singles griped her more than other;
The terrials of her legs were stained with blood,
Not of the fowl only; she did discomfit
Some of her feathers; but she brake [50
away.
Come, come; your hawk is but a rifler.
SIR C. How!
SIR F. Ay, and your dogs are trindle-tails and curs.
SIR C. You stir my blood. You keep not one good hound
In all your kennel, nor one good hawk upon
Your perch. [60
SIR. F. How, knight!
SIR. C. So, knight.
You will not swagger, sir?
SIR. F. Why, say I did?
SIR C. Why, sir, I say you would gain as much by swaggering
As you have got by wagers on your dogs.
You will come short in all things.
SIR F. Not in this!
Now I'll strike home. [70
[*Strikes* SIR CHARLES.
SIR C. Thou shalt to thy long home,
Or I will want my will.
SIR F. All they that love Sir Francis, follow me!
SIR C. All that affect Sir Charles, draw on my part!
CRAN. On this side heaves my hand.
WEN. Here goes my heart. [79
[*They divide themselves.* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD, CRANWELL, *his Falconer and Huntsman, and others fight against* SIR FRANCIS ACTON, WENDOLL *and other friends of his, his Falconer and Huntsman.* SIR CHARLES' *party has the better, and beats those of the other side, killing both of* SIR FRANCIS' *men. Exeunt all but* SIR CHARLES MOUNTFORD.

SIR C. My God, what have I done! [90
What have I done!
My rage hath plunged into a sea of blood,
In which my soul lies drowned.—Poor innocents,
For whom we are to answer!—Well, 'tis done;
And I remain the victor. A great conquest,
When I would give this right hand, nay, this head, [100
To breathe in them new life whom I have slain!—
Forgive me, God! 'Twas in the heat of blood,
And anger quite removes me from myself.
It was not I, but rage, did this vile murder;
Yet I, and not my rage, must answer it.
Sir Francis Acton, he is fled the field;
With him all those that did partake [110
his quarrel;
And I am left alone, with sorrow dumb,
And, in my height of conquest, overcome.

Enter SUSAN.

SUSAN. O God! My brother wounded 'mong the dead!
Unhappy jest, that in such earnest ends!
The rumor of this fear stretched to my ears,
And I am come to know if you be [120
wounded.
SIR C. Oh, sister, sister! Wounded at the heart.
SUSAN. My[11] God forbid!
SIR C. In doing that thing which He forbad,
I am wounded, sister.
SUSAN. I hope, not at the heart.
SIR C. Yes, at the heart.
SUSAN. O God! A surgeon, there. [130
SIR C. Call me a surgeon, sister, for my soul!
The sin of murder, it hath pierced my heart
And made a wide wound there; but, for these scratches,
They are nothing, nothing.
SUSAN. Charles, what have you done?

[11] Should perhaps be "May."

Sir Francis hath great friends, and will pursue you
Unto the utmost danger of the law.
SIR C. My conscience is become mine enemy,
And will pursue me more than Acton can.
SUSAN. Oh! Fly, sweet brother!
SIR C. Shall I fly from thee?
Why, Sue, art weary of my company?
SUSAN. Fly from your foe! [149
SIR C. You, sister, are my friend,
And, flying you, I shall pursue my end.
SUSAN. Your company is as my eyeball dear;
Being far from you, no comfort can be near.
Yet fly to save your life! What would I care
To spend my future age in black despair,
So you were safe? And yet, to live one week [160
Without my brother Charles, through every cheek
My streaming tears would downwards run so rank,
Till they could set on either side a bank,
And in the midst a channel; so my face
For two salt-water brooks shall still find place.
SIR C. Thou shalt not weep so much; for I will stay, [170
In spite of danger's teeth. I'll live with thee,
Or I'll not live at all. I will not sell
My country and my father's patrimony,
Nor thy sweet sight, for a vain hope of life.

Enter SHERIFF, *with Officers.*

SHER. Sir Charles, I am made the unwilling instrument
Of your attach[12] and apprehensiön. [180
I'm sorry that the blood of innocent men
Should be of you exacted. It was told me
That you were guarded with a troop of friends,
And therefore I come thus armed.
SIR C. Oh, Master Sheriff!
I came into the field with many friends;
But see, they all have left me; only one
Clings to my sad misfortune, my dear sister. [190
I know you for an honest gentleman;
I yield my weapons, and submit to you.
Convey me where you please!
SHER. To prison, then,
To answer for the lives of these dead men.
SUSAN. O God! O God!
SIR C. Sweet sister, every strain
Of sorrow from your heart augments my pain;
Your grief abounds, and hits against [200 my breast.
SHER. Sir, will you go?
SIR C. Even where it likes you best.

[12] arrest.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

FRANKFORD, *at home, the same morning, congratulates himself upon his good fortune.*

FRANK. How happy am I amongst other men,
That in my mean estate embrace content!
I am a gentleman, and by my birth
Companion with a king; a king's no more. [10
I am possessed of many fair revénues,
Sufficient to maintain a gentleman;
Touching my mind, I am studied in all arts;
The riches of my thoughts and of my time
Have been a good proficient; but, the chief
Of all the sweet felicities on earth,
I have a fair, a chaste, and loving wife—
Perfection all, all truth, all ornament. [21
If man on earth may truly happy be,
Of these at once possessed, sure, I am he.

Enter NICHOLAS.

NICH. Sir, there's a gentleman attends without
To speak with you.
FRANK. On horseback?
NICH. Yes, on horseback.
FRANK. Entreat him to alight, and [30 I'll attend him.
Know'st thou him, Nick?

NICH. Know him? Yes; his name's Wendoll.
It seems, he comes in haste: his horse is booted [1]
Up to the flank in mire, himself all spotted
And stained with plashing. Sure, he rid in fear,
Or for a wager. Horse and man both sweat;
I ne'er saw two in such a smoking heat.
FRANK. Entreat him in: about it instantly! [*Exit* NICHOLAS.
This Wendoll I have noted, and his carriage
Hath pleased me much; by observatiön
I have noted many good deserts in him.
He's affable, and seen [2] in many things;
Discourses well; a good companiön;
And, though of small means, yet a gentleman
Of a good house, though somewhat pressed by want.
I have preferred him to a second place
In my opinion and my best regard.

Enter WENDOLL, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, *and* NICHOLAS.

MRS. F. Oh, Master Frankford!
Master Wendoll here
Brings you the strangest news that e'er you heard.
FRANK. What news, sweet wife? What news, good Master Wendoll?
WEN. You knew the match made 'twixt Sir Francis Acton
And Sir Charles Mountford?
FRANK. True; with their hounds and hawks.
WEN. The matches were both played.
FRANK. Ha? And which won?
WEN. Sir Francis, your wife's brother, had the worst,
And lost the wager.
FRANK. Why, the worse his chance;
Perhaps the fortune of some other day
Will change his luck.
MRS. F. Oh, but you hear not all.
Sir Francis lost, and yet was loth to yield;
At length the two knights grew to difference,
From words to blows, and so to banding sides;
Where valorous Sir Charles slew, in his spleen,
Two of your brother's men—his falconer,
And his good huntsman, whom he loved so well.
More men were wounded, no more slain outright.
FRANK. Now, trust me, I am sorry for the knight.
But is my brother safe?
WEN. All whole and sound,
His body not being blemished with one wound;
But poor Sir Charles is to the prison led,
To answer at th' assize for them that's dead.
FRANK. I thank your pains, sir. Had the news been better,
Your will was to have brought it, Master Wendoll.
Sir Charles will find hard friends; his case is heinous
And will be most severely censured on.
I'm sorry for him. Sir, a word with you:
I know you, sir, to be a gentleman
In all things; your possibility [3] but mean:
Please you to use my table and my purse;
They're yours.
WEN. O Lord, sir! I shall ne'er deserve it.
FRANK. O sir, disparage not your worth too much:
You are full of quality and fair desert.
Choose of my men which shall attend you, sir,
And he is yours. I will allow you, sir,
Your man, your gelding, and your table, all
At my own charge; be my companiön!
WEN. Master Frankford, I have oft been bound to you
By many favors; this exceeds them all,
That I shall never merit your least favor;
But when your last remembrance I forget,

[1] splashed.
[2] learned.
[3] resources.

Heaven at my soul exact that weighty debt!
FRANK. There needs no protestation; for I know you
Virtuous, and therefore grateful.—Prithee, Nan,
Use him with all thy loving'st courtesy!
MRS. F. As far as modesty may well extend,
It is my duty to receive your friend.
FRANK. To dinner! Come, sir, from this present day,
Welcome to me for ever! Come, away!
[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD, MISTRESS FRANKFORD, *and* WENDOLL.
NICH. I do not like this fellow by no means:
I never see him but my heart still yearns.[4]
Zounds! I could fight with him, yet know not why;
The devil and he are all one in mine eye.

Enter JENKIN.

JEN. O Nick! What gentleman is that comes to lie at our house? My master allows him one to wait on him, and I believe it will fall to thy lot.
NICH. I love my master; by these hilts, I do;
But rather than I'll ever come to serve him,
I'll turn away my master.

Enter CICELY.

CIC. Nich'las! where are you, Nich'las? You must come in, Nich'las, and help the young gentleman off with his boots.
NICH. If I pluck off his boots, I'll eat the spurs,
And they shall stick fast in my throat like burrs.
CIC. Then, Jenkin, come you!
JEN. Nay, 'tis no boot for me to deny it. My master hath given me a coat here, but he takes pains himself to brush it once or twice a day with a holly wand.
CIC. Come, come, make haste, that you may wash your hands again, and help to serve in dinner!

[4] grieves.

JEN.[5] You may see, my masters, though it be afternoon with you, 'tis yet but early days with us, for we have not dined yet.—Stay but a little; I'll but go in and help to bear up the first course, and come to you again presently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Some time has elapsed. MALBY *and* CRANWELL *meet in the Court of Sessions and discuss the fortunes of the unlucky* SIR CHARLES.

MAL. This is the sessions-day; pray can you tell me
How young Sir Charles hath sped? Is he acquit,
Or must he try the laws' strict penalty?
CRAN. He's cleared of all, spite of his enemies,
Whose earnest labor was to take his life.
But in this suit of pardon he hath spent
All the revénues that his father left him;
And he is now turned a plain countryman,
Reformed[6] in all things. See, sir, here he comes.

Enter SIR CHARLES *and his* KEEPER.

KEEP. Discharge your fees, and you are then at freedom.
SIR C. Here, Master Keeper, take the poor remainder
Of all the wealth I have! My heavy foes
Have made my purse light; but, alas! to me
'Tis wealth enough that you have set me free.
MAL. God give you joy of your delivery!
I am glad to see you abroad, Sir Charles.
SIR C. The poorest knight in England, Master Malby.
My life has cost me all my patrimony
My father left his son. Well, God forgive them
That are the authors of my penury!

Enter SHAFTON.

[5] In this speech we have one of those quaint addresses to the audience that were characteristic of early Elizabethan plays. It is strange to find it in so late a play as this.
[6] changed.

SHAFT. Sir Charles! A hand, a hand! At liberty?
Now, by the faith I owe, I am glad to see it.
What want you? Wherein may I pleasure you?
SIR C. Oh me! Oh, most unhappy gentleman!
I am not worthy to have friends stirred up,
Whose hands may help me in this plunge of want.
I would I were in Heaven, to inherit there
Th' immortal birthright which my Savior keeps
And by no unthrift can be bought and sold;
For here on earth what pleasure should we trust!
SHAFT. To rid you from these contemplatiöns,
Three hundred pounds you shall receive of me;
Nay, five, for fail.[7] Come, sir, the sight of gold
Is the most sweet receipt for melancholy,
And will revive your spirits. You shall hold law
With your proud adversaries. Tush! let Frank Acton
Wage, with his knighthood, like expense with me,
And he will sink, he will.—Nay, good Sir Charles,
Applaud your fortune and your fair escape
From all these perils.
SIR C. Oh, sir! they have undone me.
Two thousand and five hundred pound a year
My father at his death possessed me of;
All which the envious Acton made me spend;
And, notwithstanding all this large expense,
I had much ado to gain my liberty;
And I have only now a house of pleasure,
With some five hundred pounds reserved,
Both to maintain me and my loving sister.

[7] lest three should not be enough.

SHAFT. <That must I have; it lies convenient for me.
If I can fasten but one finger on him,
With my full hand I'll gripe him to the heart.
'Tis not for love I proffered him this coin,
But for my gain and pleasure.> Come, Sir Charles,
I know you have need of money; take my offer.
SIR C. Sir, I accept it, and remain indebted
Even to the best of my unable power.—
Come, gentlemen, and see it tendered down! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

WENDOLL, *a guest in* FRANKFORD'S *house, is troubled by the desire that is overcoming him to establish intimate relations with his host's wife, who is now the mother of two children.*

WEN. I am a villain, if I apprehend
But such a thought; then, to attempt the deed,
Slave, thou art damned without redemptiön.—
I'll drive away this passion with a song.
A song! Ha, ha! A song! As if, fond[8] man,
Thy eyes could swim in laughter, when thy soul
Lies drenched and drownëd in red tears of blood!
I'll pray, and see if God within my heart
Plant better thoughts. Why, prayers are meditations,
And when I meditate (oh, God forgive me!)
It is on her divine perfectiöns.
I will forget her; I will arm myself
Not t' entertain a thought of love to her;
And, when I come by chance into her presence,
I'll hale these balls until my eye-strings crack
From being pulled and drawn to look that way.
[FRANKFORD, ANNE, *and* NICHOLAS *pass over the stage, without seeing him.*

[8] foolish.

O God, O God! With what a violence
I'm hurried to mine own destruction!
There goest thou, the most perfect'st man
That ever England bred a gentleman,
And shall I wrong his bed?—Thou God of thunder,
Stay, in Thy thoughts of vengeance and of wrath,
Thy great, almighty, and all-judging hand
From speedy execution on a villain—
A villain and a traitor to his friend!

Enter JENKIN.

JEN. Did your worship call?
WEN. He doth maintain me; he allows me largely
Money to spend.
JEN. <By my faith, so do not you me: I cannot get a cross of you.>
WEN. My gelding, and my man.
JEN. <That's Sorrel and I.>
WEN. This kindness grows of no alliance 'twixt us.
JEN. <Nor is my service of any great acquaintance.>
WEN. I never bound him to me by desert.
Of a mere stranger, a poor gentleman,
A man by whom in no kind he could gain,[9]
And he hath placed me in his highest thoughts,
Made me companion with the best and chiefest
In Yorkshire! He cannot eat without me,
Nor laugh without me; I am to his body
As necessary as his digestion,
And equally do make him whole or sick.
And shall I wrong this man? Base man! Ingrate!
Hast thou the power, straight with thy gory hands,
To rip thy image from his bleeding heart,
To scratch thy name from out the holy book
Of his remembrance, and to wound his name
That holds thy name so dear, or rend his heart
To whom thy heart was knit and joined together?
And yet I must. Then Wendoll, be content:
Thus villains, when they would, cannot repent.
JEN. <What a strange humor is my new master in! Pray God he be not mad! if he should be so, I should never have any mind to serve him in Bedlam. It may be he's mad for missing of me.>
WEN. What, Jenkin! Where's your mistress?
JEN. Is your worship married?
WEN. Why dost thou ask?
JEN. Because you are my master; and if I have a mistress, I would be glad, like a good servant, to do my duty to her.
WEN. I mean Mistress Frankford.
JEN. Marry, sir, her husband is riding out of town, and she went very lovingly to bring him on his way to horse. Do you see, sir? Here she comes; and here I go.
WEN. Vanish! [*Exit* JENKIN.

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD.

MRS. F. Y' are well met, sir; now, in troth, my husband,
Before he took horse, had a great desire
To speak with you; we sought about the house,
Hallooed into the fields, sent every way,
But could not meet you. Therefore, he enjoined me
To do unto you his most kind commends—
Nay, more: he wills you, as you prize his love,
Or hold in estimation his kind friendship,
To make bold in his absence, and command
Even as himself were present in the house;
For you must keep his table, use his servants,
And be a present Frankford in his absence.
WEN. I thank him for his love.— <Give me a name, you, whose infectious tongues
Are tipped with gall and poison: as you would

[9] There seems to be something missing here.

Think on a man that had your father slain,
Murdered your children, made your wives base strumpets,
So call me, call me so; print in my face
The most stigmatic title of a villain, [139
For hatching treason to so true a friend!>
MRS. F. Sir, you are much beholding to my husband;
You are a man most dear in his regard.
WEN. I am bound unto your husband, and you too.
<I will not speak to wrong a gentleman
Of that good estimation, my kind friend.
I will not; zounds! I will not. I may choose, [149
And I will choose. Shall I be so misled,
Or shall I purchase to my father's crest
The motto of a villain? If I say
I will not do it, what thing can enforce me?
What can compel me? What sad destiny
Hath such command upon my yielding thoughts?
I will not.—Ha! Some fury pricks me on; [159
The swift fates drag me at their chariot wheel,
And hurry me to mischief. Speak I must,
Injure myself, wrong her, deceive his trust.>
MRS. F. Are you not well, sir, that you seem thus troubled?
There is sedition in your countenance.
WEN. And in my heart, fair angel, chaste and wise. [169
I love you! Start not, speak not, answer not;
I love you—nay, let me speak the rest;
Bid me to swear, and I will call to record
The host of Heaven.
MRS. F. The host of Heaven forbid
Wendoll should hatch such a disloyal thought!
WEN. Such is my fate; to this suit was I born,
To wear rich pleasure's crown or for- [180
tune's scorn.
MRS. F. My husband loves you.
WEN. I know it.
MRS. F. He esteems you,
Even as his brain, his eye-ball, or his heart.
WEN. I have tried it.
MRS. F. His purse is your exchequer, and his table
Doth freely serve you. [190
WEN. So I have found it.
MRS. F. Oh! With what face of brass, what brow of steel,
Can you, unblushing, speak this to the face
Of the espoused wife of so dear a friend?
It is my husband that maintains your state.
Will you dishonor him? I am his wife,
That in your power hath left his [200
whole affairs:
It is to me you speak.
WEN. O speak no more;
For more than this I know, and have recorded
Within the red-leaved table[10] of my heart.
Fair, and of all beloved, I was not fearful
Bluntly to give my life into your hand,
And at one hazard all my earthly means.
Go, tell your husband; he will turn [211
me off,
And I am then undone. I care not, I;
'Twas for your sake. Perchance, in rage, he'll kill me;
I care not, 'twas for you. Say I incur
The general name of villain through the world,
Of traitor to my friend; I care not, I.
Beggary, shame, death, scandal, and [220
reproach:
For you I'll hazard all. Why, what care I?
For you I'll live, and in your love I'll die.
MRS. F. You move me, sir, to passion[11] and to pity.
The love I bear my husband is as precious
As my soul's health.
WEN. I love your husband too,
And for his love I will engage my life. [230
Mistake me not; the augmentatiön
Of my sincere affection borne to you
Doth no whit lessen my regard of him.
I will be secret, lady, close as night;

[10] tablet.
[11] compassion.

And not the light of one small glorious star
Shall shine here in my forehead, to bewray
That act of night.
MRS. F. What shall I say?
My soul is wandering, and hath lost her way.
Oh, Master Wendoll! Oh!
WEN. Sigh not, sweet saint;
For every sigh you breathe draws from my heart
A drop of blood.
MRS. F. I ne'er offended yet:
My fault, I fear, will in my brow be writ.
Women that fall, not quite bereft of grace,
Have their offences noted in their face.
I blush, and am ashamed. Oh, Master Wendoll,
Pray God I be not born to curse your tongue,
That hath enchanted me! This maze I am in
I fear will prove the labyrinth of sin.

NICHOLAS *enters; but they are too busy to notice him.*

WEN. The path of pleasure and the gate to bliss,
Which on your lips I knock at with a kiss.
NICH. <I'll kill the rogue.>
WEN. Your husband is from home, your bed's no blab.
Nay, look not down and blush!
[*Exeunt* WENDOLL *and* MISTRESS FRANKFORD.
NICH. Zounds! I'll stab.—
Ay, Nick,
Was it thy chance to come just in the nick?
I love my master, and I hate that slave;
I love my mistress, but these tricks I like not.
My master shall not pocket up this wrong;
I'll eat my fingers first. [*Drawing his dagger.*] What say'st thou, metal?
Does not that rascal Wendoll go on legs
That thou must cut off? Hath he not ham-strings
That thou must hough? Nay, metal, thou shalt stand
To all I say. I'll henceforth turn a spy,
And watch them in their close conveyances.[12]
I never looked for better of that rascal,
Since he came miching[13] first into our house.
It is that Satan hath corrupted her;
For she was fair and chaste. I'll have an eye
In all their gestures. Thus I think of them:
If they proceed as they have done before,
Wendoll's a knave, my mistress is a whore. [*Exit.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

SIR CHARLES *and his sister are now in terribly reduced circumstances. He is at work in a field appertaining to that house of which he has managed to retain possession. His sister stands beside him.*

SIR C. Sister, you see we are driven to hard shift,
To keep this poor house we have left unsold.
I'm now enforced to follow husbandry,
And you to milk; and do we not live well?
Well, I thank God.
SUSAN. Oh, brother! here's a change,
Since old Sir Charles died in our father's house.
SIR C. All things on earth thus change, some up, some down;
Content's a kingdom, and I wear that crown.

Enter SHAFTON, *with a Sergeant.*

SHAFT. Good morrow, morrow, Sir Charles! What! With your sister,
Plying your husbandry?—Sergeant, stand off!—
You have a pretty house here, and a garden,

[12] secret proceedings.
[13] sneaking.

And goodly ground about it. Since it lies
So near a lordship that I lately bought,
I would fain buy it of you. I will give you——
SIR C. Oh, pardon me; this house successively
Hath longed to me and my progenitors
Three hundred years. My great-great-grandfather,
He in whom first our gentle style[1] began,
Dwelt here, and in this ground increased this mole-hill
Unto that mountain which my father left me.
Where he the first of all our house began,
I now the last will end, and keep this house,
This virgin title, never yet deflowered
By any unthrift of the Mountfords' line.
In brief, I will not sell it for more gold
Than you could hide or pave the ground withal.
SHAFT. Ha, ha! a proud mind and a beggar's purse!
Where's my three hundred pounds, besides the use?[2]
I have brought it to an executiön
By course of law. What! Is my money ready?
SIR C. An execution, sir, and never tell me
You put my bond in suit? You deal extremely.
SHAFT. Sell me the land, and I'll acquit you straight.
SIR C. Alas, alas! 'Tis all trouble hath left me
To cherish me and my poor sister's life.
If this were sold, our names[3] should then be quite
Razed from the bead-roll of gentility.
You see what hard shift we have made to keep it
Allied still to our name. This palm you see,
Labor hath glowed within; her silver brow,
That never tasted a rough winter's blast
Without a mask or fan, doth with a grace
Defy cold winter, and his storms out-face.
SUSAN. Sir, we feed sparing, and we labor hard,
We lie uneasy, to reserve to us
And our succession this small spot of ground.
SIR C. I have so bent my thoughts to husbandry,
That, I protest, I scarcely can remember
What a new fashion is; how silk or satin
Feels in my hand. Why, pride is grown to us
A mere, mere stranger. I have quite forgot
The names of all that ever waited on me.
I cannot name ye any of my hounds,
Once from whose echoing mouths I heard all music
That e'er my heart desired. What should I say?
To keep this place, I have changed myself away.
SHAFT. Arrest him at my suit!—Actions and actions
Shall keep thee in perpetual bondage fast;
Nay, more, I'll sue thee by a late appeal,
And call thy former life in questiön.
The keeper is my friend; thou shalt have irons,
And usage such as I'll deny to dogs.—
Away with him!
SIR C. You are too tyrannous[4]
But trouble is my master,
And I will serve him truly.—My kind sister,
Thy tears are of no use to mollify
This flinty man. Go to my father's brother,
My kinsmen, and allies; entreat them for me,
To ransom me from this injurious man
That seeks my ruin.
SHAFT. Come, irons! Come away;
I'll see thee lodged far from the sight of day.

[SUSAN *is left alone.*

[1] title.
[2] interest.
[3] B, means.
[4] B, timorous.

SUSAN. My heart's so hardened with the frost of grief,
Death cannot pierce it through.—Tyrant too fell!
So lead the fiends condemnëd souls to hell.

Enter SIR FRANCIS ACTON *and* MALBY.

SIR F. Again to prison! Malby, hast thou seen
A poor slave better tortured? Shall we hear
The music of his voice cry from the grate,
"Meat, for the Lord's sake"? No, no; yet I am not
Throughly revenged. They say, he hath a pretty wench
Unto his sister; shall I, in mercy sake[5]
To him and to his kindred, bribe the fool
To shame herself by lewd, dishonest lust?
I'll proffer largely; but, the deed being done,
I'll smile to see her base confusiön.
MAL. Methinks, Sir Francis, you are full revenged
For greater wrongs than he can proffer you.
See where the poor sad gentlewoman stands!
SIR F. Ha, ha! Now will I flout her poverty,
Deride her fortunes, scoff her base estate;
My very soul the name of Mountford hate.—
But stay, my heart! Oh, what a look did fly
To strike my soul through with thy piercing eye!
I am enchanted; all my spirits are fled.
And with one glance my envious spleen struck dead.
SUSAN. Acton, that seeks our blood! [*Runs away.*
SIR F. O chaste and fair!
MAL. Sir Francis! Why, Sir Francis! Zounds, in a trance?
Sir Francis! What cheer, man? Come, come, how is't?
SIR F. Was she not fair? Or else this judging eye
Cannot distinguish beauty.
MAL. She was fair.
SIR F. She was an angel in a mortal's shape,
And ne'er descended from old Mountford's line.
But soft, soft: let me call my wits together!
A poor, poor wench, to my great adversary
Sister, whose very souls denounce stern war
One against other!—How now, Frank, turned fool
Or madman, whether? But no! Master of
My perfect senses and directest wits.
Then why should I be in this violent humor
Of passion and of love? And with a person
So different every way, and so opposed
In all contractions[6] and still-warring actions?
Fie, fie! How I dispute against my soul!
Come, come; I'll gain her, or in her fair quest
Purchase my soul free and immortal rest.
[*Exeunt.*

[5] B, To his sister: shall I, in my mercy sake.

SCENE II

SPIGOT, NICHOLAS, ROGER, *and* JACK *enter a room in* FRANKFORD'S *house; one with a voider*[7] *and a wooden knife; another with salt and bread; another with tablecloth and napkins; and another with a carpet.*[8] JENKIN *follows them in, with a couple of lighted candles.*

JEN. So; march in order; and retire in battle array! My master and the guests have supped already; all's taken away. Here, now spread for the serving-men in the hall!—Butler, it belongs to your office.

SPIG. I know it, Jenkin. What d'ye call the gentleman that supped there tonight?

JEN. Who? My master?

SPIG. No, no; Master Wendoll, he's a

[6] legal transactions.
[7] tray for removing dishes.
[8] table-cover.

daily guest. I mean the gentleman that came but this afternoon.

JEN. His name's Master Cranwell. God's light! Hark, within there; my master calls to lay more billets[9] upon the fire. Come, come! Lord, how we that are in office here in the house are troubled! One spread the carpet in the parlor, and stand ready to snuff the lights; the rest be ready to prepare their stomachs! More lights in the hall there! Come, Nicholas.

[*Exeunt all but* NICHOLAS.

NICH. I cannot eat; but, had I Wendoll's heart,
I would eat that. The rogue grows impudent.
Oh! I have seen such vild, notorious tricks,
Ready to make my eyes dart from my head.
I'll tell my master; by this air, I will;
Fall what may fall, I'll tell him. Here he comes.

Enter MASTER FRANKFORD, *brushing the crumbs from his clothes with a napkin, as newly risen from supper.*

FRANK. Nicholas, what make you here? Why are not you
At supper in the hall, among your fellows?

NICH. Master, I stayed your rising from the board,
To speak with you.

FRANK. Be brief then, gentle Nicholas;
My wife and guests attend[10] me in the parlor.
Why dost thou pause? Now, Nicholas, you want money,
And, unthrift-like, would eat into your wages
Ere you had earned it. Here, sir, 's half-a-crown;
Play the good husband,[11] and away to supper!

NICH. <By this hand, an honorable gentleman! I will not see him wronged.>
Sir, I have served you long; you entertained me
Seven years before your beard; you knew me, sir,
Before you knew my mistress.

FRANK. What of this, good Nicholas?

NICH. I never was a make-bate[12] or a knave;
I have no fault but one: I'm given to quarrel;
But not with women. I will tell you, master,
That which will make your heart leap from your breast,
Your hair to startle from your head, your ears to tingle.

FRANK. What preparation's this to dismal news?

NICH. 'Sblood! sir, I love you better than your wife:
I'll make it good.

FRANK. Y'are a knave, and I have much ado
With wonted patience to contain my rage,
And not to break thy pate. Th'art a knave.
I'll turn you, with your base comparisons,
Out of my doors.

NICH. Do, do.
There is not room for Wendoll and me too,
Both in one house. O master, master, that Wendoll is a villain!

FRANK., *threatening him.* Ay, saucy?

NICH. Strike, strike, do strike; yet hear me! I am no fool;
I know a villain, when I see him act
Deeds of a villain. Master, master, the base slave
Enjoys my mistress, and dishonors you.

FRANK. Thou hast killed me with a weapon whose sharp point
Hath pricked quite through and through my shivering heart.
Drops of cold sweat sit dangling on my hairs,
Like morning's dew upon the golden flowers,
And I am plunged into strange agonies.

[9] small logs. [10] await. [11] thrifty man. [12] mischief-maker.

What didst thou say? If any word that touched
His credit or her reputatiön,
It is as hard to enter my belief,
As Dives into heaven.
NICH. I can gain nothing:
They are two that never wronged me. I knew before
'Twas but a thankless office, and perhaps
As much as is my service, or my life
Is worth. All this I know; but this, and more,
More by a thousand dangers, could not hire me
To smother such a heinous wrong from you.
I saw, and I have said.
FRANK. <'Tis probable. Though blunt, yet he is honest.
Though I durst pawn my life, and on their faith
Hazard the dear salvation of my soul,
Yet in my trust I may be too secure.
May this be true? Oh, may it? Can it be?
Is it by any wonder possible?
Man, woman, what thing mortal can we trust,
When friends and bosom wives prove so unjust?>
What instance [13] hast thou of this strange report?
NICH. Eyes, eyes.
FRANK. Thy eyes may be deceived, I tell thee;
For, should an angel from the heavens drop down,
And preach this to me that thyself hast told,
He should have much ado to win belief,
In both their loves I am so confident.
NICH. Shall I discourse the same by circumstance? [14]
FRANK. No more! To supper, and command your fellows
To attend us and the stranger! Not a word,
I charge thee, on thy life! Be secret then;
For I know nothing.

[13] evidence.
[14] in detail.

NICH. I am dumb; and, now that I have eased my stomach,
I will go fill my stomach.
FRANK. Away! Begone!—
[NICHOLAS *goes out.*
She is well born, descended nobly;
Virtuous her education; her repute
Is in the general voice of all the country
Honest and fair; her carriage, her demeanor,
In all her actions that concern the love
To me her husband, modest, chaste, and godly.
Is all this seeming gold plain copper?
But he, that Judas that hath borne my purse,
And sold me for a sin!—O God! O God!
Shall I put up these wrongs? No! Shall I trust
The bare report of this suspicious groom,
Before the double-gilt, the well-hatched [15] ore
Of their two hearts? No, I will lose these thoughts;
Distraction I will banish from my brow,
And from my looks exile sad discontent.
Their wonted favors in my tongue shall flow;
Till I know all, I'll nothing seem to know.—
[*Calling.*] Lights and a table there! Wife, Master Wendoll,
And gentle Master Cranwell!

ANNE, WENDOLL, *and* CRANWELL *enter, followed by* NICHOLAS *and* JENKIN *carrying cards, carpets, shoes, and other necessaries.*

FRANK. O! Master Cranwell, you are a stranger here,
And often balk [16] my house; faith, y'are a churl!—
Now we have supped, a table, and to cards!
JEN. A pair [17] of cards, Nicholas, and a carpet to cover the table! Where's Cicely, with her counters and her box? Candles and candlesticks, there! Fie! We have such a household of serving-

[15] of noble origin.
[16] avoid.
[17] pack.

creatures! Unless it be Nick and I, there's not one amongst them all that can say "bo" to a goose.—Well said,[18] Nick!

[*They spread a carpet and set down lights and cards.* [220

MRS. F. Come, Mr. Frankford, who shall take my part?

FRANK. Marry, that will I, sweet wife.

WEN. No, by my faith, when you are together, I sit out. It must be Mistress Frankford and I, or else it is no match.

FRANK. I do not like that match.

NICH. <You have no reason, marry, knowing all.> [229

FRANK. 'Tis no great matter, neither.—Come, Master Cranwell, shall you and I take them up?

CRAN. At your pleasure, sir.

FRANK. I must look to you, Master Wendoll, for you'll be playing false. Nay, so will my wife, too.

NICH. <Ay, I will be sworn she will.>

MRS. F. Let them that are taken playing false forfeit the set! [239

FRANK. Content; it shall go hard but I'll take you.

CRAN. Gentlemen, what shall our game be?

WEN. Master Frankford, you play best at noddy.

FRANK. You shall not find it so; indeed, you shall not.

MRS. F. I can play at nothing so well as double-ruff. [249

FRANK. If Master Wendoll and my wife be together, there's no playing against them at double-hand.

NICH. I can tell you, sir, the game that Master Wendoll is best at.

WEN. What game is that, Nick?

NICH. Marry, sir, knave out of doors.

WEN. She and I will take you at lodam.

MRS. F. Husband, shall we play at saint? [259

FRANK. <My saint's turned devil.>
No, we'll none of saint:
You are best at new-cut, wife, you'll play at that.

WEN. If you play at new-cut, I'm soonest hitter of any here, for a wager.

[18] well done.

FRANK. <'Tis me they play on.>
Well, you may draw out;
For all your cunning, 'twill be to your shame; [269
I'll teach you, at your new-cut, a new game.
Come, come!

CRAN. If you cannot agree upon the game,
To post and pair!

WEN. We shall be soonest pairs; and my good host,
When he comes late home, he must kiss the post. [279

FRANK. Whoever wins, it shall be to thy cost.

CRAN. Faith, let it be vide-ruff, and let's make honors!

FRANK. If you make honors, one thing let me crave:
Honor the king and queen, except the knave.

WEN. Well, as you please for that.[19]—Lift, who shall deal? [289

MRS. F. The least in sight. What are you, Master Wendoll?

WEN. I am a knave.

NICH. <I'll swear it.>

MRS. F. I a queen.

FRANK. <A quean,[20] thou shouldst say.>—Well, the cards are mine:
They are the grossest pair that e'er I felt.

MRS. F. Shuffle, I'll cut: would I had never dealt! [300

FRANK. I have lost my dealing.

WEN. Sir, the fault's in me;
This queen I have more than mine own, you see.
Give me the stock! [21]

FRANK. My mind's not on my game.
Many a deal I've lost; the more's your shame:
You have served me a bad trick, Master Wendoll. [310

WEN. Sir, you must take your lot. To end this strife,

[19] This enumeration of card games, under the guise of the difficulty of making a choice, matches the enumeration of dances, under a similar pretext, in I 2.

[20] wanton.

[21] pack.

I know I have dealt better with your wife.

FRANK. Thou hast dealt falsely, then.

MRS. F. What's trumps?

WEN. Hearts.—Partner, I rub.

FRANK. <Thou robb'st me of my soul, of her chaste love; [319

In thy false dealing thou hast robbed my heart.>

Booty you play; I, like a loser, stand,
Having no heart, or here or in my hand.
I will give o'er the set, I am not well.
Come, who will hold my cards?

MRS. F. Not well, sweet Master Frankford?
Alas, what ails you? 'Tis some sudden qualm. [329

WEN. How long have you been so, Master Frankford?

FRANK. Sir, I was lusty, and I had my health.
But I grew ill when you began to deal.—
Take hence this table!—Gentle Master Cranwell,
You're welcome; see your chamber at your pleasure!
I am sorry that this megrim takes me so
I cannot sit and bear you company.—
Jenkin, some lights, and show him to [341 his chamber!

[CRANWELL *goes out with* JENKIN.

MRS. F. A nightgown[22] for my husband; quickly, there!—
It is some rheum or cold.

WEN. Now, in good faith,
This illness you have got by sitting late
Without your gown. [349

FRANK. I know it, Master Wendoll.
Go, go to bed, lest you complain like me!—
Wife, pr'ythee, wife, into my bed-chamber!
The night is raw and cold and rheumatic.
Leave me my gown and light; I'll walk away my fit.

WEN. Sweet sir, good night!

FRANK. Myself, good night! [359

[*Exit* WENDOLL.

MRS. F. Shall I attend you, husband?

FRANK. No, gentle wife, thou'lt catch cold in thy head.
Pr'ythee, begone, sweet; I'll make haste to bed.

MRS. F. No sleep will fasten on mine eyes, you know,
Until you come.

FRANK. Sweet Nan, I pr'ythee, go!— [*Exit* ANNE. [370

I have bethought me; get me by degrees
The keys of all my doors, which I will mould
In wax, and take their fair impressiön,
To have by them new keys. This being compassed,
At a set hour a letter shall be brought me,
And, when they think they may securely play, [380
They nearest are to danger.—Nick,[23] I must rely
Upon thy trust and faithful secrecy.

NICH. Build on my faith!

FRANK. To bed, then, not to rest!
Care lodges in my brain, grief in my breast. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

SUSAN *is trying to raise money for her brother, and has sought* OLD MOUNTFORD. *She has encountered him with* SANDY, RODER, *and* TIDY *outside his house.*

OLD MOUNT. You say my nephew is in great distress;
Who brought it to him but his own lewd life?
I cannot spare a cross.[24] I must con- [10 fess,
He was my brother's son; why, niece, what then?
This is no world in which to pity men.

SUSAN. I was not born a beggar, though his extremes
Enforce this language from me. I protest
No fortune of mine own could lead my tongue [20

[22] dressing-gown.

[23] The name has presumably been introduced as a guide. The verse is better without it.

[24] a coin.

To this base key. I do beseech you, uncle,
For the name's sake, for Christianity,
Nay, for God's sake, to pity his distress.
He is denied the freedom of the prison,
And in the hole [-5] is laid with men condemned;
Plenty he hath of nothing but of irons;
And it remains in you to free him thence.
OLD MOUNT. Money I cannot spare: men should take heed: [31
He lost my kindred, when he fell to need. [*Exit.*
SUSAN. Gold is but earth; thou earth enough shalt have,
When thou hast once took measure of thy grave.—
You know me, Master Sandy, and my suit.
SANDY. I knew you, lady, when the old man lived; [41
I knew you ere your brother sold his land.
Then you were Mistress Sue, tricked up in jewels;
Then you sung well, played sweetly on the lute;
But now I neither know you nor your suit. [*Exit.*
SUSAN. You, Master Roder, was my brother's tenant; [51
Rent-free he placed you in that wealthy farm,
Of which you are possessed.
RODER. True, he did;
And have I not there dwelt still for his sake?
I have some business now; but, without doubt,
They that have hurled him in will [60 help him out. [*Exit.*
SUSAN. Cold comfort still. What say you, cousin Tidy?
TIDY. I say this comes of roysting, swaggering.
Call me not cousin; each man for himself!
Some men are born to mirth, and some to sorrow: [69

-5 the meanest cell.

I am no cousin unto them that borrow. [*Exit.*
SUSAN. O Charity, why art thou fled to heaven,
And left all things on this earth uneven?
Their scoffing answers I will never return,
But to myself his grief in silence mourn.

Enter SIR FRANCIS *and* MALBY

SIR F. She is poor. I'll therefore tempt her with this gold.
[*Hands* MALBY *a purse.* [80
Go, Malby, in my name deliver it,
And I will stay thy answer.
MAL. Fair mistress, as I understand your grief
Doth grow from want, so I have here in store
A means to furnish you, a bag of gold,
Which to your hands I freely tender you.
SUSAN. I thank you, Heavens! I thank you, gentle sir: [90
God make me able to requite this favor!
MAL. This gold Sir Francis Acton sends by me,
And prays you——
SUSAN. Acton? O God! That name I'm born to curse.
Hence, bawd; hence, broker! See, I spurn his gold.
My honor never shall for gain be sold.
SIR F. Stay, lady, stay! [100
SUSAN. From you I'll posting hie,
Even as the doves from feathered eagles fly. [*Exit.*
SIR F. She hates my name, my love: how should I woo?
I am disgraced in every thing I do
The more she hates me and disdains my love,
The more I am rapt in admiration
Of her divine and chaste perfections. [110
Woo her with gifts I cannot, for all suits
Sent in my name she spurns: with looks I cannot,
For she abhors my sight; nor yet with letters,
For none she will receive. How then? how then?
Well, I will fasten such a kindness on her, [119

As shall o'ercome her hate and conquer it.
Sir Charles, her brother, lies in execution
For a great sum of money; and, besides,
The appeal is sued still for my huntsmen's death,
Which only I have power to reverse.
In her I'll bury all my hate of him.—
Go seek the Keeper, Malby, bring him to me! [*Exit* Malby. [128
To save his body, I his debts will pay;
To save his life, I his appeal will stay.

ACT FOUR

Scene I

Sir Charles *is in prison in York Castle. He is in irons, his feet are bare, and his garments are ragged and torn.*

Sir C. Of all on the earth's face most miserable,
Breathe in this hellish dungeon thy laments!
Thus like a slave ragg'd, like a felon gyved— [9
That hurls thee headlong to this base estate.
Oh, unkind uncle! Oh, my friends ingrate!
Unthankful kinsmen! Mountford's all too base,
To let thy name be fettered in disgrace.
A thousand deaths here in this grave I die;
Fear, hunger, sorrow, cold, all threat my death, [20
And join together to deprive my breath.
But that which most torments me, my dear sister
Hath left[1] to visit me, and from my friends
Hath brought no hopeful answer; therefore, I
Divine they will not help my misery.
If it be so, shame, scandal, and contempt
Attend their covetous thoughts; need make their graves! [31
Usurers they live; and may they die like slaves!

[1] ceased.

Enter Keeper.

Keep. Knight, be of comfort, for I bring thee freedom
From all thy troubles.
Sir C. Then, I am doomed to die:
Death is the end of all calamity.
Keep. Live! Your appeal is stayed; the executiön [41
Of all your debts discharged; your creditors
Even to the utmost penny satisfied.
In sign whereof your shackles I knöck off. [*Frees him from his chains.*
You are not left so much indebted to us
As for your fees;. all is discharged; all paid.
Go freely to your house, or where you [50 please;
After long miseries, embrace your ease.
Sir C. Thou grumblest out the sweetest music to me
That ever organ played. Is this a dream?
Or do my waking senses apprehend
The pleasing taste of these applausive[2] news?
Slave that I was, to wrong such hon- [60 est friends,
My loving kinsman, and my near allies!
Tongue, I will bite thee for the scandal breath[ed]
Against such faithful kinsmen; they are all
Composed of pity and compassiön,
Of melting charity and of moving ruth.
That which I spake before was in my rage; [70
They are my friends, the mirrors of this age,
Bounteous and free. The noble Mountford's race
Ne'er bred a covetous thought or humor base.

Enter Susan.

Susan. <I can no longer stay from visiting [79
My woful brother. While I could, I kept
My hapless tidings from his hopeful ear.>

[2] happy.

SIR C. Sister, how much am I indebted to thee
And to thy travail!
SUSAN. What, at liberty?
SIR C. Thou seest I am, thanks to thy industry.
Oh, unto which of all thy courteous friends
Am I thus bound? My uncle Mountford, he
Even of an infant loved me; was it he?
So did my cousin Tidy; was it he?
So Master Roder, Master Sandy, too.
Which of all these did this high kindness do?
SUSAN. Charles, can you mock me in your poverty,
Knowing your friends deride your misery?
Now, I protest I stand so much amazed,
To see your bonds free, and your irons knocked off,
That I am rapt into a maze of wonder;
The rather for I know not by what means
This happiness hath chanced.
SIR C. Why, by my uncle,
My cousins, and my friends; who else, I pray,
Would take upon them all my debts to pay?
SUSAN. Oh, brother! they are men [made] all of flint,
Pictures of marble, and as void of pity
As chasëd bears. I begged, I sued, I kneeled,
Laid open all your griefs and miseries,
Which they derided; more than that, denied us
A part in their alliance, but, in pride,
Said that our kindred with our plenty died.
SIR C. Drudges too much! What, did they? Oh, known evil!
Rich fly the poor, as good men shun the devil.
Whence should my freedom come? Of whom alive,
Saving of those, have I deserved so well?
Guess, sister, call to mind, remember me!
These have I raised, they follow the world's guise,
Whom, rich in honor, they in woe despise.
SUSAN. My wits have lost themselves; let's ask the keeper!
SIR C. Gaoler!
KEEP. At hand, sir.
SIR C. Of courtesy, resolve me one demand!
What was he took the burden of my debts
From off my back, stayed my appeal to death,
Discharged my fees, and brought me liberty?
KEEP. A courteous knight, one called Sir Francis Acton.
SIR C. Ha! Acton! Oh me! More distressed in this
Than [in] all my troubles! Hale me back,
Double my irons, and my sparing meals
Put into halves, and lodge me in a dungeon
More deep, more dark, more cold, more comfortless!
By Acton freed! Not all thy manacles
Could fetter so my heels, as this one word
Hath thralled my heart; and it must now lie bound
In more strict prison than thy stony gaol.
I am not free, I go but under bail.
KEEP. My charge is done, sir, now I have my fees.
As we get little, we will nothing leese.[3]
SIR C. By Acton freed, my dangerous opposite!
Why, to what end? On what occasion? Ha!
Let me forget the name of enemy,
And with indifference balance[4] this high favor!
Ha!
SUSAN. <His love to me: upon my soul, 'tis so!
That is the root from whence these strange things grow.>
SIR C. Had this proceeded from my father, he

[3] lose. [4] weigh impartially.

That by the law of Nature is most bound
In offices of love, it had deserved
My best employment to requite that grace;
Had it proceeded from my friends or his,[5]
From them this action had deserved my life;
And from a stranger more, because from such
There is less expectation[6] of good deeds;
But he, nor father, nor ally, nor friend,
More than a stranger, both remote in blood,
And in his heart opposed my enemy,
That this high bounty should proceed from him—
Oh! there I lose myself. What should I say,
What think, what do, his bounty to repay?

SUSAN. You wonder, I am sure, whence this strange kindness
Proceeds in Acton; I will tell you, brother:
He dotes on me, and oft hath sent me gifts,
Letters, and tokens; I refused them all.

SIR C. I have enough, though poor: my heart is set,
In one rich gift to pay back all my debt.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

FRANKFORD *has resolved to try his wife, and has concocted a plot, which he and* NICHOLAS *are about to put into execution. To the room he is in* NICHOLAS *enters, with keys and a letter in his hand. It is about six o'clock in the afternoon.*

FRANK. This is the night that I must play my part,
To try two seeming angels.—Where's my keys?

NICH. They are made according to your mould in wax.
I bade the smith be secret, gave him money,
And here they are. The letter, sir!

FRANK. True, take it, there it is;
And, when thou seest me in my pleasant'st vein,
Ready to sit to supper, bring it me!

NICH. I'll do't; make no more question but I'll do it.

[*Exit.*

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD, CRANWELL, WENDOLL, *and* JENKIN.

MRS. F. Sirrah, 'tis six o'clock already struck;
Go bid them spread the cloth, and serve in supper!

JEN. It shall be done, forsooth, mistress.—Where's Spigot, the butler, to give us out salt and trenchers?

WEN. We that have been a hunting all the day,
Come with prepared stomachs.—Master Frankford,
We wished you at our sport.

FRANK. My heart was with you, and my mind was on you.—
Fie, Master Cranwell! You are still thus sad.—
A stool, a stool!—Where's Jenkin, and where's Nick?
'Tis supper time at least an hour ago.
What's the best news abroad?

WEN. I know none good.

FRANK. <But I know too much bad.>

Enter SPIGOT *and* JENKIN, *with a tablecloth, bread, trenchers, and salt. They lay the table and then go out.*

CRAN. Methinks, sir, you might have that interest
In[7] your wife's brother, to be more remiss
In his hard dealing against poor Sir Charles,
Who, as I hear, lies in York Castle, needy
And in great want.

FRANK. Did not more weighty business of mine own
Hold me away, I would have labored peace
Betwixt them with all care; indeed I would, sir.

MRS. F. I'll write unto my brother earnestly
In that behalf.

[5] B, him. [6] B, execution. [7] influence with.

WEN. A charitable deed,
And will beget the good opiniön
Of all your friends that love you, Mistress Frankford.
FRANK. That's you, for one; I know you love Sir Charles,
<And my wife too well.>
WEN. He deserves the love
Of all true gentlemen; be yourselves judge!
FRANK. *calling.* But supper, ho!—Now, as thou lov'st me, Wendoll,
Which I am sure thou dost, be merry, pleasant,
And frolic it to-night!—Sweet Mr. Cranwell,
Do you the like!—Wife, I protest, my heart
Was ne'er more bent on sweet alacrity.
Where be those lazy knaves to serve in supper?

Enter NICHOLAS.

NICH. Here's a letter, sir.
FRANK. Whence comes it, and who brought it?
NICH. A stripling that below attends your answer,
And, as he tells me, it is sent from York.
FRANK. Have him into the cellar; let him taste
A cup of our March beer; go, make him drink!
NICH. I'll make him drunk, [an] if he be a Trojan.
FRANK., *after reading the letter.* My boots and spurs! Where's Jenkin? God forgive me,
How I neglect my business!—Wife, look here!
I have a matter to be tried to-morrow
By eight o'clock; and my attorney writes me,
I must be there betimes, with evidence,
Or it will go against me.—Where's my boots?

Enter JENKIN, *with boots and spurs.*

MRS. F. I hope your business craves no such despatch,
That you must ride to-night?
WEN. <I hope it doth.>
FRANK. God's me! No such despatch?—
Jenkin, my boots! Where's Nick? Saddle my roan,
And the grey dapple for himself!—Content ye,
It much concerns me.—Gentle Master Cranwell,
And Master Wendoll, in my absence use
The very ripest pleasure of my house!
WEN. Lord! Master Frankford, will you ride to-night?
The ways are dangerous.
FRANK. Therefore will I ride
Appointed well;[8] and so shall Nick, my man.
MRS. F. I'll call you up by five o'clock to-morrow.
FRANK. No, by my faith, wife, I'll not trust to that:
'Tis not such easy rising in a morning
From one I love so dearly. No, by my faith,
I shall not leave so sweet a bedfellow,
But with much pain. You have made me a sluggard
Since I first knew you.
MRS. F. Then, if you needs will go
This dangerous evening, Master Wendoll,
Let me entreat you bear him company.
WEN. With all my heart, sweet mistress.—[*Calling.*] My boots, there!
FRANK. Fie, fie, that for my private business
I should disease[9] a friend and be a trouble
To the whole house!—Nick!
NICH. Anon, sir!
FRANK. Bring forth my gelding!—[*To* WENDOLL, *who is about to protest his readiness to go.*] As you love me, sir,
Use no more words.—A hand, good Master Cranwell!
CRAN. Sir, God be your good speed!
FRANK. Good night, sweet Nan; nay, nay, a kiss, and part!

[8] well armed.
[9] cause discomfort to.

<Dissembling lips, you suit not with my heart.>

[*Exeunt* FRANKFORD *and* NICHOLAS.

WEN. <How business, time, and hours, all gracious prove,
And are the furtherers to my new-born love!>
I am husband now in Master Frankford's place,
And must command the house. My pleasure is
We will not sup abroad so publicly,
But in your private chamber, Mistress Frankford.

MRS. F. Oh, sir! you are too public in your love;
And Master Frankford's wife——

CRAN. Might I crave favor,
I would entreat you I might see my chamber.
I am on the sudden grown exceeding ill,
And would be spared from supper.

WEN., *calling*. Light there, ho!—
See you want nothing, sir; for, if you do,
You injure that good man, and wrong me too.

CRAN. I will make bold; good night!

[*Exit.*

WEN. How all conspire
To make our bosom[10] sweet, and full entire!
Come, Nan, I pr'ythee, let us sup within!

MRS. F. Oh! what a clog unto the soul is sin!
We pale offenders are still full of fear;
Every suspicious eye brings danger near;
When they whose clear heart[s] from offence are free
Despise report, base scandals do outface,
And stand at mere defiance with disgrace.

WEN. Fie, fie! You talk too like a puritan.

MRS. F. You have tempted me to mischief, Master Wendoll:
I have done I know not what. Well, you plead custom;
That which for want of wit I granted erst
I now must yield through fear. Come, come, let's in;
Once over shoes, we are straight o'er head in sin.

WEN. My jocund soul is joyful above measure;
I'll be profuse in Frankford's richest treasure.

[*Exeunt.*

[10] intimacy.

SCENE III

The same night JENKIN, SPIGOT, *and other Serving-men, and* CICELY, *discuss, in their own demesne, the doings of their mistress.*

JEN. My mistress and Master Wendoll, my master, sup in her chamber to-night. Cicely, you are preferred, from being the cook, to be chambermaid. Of all the loves betwixt thee and me, tell me what thou think'st of this?

CIC. Mum; there's an old proverb: when the cat's away, the mouse may play.

JEN. Now you talk of a cat, Cicely, I smell a rat.

CIC. Good words, Jenkin, lest you be called to answer them!

JEN. Why, God make my mistress an honest woman! Are not these good words? Pray God my new master play not the knave with my old master! Is there any hurt in this? God send no villainy intended; and, if they do sup together, pray God they do not lie together! God make my mistress chaste, and make us all His servants! What harm is there in all this? Nay, more; here is my hand, thou shalt never have my heart, unless thou say, Amen.

CIC. Amen—I pray God, I say!

Enter another SERVING-MAN.

SERV. My mistress sends that you should make less noise, to lock up the doors, and see the household all got to bed! You, Jenkin, for this night are made the porter, to see the gates shut in.

JEN. Thus by little and little I creep into office.—Come, to kennel, my masters, to kennel; 'tis eleven o'clock already.

SERV. When you have locked the gates in, you must send up the keys to my mistress.

Cic. Quickly, for God's sake, Jenkin; for I must carry them. I am neither pillow nor bolster, but I know more than both.

Jen. To bed, good Spigot; to bed, good honest serving-creatures; and let us sleep as snug as pigs in pease-straw! [50

[*Exeunt.*

Scene IV

Nicholas *and his* Master *are outside the front gate of* Frankford's *house at midnight. A few yards back stands the front door of the house.*

Frank. Soft, soft! We've tied our geldings to a tree,
Two flight-shot off, lest by their thundering hoofs
They blab our coming back. Hear'st thou no noise? [10

Nich. Hear? I hear nothing but the owl and you.

Frank. So; now my watch's hand points upon twelve,
And it is dead midnight. Where are my keys?

Nich. Here, sir.

Frank. This is the key that opes my outward gate;
This, the hall-door; this, the with- [29
drawing-chamber;
But this, that door that's bawd unto my shame,
Fountain and spring of all my bleeding thoughts,
Where the most hallowed order and true knot
Of nuptial sanctity hath been profaned.
It leads to my polluted bed-chamber,
Once my terrestrial heaven, now my [30
earth's hell,
The place where sins in all their ripeness dwell.
But I forget myself; now to my gate!

Nich. It must ope with far less noise than Cripplegate, or your plot's dashed.

[Frankford *opens the gate; and both step up to the door.*

Frank. So; reach me my dark lantern to the rest! [40
Tread softly, softly!

Nich. I will walk on eggs this pace.

Frank. A general silence hath surprised the house,
And this is the last door. [*Opens the door.*] Astonishment,
Fear and amazement beat upon my heart,
Even as a madman beats upon a drum.
Oh, keep my eyes, you Heavens, before I enter, [51
From any sight that may transfix my soul;
Or, if there be so black a spectacle,
Oh, strike mine eyes stark blind; or, if not so,
Lend me such patience to digest my grief,
That I may keep this white and virgin hand
From any violent outrage or red mur- [60
der!—
And with that prayer I enter.

[*Enters into the house.*

Nich. Here's a circumstance!
A man may be made cuckold in the time
That he's about it. An the case were mine,
As 'tis my master's, 'sblood! (that he makes me swear!),
I would have placed his action,[11] en- [70
tered there;
I would, I would!

Re-enter Frankford, *reeling, by reason of his agitation.*

Frank. Oh! oh!

Nich. Master! 'Sblood! Master, master!

Frank. Oh me unhappy! I have found them lying
Close in each other's arms, and fast [80
asleep.
But that I would not damn two precious souls,
Bought with my Savior's blood, and send them, laden
With all their scarlet sins upon their backs,
Unto a fearful judgment, their two lives
Had met upon my rapier.

Nich. Master, what, have you left [90
them sleeping still?

[11] proved his case.

Let me go wake 'em!
FRANK. Stay, let me pause awhile!—
Oh, God! Oh, God! That it were possible
To undo things done, to call back yesterday;
That Time could turn up his swift sandy glass,
To untell the days, and to redeem these hours!
Or that the sun
Could, rising from the west, draw his coach backward;
Take from th' account of time so many minutes,
Till he had all these seasons called again,
Those minutes, and those actions done in them,
Even from her first offence; that I might take her
As spotless as an angel in my arms!
But, oh! I talk of things impossible,
And cast beyond the moon. God give me patience;
For I will in, and wake them.
[*Goes into the house.*
NICH. Here's patience perforce!
He needs must trot afoot that tires his horse. [*Follows his master in.*

SCENE V

It is a room in the house.[12] WENDOLL *rushes across the stage, clad in a night-gown.* FRANKFORD *rushes in after him with a drawn sword. A Maid, who is present in her smock, stays him. He stands still for a moment, obtaining a control over his feelings.*

FRANK. I thank thee, maid; thou, like the angel's hand,
Hast stayed me from a bloody sacrifice.—
Go, villain; and my wrongs sit on thy soul
As heavy as this grief doth upon mine!
When thou record'st my many courtesies,
And shalt compare them with thy treacherous heart,
Lay them together, weigh them equally:
'Twill be revenge enough. Go, to thy friend
A Judas; pray, pray, lest I live to see
Thee, Judas-like, hanged on an elder-tree!

Enter MISTRESS FRANKFORD *in her smock, night-gown, and night-attire.*

MRS. F. Oh, by what word, what title, or what name,
Shall I entreat your pardon? Pardon! Oh!
I am as far from hoping such sweet grace,
As Lucifer from Heaven. To call you husband—
(Oh me, most wretched!) I have lost that name;
I am no more your wife.
NICH. 'Sblood, sir, she swoons.
FRANK. Spare thou thy tears, for I will weep for thee;
And keep thy countenance, for I'll blush for thee.
Now, I protest, I think 'tis I am tainted,
For I am most ashamed; and 'tis more hard
For me to look upon thy guilty face
Than on the sun's clear brow. What! Wouldst thou speak?
MRS. F. I would I had no tongue, no ears, no eyes,
No apprehension, no capacity.
When do you spurn me like a dog? When tread me
Under feet? When drag me by the hair?
Though I deserve a thousand thousand fold
More than you can inflict, yet, once my husband,
For womanhood (to which I am a shame,
Though once an ornament), even for His sake,
That hath redeemed our souls, mark not my face,
Nor hack me with your sword; but let me go
Perfect and undeformëd to my tomb!
I am not worthy that I should prevail
In the least suit; no, not to speak to you,
Nor look on you, nor to be in your presence;
Yet, as an abject,[13] this one suit I crave:
This granted, I am ready for my grave.

[12] Really the venue of the latter part of the previous scene.

[13] outcast.

FRANK. My God, with patience arm me!—Rise, nay, rise,
And I'll debate with thee. Was it for want
Thou play'dst the strumpet? Wast thou not supplied
With every pleasure, fashion, and new toy,—
Nay, even beyond my calling?[14]
MRS. F. I was. [79
FRANK. Was it, then, disability in me?
Or in thine eye seemed he a properer[15] man?
MRS. F. Oh, no!
FRANK. Did not I lodge thee in my bosom?
Wear thee here in my heart?
MRS. F. You did.
FRANK. I did, indeed; witness my tears, I did!—
Go, bring my infants hither!— [90
[*The Maid goes out, and returns with the two children.*]
Oh, Nan! Oh, Nan!
If neither fear of shame, regard of honor,
The blemish of my house, nor my dear love,
Could have withheld thee from so lewd a fact,
Yet for these infants, these young, harmless souls, [100
On whose white brows thy shame is charactered,
And grows in greatness as they wax in years:
Look but on them, and melt away in tears!—
Away with them; lest, as her spotted body
Hath stained their names with stripe of bastardy, [110
So her adulterous breath may blast their spirits
With her infectious thoughts! Away with them!
[*The Maid takes out the children.*
MRS. F. In this one life I die ten thousand deaths.
FRANK. Stand up, stand up! I will do nothing rashly.
I will retire awhile into my study, [120
And thou shalt hear thy sentence presently. [*Exit.*
MRS. F. 'Tis welcome, be it death. Oh me, base strumpet,
That, having such a husband, such sweet children,
Must enjoy neither! Oh, to redeem mine honor,
I'd have this hand cut off, these my breasts seared, [130
Be racked, strappadoed, put to any torment:
Nay, to whip but this scandal out, I would hazard
The rich and dear redemption of my soul!
He cannot be so base as to forgive me,
Nor I so shameless to accept his pardon.
Oh, women, women, you that yet have kept [139
Your holy matrimonial vow unstained,
Make me your instance: when you tread awry,
Your sins, like mine, will on your conscience lie.

Enter CICELY, SPIGOT, *all the Servingmen, and* JENKIN, *as newly come out of bed.*

ALL. Oh, mistress, mistress! What have you done, mistress?
NICH. 'Sblood, what a caterwauling [150 keep you here!
JEN. O Lord, mistress, how comes this to pass? My master is run away in his shirt, and never so much as called me to bring his clothes after him.
MRS. F. See what guilt is! Here stand I in this place,
Ashamed to look my servants in the face.
Enter FRANKFORD *and* CRANWELL, *whom seeing, she falls on her knees.* [160
FRANK. My words are registered in Heaven already.
With patience hear me! I'll not martyr thee,
Nor mark thee for a strumpet; but with usage
Of more humility torment thy soul,
And kill thee even with kindness.
CRAN. Master Frankford—— [169

[14] rank.
[15] handsomer.

FRANK. Good Master Cranwell!—
Woman, hear thy judgment!
Go make thee ready in thy best attire;
Take with thee all thy gowns, all thy apparel;
Leave nothing that did ever call thee mistress,
Or by whose sight, being left here in the house,
I may remember such a woman by. [179
Choose thee a bed and hangings for thy chamber;
Take with thee every thing which hath thy mark,
And get thee to my manor seven mile off,
Where live; 'tis thine; I freely give it thee.
My tenants by[16] shall furnish thee with wains [189
To carry all thy stuff within two hours;
No longer will I limit[17] thee my sight.
Choose which of all my servants thou lik'st best,
And they are thine to attend thee.
MRS. F. A mild sentence.
FRANK. But, as thou hop'st for Heaven, as thou believ'st
Thy name's recorded in the book of life,
I charge thee never after this sad day
To see me, or to meet me, or to send, [200
By word or writing, gift or otherwise,
To move me, by thyself, or by thy friends,
Nor challenge any part in my two children.
So farewell, Nan; for we will henceforth be
As we had never seen, ne'er more shall see. [209
MRS. F. How full my heart is in mine eyes appears;
What wants in words I will supply in tears.
FRANK. Come, take your coach, your stuff; all must along.
Servants and all make ready; all begone!
It was thy hand cut two hearts out of one. [*Exeunt.*

[16] near by.
[17] allow.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

We are near SIR FRANCIS' *house.* SIR CHARLES *and* SUSAN *are now, for the first time for years, dressed as becomes their birth and breeding.*

SUSAN. Brother, why have you tricked[1] me like a bride,
Bought me this gay attire, these ornaments?
Forget you our estate, our poverty?
SIR C. Call me not brother, but imagine me [10
Some barbarous outlaw, or uncivil kern;[2]
For if thou shutt'st thy eye, and only hear'st
The words that I shall utter, thou shalt judge me
Some staring ruffian, not thy brother Charles.
Oh, sister!—
SUSAN. Oh, brother! what doth this strange language mean? [20
SIR C. Dost love me, sister? Wouldst thou see me live
A bankrupt beggar in the world's disgrace,
And die indebted to mine enemies?
Wouldst thou behold me stand like a huge beam
In the world's eye, a bye-word and a scorn? [30
It lies in thee of these to acquit me free,
And all my debt I may outstrip by thee.
SUSAN. By me? Why, I have nothing, nothing left;
I owe even for the clothes upon my back;
I am not worth——
SIR C. O sister, say not so!
It lies in you my downcast state to raise;
To make me stand on even points with the world. [40
Come, sister, you are rich; indeed you are,
And in your power you have without delay
Acton's five hundred pound back to repay.
SUSAN. Till now I had thought y'had loved me. By mine honor

[1] dressed. [2] Irish bandit.

(Which I have kept as spotless as the moon),
I ne'er was mistress of that single doit[3]
Which I reserved not to supply your wants;
And d'ye think that I would hoard from you?
Now, by my hopes in Heaven, knew I the means
To buy you from the slavery of your debts
(Especially from Acton, whom I hate),
I would redeem it with my life or blood!
SIR C. I challenge it, and, kindred set apart,
Thus, ruffian-like, I lay siege to thy heart:
What do I owe to Acton?
SUSAN. Why, some five hundred pound; towards which, I swear,
In all the world I have not one denier.[4]
SIR C. It will not prove so. Sister, now resolve me:
What do you think (and speak your conscience)
Would Acton give, might he enjoy your bed?
SUSAN. He would not shrink to spend a thousand pound
To give the Mountfords' name so deep a wound.
SIR C. A thousand pound! I but five hundred owe:
Grant him your bed; he's paid with interest so.
SUSAN. Oh, brother!
SIR C. Oh, sister! only this one way,
With that rich jewel you my debts may pay.
In speaking this my cold heart shakes with shame;
Nor do I woo you in a brother's name,
But in a stranger's. Shall I die in debt
To Acton, my grand foe, and you still wear
The precious jewel that he holds so dear?
SUSAN. My honor I esteem as dear and precious
As my redemption.
SIR C. I esteem you, sister,
As dear, for so dear prizing it.
SUSAN. Will Charles
Have me cut off my hands, and send them Acton?
Rip up my breast, and with my bleeding heart
Present him as a token?
SIR C. Neither, sister;
But hear me in my strange assertion!
Thy honor and my soul are equal in my regard;
Nor will thy brother Charles survive thy shame.
His kindness, like a burden, hath surcharged me,
And under his good deeds I stooping go,
Not with an upright soul. Had I remained
In prison still, there doubtless I had died.
Then, unto him that freed me from that prison,
Still do I owe this life. What moved my foe
To enfranchise me? 'Twas, sister, for your love;
With full five hundred pounds he bought your love;
And shall he not enjoy it? Shall the weight
Of all this heavy burden lean on me,
And will not you bear part? You did partake
The joy of my release; will you not stand
In joint-bond bound to satisfy the debt?
Shall I be only charged?
SUSAN. But that I know
These arguments come from an honored mind,
As in your most extremity of need
Scorning to stand in debt to one you hate—
Nay, rather would engage your unstained honor,
Than to be held ingrate—I should condemn you.
I see your resolution, and assent;
So Charles will have me, and I am content.[5]
SIR C. For this I tricked you up.
SUSAN. But here's a knife,

[3] a half-cent.
[4] penny.
[5] This line can scarcely be right.

To save mine honor, shall slice out my life.
Sir C. I know thou pleasest me a thousand times
More in that resolution than thy grant.
<Observe her love; to soothe it to my suit,
Her honor she will hazard, though not lose;
To bring me out of debt, her rigorous hand
Will pierce her heart—O wonder!—that will choose,
Rather than stain her blood, her life to lose.>
Come, you sad sister to a woful brother,
This is the gate. I'll bear him such a present,
Such an acquittance for the knight to seal,
As will amaze his senses, and surprise
With admiration[6] all his fantasies.

Enter Sir Francis Acton *and* Malby.

Susan. <Before his unchaste thoughts shall seize on me,
'Tis here shall my imprisoned soul set free.>
Sir F. How! Mountford with his sister, hand in hand!
What miracle's afoot?
Mal. It is a sight
Begets in me much admiratiön[6].
Sir C. Stand not amazed to see me thus attended!
Acton, I owe thee money, and, being unable
To bring thee the full sum in ready coin,
Lo! for thy more assurance, here's a pawn—
My sister, my dear sister, whose chaste honor
I prize above a million. Here! [*As* Acton *draws back.*] Nay, take her;
She's worth your money, man; do not forsake her.
Sir F. I would he were in earnest!
Susan. Impute it not to my immodesty.
My brother, being rich in nothing else
But in his interest that he hath in me,
According to his poverty hath brought you
Me, all his store; whom, howsoe'er you prize,
As forfeit to your hand, he values highly,
And would not sell, but to acquit your debt,
For any emperor's ransom.
Sir F. <Stern heart, relent;
Thy former cruelty at length repent!
Was ever known, in any former age,
Such honorable, wrested courtesy?
Lands, honors, life, and all the world forego,
Rather than stand engaged to such a foe!>
Sir C. Acton, she is too poor to be thy bride,
And I too much opposed to be thy brother.
There, take her to thee; if thou hast the heart
To seize her as a rape or lustful prey,
To blur our house, that never yet was stained;
To murder her that never meant thee harm;
To kill me now, whom once thou sav'dst from death:
Do them at once; on her all these rely,
And perish with her spotless chastity.
Sir F. You overcome me in your love, Sir Charles.
I cannot be so cruel to a lady
I love so dearly. Since you have not spared
To engage your reputation to the world,
Your sister's honor, which you prize so dear,
Nay, all the comfort which you hold on earth,
To grow out of my debt, being your foe,
Your honored thoughts, lo! thus I recompense.
Your metamorphosed foe receives your gift
In satisfaction of all former wrongs.
This jewel I will wear here in my heart;
And, where before I thought her, for her wants,

[6] wonder.

Too base to be my bride, to end all strife,
I seal you my dear brother, her my wife.
SUSAN. You still exceed us. I will yield to fate,
And learn to love, where I till now did hate.
SIR C. With that enchantment you have charmed my soul
And made me rich even in those very words! [259
I pay no debt, but am indebted more;
Rich in your love, I never can be poor.
SIR F. All's mine is yours; we are alike in state;
Let's knit in love what was opposed in hate!
Come, for our nuptials we will straight provide,
Blest only in our brother and fair bride.
[*They go into the house.*

SCENE II

FRANKFORD *is rummaging in one of the rooms of his house, with the help of* NICHOLAS. CRANWELL *looks on in surprise.*

CRAN. Why do you search each room about your house,
Now that you have despatched your wife away?
FRANK. Oh, sir! To see that nothing may be left [10
That ever was my wife's. I loved her dearly;
And, when I do but think of her unkindness,
My thoughts are all in hell; to avoid which torment,
I would not have a bodkin or a cuff,
A bracelet, necklace, or rebato wire,
Nor anything that ever was called hers,
Left me, by which I might remember her.— [21
Seek round about.
NICH. 'Sblood! master, here's her lute flung in a corner.
FRANK. Her lute! Oh, God! Upon this instrument
Her fingers have run quick divisiön,
Sweeter than that which now divides our hearts.
These frets have made me pleasant,[7] that have now [31
Frets of my heart-strings made.—Oh, Master Cranwell,
Oft hath she made this melancholy wood
(Now mute and dumb for her disastrous chance)
Speak sweetly many a note, sound many a strain
To her own ravishing voice; which being well strung, [40
What pleasant strange airs have they jointly sung!—
[*To* NICHOLAS.] Post with it after her!—Now nothing's left;
Of her and hers I am at once bereft.
NICH. I'll ride and overtake her; do my message.
And come back again. [*Exit.*
CRAN. Meantime, sir, if you please,
I'll to Sir Francis Acton, and inform him
Of what hath passed betwixt you and [51 his sister.
FRANK. Do as you please.—How ill am I bested,
To be a widower ere my wife be dead!

SCENE III

The unhappy ANNE *has proceeded five miles of the way towards her new home, and has got out of her coach.* JENKIN, CICELY, *the Coachman, and three Carters are with her.*

MRS. F. Bid my coach stay! Why should I ride in state,
Being hurled so low down by the hand of fate? [9
A seat like to my fortunes let me have,—
Earth for my chair, and for my bed a grave!
JEN. Comfort, good mistress; you have watered your coach with tears already. You have but two miles now to go to your manor. A man cannot say by my old master Frankford as he may say by me, that he wants manors; for he hath three or four, of which this is one that we are going to now. [20
CIC. Good mistress, be of good cheer! Sorrow, you see, hurts you, but helps

[7] merry.

you not; we all mourn to see you so sad.

CARTER. Mistress, I spy one of my landlord's men
Come riding post: 'tis like he brings some news.

MRS. F. Comes he from Master Frankford, he is welcome;
So is his news, because they come from him.

Enter NICHOLAS, *with the lute, which he hands to her.*

NICH. There!

MRS. F. I know the lute.—Oft have I sung to thee;
We both are out of tune, both out of time.

NICH. Would that had been the worst instrument that e'er you played on! My master commends him to ye; there's all he can find was ever yours; he hath nothing left that ever you could lay claim to but his own heart—and he could afford you that! All that I have to deliver you is this: he prays you to forget him; and so he bids you farewell.

MRS. F. I thank him; he is kind, and ever was.—
All you that have true feeling of my grief,
That know my loss, and have relenting hearts,
Gird me about, and help me with your tears
To wash my spotted sins! My lute shall groan;
It cannot weep, but shall lament my moan. [*She plays.*

WENDOLL, *unseen by the others, and not seeing them, enters.*

WEN. Pursued with horror of a guilty soul,
And with the sharp scourge of repentance lashed,
I fly from mine own shadow. O my stars!
What have my parents in their lives deserved,
That you should lay this penance on their son?
When I but think of Master Frankford's love,
And lay it to my treason, or compare
My murdering him for his relieving me,
It strikes a terror like a lightning's flash,
To scorch my blood up. Thus I, like the owl,
Ashamed of day, live in these shadowy woods,
Afraid of every leaf or murmuring blast,
Yet longing to receive some perfect knowledge
How he hath dealt with her. [*Seeing* MISTRESS FRANKFORD.] O my sad fate!
Here, and so far from home, and thus attended!
Oh, God! I have divorced the truest turtles
That ever lived together, and, being divided,
In several places make their several moan;
She in the fields laments, and he at home;
So poets write that Orpheus made the trees
And stones to dance to his melodious harp,
Meaning the rustic and the barbarous hinds,
That had no understanding part in them:
So she from these rude carters tears extracts,
Making their flinty hearts with grief to rise,
And draw down rivers from their rocky eyes.

MRS. F., *to* NICHOLAS. If you return unto your master, say
(Though not from me, for I am all unworthy
To blast his name so with a strumpet's tongue)
That you have seen me weep, wish myself dead.
Nay, you may say too (for my vow is past),
Last night you saw me eat and drink my last.

This to your master you may say and swear;
For it is writ in heaven and decreed here.
NICH. I'll say you wept; I'll swear you made me sad.—
Why, how now, eyes? What now? What's here to do?
I'm gone, or I shall straight turn baby too. [130
WEN. <I cannot weep, my heart is all on fire.
Cursed be the fruits of my unchaste desire!>
MRS. F. Go, break this lute upon my coach's wheel,
As the last music that I e'er shall make—
Not as my husband's gift, but my farewell
To all earth's joy; and so your master tell! [141
NICH. If I can for crying.
WEN. < Grief, have done;
Or, like a madman, I shall frantic run.>
MRS. F. You have beheld the wofull'st wretch on earth,
A woman made of tears; would you had words
To express but what you see! My inward grief [150
No tongue can utter; yet unto your power
You may describe my sorrow, and disclose
To thy sad master my abundant woes.
NICH. I'll do your commendatiöns.[8]
MRS. F. Oh, no!
I dare not so presume; nor to my children!
I am disclaimed in both: alas! I am. [160
Oh, never teach them, when they come to speak,
To name the name of mother: chide their tongue,
If they by chance light on that hated word;
Tell them 'tis naught; for when that word they name,
Poor, pretty souls! they harp on their own shame. [170
WEN. <To recompense her wrongs, what canst thou do?
Thou hast made her husbandless, and childless too.>
MRS. F. I have no more to say.—Speak not for me;
Yet you may tell your master what you see.
NICH. I'll do't. [*Exit*
WEN. <I'll speak to her, and comfort her in grief.— [181
Oh, but her wound cannot be cured with words!—
No matter, though! I'll do my best good will
To work a cure on her whom I did kill.>
MRS. F. So, now unto my coach, then to my home,
So to my death-bed; for from this sad hour, [190
I never will nor eat, nor drink, nor taste
Of any cates[9] that may preserve my life.
I never will nor smile nor sleep nor rest;
But, when my tears have washed my black soul white,
Sweet Savior, to thy hands I yield my sprite.
WEN., *coming forward.* Oh, Mistress Frankford!
MRS. F. Oh, for God's sake, fly! [200
The devil doth come to tempt me, ere I die.
My coach! This sin, that with an angel's face
Conjured mine honor, till he sought my wrack,
In my repentant eye seems ugly, black.
[*She goes off, accompanied by the Maid and the Coachman. The Carters follow, expressing their contempt for* WENDOLL *by whistling.* [211
JEN. What, my young master, that fled in his shirt! How come you by your clothes again? You have made our house in a sweet pickle, ha' ye not, think you? What, shall I serve you still, or cleave to the old house?
WEN. Hence, slave! Away, with thy unseasoned[10] mirth!
Unless thou canst shed tears, and sigh, and howl, [221
Curse thy sad fortunes, and exclaim on fate,

[8] commands.
[9] food.
[10] unseasonable.

Thou art not for my turn.

JEN. Marry, an you will not, another will; farewell, and be hanged! Would you had never come to have kept this coil[11] within our doors! We shall ha' you run away like a sprite again. [*Exit.*

WEN. She's gone to death; I live to want and woe,
Her life, her sins, and all upon my head.
And I must now go wander, like a Cain,
In foreign countries and remoted climes,
Where the report of my ingratitude
Cannot be heard. I'll over first to France,
And so to Germany and Italy;
Where, when I have recovered, and by travel
Gotten those perfect tongues, and that these rumors
May in their height abate, I will return;
And I divine (however now dejected),
My worth and parts being by some great man praised,
At my return I may in court be raised. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

SIR FRANCIS, SIR CHARLES, CRANWELL, MALBY, *and* SUSAN *are before the manor-house, whither they are going, to see* ANNE. *Some days have elapsed.*

SIR F. Brother, and now my wife, I think these troubles,
Fall on my head by justice of the heavens,
For being so strict to you in your extremities;
But we are now atoned.[12] I would my sister
Could with like happiness o'ercome her griefs
As we have ours.

SUSAN. You tell us, Master Cranwell, wondrous things
Touching the patience of that gentleman,
With what strange virtue he demeans[13] his grief.

CRAN. I told you what I was witness of;
It was my fortune to lodge there that night.

SIR F. Oh, that same villain, Wendoll!
'Twas his tongue
That did corrupt her; she was of herself
Chaste and devoted well.[14] Is this the house?

CRAN. Yes, sir; I take it, here your sister lies.

SIR F. My brother Frankford showed too mild a spirit
In the revenge of such a loathëd crime.
Less than he did, no man of spirit could do.
I am so far from blaming his revenge,
That I commend it. Had it been my case,
Their souls at once had from their breasts been freed;
Death to such deeds of shame is the due meed.

Enter JENKIN *and* CICELY.

JEN. Oh, my mistress, mistress! my poor mistress!

CICELY. Alas! that ever I was born; what shall I do for my poor mistress?

SIR C. Why, what of her?

JEN. Oh, Lord, sir! she no sooner heard that her brother and her friends had come to see how she did, but she, for very shame of her guilty conscience, fell into such a swoon, that we had much ado to get life in her.

SUSAN. Alas, that she should bear so hard a fate!
Pity it is repentance comes too late.

SIR F. Is she so weak in body?

JEN. Oh, sir! I can assure you there's no hope of life in her; for she will take no sustenance: she hath plainly starved herself, and now she's as lean as a lath. She ever looks for the good hour. Many gentlemen and gentlewomen of the country are come to comfort her.

SCENE V[15]

ANNE *is in bed. Enter to her* SUSAN, SIR CHARLES, SIR FRANCIS, MALBY, *and* CRANWELL.

MAL. How fare you, Mistress Frankford?

[11] made this trouble.
[12] reconciled. [13] sustains.
[14] dutiful.
[15] As presented, this was no new scene, the bed being thrust onto the stage with Mrs. Frankford on it, or perhaps the curtains of the rear stage were drawn to show her to the audience.

Mrs. F. Sick, sick, oh, sick! Give me some air, I pray you!
Tell me, oh, tell me, where is Master Frankford?
Will not he deign to see me ere I die? [10
Mal. Yes, Mistress Frankford; divers gentlemen,
Your loving neighbors, with that just request
Have moved, and told him of your weak estate: [16]
Who, though with much ado to get belief,
Examining of the general circumstance, [19
Seeing your sorrow and your penitence,
And hearing therewithal the great desire
You have to see him, ere you left the world,
He gave to us his faith to follow us,
And sure he will be here immediately.
Mrs. F. You have half revived me with the pleasing news,—
Raise me a little higher in my bed.—
Blush I not, brother Acton?—Blush I not, Sir Charles? [30
Can you not read my fault writ in my cheek?
Is not my crime there?—Tell me, gentlemen.
Sir C. Alas, good mistress, sickness hath not left you
Blood in your face enough to make you blush.
Mrs. F. Then, sickness, like a friend, my fault would hide.— [40
Is my husband come? My soul but tarries
His arrive; then I am fit for heaven.
Sir F. I came to chide you, but my words of hate
Are turned to pity and compassionate grief.
I came to rate you, but my brawls, [17] you see,
Melt into tears, and I must weep by [50 thee.—
Here's Master Frankford now.

Enter Frankford.

Frank. Good morrow, brother; morrow, gentlemen!

[16] condition. [17] reproaches.

God, that hath laid this cross upon our heads,
Might (had He pleased) have made our cause of meeting
On a more fair and more contented [60 ground;
But He that made us made us to this woe.
Mrs. F. And is he come? Methinks that voice I know.
Frank. How do you, woman?
Mrs. F. Well, Master Frankford, well; but shall be better,
I hope, within this hour. Will you vouchsafe, [70
Out of your grace and your humanity,
To take a spotted strumpet by the hand?
Frank. This hand once held my heart in faster bonds
Than now 'tis gripped by me. God pardon them
That made us first break hold!
Mrs. F. Amen, amen!
Out of my zeal to Heaven, whither I'm now bound, [80
I was so impudent to wish you here,
And once more beg your pardon. O, good man,
And father to my children, pardon me.
Pardon, oh, pardon me: my fault so heinous is,
That, if you in this world forgive it not,
Heaven will not clear it in the world to come.
Faintness hath so usurped upon my [90 knees,
That kneel I cannot; but on my heart's knees
My prostrate soul lies thrown down at your feet,
To beg your gracious pardon. Pardon, oh, pardon me!
Frank. As freely, from the low depth of my soul,
As my Redeemer hath forgiven His [100 death,
I pardon thee. I will shed tears for thee;
Pray with thee. In mere pity of thy weak state
I'll wish to die with thee.
All. So do we all.

NICH. <So will not I;
I'll sigh and sob, but, by my faith, not die.>
SIR F. Oh, Master Frankford, all [110
the near alliance
I lose by her, shall be supplied in thee.
You are my brother by the nearest way;
Her kindred hath fall'n off, but yours doth stay.
FRANK. Even as I hope for pardon, at that day
When the Great Judge of Heaven in scarlet sits,
So be thou pardoned! Though thy [120
rash offence
Divorced our bodies, thy repentant tears
Unite our souls.
SIR C. Then comfort, Mistress Frankford!
You see your husband hath forgiven your fall;
Then rouse your spirits, and cheer your fainting soul!
SUSAN. How is it with you? [130
SIR F. How d'ye feel yourself?
MRS. F. Not of this world.
FRANK. I see you are not, and I weep to see it.
My wife, the mother to my pretty babes!
Both those lost names I do restore thee back,
And with this kiss I wed thee once again.
Though thou art wounded in thy honored name, [140
And with that grief upon thy death-bed liest,
Honest[18] in heart, upon my soul, thou diest.
MRS. F. Pardoned on earth, soul, thou in heaven art free;
Once more. [FRANKFORD *kisses her again.*]
Thy wife dies thus embracing thee.
[*Dies.*
FRANK. New-married and new- [150
widowed.—Oh! she's dead,
And a cold grave must be her nuptial bed.
SIR C. Sir, be of good comfort, and your heavy sorrow

[18] chaste.

Part equally amongst us; storms divided
Abate their force, and with less rage are
guided.
CRAN. Do, Master Frankford; he that
hath least part [160
Will find enough to drown one troubled
heart.
SIR F. Peace with thee, Nan!—Brothers and gentlemen,
All we that can plead interest in her
grief,
Bestow upon her body funeral tears!
Brother, had you with threats and usage
bad [169
Punished her sin, the grief of her offence
Had not with such true sorrow touched
her heart.
FRANK. I see it had not; therefore, on
her grave
Will I bestow this funeral epitaph,
Which on her marble tomb shall be engraved:
In golden letters shall these words be
filled: [19]
"Here lies she whom her husband's [180
kindness killed."

EPILOGUE

AN honest crew, disposëd to be merry,
Came to a tavern by, and called for
wine.
The drawer brought it, smiling like a
cherry,
And told them it was pleasant, neat,[2]
and fine.
"Taste it," quoth one. He did so. [190
"Fie!" (quoth he)
"This wine was good; now't runs too
near the lee."

Another sipped, to give the wine his due
And said unto the rest it drunk too flat
The third said it was old; the fourth, too
new;
"Nay," quoth the fifth, "the sharpness
likes me not."
Thus, gentlemen, you see how, in one [200
hour,

[19] filled in with gold.
[20] pure.

The wine was new, old, flat, sharp, sweet, and sour.

Unto this wine we do allude[21] our play,
Which some will judge too trivial, some too grave:
You, as our guests, we entertain this day,
And bid you welcome to the best we have.
Excuse us, then; good wine may be [210
disgraced,
When every several mouth hath sundry taste.

[21] compare.

THE HONEST WHORE, PART II

BY

THOMAS DEKKER

INTRODUCTION

In 1604 Dekker and Middleton collaborated in a play which was published the same year (with an attribution to Dekker alone) as "The Honest Whore, with the Humours of the Patient Man and the Longing Wife." The entry of it in the Stationers' Register is in the month of November; and with it is entered "The second part of the Honest Whore, with the humours of the Patient Man, and the Impatient Wife, the Honest Whore;" but the earliest edition of this play that has come down to us is one of 1630, following on a new entry in June of that year. There need be no hesitation in dating the play in the latter part of 1604.

The somewhat slipshod and undisciplined genius of Thomas Dekker is seen to its utmost advantage in this story of the resolution of a converted courtezan never to slip back into her old life, whatever the temptation. It can be read by itself: there is no need, for its appreciation, first to peruse the first part. The only thing that the student of this play who has not read the other will miss is the irony of making the rescuer of Bellafront her subsequent tempter. The play is head and shoulders above any other from the pen of Dekker; but it is yet thoroughly representative of his work: here will be found his most characteristic tricks—the introduction of dialect, the fondness for national comparisons, the indulgence in argumentative rhyming passages, the habit of having his characters speak in chorus. The construction is weak, as usual: there is no real sub-plot; merely the fresh portrayal of an old comic character whose revival was calculated to please the public. The introduction of Antonio in the first act serves no purpose whatever. Perhaps the author intended to make some use of him; if so, he changed his mind, unless, indeed, he merely forgot him. The robbery of Orlando's men disguised as pedlars is not prepared for. This may be attributable to Dekker's deficiencies as a playwright; but it is not impossible that a scene in which Orlando laid his plot has dropped out.

The glory of the play consists in the fineness with which the characters of Orlando and the unscrupulous Matheo are depicted and the deep pathos which marks the speeches of the old man. Amongst all the finely-conceived and truly interpreted characters presented to us in the Elizabethan drama, there is scarcely one who makes more appeal

to our sympathy than does this broken-hearted father of a once erring daughter, who makes so determined an effort to be stern and implacable and yet appear untroubled by her conduct. Hazlitt's praise of this great dramatic achievement is memorable; but less attention has been directed to the portrayal of the unpleasant character of Matheo; yet that too is masterly. Nothing could be better observed than the consistent inconsistency of this despicable blackguard, treacherous, abusive, dishonorable, and conscienceless. He is, one may surmise, drawn from life; and a better bit of work of its sort would be difficult to imagine. The other characters are more or less colorless; but these two are sufficient to make any play noteworthy.

No source is known; the plot was probably Dekker's own invention. The play's attraction lies wholly in the Bellafront-Matheo-Orlando scenes and in the relations of Infelice and Hippolito. The scene in which Hippolito and Bellafront attempt to convert one another is spoiled by the author's missionary zeal. Perhaps the finest scene in the whole play is that in which Orlando is told that his daughter is dead. That is instinct with the finest feeling and the truest appreciation of the probable reactions of the old man to the news.

CHARACTERS

GASPARO TREBAZZI, *Duke of Milan.*
HIPPOLITO, *a Count, Husband of Infelice.*
ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO, *Father of Bellafront.*
MATHEO, *Husband of Bellafront.*
CANDIDO, *a Linen-draper.*
LODOVICO SFORZA, BERALDO, CAROLO, FONTINELL, ASTOLFO — *Courtiers.*
BRYAN, *an Irish Footman in the service of Hippolito.*
ANTONIO GEORGIO, *a poor Scholar.*
LUKE.
BOTS, *a Pander.*
INFELICE, *daughter to the Duke.*
BELLAFRONT.
CANDIDO'S BRIDE.
Mistress HORSELEECH, *a Bawd.*
DOROTHEA TARGET, PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, CATHARINA BOUNTINALL — *Harlots.*
Masters of Bridewell, Prentices, Guests, Servants, Constables, Billmen, Governors, Beadles, etc.

PLACE: *Milan.*
TIME: *Presumably, late 16th century.*

THE HONEST WHORE, PART II

ACT ONE

Scene I

Beraldo, Carolo, Fontinell, *and* Astolfo, *with Serving-men or Pages attending on them, enter a hall in* Hippolito's *house, meeting* Lodovico, *who enters by a door on the other side.*

Lod. Good day, gallants.

Omnes. Good morrow, sweet Lodovico.

Lod. How dost thou, Carolo?

Car. Faith, as the physicians do in a plague, see the world sick, and am well myself. [11

Fon. Here's a sweet morning, gentlemen.

Lod. Oh, a morning to tempt Jove from his ningle,[1] Ganymede; which is but to give dairy-wenches green gowns as they are going a-milking. What, is thy lord stirring yet?

Ast. Yes, he will not be horsed this hour, sure. [20

Ber. My lady swears he shall, for she longs to be at court.

Car. Oh, we shall ride switch and spur; would we were there once!

Enter Bryan, *who is red-headed and talks with a villanous brogue.*

Lod. How now, is thy lord ready?

Bry. No, so Crees sa'[2] me; my lady will have some little ting in her pelly first. [30

Car. Oh, then they'll to breakfast.

Lod. Footman, does my lord ride i' th' coach with my lady, or on horseback?

Bry. No, foot, la; my lady will have me lord sheet wid her; my lord will sheet in de one side, and my lady sheet in de toder side. [*Exit.*

Lod. My lady sheet in de toder side! Did you ever hear a rascal talk so like a pagan? Is't not strange that a fel- [40 low of his star should be seen here so long in Italy, yet speak so from[3] a Christian?

Enter Antonio Georgio *with a book in his hand.*

Ast. An Irishman in Italy! that so strange! Why, the nation have running heads.

[*The Courtiers walk up and down, conversing.* [49

Lod. Nay, Carolo, this is more strange; I ha' been in France; there's few of them. Marry, England they count a warm chimney corner; and there they swarm like crickets to the crevice of a brewhouse; in England I have noted one thing.

Omnes. What's that, what's that of England?

Lod. Marry this, sir—What's he yonder? [60

Ber. A poor fellow would speak with my lord.

Lod. In England, sir—troth, I ever laugh when I think on't: to see a whole nation should be marked i' th' forehead, as a man may say, with one iron: why, sir, there all costermongers are Irishmen.

Car. Oh, that's to show their antiquity, as coming from Eve, who was an apple-wife, and they take after the mother. [70

Omnes. Good, good! ha, ha!

Lod. Why, then, should all your chimney-sweepers likewise be Irishmen? Answer that now; come, your wit.

Car. Faith, that's soon answered; for St. Patrick, you know, keeps purgatory; he makes the fire, and his countrymen could do nothing, if they cannot sweep the chimneys.

Omnes. Good again. [80

[1] pet. [2] Christ save. [3] unlike.

Lod. Then, sir, have you many of them, like this fellow, especially those of his hair, footmen to noblemen and others; and the knaves are very faithful, where they love; by my faith, very proper men, many of them, and as active as the clouds —whirr, hah!

Omnes. Are they so?

Lod. And stout, exceeding stout! why, I warrant, this precious wild villain, if [90 he were put to't, would fight more desperately than sixteen Dunkirks.[4]

Ast. The women, they say, are very fair.

Lod. No, no, our country *bona-robas*,[5] oh! are the sugarest, delicious rogues!

Ast. Oh, look, he has a feeling of them!

Lod. Not I, I protest. There's a saying when they commend nations. It goes, the Irishman for his hand, [the] [100 Welshman for a leg, the Englishman for a face, the Dutchman for a beard.

Fon. I' faith, they may make swabbers[6] of them.

Lod. The Spaniard—let me see—for a little foot, I take it; the Frenchman—what a pox hath he? And so of the rest. Are they at breakfast yet? Come, walk.

Ast. This Lodovico is a notable- [109 tongued fellow.

Fon. Discourses well.

Ber. And a very honest gentleman.

Ast. Oh! he's well valued by my lord.

Enter Bellafront, *with a petition. She has been, as shown in the First Part, a harlot, but has been reclaimed from her mode of life by* Hippolito, *and has been married by the* Duke *to her seducer,* Hippolito's *friend,* Matheo, *the latter being tricked into matrimony. She is now thoroughly reformed.* [121

Fon. How now, how now, what's she?

Ber. Let's make towards her.

Bell. Will it be long, sir, ere my lord come forth?

Ast. Would you speak with my lord?

Lod. How now, what's this, a nurse's bill? Hath any here got thee with child and now will not keep it?

Bell. No, sir, my business is unto my lord. [131

Lod. He's about his own wife now; he'll hardly dispatch two causes in a morning.

Ast. No matter what he says, fair lady; he's a knight, there's no hold to be taken at his words.

Fon. My lord will pass this way presently.

Ber. <A pretty, plump rogue! [140

Ast. A good lusty, bouncing baggage.

Ber. Do you know her?

Lod. A pox on her, I was sure her name was in my table-book once. I know not of what cut her die is now, but she has been more common than tobacco; this is she that had the name of the Honest Whore.

Omnes. Is this she?

Lod. This is the blackamoor that by [150 washing was turned white; this is the birding-piece new scoured; this is she that, if any of her religion can be saved, was saved by my lord Hippolito.

Ast. She has been a goodly creature.

Lod. "She has been!" that's the epitaph of all whores. I'm well acquainted with the poor gentleman her husband. Lord! what fortunes that man has overreached! She knows not me, yet I [160 have been in her company; I scarce know her, for the beauty of her cheek hath, like the moon, suffered strange eclipses since I beheld it: but women are like medlars, no sooner ripe but rotten:

A woman last was made, but is spent first,
Yet man is oft proved in performance worst.>

Omnes. My lord is come. [170

Hippolito *and* Infelice *enter, the latter being attended by two Waiting-women. She is the* Duke's *daughter and wedded* Hippolito *in defiance of his wishes (as shown in Part I). Like a wise father, he accepted the accomplished fact, and it may be presumed that the relations of the three have since been very satisfactory.* [179

[4] Dunkirk pirates. [5] courtesans. [6] mops.

Hip. We ha' wasted half this morning. Morrow, Lodovico!

Lod. Morrow, madam!

Hip. Let's away to horse.

Omnes. Ay, ay, to horse, to horse.

Bell. I do beseech your lordship, let your eye read o'er this wretched paper.

Hip. I'm in haste: pray thee, good woman, take some apter time.

Inf. Good woman, do. [189

Bell. Oh, 'las! it does concern a poor man's life.

Hip. Life!—[*Takes the paper.*] Sweetheart, seat yourself, I'll but read this and come.

Lod. What stockings have you put on this morning, madam? If they be not yellow, change them; that paper is a letter from some wench to your husband.

Inf. Oh sir, that cannot make me jealous. [200

[*Exeunt all except* Hippolito, Bellafront, *and* Antonio.

Hip. Your business, sir? To me?

Ant. Yes, my good lord.

Hip. Presently, sir.—[*Reads the petition.*] Are you Matheo's wife?

Bell. That most unfortunate woman.

Hip. I'm sorry these storms are fallen on him; I love Matheo,
And any good shall do him; he and I [210
Have sealed two bonds of friendship, which are strong
In me, however fortune does him wrong.
He speaks here he's condemned. Is't so?

Bell. Too true.

Hip. What was he whom he killed? Oh, his name's here;
Old Giacomo, son to the Florentine;
Giacomo, a dog, that, to meet profit, [219
Would to the very eyelids wade in blood
Of his own children. Tell Matheo,
The duke, my father, hardly shall deny
His signëd pardon. It was[7] fair fight: yes,
If rumor's tongue go true; so writes he here.
To-morrow morning I return from court:
Pray be you here then.—[*To* Antonio.] I'll have done, sir, straight.— [229
But, in troth, say, are you Matheo's wife? You have forgot me.

Bell. No, my lord.

Hip. Your turner,
That made you smooth to run an even bias,
You know I loved you when your very soul
Was full of discord: art not a good wench still? [239

Bell. Umph, when I had lost my way to Heaven, you showed it:
I was new born that day.

Re-enter Lodovico.

Lod. 'Sfoot, my lord, your lady asks if you have not left your wench yet? When you get in once, you never have done. Come, come, come, pay your old score, and send her packing; come.

Hip. Ride softly on before, I'll o'ertake you. [250

Lod. Your lady swears she'll have no riding on before, without ye.

Hip. Prithee, good Lodovico.

Lod. My lord, pray hasten.

Hip. I come. [*Exit* Lodovico.
To-morrow let me see you; fare you well;
Commend me to Matheo. Pray one word more:
Does not your father live about the court? [260

Bell. I think he does, but such rude spots of shame
Stick on my cheek that he scarce knows my name.

Hip. Orlando Friscobaldo, is't not?

Bell. Yes, my lord.

Hip. What does he for you?

Bell. All he should: when children
From duty start, parents from love may swerve. [271
He nothing does; for nothing I deserve.

Hip. Shall I join him unto you, and restore you
To wonted grace?

Bell. It is impossible.

Hip. It shall be put to trial: fare you well. [*Exit* Bellafront.

[7] B. 'Twas.

<The face I would not look on! Sure then 'twas rare,
When, in despite of grief, 'tis still thus fair.>
Now, sir, your business with me?
ANT. I am bold
To express my love and duty to your lordship
In these few leaves.
HIP. A book!
ANT. Yes, my good lord.
HIP. Are you a scholar?
ANT. Yes, my lord, a poor one.
HIP. Sir, you honor me:
Kings may be scholars' patrons; but, faith, tell me,
To how many hands besides hath this bird flown,
How many partners share with me?
ANT. Not one,
In troth, not one: your name I held more dear.
I'm not, my lord, of that low character.
HIP. Your name I pray?
ANT. Antonio Georgio.
HIP. Of Milan?
ANT. Yes, my lord.
HIP. I'll borrow leave
To read you o'er, and then we'll talk: till then
[*Giving money*] Drink up this gold; good wits should love good wine;
This of your loves; the earnest that of mine.—

Re-enter BRYAN.

How now, sir, where's your lady? Not gone yet?

BRY. I fart di lady is run away from dee a mighty deal of ground; she sent me back for dine own sweet face. I pray dee come, my lord, away, wut tow go now?

HIP. Is the coach gone? Saddle my horse, the sorrel.

BRY. A pox a' de horse's nose; he is a lousy rascally fellow. When I came to gird his belly, his scurvy guts rumbled; di horse farted in my face, and, dow knowest, an Irishman cannot abide a fart. But I have saddled de hobby-horse; di fine hobby is ready. I pray dee, my good sweet lord, wi't tow go now, and I will run to de devil before dee?

HIP. Well, sir.—I pray let's see you, master scholar.

BRY. Come, I pray dee, wut come, sweet face? Go.

[*Exit* HIPPOLITO, BRYAN *following.*

SCENE II

In an apartment in the palace, LODOVICO, CAROLO, ASTOLFO, *and* BERALDO *discuss the actions of* CANDIDO *in marrying again. In the First Part he was the patient husband married to a shrewish wife. Now he is re-marrying, and the question is whether he will be letting himself in for more trouble.*

LOD. Godso, gentlemen, what do we forget?

OMNES. What?

LOD. Are not we all enjoined as this day—Thursday is't not?—ay, as that day to be at the linen-draper's house at dinner?

CAR. Signor Candido, the patient man.

AST. Afore Jove, true, upon this day he's married.

BER. I wonder that, being so stung with a wasp before, he dares venture again to come about the eaves amongst bees.

LOD. Oh, 'tis rare sucking a sweet honeycomb! Pray Heaven his old wife be buried deep enough, that she rise not up to call for her dance! The poor fiddlers' instruments would crack for it; she'd tickle them. At any hand, let's try what mettle is in his new bride; if there be none, we'll put in some. Troth, it's a very noble citizen, I pity he should marry again; I'll walk along, for it is a good old fellow.

CAR. I warrant the wives of Milan would give any fellow twenty thousand ducats that could but have the face to beg of the duke that all the citizens in Milan might be bound to the peace of patience, as the linen-draper is.

LOD. Oh, fie upon't! 'twould undo all us that are courtiers; we should have no whoe[8] with the wenches then.

[8] success.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

OMNES. My lord's come.

HIP. How now, what news?

OMNES. None.

LOD. Your lady is with the duke, her father.

HIP. And we'll to them both presently— [49

ORLANDO FRISCOBALDO, *the father of* BELLAFRONT, *who does not figure in the First Part, now enters. He assumes a stoical unconcern for his once-erring daughter, supposing she is still what she was; but deep in his heart rest a great sorrow and a deep affection for her.*

Who's that!

OMNES. Signor Friscobaldo.

HIP. Friscobaldo, oh! pray call him, [60 and leave me; we two have business.

CAR. Ho, Signor! Signor Friscobaldo! The Lord Hippolito.

[*Exeunt all but* HIPPOLITO *and* FRISCOBALDO.

ORL. My noble lord: my lord Hippolito! the duke's son! his brave daughter's brave husband! how does your honored lordship! Does your nobility remember so poor a gentleman as Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, old mad Orlando? [71

HIP. Oh, sir, our friends! they ought to be unto us as our jewels, as dearly valued, being locked up, and unseen, as when we wear them in our hands. I see, Friscobaldo, age hath not command of your blood; for all Time's sickle has gone over you, you are Orlando still.

ORL. Why, my lord, are not the fields mown and cut down, and stripped [80 bare, and yet wear they not pied coats again? Though my head be like a leek, white, may not my heart be like the blade, green?

HIP. Scarce can I read the stories on your brow,
Which age hath writ there; you look youthful still.

ORL. I eat snakes,[9] my lord, I eat snakes. My heart shall never have a [90 wrinkle in it, so long as I can cry "Hem," with a clear voice.

HIP. You are the happier man, sir.

ORL. Happy man? I'll give you, my lord, the true picture of a happy man. I was turning leaves over this morning, and found it; an excellent Italian painter drew it; if I have it in the right colors, I'll bestow it on your lordship.

HIP. I stay for it. [100

ORL. He that makes gold his wife, but not his whore;
He that at noon-day walks by a prison door;
He that i' th' sun is neither beam nor mote;
He that's not mad after a petticoat;
He for whom poor men's curses dig no grave;
He that is neither lord's nor law- [110 yer's slave;
He that makes this his sea, and that his shore;
He that in's coffin is richer than before;
He that counts youth his sword, and age his staff;
He whose right hand carves his own epitaph,
He that upon his deathbed is a swan, [119
And dead, no crow—he is a happy man.

HIP. It's very well; I thank you for this picture.

ORL. After this picture, my lord, do I strive to have my face drawn; for I am not covetous, am not in debt; sit neither at the duke's side, nor lie at his feet. Wenching and I have done; no man I wrong, no man I fear, no man I fee; I take heed how far I walk, because I know yonder's my home; I would not die [130 like a rich man, to carry nothing away save a winding sheet; but, like a good man, to leave Orlando behind me. I sowed leaves in my youth, and I reap now books in my age. I fill this hand, and empty this; and when the bell shall toll for me, if I prove a swan, and go singing to my nest, why so! If a crow, throw me out for carrion, and pick out mine eyes. May

[9] A supposed recipe for restoring youth. (Dyce.)

not old Friscobaldo, my lord, be merry now, ha? [141

Hip. You may; would I were partner in your mirth!

Orl. I have a little, have all things. I have nothing; I have no wife, I have no child, have no chick; and why should not I be in my jocundare?

Hip. Is your wife then departed?

Orl. She's an old dweller in those high countries, yet not from me. Here, [150 she's here: but, before me, when a knave and a quean are married, they commonly walk like sergeants together: but a good couple are seldom parted.

Hip. You had a daughter too, sir, had you not?

Orl. O my lord! this old tree had one branch, and but one branch growing out of it. It was young, it was fair, it was straight; I pruned it daily, dressed it [160 carefully, kept it from the wind, helped it to the sun, yet, for all my skill in planting, it grew crooked, it bore crabs. I hewed it down; what's become of it I neither know nor care.

Hip. Then I can tell you what's become of it;
That branch is withered.

Orl. So 'twas long ago. [169

Hip. Her name I think was Bellafront; she's dead.

Orl. Ha? dead?

Hip. Yes; what of her was left, not worth the keeping,
Even in my sight was thrown into a grave.

Orl. Dead! my last and best peace go with her! I see Death's a good trencherman; he can eat coarse homely meat, as well as the daintiest. [179

Hip. Why, Friscobaldo, was she homely?

Orl. O my lord! a strumpet is one of the devil's vines; all the sins, like so many poles, are stuck upright out of hell, to be her props, that she may spread upon them. And, when she's ripe, every slave has a pull at her; then must she be pressed. The young beautiful grape sets the teeth of lust on edge, yet to taste that lick'rish[10] wine is to drink a man's own damnation. Is she dead? [190

[10] sweet-tasting.

Hip. She's turned to earth.

Orl. Would she were turned to Heaven! Umh, is she dead? I am glad the world has lost one of his idols; no whoremonger will at midnight beat at the doors. In her grave sleep all my shame, and her own; and all my sorrows, and all her sins!

Hip. I'm glad you're wax, not marble; you are made [200
Of man's best temper; there are now good hopes
That all these heaps of ice about your heart,
By which a father's love was frozen up,
Are thawed in these sweet showers, fetched from your eyes;
We are ne'er like angels till our passion dies.
She is not dead, but lives under [210 worse fate;
I think she's poor; and, more to clip her wings,
Her husband at this hour lies in the jail,
For killing of a man. To save his blood,
Join all your force with mine: mine shall be shown:
The getting of his life preserves your own. [219

Orl. In my daughter, you will say! Does she live then? I am sorry I wasted tears upon a harlot; but the best is I have a handkercher to drink them up; soap can wash them all out again. Is she poor?

Hip. Trust me, I think she is.

Orl. Then she's a right strumpet; I ne'er knew any of their trade rich two years together. Sieves can hold no water, nor harlots hoard up money; they [230 have many vents, too many sluices to let it out; taverns, tailors, bawds, panders, fiddlers, swaggerers, fools, and knaves do all wait upon a common harlot's trencher. She is the gallipot to which these drones fly, not for love to the pot, but for the sweet sucket[11] within it, her money, her money.

Hip. I almost dare pawn my word her bosom [240

[11] confection.

Gives warmth to no such snakes. When did you see her?

ORL. Not seventeen summers.

HIP. Is your hate so old?

ORL. Older; it has a white head, and shall never die till she be buried: her wrongs shall be my bedfellow.

HIP. Work yet his life, since in it lives her fame. [249

ORL. No, let him hang, and half her infamy departs out of the world. I hate him for her; he taught her first to taste poison; I hate her for herself, because she refused my physic.

HIP. Nay, but, Friscobaldo!—

ORL. I detest her, I defy[12] both; she's not mine, she's—

HIP. Hear her but speak.

ORL. I love no mermaids, I'll not be caught with a quail-pipe. [260

HIP. Y'are now beyond all reason.

ORL. I am, then, a beast, sir. I had rather be a beast, and not dishonor my creation, than be a doting father, and, like Time, be the destruction of mine own brood.

HIP. Is't dotage to relieve your child, being poor?

ORL. Is't fit for an old man to keep a whore? [270

HIP. 'Tis charity, too.

ORL. 'Tis foolery; relieve her!

Were her cold limbs stretched out upon a bier,
I would not sell this dirt under my nails
To buy her an hour's breath, nor give this hair,
Unless it were to choke her.

HIP. Fare you well, for I'll trouble you no more! [280

ORL. And fare you well, sir! [Exit HIPPOLITO.] Go thy ways; we have few lords of thy making, that love wenches for their honesty.—'Las, my girl, art thou poor? Poverty dwells next door to despair; there's but a wall between them. Despair is one of hell's catch-poles; and, lest that devil arrest her, I'll to her. Yet she shall not know me; she shall drink of my wealth, as beggars do of running [290 water, freely, yet never know from what fountain's head it flows. Shall a silly bird pick her own breast to nourish her young ones, and can a father see his child starve? That were hard; the pelican does it; and shall not I? Yes, I will victual the camp for her, but it shall be by some stratagem. That knave there, her husband, will be hanged, I fear; I'll keep his neck out of the noose if I can; he shall not know how. [301

Enter two SERVING-MEN.

How now, knaves? Whither wander you?

1 SER. To seek your worship.

ORL. Stay, which of you has my purse? What money have you about you?

2 SER. Some fifteen or sixteen pounds, sir.

ORL. Give it me. [*Takes purse.*]—I think I have some gold about me; yes, [310 it's well. Leave my lodging at court, and get you home. Come, sir, though I never turned any man out of doors, yet I'll be so bold as to pull your coat over your ears. [*Takes off the man's coat.*

1 SER. What do you mean to do, sir?

ORL. Hold thy tongue, knave; take thou my cloak. [*Hands his cloak to one of the serving-men and puts on the man's coat.*] I hope I play not the paltry mer- [320 chant in this bart'ring. Bid the steward of my house sleep with open eyes in my absence, and to look to all things. Whatsoever I command by letters to be done by you, see it done. So, does it sit well?

2 SER. As if it were made for your worship.

ORL. You proud varlets, you need not be ashamed to wear blue,[13] when your master is one of your fellows. Away, do not see me. [331

BOTH. <This is excellent.> [*Exeunt.*

ORL. I should put on a worse suit, too; perhaps I will. My vizard is on; now to this masque. Say I should shave off this honor of an old man, or tie it up shorter. Well, I will spoil a good face for once. My beard being off, how should I look?

Even like

[12] renounce.

[13] The color of servants' livery.

A winter cuckoo, or unfeathered owl;
Yet better lose this hair than lose her soul.

Scene III

In a room in Candido's *house, the linen-draper is entertaining various guests and* Luke *and his other Prentices at his wedding-breakfast. Beside him sits his* Bride. Lodovico, Carolo *and* Astolfo *enter.*

Cand. O gentlemen, so late! Y'are very welcome; pray, sit down.

Lod. <Carolo, did'st e'er see such a nest of caps?[14]

Ast. Methinks it's a most civil and most comely sight.

Lod. What does he i' th' middle look like?

Ast. Troth, like a spire steeple in a country village overpeering so many thatched houses.

Lod. It's rather a long pike-staff against so many bucklers without pikes;[15] they sit, for all the world, like a pair of organs,[16] and he's the tall great roaring pipe i' th' midst.>

Ast. Ha, ha, ha, ha!

Cand. What's that you laugh at, signors?

Lod. Troth, shall I tell you, and aloud I'll tell it;
We laugh to see, yet laugh we not in scorn,
Amongst so many caps that long hat worn.

1 Guest (*the wearer of the tall hat*). Mine is as tall a felt as any is this day in Milan, and therefore I love it, for the block was cleft out for my head, and fits me to a hair.

Cand. Indeed you're good observers; it shows strange:
But gentlemen, I pray neither contemn,
Nor yet deride a civil ornament;
I could build so much in the round cap's praise,
That 'bove this high roof I this flat would raise.

Lod. Prithee, sweet bridegroom, do't.

Cand. So all these guests will pardon me, I'll do't.

Omnes. With all our hearts.

Cand. Thus, then, in the cap's honor:
To every sex, and state, both nature, time,
The country's laws, yea, and the very clime
Do allot distinct habits; the spruce courtier
Jets[17] up and down in silk; the warrior
Marches in buff; the clown plods on in gray:
But, for these upper garments, thus I say:
The seaman has his cap, pared with- out brim;
The gallant's head is feathered, that fits him;
The soldier has his murren;[18] women ha' tires;
Beasts have their head-pieces; and men ha' theirs.

Lod. Proceed.

Cand. Each degree has his fashion; it's fit, then,
One should be laid by for the citizen;
And that's the cap which you see swells not high,
For caps are emblems of humility.
It is a citizen's badge, and first was worn
By th' Romans; for, when any bond- man's turn
Came to be made a freeman, thus 'twas said,
He to the cap was called, that is, was made
Of Rome a freeman, but was first close shorn;
And so a citizen's hair is still short worn.

Lod. That close shaving made barbers a company,
And now every citizen uses it.

Cand. Of geometric figures the most rare,
And perfect'st, are the circle and the square;
The city and the school much build upon
These figures, for both love proportiön.
The city-cap is round; the scholar's square,

14 citizens.
15 Spikes in the centre of bucklers.
16 organ pipes.
17 struts.
18 morion.

To show that government and learning are
The perfect'st limbs i' th' body of a state;
For, without them, all's disproportionate.
If the cap had no honor, this might rear it:
The reverend fathers of the law do wear it.
It's light for summer, and in cold it sits
Close to the skull, a warm house for the wits;
It shows the whole face boldly; 'tis not made
As if a man to look on't were afraid,
Nor like a draper's shop with broad dark shed,
For he's no citizen that hides his head.
Flat caps as proper are to city gowns
As to armors helmets or to kings their crowns.
Let then the city-cap by none be scorned,
Since with it princes' heads have been adorned.
If more the round cap's honor you would know,
How would this long gown with this steeple[19] show?

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha! most vile, most ugly.

CAND. Pray, signor, pardon me, 'twas done in jest.

BRIDE. A cup of claret wine there.

LUKE. Wine? yes, forsooth, wine for the bride.

CAR. You ha' well set out the cap, sir.

LOD. Nay, that's flat.

CAND. A health!

LOD. Since his cap's round, that shall go round. Be bare,
For in the cap's praise all of you have share.

[*They bare their heads and drink. As* LUKE *offers the wine to the* BRIDE, *she hits him on the lips, breaking the glass.*

The bride's at cuffs.

CAND. Oh, peace, I pray thee; thus far off I stand,
I spied the error of my servants [there].—
She called for claret, and you filled out sack.
That cup give me; 'tis for an old man's back,
And not for hers. Indeed, 'twas but mistaken;
Ask all these else.

OMNES. No faith, 'twas but mistaken.

LUKE. Nay, she took it right enough.

CAND. Good Luke, reach her that glass of claret.
Here mistress bride, pledge me there.

BRIDE. Now I'll none. [*Exit.*

CAND. How now?

LOD. Look what your mistress ails.

LUKE. Nothing, sir, but about filling a wrong glass,—a scurvy trick.

CAND. I pray you, hold your tongue.—
My servant there tells me she is not well.

OMNES. Step to her, step to her.

LOD. <A word with you: do ye hear? This wench, your new wife, will take you down in your wedding shoes, unless you hang her up in her wedding garters.

CAND. How, hang her in her garters?

LOD. Will you be a tame pigeon still? Shall your back be like a tortoise shell, to let carts go over it, yet not to break? This she-cat will have more lives than your last puss had, and will scratch worse, and mouse you worse: look to't.

CAND. What would you have me do, sir?

LOD. What would I have you do? Swear, swagger, brawl, fling! for fighting it's no matter, we ha' had knocking pusses enow already; you know that a woman was made of the rib of a man, and that rib was crooked. The moral of which is, that a man must from his beginning be crooked to his wife. Be you like an orange to her; let her cut you never so fair, be you sour as vinegar. Will you be ruled by me?

CAND. In any thing that's civil, honest, and just.

LOD. Have you ever a prentice's suit will fit me?

CAND. I have the very same which myself wore.

[19] The tall hat worn by the First Guest.

Lod. I'll send my man for't within this half-hour, and within this two hours I'll be your prentice. The hen shall not overcrow the cock; I'll sharpen your spurs.

Cand. It will be but some jest, sir?

Lod. Only a jest.> Farewell!—Come, Carolo.

[*Exeunt* Lodovico, Carolo, and Astolfo.

Omnes. We'll take our leaves, sir, too.

Cand. Pray conceit not ill
Of my wife's sudden rising. This young knight,
Sir Lodovico, is deep seen in physic,
And he tells me, the disease called the mother [20]
Hangs on my wife: it is a vehement heaving
And beating of the stomach, and that swelling
Did with the pain thereof cramp up her arm,
That hit his lips, and brake the glass,—no harm,
It was no harm!

Omnes. No, signor, none at all.

Cand. The straightest arrow may fly wide by chance.
But come, we'll close this brawl up in some dance.

[20] hysteria.

ACT TWO

Scene I

Matheo *has been set free and returns home, where he is greeted by* Bellafront. *He is a reckless, feckless, unscrupulous blackguard, a gentleman with none of the instincts of the gentleman, and no whit the better for his trying experience.*

Bell. O my sweet husband! wert thou in thy grave and art alive again? Oh, welcome, welcome!

Mat. Dost know me? My cloak, prithee, lay't up. Yes, faith, my winding-sheet was taken out of lavender, to be stuck with rosemary: [1] I lack but the knot here, or here; yet, if I had had it, I should ha' made a wry mouth at the world like a plaice; but, sweetest villain, I am here now, and I will talk with thee soon.

Bell. And glad am I th' art here.

Mat. Did these heels caper in shackles? Ah! my little plump rogue, I'll bear up for all this, and fly high. *Catso, catso.*

Bell. Matheo?

Mat. What sayest, what sayest? O brave fresh air! a pox on these grates and gingling of keys, and rattling of iron. I'll bear up, I'll fly high, wench, hang toff.

Bell. Matheo, prithee, make thy prison thy glass,
And in it view the wrinkles and the scars
By which thou wert disfigured: viewing them, mend them.

Mat. I'll go visit all the mad rogues now, and the good roaring boys.

Bell. Thou dost not hear me?

Mat. Yes, faith, do I.

Bell. Thou has been in the hands of misery, and ta'en strong physic; prithee now be sound.

Mat. Yes. 'Sfoot, I wonder how the inside of a tavern looks now. Oh, when shall I bizzle, bizzle.[2]

Bell. Nay, see, thou'rt thirsty still for poison! Come,
I will not have thee swagger.

Mat. Honest ape's face!

Bell. 'Tis that sharpened an axe to cut thy throat.
Good love, I would not have thee sell thy substance
And time, worth all, in those damned shops of hell,
Those dicing houses, that stand never well
But when they stand most ill. That four-squared sin [3]
Has almost lodged us in the beggar's inn.
Besides, to speak which even my soul does grieve,
A sort [4] of ravens have hung upon thy sleeve,
And fed upon thee: good Mat, if you please,

[1] an emblem of remembrance.

[2] drink.
[3] dicing.
[4] flock.

Scorn to spread wing amongst so base as these;
By them thy fame is speckled; yet it shows
Clear amongst them; so crows are fair with crows.
Custom in sin gives sin a lovely dye;
Blackness in Moors is no deformity.

MAT. Bellafront, Bellafront, I protest to thee, I swear, as I hope for my soul, I will turn over a new leaf. The prison, I confess, has bit me; the best man that sails in such a ship may be lousy.

[*Knocking within.*

BELL. One knocks at door.

MAT. I'll be the porter. They shall see a jail cannot hold a brave spirit, I'll fly high. [*Exit.*

BELL. How wild is his behavior! Oh, I fear
He's spoiled by prison; he's half damned comes there.
But I must sit all storms: when a full sail
His fortunes spread, he loved me; being now poor,
I'll beg for him, and no wife can do more.

Re-enter MATHEO, *with* ORLANDO, *who has disguised himself by the shaving off of his beard and has dressed himself like a serving-man.*

MAT. Come in, pray! would you speak with me, sir?

ORL. Is your name Signor Matheo?

MAT. My name is Signor Matheo.

ORL. Is this gentlewoman your wife, sir?

MAT. This gentlewoman is my wife, sir.

ORL. The Destinies spin a strong and even thread of both your loves!—<The mother's own face, I ha' not forgot that.> [*Thinking it necessary to explain his tears.*] I'm an old man, sir, and am troubled with a whoreson salt rheum, that I cannot hold my water.—Gentlewoman, the last man I served was your father.

BELL. My father? Any tongue that sounds his name
Speaks music to me; welcome, good old man!
How does my father? Lives he? Has he health?
How does my father? <I so much do shame him,
So much do wound him, that I scarce dare name him.>

ORL. I can speak no more.

MAT. How now, old lad, what, dost cry?

ORL. The rheum still, sir, nothing else; I should be well seasoned, for mine eyes lie in brine. Look you, sir, I have a suit to you.

MAT. What is't, my little white-pate?

ORL. Troth, sir, I have a mind to serve your worship.

MAT. To serve me? Troth, my friend, my fortunes are, as a man may say—

ORL. Nay, look you, sir, I know, when all sins are old in us, and go upon crutches, that covetousness does but then lie in her cradle; 'tis not so with me. Lechery loves to dwell in the fairest lodging, and covetousness in the oldest buildings, that are ready to fall: but my white head, sir, is no inn for such a gossip. If a serving-man at my years be not stored with biscuit enough, that has sailed about the world, to serve him the voyage out of his life, and to bring him East home, ill pity but all his days should be fasting days. I care not so much for wages, for I have scraped a handful of gold together. I have a little money, sir, which I would put into your worship's hands, not so much to make it more—

MAT. No, no, you say well, thou sayest well; but I must tell you—How much is the money, sayest thou?

ORL. About twenty pound, sir.

MAT. Twenty pound? Let me see: that shall bring thee in, after ten *per centum per annum*,—

ORL. No, no, no, sir, no: I cannot abide to have money engender: fie upon this silver lechery, fie! If I may have meat to my mouth, and rags to my back, and a flock-bed to snort upon when I die, the longer liver take all.

MAT. A good old boy, i' faith! If thou servest me, thou shalt eat as *I* eat, drink

as *I* drink, lie as *I* lie, and ride as *I* ride.

ORL. <That's if you have money to hire horses.> [169

MAT. Front, what dost thou think on't? This good old lad here shall serve me.

BELL. Alas, Matheo, wilt thou load a back
That is already broke?

MAT. Peace, pox on you, peace! There's a trick in't, I fly high; it shall be so, Front, as I tell you.—Give me thy hand, thou shalt serve me, i' faith: welcome! As for your money— [179

ORL. Nay, look you, sir, I have it here.
[*Brings forth the money.*

MAT. Pish, keep it thyself, man, and then thou'rt sure 'tis safe.

ORL. Safe! an 'twere ten thousand ducats, your worship should be my cash-keeper. I have heard what your worship is, an excellent dunghill cock, to scatter all abroad; but I'll venture twenty pounds on's head. [189

[*Gives the money to* MATHEO.

MAT. And didst thou serve my worshipful father-in-law, Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, that madman, once?

ORL. I served him so long till he turned me out of doors.

MAT. It's a notable chuff; [5] I ha' not seen him many a day.

ORL. No matter an you ne'er see him; it's an arrant grandee, a churl, and as damned a cut-throat— [200

BELL. Thou villain, curb thy tongue!
Thou art a Judas,
To sell thy master's name to slander thus.

MAT. Away, ass! He speaks but truth, thy father is a—

BELL. Gentleman.

MAT. And an old knave. There's more deceit in him than in sixteen 'pothecaries: it's a devil; thou may'st beg, starve, hang, damn! does he send thee so much as [210 a cheese?

ORL. Or so much as a gammon of bacon; he'll give it his dogs first.

MAT. A jail, a jail.

ORL. A Jew, a Jew, sir.

MAT. A dog!

ORL. An English mastiff, sir.

MAT. Pox rot out his old stinking garbage!

BELL. Art not ashamed to strike [220 an absent man thus?
Art not ashamed to let this vild [6] dog bark,
And bite my father thus?—I'll not endure it.
Out of my doors, base slave!

MAT. Your doors? a vengeance! I shall live to cut that old rogue's throat, for all you take his part thus.

ORL. <He shall live to see thee hanged first.> [231

Enter HIPPOLITO.

MAT. Gods so, my lord, your lordship is most welcome:
I'm proud of this, my lord.

HIP. Was bold to see you
Is that your wife?

MAT. Yes, sir.

HIP. I'll borrow her lip
[*Kisses* BELLAFRONT

MAT. With all my heart, my lord. [241

ORL. Who's this, I pray, sir?

MAT. My Lord Hippolito. What's thy name?

ORL. Pacheco

MAT. Pacheco, fine name: thou seest Pacheco, I keep company with no scoundrels, nor base fellows.

HIP. <Came not my footman to you?

BELL. Yes, my lord. [250

HIP. I sent by him a diamond and a letter,
Did you receive them?

BELL. Yes, my lord, I did.

HIP. Read you the letter?

BELL. O'er and o'er 'tis read

HIP. And, faith, your answer?

BELL. Now the time's not fit;
You see, my husband's here.

HIP. I'll now then leave you, [260
And choose mine hour; but, ere I part away,
Hark you, remember I must have no nay.>
Matheo, I will leave you.

MAT. A glass of wine

[5] notorious churl.

[6] vile.

HIP. Not now, I'll visit you at other times.
You're come off well, then? [269
MAT. Excellent well, I thank your lordship. I owe you my life, my lord; and will pay my best blood in any service of yours.
HIP. I'll take no such dear payment. Hark you, Matheo, I know the prison is a gulf. If money run low with you, my purse is yours: call for it.
MAT. Faith, my lord, I thank my stars they send me down some; I cannot sink, so long as these bladders hold. [280
HIP. I will not see your fortunes ebb; pray, try. To starve in full barns were fond[7] modesty.
MAT. Open the door, sirrah.
HIP. <Drink this, and anon, I pray thee, give thy mistress this.>
[Gives to FRISCOBALDO *money and a purse, and exit.*
ORL. <O noble spirit! if no worse guests here dwell, [290
My blue coat sits on my old shoulders well.>
MAT. The only royal fellow; he's bounteous as the Indies. What's that he said to thee, Bellafront?
BELL. Nothing.
MAT. I prithee, good girl.
BELL. Why, I tell you, nothing.
MAT. Nothing? It's well. Tricks! that I must be beholden to a scald hot- [300
livered goatish gallant, to stand with my cap in my hand, and vail bonnet, when I ha' spread as lofty sails as himself. Would I had been hanged. Nothing?—Pacheco, brush my cloak.
ORL. Where is't, sir?
MAT. Come, we'll fly high.
Nothing? There's a whore still in thy eye. [*Exit.*
ORL. <My twenty pounds flies high. O wretched woman! [311
This varlet's able to make Lucrece common.>
How now, mistress?
Has my master dyed you into this sad color?

[7] silly.

BELL. Fellow, begone I pray thee; if thy tongue
Itch after talk so much, seek out thy master. [320
Th'art a fit instrument for him.
ORL. Zounds, I hope he will not play upon me!
BELL. Play on thee? No, you two will fly together,
Because you're roving arrows of one feather.
Would thou wouldst leave my house; thou ne'er shalt please me!
Weave thy nets ne'er so high, [330
Thou shalt be but a spider in mine eye.
Thou'rt rank with poison; poison, tempered well,
Is food for health; but thy black tongue doth swell
With venom, to hurt him that gave thee bread.
To wrong men absent is to spurn the dead;
And so didst thou thy master and [340
my father.
ORL. You have small reason to take his part; for I have heard him say five hundred times you were as arrant a whore as ever stiffened tiffany neckcloths in water-starch upon a Saturday i' th' afternoon.
BELL. Let him say worse. When for the earth's offence [349
Hot vengeance through the marble clouds is driven,
Is't fit earth shoot again those darts at heaven?
ORL. And so, if your father call you whore you'll not call him old knave. <Friscobaldo, she carries thy mind up and down; she's thine own flesh, blood, and bone.> Troth, mistress, to tell you true, the fireworks that ran from me upon lines against my good old master, your father, were but to try how my [361
young master, your husband, loved such squibs: but it's well known I love your father as myself; I'll ride for him at midnight, run for you by owl-light; I'll die for him, drudge for you; I'll fly low, and I'll fly high, as my master says, to do you good, if you'll forgive me.

BELL. I am not made of marble; I forgive thee. [370

ORL. Nay, if you were made of marble, a good stone-cutter might cut you. I hope the twenty pound I delivered to my master is in a sure hand.

BELL. In a sure hand, I warrant thee, for spending.

ORL. I see my young master is a madcap, and a *bonus socius*.[8] I love him well, mistress: yet, as well as I love him, I'll not play the knave with you. Look [389 you, I could cheat you of this purse full of money; but I am an old lad, and I scorn to cony-catch:[9] yet I ha' been dog at a cony in my time. [*Gives purse.*

BELL. A purse? Where hadst it?

ORL. The gentleman that went away whispered in mine ear, and charged me to give it you.

BELL. The Lord Hippolito? [389

ORL. Yes, if he be a lord, he gave it me.

BELL. 'Tis all gold.

ORL. 'Tis like so. It may be he thinks you want money, and therefore bestows his alms bravely, like a lord.

BELL. He thinks a silver net can catch the poor;
Here's bait to choke a nun, and turn her whore.
Wilt thou be honest to me? [399

ORL. As your nails to your fingers, which I think never deceived you.

BELL. Thou to this lord shalt go, commend me to him,
And tell him this, the town has held out long,
Because within 'twas rather true than strong;
To sell it now were base. Say 'tis no hold
Built of weak stuff, to be blown up with gold. [410
He shall believe thee by this token, or this;
If not, by this.
[*Giving purse, ring, and letters.*

ORL. Is this all?

BELL. This is all.

ORL. <Mine own girl still!>

BELL. A star may shoot, not fall. [*Exit.*

ORL. A star? nay, thou art more than the moon, for thou hast neither chang- [420 ing quarters, nor a man standing in thy circle with a bush of thorns. Is't possible the Lord Hippolito, whose face is as civil as the outside of a dedicatory book, should be a muttonmonger? A poor man has but one ewe, and this grandee sheep-biter leaves whole flocks of fat wethers, whom he may knock down, to devour this. I'll trust neither lord nor butcher with quick[10] flesh for this trick; the cuckoo I see now, sings all the year, though [431 every man cannot hear him; but I'll spoil his notes. Can neither love-letters, nor the devil's common pick-locks, gold, nor precious stones make my girl draw up her percullis? Hold out still, wench.
All are not bawds, I see now, that keep doors,
Nor all good wenches that are marked for whores. [*Exit*

SCENE II

LODOVICO *is as good as his word. He now appears with* CANDIDO *in a room in the latter's house in the garb of a prentice.*

LOD. Come, come, come, what do ye lack, sir? What do ye lack, sir? What is't ye lack, sir? Is not my worship well suited? Did you ever see a gentleman better disguised?

CAND. Never, believe me, signor. [1

LOD. Yes, but when he has been drunk. There be prentices would make mad gallants, for they would spend all, and drink, and whore, and so forth; and I see we gallants could make mad prentices. How does thy wife like me? Nay, I must not be so saucy, then I spoil all. Pray you how does my mistress like me?

CAND. Well; for she takes you for a very simple fellow. [2

LOD. And they that are taken for such are commonly the arrantest knaves: but to our comedy, come.

CAND. I shall not act it; chide, you say, and fret,
And grow impatient: I shall never do't.

LOD. 'Sblood, cannot you do as all the world does, counterfeit?

[8] boon companion. [9] cheat. [10] living.

CAND. Were I a painter, that should live by drawing [30
Nothing but pictures of an angry man,
should not earn my colors; I cannot do't.
LOD. Remember y'are a linen-draper, nd that, if you give your wife a yard, he'll take an ell: give her not therefore quarter of your yard, not a nail.
CAND. Say I should turn to ice, and nip her love,
low 'tis but in the bud. [40
LOD. Well, say she's nipped.
CAND. It will so overcharge her heart with grief,
That, like a cannon, when her sighs go off,
he in her duty either will recoil,
r break in pieces and so die: her death y my unkindness might be counted murther. [49
LOD. Die? never, never. I do not bid ou beat her, nor give her black eyes, nor inch her sides; but cross her humors. re not bakers' arms the scales of jus-ce? Yet is not their bread light? And ay not you, I pray, bridle her with a arp bit, yet ride her gently?
CAND. Well, I will try your pills.
Do you your faithful service, and be ready [59
till at a pinch to help me in this part,
r else I shall be out clean.
LOD. Come, come, I'll prompt you.
CAND. I'll call her forth now, shall I?
LOD. Do, do, bravely.
CAND. Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither,
LOD., *mocking his gentle tone.* Luke, I pray, bid your mistress to come hither. [69
CAND., *assuming a more dictatorial manner.* Sirrah, bid my wife come to me: why, when?
LUKE, *within.* Presently, sir, she comes.
LOD. La, you, there's the echo! She comes.

Enter BRIDE.

BRIDE. What is your pleasure with me?
CAND. Marry, wife, [79
I have intent; and you see this stripling here,
He bears good will and liking to my trade,
And means to deal in linen.
LOD. Yes, indeed, sir, I would deal in linen, if my mistress like me so well as I like her.
CAND. I hope to find him honest; pray, good wife, [89
Look that his bed and chamber be made ready.
BRIDE. Y'are best to let him hire me for his maid.
I look to his bed? Look to't yourself.
CAND. Even so?
I swear to you a great oath—
LOD. <Swear: cry "Zounds!">
CAND. I will not—go to, wife—I will not— [99
LOD. <That your great oath?>
CAND. Swallow these gudgeons.[11]
LOD. <Well said!>
BRIDE. Then fast, then you may choose.
CAND. You know at table
What tricks you played, swaggered, broke glasses, fie!
Fie, fie, fie! and now, before my prentice here,
You make an ass of me, thou—what shall I call thee? [110
BRIDE. Even what you will.
LOD. <Call her arrant whore.
CAND. Oh fie, by no means! then she'll call me cuckold.>
Sirrah, go look to th' shop. <How does this show?
LOD. Excellent well.> I'll go look to the shop, sir.
[*Calling.*] Fine cambrics, lawns; what do you lack? [*Exit into the shop.* [120
CAND. A curst cow's milk I ha' drunk once before,
And, 'twas so rank in taste, I'll drink no more.
Wife, I'll tame you.
BRIDE. You may, sir, if you can,
But at a wrastling I have seen a fellow
Limbed like an ox thrown by a little man.
CAND. And so you'll throw me?—[*Calling.*] Reach me, knaves, a yard!

[11] submit to these tantrums.

Lod., *within*. A yard for my master. [131

[Lodovico *returns from the shop with a yard-wand. He is followed by* Luke *and the other Prentices, who want to see the fun.*

Luke. My master is grown valiant.

Cand. I'll teach you fencing tricks.

Omnes. Rare, rare! a prize! [12]

Lod. What will you do, sir?

Cand. Marry, my good prentice, [140
nothing but breathe my wife.

Bride. Breathe me with your yard?

Lod. No, he'll but measure you out, forsooth.

Bride. Since you'll needs fence, handle your weapon well,
For, if you take a yard, I'll take an ell.—
Reach me an ell!

Lod. An ell for my mistress. [149

[*One of the Prentices hurries into the shop and returns with an ell-wand, which he hands to the* Bride.

Keep the laws of the noble science, sir, and measure weapons with her; your yard is a plain heathenish weapon. 'Tis too short, she may give you a handful, and yet you'll not reach her.

Cand. Yet I ha' the longer arm.—
Come, fall to't roundly; [159
And spare not me, wife, for I'll lay 't on soundly:
If o'er husbands their wives will needs be masters,
We men will have a law to win't at wasters.[13]

Lod. 'Tis for the breeches, is't not?

Cand. For the breeches!

Bride. Husband, I am for you, I'll not strike in jest. [169

Cand. Nor I.

Bride. But will you sign to one request?

Cand. What's that?

Bride. Let me give the first blow.

Cand. The first blow, wife? <Shall I? Prompt.

Lod. Let her ha't:
If she strike hard, in to her, and break her pate.>

Cand. A bargain: strike! [180

Bride. Then guard you from this blow;
For I play all at legs, but 'tis thus low.
[*She kneels.*
Behold, I'm such a cunning fencer grown,
I keep my ground, yet down I will be thrown
With the least blow you give me; I disdain [189
The wife that is her husband's sovereign.
She that upon your pillow first did rest,
They say, the breeches wore, which I detest:
The tax which she imposed upon you, I abate you; [14]
If me you make your master, I shall hate you.
The world shall judge who offers fairest play; [199
You win the breeches; but I win the day.

Cand. Thou win'st the day indeed; give me thy hand;
I'll challenge thee no more. My patient breast
Played thus the rebel, only for a jest.
Here's the rank rider that breaks colts; 'tis he
Can tame the mad folks, and curst wives.

Bride. Who? Your man?

Cand. My man? My master, though his head be bare; [211
But he's so courteous, he'll put off his hair.

Lod. Nay, if your service be so hot a man cannot keep his hair on, I'll serve you no longer. [*Takes off his false hair.*

Bride. Is this your schoolmaster?

Lod. Yes, faith, wench, I taught him to take thee down. I hope thou canst take him down without teaching; [220
You ha' got the conquest, and you both are friends.

Cand. Bear witness else.

Lod. My prenticeship then ends.

Cand. For the good service you to me have done,
I give you all your years.

Lod. I thank you, master.
I'll kiss my mistress now, that she may say [230
"My man was bound and free all in one day." [*Exeunt.*

[12] a fencing contest.
[13] cudgels.
[14] This line is probably corrupt.

ACT THREE

Scene I

Orlando, *still disguised, pays a visit to* Infelice, *in order that he may thwart* Hippolito's *intentions regarding* Bellafront, *his excuse being that he is the bearer of a message.*

Inf. From whom, sayst thou?

Orl. From a poor gentlewoman, madam, whom I serve.

Inf. And what's your business? [9

Orl. This, madam: my poor mistress has a waste piece of ground, which is her own by inheritance, and left to her by her mother. There's a lord now that goes about not to take it clean from her, but to enclose it to himself, and to join it to a piece of his lordship's.

Inf. What would she have me do in this?

Orl. No more, madam, but what one woman should do for another in such [20 a case. My honorable lord, your husband, would do any thing in her behalf, but she had rather put herself into your hands, because you, a woman, may do more with the duke, your father.

Inf. Where lies this land?

Orl. Within a stone's cast of this place. My mistress, I think, would be content to let him enjoy it after her decease, if that would serve his turn, so my [30 master would yield too; but she cannot abide to hear that the lord should meddle with it in her lifetime.

Inf. Is she then married? Why stirs not her husband in it?

Orl. Her husband stirs in it underhand: but, because the other is a great rich man, my master is loth to be seen in it too much.

Inf. Let her in writing draw the cause at large, [41
And I will move the duke.

Orl. 'Tis set down, madam, here in black and white already. Work it so, madam, that she may keep her own without disturbance, grievance, molestation, or meddling of any other; and she bestows this purse of gold on your ladyship.

Inf. Old man, I'll plead for her, but take no fees. [51
Give lawyers them, I swim not in that flood;
I'll touch no gold, till I have done her good.

Orl. I would all proctors' clerks were of your mind; I should law more amongst them than I do then. Here, madam, is the survey, not only of the manor itself, but of the grange-house, with every [60 meadow pasture, plough-land, cony-burrow, fish-pond, hedge, ditch, and bush, that stands in it. [*Gives a letter.*

Inf., *glancing over it.* My husband's name and hand and seal at arms
To a love letter? Where hadst thou this writing?

Orl. From the foresaid party, madam, that would keep the foresaid land out of the foresaid lord's fingers. [70

Inf. My lord turned ranger now?

Orl. Y'are a good huntress, lady; you ha' found your game already. Your lord would fain be a ranger, but my mistress requests you to let him run a course in your own park. If you'll not do't for love, then do't for money! She has no white money, but there's gold; or else she prays you to ring him by this token, and so you shall be sure his nose will not be rooting other men's pastures. [81

[*Gives purse and ring.*

Inf. This very purse was woven with mine own hands;
This diamond on that very night when he
Untied my virgin girdle gave I him;
And must a common harlot share in mine?
Old man, to quit thy pains, take thou the gold. [90

Orl. Not I, madam; old serving-men want no money.

Inf. Cupid himself was sure his secretary;
These lines are even the arrows Love let-flies;
The very ink dropped out of Venus' eyes.

Orl. I do not think, madam, but he fetched off some poet or other for those lines, for they are parlous hawks to fly at wenches. [101

INF. Here's honied poison! To me he ne'er thus writ;
But lust can set a double edge on wit.
ORL. Nay, that's true, madam, a wench will whet any thing, if it be not too dull.
INF. Oaths, promises, preferments, jewels, gold,
What snares should break, if all these cannot hold? [110
What creature is thy mistress?
ORL. One of those creatures that are contrary to man; a woman.
INF. What manner of woman?
ORL. A little tiny woman, lower than your ladyship by head and shoulders, but as mad a wench as ever unlaced a petticoat: these things should I indeed have delivered to my lord, your husband.
INF. They are delivered better: why should she [121
Send back these things?
ORL. 'Ware, 'ware, there's knavery.
INF. Strumpets, like cheating gamesters, will not win
At first; these are but baits to draw him in.
How might I learn his hunting hours?
ORL. The Irish footman can tell you all his hunting hours, the park he hunts in, the doe he would strike; that Irish [131 shackatory[1] beats the bush for him, and knows all; he brought that letter and that ring; he is the carrier.
INF. Knowest thou what other gifts have passed between them?
ORL. Little Saint Patrick knows all.
INF. Him I'll examine presently.[2]
ORL. Not whilst I am here, sweet madam. [140
INF. Be gone then; and what lies in me command. [*Exit* ORLANDO.

Enter BRYAN.

INF. Come hither, sirrah! How much cost those satins
And cloth of silver which my husband sent
By you to a low gentlewoman yonder?
BRY. Faat satins? faat silvers? faat low gentlefolks? Dow pratest dow knowest not what, i' faat, la. [151

[1] hunting-dog. [2] at once.

INF. She there to whom you carried letters.
BRY. By dis hand and bod, dow say's true, if I did so, oh how? I know not a letter a' de book i' faat, la.
INF. Did your lord never send you with a ring, sir,
Set with a diamond?
BRY. Never, sa Crees sa' me, never! [160 He may run at a towsand rings i' faat and I never hold his stirrup, till he leap into de saddle. By St. Patrick, madam I never touch my lord's diamond, nor ever had to do, i' faat, la, with any of his precious stones.

Enter HIPPOLITO.

INF. Are you so close,[3] you bawd, you pand'ring slave? [*Strikes* BRYAN
HIP. How now? Why, Infelice, what's your quarrel? [171
INF. Out of my sight, base varlet! get thee gone.
HIP. Away, you rogue!
BRY. *Slawne loot*,[4] fare de well, fare de well.
Ah marragh frofat boddah breen![5] [*Exit*
HIP. What, grown a fighter? Prithee, what's the matter?
INF. If you'll needs know, it was about the clock. [181
How works the day, my lord, pray, by your watch?
HIP. Lest you cuff me, I'll tell you presently:
I am near two.
INF. How, two? I'm scarce at one.
HIP. One of us then goes false.
INF. Then sure 'tis you,
Mine goes by heaven's dial, the sun; [190 and it goes true.
HIP. I think, indeed, mine runs somewhat too fast.
INF. Set it to mine at one then.
HIP. One? 'tis past:
'Tis past one by the sun.
INF. Faith, then, belike,
Neither your clock nor mine does truly strike; [199
And since it is uncertain which goes true,

[3] secret. [4] Irish, "Fare thee well."
[5] Irish, "On the morrow of a feast, a clown is a beast." (Rhys.)

Better be false at one than false at two.
HIP. Y'are very pleasant, madam.
INF. Yet not merry.
HIP. Why, Infelice, what should make you sad?
INF. Nothing, my lord, but my false watch. Pray, tell me:
You see, my clock or yours is out of frame;
Must we upon the workmen lay the [210 blame,
Or on ourselves that keep them?
HIP. Faith, on both.
He may by knavery spoil them, we by sloth.
But why talk you all riddle thus? I read
Strange comments in those margins of your looks.
Your cheeks of late are like bad printed books, [220
So dimly charactered I scarce can spell
One line of love in them. Sure all's not well.
INF. All is not well indeed, my dearest lord;
Lock up thy gates of hearing, that no sound
Of what I speak may enter.
HIP. What means this?
INF. Or, if my own tongue must myself betray, [231
Count it a dream, or turn thine eyes away
And think me not thy wife. [*Kneels.*
HIP. Why do you kneel?
INF. Earth is sin's cushion: when the sick soul feels
Herself growing poor, then she turns beggar, cries,
And kneels for help. Hippolito (for husband [241
I dare not call thee), I have stolen that jewel
Of my chaste honor, which was only thine,
And given it to a slave.
HIP. Ha?
INF. On thy pillow
Adultery and lust have slept; thy groom
Hath climbed the unlawful tree, and plucked the sweets; [251
A villain hath usurped a husband's sheets.
HIP. 'Sdeath! who?—a cuckold!—who?
INF. This Irish footman.
HIP. Worse than damnation! a wild kerne,[6] a frog,
A dog, whom I'll scarce spurn. Longed you for shamrock?
Were it my father's father, heart, I'll kill him, [260
Although I take him on his death-bed gasping
'Twixt Heaven and hell! A shag-haired cur! Bold strumpet,
Why hangst thou on me? Think'st I'll be a bawd
To a whore, because she's noble?
INF. I beg but this:
Set not my shame out to the world's broad eye; [270
Yet let thy vengeance, like my fault, soar high,
So it be in darkened clouds.
HIP. Darkened! my horns
Cannot be darkened, nor shall my revenge.
A harlot to my slave? The act is base,
Common, but foul; so shall not thy disgrace.
Could not I feed your appetite? O [280 women,
You were created angels, pure and fair;
But, since the first fell, tempting devils you are.
You should be men's bliss, but you prove their rods:
Were there no women, men might live like gods.
You ha' been too much down already; rise, [290
Get from my sight, and henceforth shun my bed;
I'll with no strumpet's breath be poisonëd.
As for your Irish lubrican,[7] that spirit
Whom by prepost'rous charms thy lust hath raised
In a wrong circle, him I'll damn more black
Than any tyrant's soul. [300
INF. Hippolito!

[6] an Irish irregular.
[7] leprechaun.

HIP. Tell me, didst thou bait hooks to draw him to thee,
Or did he bewitch thee?
INF. The slave did woo me.
HIP. Tu-whoos in that screech-owl's language! Oh! who'd trust
Your cork-heeled sex? I think, to sate your lust,
You'd love a horse, a bear, a croak- [310
ing toad,
So your hot itching veins might have their bound:
Then the wild Irish dart was thrown. Come, how?
The manner of this fight?
INF. 'Twas thus: he gave me this battery first.—Oh, I
Mistake—believe me, all this in beaten gold; [320
Yet I held out, but at length thus was charmed.

[*She hands to him the letter, purse, and ring, and then retorts upon him his own denunciation.*

What? change your diamond, wench? The act is base,
Common, but foul, so shall not your disgrace. [329
Could not I feed your appetite? O men,
You were created angels, pure and fair,
But since the first fell, worse than devils you are.
You should our shields be, but you prove our rods.
Were there no men, women might live like gods.
Guilty, my lord?
HIP., *laughing at finding himself* [339
tricked. Yes, guilty, my good lady.
INF. Nay, you may laugh, but henceforth shun my bed;
With no whore's leavings I'll be poisonëd. [*Exit.*
HIP. O'er-reached so finely? 'Tis the very diamond
And letter which I sent. This villany
Some spider closely weaves, whose poisoned bulk
I must let forth. [*Calling.*] Who's there without? [351

SER., *within.* My lord calls?
HIP. Send me the footman.
SER., *within.* Call the footman to my lord.
[*One is heard calling,* "Bryan, Bryan!"
HIP. It can be no man else, that Irish Judas,
Bred in a country where no venom prospers [360
But in the nation's blood, hath thus betrayed me.—

Re-enter BRYAN.

Slave, get you from your service.
BRY. Faat meanest thou by this now?
HIP. Question me not, nor tempt my fury, villain!
Couldst thou turn all the mountains in the land
To hills of gold and give me, here [370
thou stayest not.
BRY. I' faat, I care not.
HIP. Prate not, but get thee gone, I shall send else.
BRY. Ay, do, predy, I had rather have thee make a scabbard of my guts, and let out all de Irish puddings in my poor belly, den to be a false knave to dee, i faat! I will never see dine own sweet face more. *A mawhid deer a gra,*[8] [380 fare dee well, fare dee well; I will go steal cows again in Ireland. [*Exit.*
HIP. He's damned that raised this whirlwind, which hath blown
Into her eyes this jealousy: yet I'll on,
I'll on, stood armed devils staring in my face:
To be pursued in flight quickens the race
Shall my blood-streams by a wife's lust be barred? [390
Fond woman, no: iron grows by stroke more hard.
Lawless desires are seas scorning all bounds,
Or sulphur, which, being rammed up more confounds;
Struggling with madmen, madness nothing tames;
Winds wrastling with great fires incense the flames. [40

[8] Irish, "O master, O sweetheart."

SCENE II

In a room in MATHEO'S *house,* BELLAFONT *makes inquiries of the still disguised* ORLANDO *regarding the doings of her husband.*

BELL. How now, what ails your master?

ORL. Has taken a young brother's urge, forsooth; and that works with him.

BELL. Where is his cloak and rapier?

ORL. He has given up his cloak, and his rapier is bound to the peace. If you look a little higher, you may see that another hath entered into hatband for him too. Six and four[9] have put him into his sweat.

BELL. Where's all his money?

ORL. 'Tis put over by exchange; his doublet was going to be translated[10] but for me. If any man would ha' lent but half a ducat on his beard, the hair of it had stuffed a pair of breeches by this time. I had but one poor penny, and that was glad to niggle out, and buy a holly-wand, to grace him through the street. His hap was, his boots were on, and them dustied, to make people think he had been riding, and I had run by him.—

BELL. Oh me! [*Enter* MATHEO.]—How does my sweet Matheo?

MAT. Oh rogue, of what devilish stuff are these dice made of—the parings of the devil's corns of his toes—that they run thus damnably?

BELL. I prithee, vex not.

MAT. If any handicraft's-man was ever offered to keep shop in hell, it will be a brave ice-maker; he's able to undo more souls than the devil; I played with mine own dice, yet lost. Ha' you any money?

BELL. 'Las, I ha' none.

MAT. Must have money, must have some, must have a cloak, and rapier, and things. Will you go set your lime-twigs, and get me some birds, some money?

BELL. What lime-twigs should I set?

MAT. You will not then? Must have cash and pictures, do ye hear, frailty? Shall I walk in a Plymouth cloak, that's to say, like a rogue, in my hose and doublet, and a crabtree cudgel in my hand, and you swim in your satins? Must have money, come! [*Taking off her gown.*

ORL. Is't bed-time, master, that you undo my mistress?

BELL. Undo me? Yes, yes, at these riflings I
Have been too often.

MAT. Help to flay, Pacheco.

ORL. Flaying call you it?

MAT. I'll pawn you, by th' lord, to your very eyebrows.

BELL. With all my heart, since Heaven will have me poor;
As good be drowned at sea, as drowned at shore.

ORL. Why, hear you, sir? I' faith, do not make away her gown.

MAT. Oh! it's summer, it's summer; your only fashion for a woman now is to be light, to be light.

ORL. Why, pray sir, employ some of that money you have of mine.

MAT. Thine? I'll starve first, I'll beg first; when I touch a penny of that, let these fingers' ends rot.

ORL. <So they may, for that's past touching: I saw my twenty pounds fly high.>

MAT. Knowest thou never a damned broker about the city?

ORL. Damned broker? Yes, five hundred.

MAT. The gown stood me in above twenty ducats; borrow ten of it. Cannot live without silver.

ORL. I'll make what I can of it, sir; I'll be your broker—
<But not your damned broker. Oh, thou scurvy knave!
What makes a wife turn whore, but such a slave?>

[*Exit with* BELLAFRONT'S *gown.*

MAT. How now, little chick, what ailest? Weeping for a handful of tailor's shreds? Pox on them, are there not silks enow at mercer's?

BELL. I care not for gay feathers, I.

MAT. What dost care for then? Why dost grieve?

[9] dicing.
[10] pawned.

BELL. Why do I grieve? A thousand sorrows strike
At one poor heart, and yet it lives. Matheo,
Thou art a gamester; prithee, throw at all,
Set all upon one cast. We kneel and pray,
And struggle for life, yet must be cast away.
Meet misery quickly then, split all, [110
sell all,
And when thou'st sold all, spend it; but, I beseech thee,
Build not thy mind on me to coin thee more;
To get it wouldst thou have me play the whore?

MAT. 'Twas your profession before I married you. [119

BELL. Umh! it was indeed. If all men should be branded
For sins long since laid up, who could be saved?
The quarter-day's at hand, how will you do
To pay the rent, Matheo?

MAT. Why, do as all of our occupation do against[11] quarter-days: break up house, remove, shift your lodgings: pox a' your quarters! [130

Enter LODOVICO.

LOD. Where's this gallant?

MAT. Signor Lodovico? how dost, my little Mirror of Knighthood? This is kindly done, i' faith: welcome, by my troth.

LOD. And how dost, frolic?—Save you, fair lady.—
Thou lookest smug and bravely,[12] noble Mat. [140

MAT. Drink and feed, laugh and lie warm.

LOD. Is this thy wife?

MAT. A poor gentlewoman, sir, whom I make use of a' nights.

LOD. Pay custom to your lips, sweet lady. [*Kisses her.*

MAT. <Borrow some shells[13] of him.>
Some wine, sweetheart.

LOD. I'll send for't then, i' faith. [150

MAT. You send for't!—Some wine, I prithee.

BELL. <I ha' no money.

MAT. 'Sblood, nor I.> What wine love you, signor?

LOD. Here! [*Offering money*] or I'll not stay, I protest; trouble the gentlewoman too much. [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.
And what news flies abroad, Matheo? [159

MAT. Troth, none. Oh, signor, we ha' been merry in our days.

LOD. And no doubt shall again.
The divine powers never shoot darts at men
Mortal, to kill them.

MAT. You say true.

LOD. Why should we grieve at want? Say the world made thee
Her minion, that thy head lay in her lap,
And that she danced thee on her wanton knee, [171
She could but give thee a whole world: that's all,
And that all's nothing; the world's greatest part
Cannot fill up one corner of thy heart.
Say the three corners were all filled, alas!
Of what art thou possessed? A thin blown glass, [179
Such as by boys is puffed into the air!
Were twenty kingdoms thine, thou'dst live in care:
Thou couldst not sleep the better, nor live longer,
Nor merrier be, nor healthfuller, nor stronger.
If, then, thou want'st, thus make that want thy pleasure,
No man wants all things, nor has all in measure. [190

MAT. I am the most wretched fellow: sure some left-handed priest hath christened me, I am so unlucky: I am never out of one puddle or another; still falling

Re-enter BELLAFRONT, *with wine.*

Fill out wine to my little finger.—With my heart, i' faith. [*Drinks*

LOD. Thanks, good Matheo. To you own sweet self. [*Drinks*

[11] towards. [12] handsomely.
[13] money (slang).

Re-enter ORLANDO. [200

ORL. All the brokers' hearts, sir, are nade of flint. I can, with all my knock-ng, strike but six sparks of fire out of hem; here's six ducats, if you'll take hem.

MAT. Give me them! [*Taking money*] An evil conscience gnaw them all! Moths nd plagues hang upon their lousy ward-obes!

LOD. Is this your man, Matheo? [210

MAT. An old serving-man.

ORL. You may give me t'other half oo, sir; that's the beggar.

LOD. What hast there? gold?

MAT. A sort[14] of rascals are in my lebt, God knows what, and they feed me vith bits, with crumbs, a pox choke them.

LOD. A word, Matheo; be not angry with me; [219

Believe it that I know the touch of time,
And can part copper, though it be gilded o'er,
From the true gold: the sails which thou doest spread
Would show well if they were not borrowëd.
The sound of thy low fortunes drew me hither,
I give myself unto thee; prithee, use me,
I will bestow on you a suit of satin, [230
And all things else to fit a gentleman,
Because I love you.

MAT. Thanks, good, noble knight!

LOD. Call on me when you please; till then farewell. [*Exit.*

MAT. Hast angled? Hast cut up this fresh salmon?

BELL. Wouldst have me be so base?

MAT. It's base to steal; it's base to be a whore: [240

Thou'lt be more base; I'll make thee keep a door.[15] [*Exit.*

ORL. I hope he will not sneak away with all the money, will he?

BELL. Thou seest he does.

ORL. Nay then, it's well. I set my brains upon an upright last;[16] though my wits be old, yet they are like a withered pippin, wholesome. Look you, mistress, I told him I had but six ducats [250 of the knave broker; but I had eight, and kept these two for you.

BELL. Thou should'st have given him all.

ORL. What, to fly high?

BELL. Like waves, my misery drives on misery. [*Exit.*

ORL. Sell his wife's clothes from her back? Does any poulterer's wife pull chickens alive? He riots all abroad, [260 wants all at home: he dices, whores, swaggers, swears, cheats, borrows, pawns. I'll give him hook and line a little more, for all this;

Yet sure i' th' end he'll delude all my hopes,
And show me a French trick danced on the ropes.[17]

SCENE III

We are looking at CANDIDO'S *shop from the street. Enter on the one side* LODOVICO *and* CAROLO *and on the other* BOTS *and* MISTRESS HORSELEECH. CANDIDO *and his wife are seen within the shop.*

LOD. Hist, hist, Lieutenant Bots! How do'st, man?

CAR. Whither are you ambling, Madam Horseleech? [9

MIS. H. About worldly profit, sir: how do your worships?

BOTS. We want tools, gentlemen, to furnish the trade; they wear out day and night, they wear out till no metal be left in their back. We hear of two or three new wenches are come up with a carrier, and your old goshawk here is flying at them.

LOD. And, faith, what flesh have you at home? [20

MIS. H. Ordinary dishes; by my troth, sweet men, there's few good i' th' city. I am as well furnished as any, and, though I say it, as well customed.

BOTS. We have meats of all sorts of dressing; we have stewed meat for your Frenchman, pretty light picking meat for your Italian, and that which is rotten roasted for Don Spaniardo.

[14] set.
[15] be a bawd.
[16] it is what I foresaw.
[17] will be hanged.

Lod. A pox on't! [30

Bots. We have poulterer's ware for your sweet bloods, as dove, chicken, duck, teal, woodcock, and so forth: and butcher's meat for the citizen; yet muttons[18] fall very bad this year.

Lod. Stay, is not that my patient linen-draper yonder, and my fine young smug mistress, his wife?

Car. Sirrah grannam, I'll give thee for thy fee twenty crowns, if thou canst [40 but procure me the wearing of yon velvet cap.

Mis. H. You'd wear another thing besides the cap. Y'are a wag.

Bots. Twenty crowns? We'll share, and I'll be your pulley to draw her on.

Lod. Do't presently; we'll ha' some sport.

Mis. H. Wheel you about, sweet men: do you see? I'll cheapen wares of the [50 man, whilst Bots is doing with his wife.

Lod. To't: if we come into the shop to do you grace, we'll call you madam.

Bots. Pox a' your old face, give it the badge of all scurvy faces, a mask.

[Mistress Horseleech *puts on a mask.*

Cand. What is't you lack, gentlewoman? Cambric or lawns, or fine hollands? Pray draw near; I can sell you a pennyworth. [60

Bots. Some cambric for my old lady.

Cand. Cambric? You shall, the purest thread in Milan.

Lod. and Car. Save you, Signor Candido.

Lod. How does my noble master? How my fair mistress?

Cand. My worshipful good servant.—View it well, for 'tis both fine and even.

[*Shows cambric.* [70

Car. Cry you mercy, madam; though masked, I thought it should be you by your man.—Pray, signor, show her the best, for she commonly deals for good ware.

Cand. Then this shall fit her.—This is for your ladyship.

Bots, *to* Bride. <A word, I pray. There is a waiting gentlewoman of my lady's—her name is Ruyna—says [80 she's your kinswoman, and that you should be one of her aunts.

Bride. One of her aunts? Troth, sir, I know her not.

Bots. If it please you to bestow the poor labor of your legs at any time, I will be your convoy thither.

Bride. I am a snail, sir, seldom leave my house. If't please her to visit me, she shall be welcome. [90

Bots. Do you hear? The naked truth is, my lady hath a young knight, her son, who loves you; you're made, if you lay hold upon't; this jewel he sends you.

[*Offers jewel and seizes her hand.*

Bride. Sir, I return his love and jewel with scorn. Let go my hand, or I shall call my husband. You are an arrant knave.> [*Exit into the house.*

Lod. What will she do? [100

Bots. Do? They shall all do if Bots sets upon them once. She was as if she had professed the trade, squeamish at first; at last I showed her this jewel, said a knight sent it her.

Lod. Is't gold, and right stones?

Bots. Copper, copper; I go a fishing with these baits. She nibbled, but would not swallow the hook, because the conger-head, her husband, was by; but she [110 bids the gentleman name any afternoon, and she'll meet him at her garden house, which I know.

Lod. Is this no lie now?

Bots. Damme, if—

Lod. Oh, prithee, stay there.

Bots. The twenty crowns, sir.

Lod. Before he has his work done?—But on my knightly word he shall pay't thee. [120

Astolfo, Beraldo, *and* Fontinell *enter in the street, with* Bryan. *Having nothing better to do, they want to try the patience of* Candido *yet again.*

Ast. I thought thou hadst been gone into thine own country.

Bry. No, faat, la, I cannot go dis four or tree days.

Ber. Look thee, yonder's the shop, and that's the man himself. [130

[18] prostitutes.

Fon. Thou shalt but cheapen, and do as we told thee, to put a jest upon him, to abuse his patience.

Bry. I' faat, I doubt my pate shall be knocked: but, sa Crees sa' me, for your shakes, I will run to any linen-draper in hell. Come, preddy.

Omnes. Save you, gallants!

Lod. and Car. Oh, well met!

Cand. You'll give no more, you say? I cannot take it. [141

Mis. H. Truly, I'll give no more.

Cand. It must not fetch it.
What would you have, sweet gentlemen?

Ast. Nay, here's the customer.

[*Exeunt* Bots *and* Mistress Horseleech.

Lod. The garden-house, you say? We'll bolt[19] out your roguery.

Cand. I will but lay these parcels by —my men [151
Are all at custom house unloading wares.
If cambric you would deal in, there's the best;
All Milan cannot sample it.

Lod. Do you hear? one, two, three,— 'Sfoot, there came in four gallants! Sure, your wife is slipped up, and the fourth man, I hold my life, is grafting your warden tree. [160

Cand. Ha, ha, ha! you gentlemen are full of jest;
If she be up, she's gone some wares to show;
I have above as good wares as below.

Lod. Have you so? Nay, then—

Cand. Now, gentlemen, is't cambrics?

Bry. I predee now, let me have de best wares.

Cand. What's that he says, pray, gentlemen? [171

Lod. Marry, he says we are like to have the best wars.

Cand. The best wars? All are bad, yet wars do good,
And, like to surgeons, let sick kingdoms' blood.

Bry. Faat a devil pratest tow so? a pox on dee! I preddee, let me see some hollen, to make linen shirts, for fear my body be lousy. [181

[19] sift.

Cand. Indeed, I understand no word he speaks.

Car. Marry, he says that at the siege in Holland
There was much bawdry used among the soldiers,
Though they were lousy.

Cand. It may be so, that's likely.— True, indeed, [190
In every garden, sir, does grow that weed.

Bry. Pox on de gardens, and de weeds, and de fool's cap dere, and de clouts! Hear? doest make a hobby-horse of me.

[*Tears the cambric.*

Omnes. Oh, fie! he has torn the cambric.

Cand. 'Tis no matter.

Ast. It frets me to the soul.

Cand. So does't not me. [200
My customers do oft for remnants call,
These are two remnants, now, no loss at all.
But let me tell you, were my servants here,
It would ha' cost more.—Thank you, gentlemen,
I use you well; pray know my shop again.

[*Goes into the house.*

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! come, come, [210 let's go, let's go. [*Exeunt.*

ACT FOUR

Scene I

Lodovico *has provided* Matheo *with the material for a new and handsome suit, and* Matheo *has had it made up. He now exhibits himself to his wife in it in a room in his house.*

Mat. How am I suited, Front? Am I not gallant, ha?

Bell. Yes, sir, you are suited well.

Mat. Exceeding passing well, and to the time.[1] [10

Bell. The tailor has played his part with you.

Mat. And I have played a gentleman's part with my tailor, for I owe him for the making of it.

Bell. And why did you so, sir?

[1] in the fashion.

MAT. To keep the fashion; it's your only fashion now, of your best rank of gallants, to make their tailors wait for their money; neither were it wisdom [20 indeed to pay them upon the first edition[2] of a new suit; for commonly the suit is owing for, when the linings are worn out, and there's no reason then that the tailor should be paid before the mercer.

BELL. Is this the suit the knight bestowed upon you?

MAT. This is the suit, and I need not shame to wear it, for better men than I would be glad to have suits bestowed [30 on them. It's a generous fellow, but—pox on him—we whose pericranions are the very limbecks and stillatories of good wit and fly high must drive liquor out of stale gaping oysters. Shallow knight, poor squire Tinacheo: I'll make a wild Cataian of forty such: hang him, he's an ass, he's always sober.

BELL. This is your fault, to wound your friends still. [40

MAT. No, faith, Front, Lodovico is a noble Slavonian: it's more rare to see him in a woman's company, than for a Spaniard to go into England and to challenge the English fencers there.—[*Knocking within.*] One knocks.—See.—[*Exit* BELLAFRONT.]—[*Sings*] La, fa, sol, la, fa la, rustle in silks and satins! There's music in this and a taffeta petticoat; it makes both fly high. [50

BELLAFRONT *re-enters, followed by* ORLANDO, *who is no longer in disguise, save that he has given himself a new beard. He is attended by four Men-servants. He has previously, as* PACHECO, *set a trap for* MATHEO, *who, in his company, has waylaid and robbed two of* ORLANDO'S *servants disguised as pedlars.*

Catso!

BELL. <Matheo! 'tis my father. [60

MAT. Ha! father? It's no matter, he finds no tattered prodigals here.>

ORL. Is not the door good enough to hold your blue coats? Away, knaves, wear not your clothes threadbare at knees for me; beg Heaven's blessing, not mine. [*Exeunt Servants.*]—Oh, cry you worship mercy, sir; was somewhat bold to talk to this gentlewoman, your wife here. [7

MAT. A poor gentlewoman, sir.

ORL. Stand not, sir, bare to me; I ha
read oft
That serpents who creep low belch ranke
poison
Than wingëd dragons do that fly aloft.

MAT. If it offend you, sir, 'tis for my
pleasure.

ORL. Your pleasure be't, sir. Umh, i
this your palace? [8

BELL. Yes, and our kingdom, for 'ti
our content.

ORL. It's a very poor kingdom then what, are all your subjects gone a-sheep shearing? Not a maid? not a man? no so much as a cat? You keep a good house belike, just like one of your profession, every room with bare walls, and a half-headed bed to vault upon, as all your bawdy-houses are. Pray, who are [9 your upholsters? Oh, the spiders, I see they bestow hangings upon you.

MAT. Bawdy-house? Zounds, sir—

BELL. Oh, sweet Matheo, peace!—
[*Kneeling.*] Upon my knees
I do beseech you, sir, not to arraign me
For sins which Heaven, I hope, long since
hath pardoned!
Those flames, like lightning flashes, are so
spent, [10
The heat no more remains than, where
ships went,
Or where birds cut the air, the print re
mains.

MAT. Pox on him, kneel to a dog!

BELL. She that's a whore
Lives gallant, fares well, is not, like me
poor.
I ha' now as small acquaintance with
that sin, [11
As if I had never known it, 't had never
been.

ORL. No acquaintance with it? What maintains thee then? How doest live then? Has thy husband any lands, any rents coming in, any stock going, any ploughs jogging, any ships sailing? Has

[2] delivery.

thou any wares to turn[3] so much as to get a single penny by?
Yes, thou hast ware to sell; [120
Knaves are thy chapman, and thy shop is hell.

MAT. Do you hear, sir?

ORL. So, sir, I do hear, sir, more of you than you dream I do. [BELLAFRONT *rises.*

MAT. You fly a little too high, sir.

ORL. Why, sir, too high?

MAT. I ha' suffered your tongue, like a barred cater-tray,[4] to run all this while, and ha' not stopped it. [130

ORL. Well, sir, you talk like a gamester.

MAT. If you come to bark at her because she's a poor rogue, look you, here's a fine path, sir, and there, there, the door.

BELL. Matheo!

MAT. Your blue coats stay for you, sir. I love a good honest roaring boy; and so—

ORL. That's the devil. [139

MAT. Sir, sir, I'll ha' no Joves in my house to thunder avaunt. She shall live and be maintained, when you, like a keg of musty sturgeon, shall stink. Where? In your coffin. How? Be a musty fellow, and lousy.

ORL. I know she shall be maintained, but how? She, like a quean; thou, like a knave; she like a whore; thou, like a thief.

MAT. Thief? Zounds! Thief? [150

BELL. Good, dearest Mat!—Father!

MAT. Pox on you both. I'll not be braved. New satin scorns to be put down with bare bawdy velvet. Thief!

ORL. Ay, thief, th' art a murtherer, a cheater, a whoremonger, a pot-hunter, a borrower, a beggar—

BELL. Dear father—

MAT. An old ass, a dog, a churl, a chough, an usurer, a villain, a moth, [160 a mangy mule, with an old velvet footcloth on his back, sir.

BELL. Oh me!

ORL. Varlet, for this I'll hang thee.

MAT. Ha, ha, alas!

ORL. Thou keepest a man of mine here, under my nose.

MAT. Under thy beard.

ORL. As arrant a smell-smock for an old mutton-monger as thyself. [170

MAT. No, as yourself.

ORL. As arrant a purse-taker as ever cried, "Stand!" yet a good fellow, I confess, and valiant; but he'll bring thee to th' gallows. You both have robbed of late two poor country pedlars.

MAT. How's this? How's this? Doest thou fly high? Rob pedlars?—Bear witness, Front—rob pedlars? My man and I a thief? [180

BELL. Oh, sir, no more.

ORL. Ay, knave, two pedlars. Hue and cry is up, warrants are out, and I shall see thee climb a ladder.

MAT. And come down again, as well as a bricklayer or a tiler.— <How the vengeance knows he this?> If I be hanged, I'll tell the people I married old Friscobaldo's daughter; I'll frisco you and your old carcass. [190

ORL. Tell what you canst; if I stay here longer, I shall be hanged too, for being in thy company; therefore, as I found you, I leave you—

MAT. <Kneel, and get money of him.>

ORL. A knave and a quean, a thief and a strumpet, a couple of beggars, a brace of baggages. [198

MAT. <Hang upon him.> Ay, ay, sir, fare you well; we are so. <Follow close.> We are beggars—in satin. <To him.>

BELL. Is this your comfort, when so many years
You ha' left me frozen to death?

ORL. Freeze still; starve still!

BELL. Yes, so I shall; I must; I must and will.
If, as you say, I'm poor, relieve me then;
Let me not sell my body to base men.
You call me strumpet; Heaven [210 knows I am none;
Your cruelty may drive me to be one.
Let not that sin be yours; let not the shame
Of common whore live longer than my name.
That cunning bawd, Necessity, night and day

[3] sell.
[4] false dice.

Plots to undo me; drive that hag away,
Lest, being at lowest ebb, as now I am,
I sink for ever. [221

ORL. Lowest ebb, what ebb?

BELL. So poor that, though to tell it be my shame,
I am not worth a dish to hold my meat;
I am yet poorer: I want bread to eat.

ORL. It's not seen by your cheeks.

MAT. <I think she has read an homily to tickle the old rogue.>

ORL. Want bread! [*Pointing to* [230 MATHEO'S *rich garb.*] There's satin: bake that.

MAT. 'Sblood! make pasties of my clothes?

ORL. A fair new cloak, stew that; an excellent gilt rapier.

MAT. Will you eat that, sir?

ORL. I could feast ten good fellows with those hangers.[5]

MAT. The pox you shall! [240

ORL. I shall not, till thou beggest, think thou art poor;
And, when thou beggest, I'll feed thee at my door,
As I feed dogs, with bones; till then beg, borrow,
Pawn, steal, and hang, turn bawd; when th' art whore— [248
<My heart-strings sure would crack, were they strained more.> [*Exit.*

MAT. This is your father, your damned —Confusion light upon all the generation of you! He can come bragging hither with four white herrings at's tail in blue coats, without roes in their bellies; but I may starve ere he give me so much as a cob.[6]

BELL. What tell you me of this? alas!

MAT. Go, trot after your dad, do you capitulate; I'll pawn not for you; [260 I'll not steal to be hanged for such an hyprocritical, close, common harlot: away, you dog!—
Brave i' faith! Udsfoot, give me some meat.

BELL. Yes, sir. [*Exit.*

MAT. Goodman slave, my man too, is galloped to the devil a' the t'other side: Pacheco, I'll checo you. Is this your [270 dad's day? England, they say, is the only hell for horses, and only paradise for women: pray get you to that paradise, because y'are called an honest whore; there they live none but honest whores with a pox. Marry, here in our city, all your sex are but foot-cloth nags: the master no sooner lights but the man leaps in to the saddle.

Re-enter BELLAFRONT *with meat and drink.* [281

BELL. Will you sit down, I pray, sir?

MAT., *sitting down.* I could tear, by th' Lord, his flesh, and eat his midriff in salt, as I eat this.—Must I choke?—My father Friscobaldo, I shall make a pitiful hog-louse of you, Orlando, if you fall once into my fingers—Here's the savorest meat! I ha' got a stomach with chafing. What rogue should tell him of those two pedlars? A plague choke him, and gnaw him to the bare bones!—Come, fill. [292

BELL. Thou sweatest with very anger, good sweet. Vex not; 'las, 'tis no fault of mine.

MAT. Where didst buy this mutton? I never felt better ribs.

BELL. A neighbor sent it me.

ORLANDO *re-enters, having meanwhile resumed his disguise as* PACHECO.

MAT., *jumping to his feet.* Hah, [301 neighbor? Foh, my mouth stinks. You whore, do you beg victuals for me? Is this satin doublet to be bombasted[7] with broken meat? [*Picks up his stool.*

ORL. What will you do, sir?

MAT. Beat out the brains of a beggarly—

ORL. Beat out an ass's head of your own.—Away, Mistress! [*Exit* BELLAFRONT.]—Zounds, do but touch one [310 hair of her, and I'll so quilt your cap with old iron, that your coxcomb shall ache the worse these seven years for't. Does she look like a roasted rabbit, that you must have the head for the brains?

MAT. Ha, ha! go out of my doors, you rogue! Away, four marks! trudge.

[5] The embroidered straps by which the sword was suspended.

[6] herring's head.

[7] stuffed out.

Orl. Four marks? No, sir, my twenty pound that you ha' made fly high, and I am gone. [320

Mat. Must I be fed with chippings? Y'are best get a clapdish,[8] and say y'are proctor to some spittle-house.[9]—Where hast thou been, Pacheco? Come hither, my little turkey-cock.

Orl. I cannot abide, sir, to see a woman wronged, not I.

Mat. Sirrah, here was my father-in-law to-day. [329

Orl. Pish! then y'are full of crowns.

Mat. Hang him! he would ha' thrust crowns upon me, to have fall'n in again, but I scorn cast clothes or any man's gold.

Orl. <But mine.> How did he brook that, sir?

Mat. Oh, swore like a dozen of drunken tinkers; at last, growing foul in words, he and four of his men drew upon me, sir. [340

Orl. In your house? Would I had been by!

Mat. I made no more ado, but fell to my old lock,[10] and so thrashed my blue-coats and old crab-tree-face my father-in-law, and then walked like a lion in my grate.[11]

Orl. O noble master!

Mat. Sirrah, he could tell me of the robbing the two pedlars, and that [350 warrants are out for us both.

Orl. Good sir, I like not those crackers.

Mat. Crackhalter, wou't set thy foot to mine?

Orl. How, sir? at drinking?

Mat. We'll pull that old crow my father: rob thy master. I know the house, thou the servants: the purchase[12] is rich; the plot to get it easy; the dog will not part from a bone. [360

Orl. Pluck't out of his throat, then. I'll snarl for one, if this [*indicating his sword*] can bite.

Mat. Say no more, say no more, old coal; meet me anon at the sign of the Shipwrack.

[8] a beggar's dish, with a rattling lid.
[9] hospital.
[10] wrestling hold.
[11] cage.
[12] booty.

Orl. Yes, sir.

Mat. And dost hear, man?—the Shipwrack. [*Exit.*

Orl. Th' art at the shipwrack now, and, like a swimmer, [371
Bold, but unexpert, with those waves doest play,
Whose dalliance, whorelike, is to cast thee away.

Enter Hippolito *and* Bellafront.

<And here's another vessel, better fraught,
But as ill-manned; her sinking will be wrought, [380
If rescue come not: like a man of war
I'll therefore bravely out; somewhat I'll do,
And either save them both, or perish too.> [*Exit.*

Hip. It is my fate to be bewitched by those eyes.

Bell. Fate? your folly.
Why should my face thus mad you? 'Las, those colors [390
Are wound up long ago, which beauty spread;
The flowers that once grew here, are witherëd.
You turned my black soul white, made it look new,
And, should I sin, it ne'er should be with you.

Hip. Your hand: I'll offer you fair play. When first [400
We met i' th' lists together, you remember,
You were a common rebel; with one parley
I won you to come in.

Bell. You did.

Hip. I'll try
If now I can beat down this chastity
With the same ordnance. Will you yield this fort, [410
If with the power of argument now, as then,
I get of you the conquest: as before
I turned you honest, now to turn you whore,
By force of strong persuasion?

BELL. If you can,
I yield.
HIP. The alarms struck up; I'm your man.
BELL. A woman gives defiance.
HIP. Sit. [*They both sit.*
BELL. Begin:
'Tis a brave battle to encounter sin.
HIP. You men that are to fight in the same war
To which I'm pressed, and plead at the same bar,
To win a woman, if you would have me speed,
Send all your wishes!
BELL. No doubt y'are heard; proceed.
HIP. To be a harlot, that you stand upon,
The very name's a charm to make you one.
Harlotta was a dame of so divine
And ravishing touch that she was concubine
To an English king;[13] her sweet, bewitching eye
Did the king's heart-strings in such love-knots tie
That even the coyest was proud when she could hear
Men say, "Behold, another Harlot there!"
And, after her, all women that were fair
Were harlots called, as to this day some are:
Besides, her dalliance she so well does mix,
That she's in Latin called the *Meretrix.*
Thus for the name; for the profession, this:
Who lives in bondage lives laced; the chief bliss
This world below can yield is liberty:
And who than whores with looser wings dare fly?
As Juno's proud bird spreads the fairest tail,
So does a strumpet hoist the loftiest sail.
She's no man's slave; men are her slaves; her eye
Moves not on wheels screwed up with jealousy;
She, horsed or coached, does merry journeys make,
Free as the sun in his gilt zodiac:
As bravely does she shine, as fast she's driven,
But stays not long in any house of heaven;
But shifts from sign to sign, her amorous prizes
More rich being when she's down than when she rises.
In brief, gentlemen haunt them, soldiers fight for them,
Few men but know them, few or none abhor them.
Thus, for sport's sake, speak I, as to a woman
Whom, as the worst ground, I would turn to common;
But you I would enclose for mine own bed.
BELL. So should a husband be dishonorëd.
HIP. Dishonored? Not a whit: to fall to one
Besides your husband is to fall to none,
For one no number is.
BELL. Faith, should you take
One in your bed, would you that reckoning make?
'Tis time you found retreat.
HIP. Say, have I won?
Is the day ours?
BELL. The battle's but half done;
None but yourself have yet sounded alarms;
Let us strike too, else you dishonor arms.
HIP. If you can win the day, the glory's yours.
BELL. To prove a woman should not be a whore:
When she was made, she had one man, and no more;
Yet she was tied to laws then, for even than,[14]
'Tis said, she was not made for men, but man.

[13] Hippolito is not quite correct. He should have said, "To the father of an English King."

[14] then.

Anon, t' increase earth's brood, the law was varied,
Men should take many wives: and, though they married
According to that act, yet 'tis not known
But that those wives were only tied to one. [521
New parliaments were since; for now one woman
Is shared between three hundred, nay, she's common,
Common! as spotted leopards, whom for sport
Men hunt to get the flesh, but care not for't.
So spread they nets of gold, and [530 tune their calls,
To enchant silly women to take falls;
Swearing they're angels, which that they may win
They'll hire the devil to come with false dice in.
Oh, Sirens' subtle tunes! yourselves you flatter,
And our weak sex betray: so men love water; [540
It serves to wash their hands, but, being once foul,
The water down is poured, cast out of doors;
And even of such base use do men make whores.
A harlot, like a hen, more sweetness reaps,
To pick men one by one up than in heaps: [550
Yet all feeds but confounding.[15] Say you should taste me,
I serve but for the time, and, when the day
Of war is done, am cashiered out of pay:
If, like lame soldiers, I could beg, that's all;
And there's lust's rendezvous, an hospital.
Who then would be a man's slave, a man's woman? [561
She's half starved the first day that feeds in common.

HIP. You should not feed so, but with me alone.

BELL. If I drink poison by stealth, is't not all one?
Is't not rank poison still with you alone?
Nay, say you spied a courtesan, whose soft side [570
To touch you'd sell your birth-right, for one kiss
Be racked; she's won, y'are sated: what follows this?
Oh, then you curse that bawd that tolled[16] you in,
The night; you curse your lust; you loathe the sin.
You loathe her very sight, and, ere the day [580
Arise, you rise glad when y'are stol'n away.
Even then when you are drunk with all her sweets,
There's no true pleasure in a strumpet's sheets.
Women whom lust so prostitutes to sale,
Like dancers upon ropes, once seen, are stale. [589

HIP. If all the threads of harlots' lives are spun,
So coarse as you would make them, tell me why
You so long loved the trade?

BELL. If all the threads
Of harlots' lives be fine as you would make them,
Why do not you persuade your wife turn whore, [599
And all dames else to fall before that sin?
Like an ill husband, though I knew the same
To be my undoing, followed I that game.
Oh, when the work of lust had earned my bread,
To taste it how I trembled, lest each bit,
Ere it went down, should choke me, chewing it! [609
My bed seemed like a cabin hung in hell,
The bawd, hell's porter, and the lickerish[17] wine
The pander fetched was like an easy fine,
For which, methought, I leased away my soul;

[15] naught but confusion.
[16] drew.
[17] tempting.

And, oftentimes, even in my quaffing bowl,
Thus said I to myself, "I am a whore,
And have drunk down thus much [620
confusion more."
HIP. It is a common rule, and 'tis most true,
Two of one trade never love: no more do you.
Why are you sharp 'gainst that you once professed?
BELL. Why dote you on that which you did once detest?
I cannot, seeing she's woven of such bad stuff, [631
Set colors on a harlot base enough.
Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
To loathe them more than this: when in the street
A fair young modest damsel I did meet,
She seemed to all a dove, when I passed by,
And I to all a raven: every eye [640
That followed her went with a bashful glance,
At me each bold and jeering countenance
Darted forth scorn; to her, as if she had been
Some tower unvanquished, would they vail,[18]
'Gainst me swoln rumor hoisted every sail;
She, crowned with reverend praises, passed by them, [651
I, though with face masked, could not scape the "Hem!"
For, as if Heaven had set strange marks on whores,
Because they should be pointing stocks to man,
Dressed up in civilest shape, a courtesan,
Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown, [660
Yet she's betrayed by some trick of her own.
Were harlots therefore wise, they'd be sold dear;
For men account them good but for one year,
And then, like almanacs whose dates are gone,
They are thrown by, and no more looked upon. [670
Who'll therefore backward fall, who will launch forth
In seas so foul, for ventures no more worth?
Lust's voyage hath, if not this course, this cross,
Buy ne'er so cheap, your ware comes home with loss.
What, shall I sound retreat? The battle's done: [680
Let the world judge which of us two have won.
HIP. I!
BELL. You? nay then, as cowards do in fight,
What by blows cannot shall be saved by flight. [*Exit.*
HIP. Fly to earth's fixëd centre, to the caves [689
Of everlasting horror, I'll pursue thee,
Though loaden with sins, even to hell's brazen doors.
Thus wisest men turn fools, doting on whores. [*Exit.*

[18] doff their hats.

SCENE II

ORLANDO, *in his disguise as* PACHECO, *has gone to the* DUKE'S *palace to secure the* DUKE'S *assistance and* LODOVICO'S *in the furtherance of his scheme to effect a reformation of* MATHEO. *The* DUKE *has penetrated his disguise.*

ORL. I beseech your grace, though your eye be so piercing as under a poor blue coat to cull out an honest father from an old serving-man, yet, good my lord, [10
discover not the plot to any, but only this gentleman that is now to be an actor in our ensuing comedy.
DUKE. Thou hast thy wish, Orlando, pass unknown,
Sforza shall only go along with thee,
To see that warrant served upon thy son.
LOD. To attach him upon felony, for two pedlars: is't not so? [19
ORL. Right, my noble knight: those pedlars were two knaves of mine; he fleeced the men before, and now he pur-

poses to flay the master. He will rob me; his teeth water to be nibbling at my gold; but this shall hang him by th' gills, till I pull him on shore.

DUKE. Away: ply you the business.

ORL. Thanks to your grace: but, my good lord, for my daughter—

DUKE. You know what I have said. [30

ORL. And remember what I have sworn. She's more honest, on my soul, than one of the Turks' wenches, watched by a hundred eunuchs.

LOD. So she had need, for the Turks make them whores.

ORL. He's a Turk that makes any woman a whore; he's no true Christian, I'm sure. I commit your grace. [39

Enter INFELICE, *escorted by* CAROLO, ASTOLFO, BERALDO, *and* FONTINELL.

DUKE. Infelice.

INF. Here, sir.

[*While the* DUKE *speaks privately to* INFELICE, LODOVICO *makes the mistake of addressing* ORLANDO *by his true name.*

LOD. Signor Friscobaldo.

ORL. Frisking again? Pacheco.

LOD. Uds so, Pacheco! We'll have [50 some sport with this warrant; 'tis to apprehend all suspected persons in the house. Besides, there's one Bots, a pander, and one Madam Horseleech, a bawd, that have abused my friend; those two cronies will we ferret into the purse-net.[19]

ORL. Let me alone for dabbing them o' th' neck. Come, come.

LOD. Do ye hear, gallants? Meet me anon at Matheo's. [60

OMNES. Enough.

[*Exeunt* LODOVICO *and* ORLANDO.

DUKE. Th' old fellow sings that note thou didst before,
Only his tunes are, that she is no whore,
But that she sent his letters and his gifts
Out of a noble triumph o'er his lust,
To show she trampled his assaults in dust. [70

[19] a purse, the mouth of which is closed by the drawing of a cord.

INF. 'Tis a good honest servant, that old man.

DUKE. I doubt no less.

INF. And it may be my husband,
Because, when once this woman was unmasked,
He levelled all her thoughts and made them fit,
Now he'd mar all again, to try his wit.

DUKE. It may be so too, for, to [80 turn a harlot
Honest, it must be by strong antidotes;
'Tis rare as to see panthers change their spots.
And, when she's once a star fixed and shines bright,
Though 'twere impiety then to dim her light, [88
Because we see such tapers seldom burn,
Yet 'tis the pride and glory of some men,
To change her to a blazing star again;
And it may be, Hippolito does no more.—
It cannot be but y'are acquainted all
With that same madness of our son-in-law,
That dotes so on a courtesan.

OMNES. Yes, my lord.

CAR. All the city thinks he's a whoremonger. [99

AST. Yet I warrant he'll swear no man marks him.

BER. 'Tis like so, for, when a man goes a-wenching, 'is as if he had a strong stinking breath: every one smells him out, yet he feels it not, though it be ranker than the sweat of sixteen bear-warders.

DUKE. I doubt then you have all those stinking breaths;
You might be all smelt out. [109

CAR. Troth, my lord, I think we are all as you ha' been in your youth when you went a-maying; we all love to hear the cuckoo sing upon other men's trees.

DUKE. It's well yet you confess.—But, girl, thy bed
Shall not be parted with a courtesan.
'Tis strange,
No frown of mine, no frown of the poor lady [119
(My abused child, his wife), no care of fame,

Of honor, heaven, or hell, no, not that name
Of common strumpet, can affright, or woo him
To abandon her; the harlot does undo him;
She has bewitched him, robbed him of his shape,
Turned him into a beast; his reason's lost.
You see he looks wild, does he not?
CAR. I ha' noted
New moons in's face, my lord, all full of change.
DUKE. He's no more like unto Hippolito
Than dead men are to living—never sleeps,
Or, if he do, it's dreams; and in those dreams
His arms work, and then cries, "Sweet"—What's her name?
What's the drab's name?
AST. In troth, my lord, I know not; I know no drabs, not I.
DUKE. Oh, Bellafront!—
And, catching her fast, cries, "My Bellafront!"
CAR. A drench that's able to kill a horse cannot kill this disease of smock-smelling, my lord, if it have once eaten deep.
DUKE. I'll try all physic, and this medicine first:
I have directed warrants strong and péremptory
To purge our city Milan, and to cure
The outward parts, the suburbs, for the attaching
Of all those women who, like gold, want weight:
Cities, like ships, should have no idle freight.
CAR. No, my lord, and light wenches are no idle freight; but what's your grace's reach[20] in this?
DUKE. This, Carolo. If she whom my son dotes on,
Be in that muster-book enrolled, he'll shame
Ever t'approach one of such noted name.

[20] purpose.

CAR. But say she be not?
DUKE. Yet on harlots' heads
New laws shall fall so heavy, and such blows
Shall give to those that haunt them, that Hippolito,
If not for fear of law, for love to her,
If he love truly, shall her bed forbear.
CAR. Attach all the light heels i' the city and clap 'em up? Why, my lord, you dive into a well unsearchable: all the whores within the walls, and without the walls? I would not be he should meddle with them for ten such dukedoms; the army that you speak on is able to fill all the prisons within this city, and to leave not a drinking-room in any tavern besides.
DUKE. Those only shall be caught that are of note;
Harlots in each street flow:
The fish being thus i' th' net, ourself will sit,
And with eye most severe dispose of it.—
Come, girl. [*Exeunt* DUKE *and* INFELICE
CAR. Arraign the poor whore[s]!
AST. I'll not miss that sessions.
FONT. Nor I.
BER. Nor I, though I hold up my hand there myself.

SCENE III

We are back in MATHEO'S *room, with* MATHEO, LODOVICO, *and* ORLANDO, *who is still in his disguise.*

MAT. Let who will come, my noble chevalier; I can but play the kind host and bid 'em welcome.
LOD. We'll trouble your house, Matheo, but as Dutchmen do in taverns—drink, be merry, and be gone.
ORL. Indeed, if you be right Dutchmen, if you fall to drinking, you must be gone.
MAT. The worst is, my wife is not at home; but we'll fly high, my generous knight, for all that. There's no music when a woman is in the concert.
ORL. No; for she's like a pair of virginals,
Always with jacks at her tail.

Enter ASTOLFO, CAROLO, BERALDO, *and* FONTINELL.

LOD. See, the covey is sprung.

OMNES. Save you, gallants.

MAT. Happily encountered, sweet loods.

LOD. Gentlemen, you all know Signor Candido, the linen-draper, he that's more patient than a brown baker upon the day when he heats his oven, and has forty colds about him. [30

OMNES. Yes, we know him all; what of him?

LOD. Would it not be a good fit of mirth to make a piece of English cloth of him, and to stretch him on the tenters, till the threads of his own natural humor crack, by making him drink healths, tobacco, dance, sing bawdy songs, or to run any bias according as we think good to cast him? [40

CAR. 'Twere a morris-dance worth the seeing.

AST. But the old fox is so crafty we shall hardly hunt him out of his den.

MAT. To that train I ha' given fire already; and the hook to draw him hither, is to see certain pieces of lawn, which I told him I have to sell, and indeed have such.—Fetch them down, Pacheco. [49

ORL. Yes, sir, I'm your water-spaniel, and will fetch any thing; <but I'll fetch one dish of meat anon shall turn your stomach; and that's a constable.> [*Exit.*

Enter BOTS *ushering* MISTRESS HORSELEECH.

OMNES. <How now? how now?

CAR. What galley-foist is this?

LOD. Peace, two dishes of stewed prunes, a bawd and a pander.> My worthy lieutenant Bots, why, now, I [60 see th'art a man of thy word: welcome!—Welcome, Mistress Horseleech.—Pray, gentlemen, salute this reverend matron.

MIS. H. Thanks to all your worships.

LOD. I bade a drawer send in wine, too: did none come along with thee, grannam, but the lieutenant?

MIS. H. None came along with me but Bots, if it like your worship. [69

BOTS. Who the pox should come along with you but Bots?

Enter two VINTNERS, *with wine.*

OMNES. Oh brave! march fair.

LOD. Are you come? That's well.

MAT. Here's ordnance able to sack a city.

LOD. Come, repeat, read this inventory.

1 VINT. *Imprimis,* a pottle[21] of Greek wine, a pottle of Peter-sameene,[22] a pottle of Charneco, and a pottle of Leatica.[23]

LOD. Y'are paid? [81

2 VINT. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt* VINTNERS.

MAT. So shall some of us be anon, I fear.

BOTS. Here's a hot day towards: but, zounds, this is the life out of which a soldier sucks sweetness! When this artillery goes off roundly, some must drop to the ground: cannon, demi-cannon, saker, and basilisk. [90

LOD. Give fire, lieutenant.

BOTS. So, so: must I venture first upon the breach? To you all, gallants; Bots sets upon you all. [*Drinks.*

OMNES. It's hard, Bots, if we pepper not you, as well as you pepper us.

Enter CANDIDO.

LOD. My noble linen-draper!—Some wine!—Welcome, old lad!

MAT. Y'are welcome, signor. [100

CAND. These lawns, sir?

MAT. Presently; my man is gone for them. We ha' rigged a fleet, you see here, to sail about the world.

CAND. A dangerous voyage, sailing in such ships.

BOTS. There's no casting overboard yet.

LOD Because you are an old lady, I will have you be acquainted with this [110 grave citizen. Pray bestow your lips upon him, and bid him welcome.

MIS. H. Any citizen shall be most welcome to me.—I have used to buy ware at your shop.

CAND. It may be so, good madam.

MIS. H. Your prentices know my deal-

[21] half-a-gallon.
[22] A corruption of *Pedro Ximenes.*
[23] Aleatico.

ings well; I trust your good wife be in good case. If it please you, bear her a token from my lips, by word of mouth.
[*Kisses him.* [121

CAND. I pray, no more; forsooth, 'tis very well;
Indeed I love no sweetmeats. <Sh'as a breath
Stinks worse than fifty polecats.—Sir, a word:
Is she a lady?

LOD. A woman of a good house, and ancient; she's a bawd. [130

CAND. A bawd?>—Sir, I'll steal hence, and see your lawns
Some other time.

MAT. Steal out of such company? Pacheco, my man, is but gone for 'em. Lieutenant Bots, drink to this worthy old fellow, and teach him to fly high.

OMNES. Swagger; and make him do't on his knees.

CAND. How, Bots? Now bless me, what do I with Bots? [141
No wine, in sooth; no wine, good master Bots.

BOTS. Gray-beard, goat's pizzle, 'tis a health; have this in your guts or this there [*touching his sword*]. I will sing a bawdy song, sir, because your verjuice face is melancholy, to make liquor go down glib. Will you fall on your marrow-bones, and pledge this health? 'Tis to my mistress, a whore. [151

CAND. Here's ratsbane upon ratsbane, Master Bots.
I pray, sir, pardon me: you are a soldier;
Press me not to this service; I am old,
And shoot not in such pot-guns.

BOTS. Cap, I'll teach you.

CAND. To drink healths is to drink sickness.—Gentlemen, [160
Pray rescue me.

BOTS. Zounds! who dare?

OMNES. We shall ha' stabbing then?

CAND. I ha' reckonings to cast up, good Master Bots.

BOTS. This will make you cast 'em up better.

LOD. Why does your hand shake so?

CAND. The palsy, signors, danceth in my blood. [170

BOTS. Pipe, with a pox, sir, then, or I'll make your blood dance—

CAND. Hold, hold, good Master Bots; I drink. [*Kneels*

OMNES. To whom?

CAND. To the old countess there.
[*Drinks*

MIS. H. To me, old boy?—This is he that never drunk wine!—Once again to't!

CAND. <With much ado the poison is got down, [181
Though I can scarce get up; never before
Drank I a whore's health, nor will never more.>

Re-enter ORLANDO *with lawns.*

MAT. Hast been at gallows?

ORL. Yes, sir, for I make account to suffer to-day.

MAT. Look, signor; here's the commodity. [190

CAND. Your price?

MAT., *indicating the figure with his fingers.* Thus.

CAND. No; too dear: [*Doing likewise*] thus.

MAT. No. O, fie! you must fly higher. Yet take 'em home, trifles shall not make us quarrel; we'll agree; you shall have them, and a pennyworth. I'll fetch money at your shop. [200

CAND. Be it so, good signor, send me going.

MAT. Going? A deep bowl of wine for Signor Candido.

ORL. He would be going.

CAND. I'll rather stay than go so: stop your bowl.

Enter CONSTABLE *and* BILLMEN.

LOD. How now?

BOTS. Is't Shrove-Tuesday[24] that these ghosts walk?

MAT. What's your business, sir? [211

CONST. From the duke: you are the man we look for, signor. I have warrant here from the duke, to apprehend you upon felony for robbing two pedlars. I charge you i' th' duke's name go quietly.[25]

[24] On Shrove Tuesday brothels were searched.
[25] B, quickly.

Mat. Is the wind turned? Well, this
s that old wolf, my father-in-law.—Seek
ut your mistress, sirrah.
Orl. Yes, sir. <As shafts by piecing
are made strong, [221
o shall thy life be straightened by this
wrong.> [*Exit.*
Omnes. In troth, we are sorry.
Mat. Brave men must be crossed;
ish! it's but Fortune's dice roving
gainst me. Come, sir, pray use me like
gentleman; let me not be carried
hrough the streets like a pageant.
Const. If these gentlemen please, you
hall go along with them. [231
Omnes. Be't so: come.
Const. What are you, sir?
Bots. I, sir? Sometimes a figure,
ometimes a cipher, as the State has oc-
asion to cast up her accounts. I'm a
oldier.
Const. Your name is Bots, is't not?
Bots. Bots is my name; Bots is known
o this company. [240
Const. I know you are, sir: what's
he?
Bots. A gentlewoman, my mother.
Const. Take 'em both along.
Bots. Me, sirrr?
Billmen. And sirrr!
Const. If he swagger, raise the street.
Bots. Gentlemen, gentlemen, whither
vill you drag us? [249
Lod. To the garden house.—Bots, are
ve even with you?
Const. To Bridewell with 'em.
Bots. You will answer this.
Const. Better than a challenge. I have
varrant for my work, sir.
Lod. We'll go before.
Const. Pray do.— [257
[*The* Billmen *march off with* Bots *and*
Mistress Horseleech, Matheo
going in advance with Lodovico,
Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, *and*
Fontinell.
Who, Signor Candido? a citizen
Of your degree consorted thus, and revel-
ling
In such a house?
Cand. Why, sir? what house, I pray?
Const. Lewd, and defamed. [268
Cand. Is't so? thanks, sir: I'm gone.
Const. What have you there?
Cand. Lawns which I bought, sir, of
the gentleman
That keeps the house.
Const. And I have warrant here,
To search for such stol'n ware: these
lawns are stol'n,
Cand. Indeed!
Const. So he's the thief, you the re-
ceiver:
I'm sorry for this chance; I must [280
commit you.
Cand. Me, sir, for what?
Const. These goods are found upon
you,
And you must answer't.
Cand. Must I so?
Const. Most certain.
Cand. I'll send for bail.
Const. I dare not: yet, because
You are a citizen of worth, you shall not
Be made a pointing stock, but, with- [291
out guard,
Pass only with myself.
Cand. To Bridewell too?
Const. No remedy.
Cand. Yes, patience. Being not mad,
They had me once to Bedlam; now I'm
drawn
To Bridewell, loving no whores. [299
Const. You will buy lawn! [*Exeunt.*

ACT FIVE

Scene I

In a street, Lodovico, Astolfo, Carolo, Beraldo, *and* Fontinell, *entering from one side, meet* Hippolito, *entering from the other.*

Lod. Yonder's the Lord Hippolito; by
any means leave him and me together.
Now will I turn him to a madman.
Omnes. Save you, my lord.
[*Exeunt all except* Hippolito *and* Lodo-
vico. [10
Lod. I ha' strange news to tell you.
Hip. What are they?
Lod. Your mare's i' th' pound.
Hip. How's this?
Lod. Your nightingale is in a limebush.
Hip. Ha?

Lod. Your puritanical honest whore sits in a blue gown.[1]

Hip. Blue gown!

Lod. She'll chalk out your way to her now: she beats chalk.

Hip. Where? who dares?

Lod. Do you know the brick-house of castigation by the river side that runs by Milan—the school where they pronounce no letter well but O?

Hip. I know it not.

Lod. Any man that has borne office of constable or any woman that has fallen from a horse-load to a cart-load,[2] or, like an old hen, that has had none but rotten eggs in her nest, can direct you to her: there you shall see your punk amongst her back-friends.[3]

There you may have her at your will,
For there she beats chalk or grinds in the mill,
With a whip deedle, deedle, deedle, deedle;
Ah, little monkey!

Hip. What rogue durst serve that warrant, knowing I loved her?

Lod. Some worshipful rascal, I lay my life.

Hip. I'll beat the lodgings down about their ears
That are her keepers.

Lod. So you may bring an old house over her head.

Hip. I'll to her,
I'll to her, stood armed fiends to guard the doors. [*Exit.*

Lod. Oh me! what monsters are men made by whores!
If this false fire do kindle him, there's one faggot
More to the bonfire. Now to my Bridewell birds;
What song will they sing? [*Exit.*

Scene II

We are now in Bridewell, the whores' prison, where three or four Governors *are acting as guides to the* Duke, Infelice, Carolo, Astolfo, Beraldo, *and* Fontinell.

Duke. Your Bridewell? that the name? For beauty, strength,
Capacity and form of ancient building,
Besides the river's neighborhood, few houses
Wherein we keep our court can better it.

1 Gov. Hither from foreign courts have princes come,
And with our duke did acts of State commence.
Here that great cardinal had first audience,
The grave Campayne; that duke dead, his son,
That famous prince, gave free possessiön
Of this, his palace, to the citizens,
To be the poor man's warehouse; and endowed it
With lands to th' value of seven hundred mark,
With all the bedding and the furniture, once proper,
As the lands then were, to an hospital
Belonging to a Duke of Savoy. Thus
Fortune can toss the world; a prince's court
Is thus a prison now.

Duke. 'Tis Fortune's sport:
These changes common are: the wheel of fate
Turns kingdoms up, till they fall desolate.
But how are these seven hundred marks by th' year
Employed in this your work-house?

1 Gov. War and peace
Feed both upon those lands: when the iron doors
Of war burst open, from this house are sent
Men furnished in all martial complement.
The moon hath through her bow scarce drawn to th' head,
Like to twelve silver arrows, all the months,
Since sixteen hundred soldiers went aboard.
Here providence and charity play such parts,
The house is like a very school of arts;
For, when our soldiers, like ships driven from sea,

[1] The gown in which prostitutes did penance.
[2] an allusion to the carting of prostitutes.
[3] former friends.

With ribs all broken, and with tattered sides,
Cast anchor here again, their ragged [60 backs
How often do we cover! that, like men,
They may be sent to their own homes again.
All here are but one swarm of bees, and strive
To bring with wearied thighs honey to the hive.
The sturdy beggar and the lazy loon,
Gets here hard hands or laced [4] cor- [70 rectiön;
The vagabond grows staid and learns t' obey;
The drone is beaten well and sent away.
As other prisons are, some for the thief,
Some by which undone credit gets relief
From bridled debtors, others for the poor;
So this is for the bawd, the rogue, the whore.

CAR. An excellent team of horse! [80

1 Gov. Nor is it seen
That the whip draws blood here, to cool the spleen
Of any rugged bencher;[5] nor does offence
Feel smart on spiteful or rash evidence;
But pregnant testimony forth must stand,
Ere justice leave them in the beadle's hand.
As iron, on the anvil are they laid, [89
Not to take blows alone, but to be made
And fashioned to some charitable use.

DUKE. Thus wholesom'st laws spring from the worst abuse.

ORLANDO, *still in disguise, brings in* BELLAFRONT, *who has come to plead for her husband.*

BELL. Let mercy touch your heart-strings, gracious lord,
That it may sound like music in the ear
Of a man desperate, being i' th' hands of law. [101

DUKE. His name?

BELL. Matheo.

DUKE. For a robbery?
Where is he?

BELL. In this house.

DUKE. Fetch you him hither—
[*She goes out, escorted by one of the* GOVERNORS *of the house.*
Is this the party? [110

ORL. This is the hen, my lord, that the cock with the lordly comb, your son-in-law, would crow over and tread.

DUKE. Are your two servants ready?

ORL. My two pedlars are packed together, my good lord.

DUKE. 'Tis well; this day in judgment shall be spent:
Vice, like a wound lanced, mends by punishment. [120

INF. Let me be gone, my lord, or stand unseen;
'Tis rare when a judge strikes and that none die;
And 'tis unfit then women should be by.

1 Gov. We'll place you, lady, in some private room.

INF. Pray do so.
[*Exit with a* GOVERNOR.

ORL. Thus nice [6] dames swear, it is [130 unfit their eyes
Should view men carved up for anatomies;
Yet they'll see all, so they may stand unseen.
Many women sure will sin behind a screen.

Enter LODOVICO.

LOD. Your son, the Lord Hippolito, is entered. [140

DUKE. Tell him we wish his presence.
<A word, Sforza;
On what wings flew he hither?

LOD. These: I told him his lark whom he loved was a Bridewell-bird; he's mad that this cage should hold her, and is come to let her out.

DUKE. 'Tis excellent: away, go call him hither.> [*Exit* LODOVICO. [149

Re-enter BELLAFRONT, *accompanied by* MATHEO, *preceded by the* GOVERNOR *who went out with her, and followed by the* CONSTABLE. *At another door enter* LODOVICO *and* HIPPOLITO. ORLANDO *goes out again and returns straightway with two of his Servants disguised as pedlars.*

[4] by flogging.
[5] tavern loafer.
[6] fastidious.

DUKE. You are to us a stranger, worthy lord;
'Tis strange to see you here.
HIP. It is most fit [160
That, where the sun goes, atomies[7] follow it.
DUKE. Atomies neither shape nor honor bear:
Be you yourself a sunbeam to shine clear.—
Is this the gentleman? Stand forth and hear
Your accusation. [169

MAT. I'll hear none; I fly high in that: rather than kites shall seize upon me and pick out mine eyes to my face, I'll strike my talons through mine own heart first, and spit my blood in theirs. I am here for shriving those two fools of their sinful pack. When those jackdaws have cawed over me, then must I cry guilty, or not guilty. The law has work enough already; and therefore I'll put no work of mine into his hands; the hangman [180 shall ha't first. I did pluck those ganders, did rob them.

DUKE. 'Tis well done to confess.

MAT. Confess and be hanged; and then I fly high, is't not so? That for that; a gallows is the worst rub[8] that a good bowler can meet with; I stumbled against such a post, else this night I had played the part of a true son in these days, undone my father-in-law; with him [190 would I ha' run at leap-frog, and come over his gold, though I had broke his neck for't; but the poor salmon-trout is now in the net.

HIP. And now the law must teach you to fly high.

MAT. Right, my lord, and then may you fly low. No more words: a mouse, mum! you are stopped. [199

BELL. Be good to my poor husband, dear my lords.

MAT. Ass!
Why shouldst thou pray them to be good to me,
When no man here is good to one another?

DUKE. Did any hand work in this theft but yours?

MAT. O yes, my lord, yes: the hangman has never one son at a birth; his [210 children always come by couples. <Though I cannot give the old dog, my father, a bone to gnaw, the daughter shall be sure of a choke-pear.> Yes, my lord, there was one more that fiddled my fine pedlars; and that was my wife.

BELL. Alas, I?

ORL. <O everlasting, supernatural, superlative villain!>

OMNES. Your wife, Matheo? [220

HIP. Sure it cannot be.

MAT. Oh, sir, you love no quarters of mutton that hang up; you love none but whole mutton. She set the robbery; I performed it; she spurred me on, I galloped away.

ORL. My lords—

BELL. My lords.—Fellow, give me speech.—If my poor life [229
May ransom thine, I yield it to the law.
Thou hurt'st thy soul, yet wip'st off no offence,
By casting blots upon my innocence.
Let not these spare me, but tell truth. No, see
Who slips his neck out of the misery,
Though not out of the mischief: let thy servant
That shared in this base act accuse me here. [240
Why should my husband perish, he go clear?

ORL. <A good child: hang thine own father!>

DUKE. Old fellow, was thy hand in too?

ORL. My hand was in the pie, my lord, I confess it. My mistress, I see, will bring me to the gallows, and so leave me; but I'll not leave her so: I had rather hang in a woman's company [250 than in a man's; because, if we should go to hell together, I should scarce be letten in, for all the devils are afraid to have any women come amongst them. As I am true thief, she neither consented to this felony, nor knew of it.

DUKE. What fury prompts thee on to kill thy wife? [258

[7] atoms.
[8] stop.

MAT. It is my humor, sir, 'tis a foolish bag-pipe that I make myself merry with. Why should I eat hemp-seed at the hangman's thirteen-pence halfpenny[9] ordinary, and have this whore laugh at me, as I swing, as I totter?

DUKE. Is she a whore?

MAT. A six-penny mutton pasty, for any to cut up.

ORL. Ah, toad, toad, toad!

MAT. A barber's cittern[10] for every serving-man to play upon; that lord, [270 your son, knows it.

HIP. I, sir? Am I her bawd then?

MAT. No, sir, but she's your whore then.

ORL. <Yea, spider; doest catch at great flies?>

HIP. My whore?

MAT. I cannot talk, sir, and tell of your rems and your rees and your whirligigs and devices: but, my lord, I found [280 em like sparrows in one nest, billing together, and bulling of me. I took 'em in bed, was ready to kill him, was up to stab her—

HIP. Close thy rank jaws.—[*To the* DUKE.] Pardon me, I am vexed.—[*To* MATHEO] Thou art a villain, a malicious devil;

Deep as the place where thou art lost, thou liest. [290

Since I am thus far got into this storm,
I'll through; and thou shalt see I'll through untouched,
When thou shalt perish in it.

Re-enter INFELICE.

INF. <'Tis my cue
To enter now.> Room! let my prize[11] be played;
I ha' lurked in clouds, yet heard what all have said; [300
What jury more can prove she has wronged my bed
Than her own husband? She must be punishëd.
I challenge law, my lord; letters and gold
And jewels from my lord that woman took.

HIP. Against that black-mouthed devil, against letters and gold, [310
And against a jealous wife, I do uphold
Thus far her reputation; I could sooner
Shake the Appenine and crumble rocks to dust
Than, though Jove's shower rained down, tempt her to lust.

BELL. What shall I say?

ORL., *throwing off his disguise.* Say thou art not a whore, and that's more than fifteen women amongst five hundred [320 dare swear without lying; this shalt thou say—no, let me say't for thee—thy husband's a knave; this lord's an honest man; thou art no punk; this lady's a right lady. Pacheco is a thief, as his master is; but old Orlando is as true a man as thy father is.—I ha' seen you fly high, sir, and I ha' seen you fly low, sir, and to keep you from the gallows, sir, a blue coat have I worn, and a thief did I [330 turn. Mine own men are the pedlars, my twenty pound did fly high, sir, your wife's gown did fly low, sir: whither fly you now, sir? You ha' scaped the gallows; to the devil you fly next, sir.—Am I right, my liege?

DUKE. Your father has the true physician played.

MAT. And I am now his patient.

HIP. And be so still; [340
'Tis a good sign when our cheeks blush at ill.

CONST. The linen-draper, Signor Candido,
He whom the city terms the patient man,
Is likewise here for buying of those lawns
The pedlars lost.

INF. Alas, good Candido!

DUKE. Fetch him; and, when these payments up are cast, [350

[*Exit* CONSTABLE.

Weigh out your light gold; but let's have them last.

Enter CANDIDO *and* CONSTABLE (*who presently goes out*).

DUKE. In Bridewell, Candido?

CAND. Yes, my good lord.

[9] The hangman's fee, 27 cents.
[10] a musical instrument.
[11] bout.

DUKE. What make you here?
CAND. My lord, what make you here?
DUKE. I'm here to save right, and [360
to drive wrong hence.
CAND. And I to bear wrong here with patiënce.
DUKE. You ha' bought stol'n goods.
CAND. So they do say, my lord;
Yet bought I them upon a gentleman's word,
And I imagine now, as I thought then,
That there be thieves, but no thieves gentlemen. [370
HIP. Your credit's cracked, being here.
CAND. No more than gold
Being cracked, which does his estimation hold.
I was in Bedlam once; but was I mad?
They made me pledge whores' healths, but am I bad
Because I'm with bad people?
DUKE. Well, stand by; [379
If you take wrong, we'll cure the injury.

Re-enter CONSTABLE, *followed by* BOTS; *after them two* BEADLES, *one with hemp, the other with a beetle.*[12]

DUKE. Stay, stay, what's he? A prisoner?
CONST. Yes, my lord.
HIP. He seems a soldier?
BOTS. I am what I seem, sir, one of fortune's bastards, a soldier and a gentleman, and am brought in here with [390 master constable's band of billmen, because they face me down that I live, like those that keep bowling alleys, by the sins of the people, in being a squire of the body.
HIP. Oh, an apple-squire.[13]
BOTS. Yes, sir, that degree of scurvy squires; and that I am maintained by the best part that is commonly in a woman, by the worst players of those parts; but I am known to all this company. [400
LOD. My lord, 'tis true, we all know him; 'tis lieutenant Bots.
DUKE. Bots! and where ha' you served, Bots?
BOTS. In most of your hottest services in the Low-countries: at the Groyne I was wounded in this thigh, and halte upon't but 'tis now sound. In Cleve land I missed but little, having the bridg of my nose broken down with two [41 great stones, as I was scaling a fort. ha' been tried, sir, too, in Gelderland, an scaped hardly there from being blown u at a breach; I was fired, and lay i' th surgeon's hands for't, till the fall of th leaf following.
HIP. All this may be, and yet you n soldier. [41
BOTS. No soldier, sir? I hope thes are services that your proudest command ers do venture upon, and never come o sometimes.
DUKE. Well, sir, because you say yo are a soldier,
I'll use you like a gentleman.—Mak room there,
Plant him amongst you; we shall hav anon
Strange hawks fly here before us. I none light [43
On you, you shall with freedom take you flight;
But, if you prove a bird of baser wing,
We'll use you like such birds; here yo shall sing.
BOTS. I wish to be tried at no othe weapon.
DUKE. Why is he furnished with thos implements? [43
1 GOV. The pander is more dangerou to a State
Than is the common thief; and, thoug our laws
Lie heavier on the thief, yet that th pander
May know the hangman's ruff should fi him too,
Therefore he's set to beat hemp.
DUKE. This does savor [44
Of justice; basest slaves to basest labor
Now pray, set open hell, and let us see
The she-devils that are here.
INF. Methinks this plac
Should make e'en Laïs honest.
1 GOV. Some it turns good
But, as some men, whose hands are onc in blood,

[12] a heavy mallet.
[13] a pander.

Do in a pride spill more, so some, going hence,
Are, by being here, lost in more impudence. [461
Let it not to them, when they come, appear
That any one does as their judge sit here;
But that, as gentlemen, you come to see,
And then perhaps their tongues will walk more free.

DUKE. Let them be marshalled in.—[*Exeunt* GOVERNORS, CONSTABLE, *and* BEADLES.]—Be covered all,
Fellows, now[14] to make the scene [472 more comical.

CAR. Will not you be smelt out, Bots?

BOTS. No, your bravest whores have the worst noses.

Re-enter two of the GOVERNORS; *a* CONSTABLE *after them; then* DOROTHEA TARGET, *brave;*[15] *after her, two* BEADLES, *the one with a wheel, the other with a blue gown.* [481

LOD. Are not you a bride, forsooth?

DOR. Say ye?

CAR. He would know if these be not your bridemen.

DOR. Vuh! yes, sir: and look ye, do you see? the bride-laces that I give at my wedding will serve to tie rosemary to both your coffins when you come from hanging. Scab! [490

ORL. Fie, punk! fie, fie, fie!

DOR. Out, you stale, stinking head of garlic! foh, at my heels!

ORL. My head's cloven.

HIP. O, let the gentlewoman alone, she's going to shrift.

AST. Nay, to do penance.

CAR. Ay, ay, go, punk, go to the cross and be whipped. [499

DOR. Marry mew, marry muff, marry, hang you, goodman dog! Whipped? do ye take me for a base spital-whore? In troth, gentlemen, you wear the clothes of gentlemen, but you carry not the minds of gentlemen, to abuse a gentlewoman of my fashion.

LOD. Fashion? Pox a' your fashions! Art not a whore?

DOR. Goodman slave! [509

DUKE. O fie, abuse her not.—Let us two talk:
What might I call your name, pray?

DOR. I'm not ashamed of my name, sir; my name is Mistress Doll Target, a Western gentlewoman.

LOD. Her target against any pike in Milan.

DUKE. Why is this wheel borne after her?

1 GOV. She must spin. [520

DOR. A coarse thread it shall be, as all threads are.

AST. If you spin, then you'll earn money here too?

DOR. I had rather get half-a-crown abroad, than ten crowns here.

ORL. Abroad? I think so.

INF. Dost thou not weep now thou art here? [529

DOR. Say ye? weep? Yes, forsooth, as you did when you lost your maidenhead. Do you not hear how I weep? [*Sings.*

LOD. Farewell, Doll.

DOR. Farewell, dog. [*Exit.*

DUKE. Past shame: past penitence! Why is that blue gown?

1 GOV. Being stripped out of her wanton loose attire,
That garment she puts on, base to the eye, [540
Only to clothe her in humility.

DUKE. Are all the rest like this?

1 GOV. No, my good lord:
You see, this drab swells with a wanton rein;
The next that enters has a different strain.

DUKE. Variety is good; let's see the rest. [*Exit two* GOVERNORS.

BOTS. Your grace sees I'm sound yet, and no bullets hit me. [551

DUKE. Come off so, and 'tis well.

OMNES. Here's the second mess.

Re-enter the two GOVERNORS; *after them, the* CONSTABLE; *after him,* PENELOPE WHOREHOUND, *like a* CITIZEN'S

[14] This word spoils the metre, and is unnecessary for the meaning.
[15] in fine attire.

WIFE; *after her, two* BEADLES, *one with a blue gown, another with chalk and a mallet.* [559

PEN. I ha' worn many a costly gown, but I was never thus guarded with blue coats and beadles and constables and—

CAR. Alas, fair mistress, spoil not thus your eyes.

PEN. Oh, sweet sir, I fear the spoiling of other places about me that are dearer than my eyes; if you be gentlemen, if you be men, or ever came of a woman, pity my case! Stand to me, stick to me, good sir: you are an old man. [570

ORL. Hang not on me, I prithee; old trees bear no such fruit.

PEN. Will you bail me, gentlemen?

LOD. Bail thee? Art in for debt?

PEN. No; God is my judge, sir, I am in for no debts; I paid my tailor for this gown, the last five shillings a-week that was behind, yesterday.

DUKE. What is your name. I pray?

PEN. Penelope Whorehound: I come of the Whorehounds.—How does lieutenant Bots? [582

OMNES. Aha, Bots!

BOTS. A very honest woman, as I'm a soldier. <A pox Bots ye!>

PEN. I was never in this pickle before; and yet, if I go amongst citizens' wives, they jeer at me; if I go among the loose-bodied gowns,[16] they cry a pox on me (because I go civilly attired), and swear their trade was a good trade, till [591 such as I am took it out of their hands.—Good lieutenant Bots, speak to these captains to bail me.

1 GOV. Begging for bail still? You are a trim gossip. Go give her the blue gown, set her to her chare. Work, huswife, for your bread, away.

PEN. Out, you dog!—A pox on you all!—Women are born to curse thee; [600 but I shall live to see twenty such flat-caps shaking dice for a penny-worth of pippins.—Out, you blue-eyed rogue! [*Exit.*

OMNES. Ha, ha, ha.

DUKE. Even now she wept, and prayed; now does she curse.

[16] harlots.

1 GOV. Seeing me; if still she had stayed, this had been worse.

HIP. Was she ever here before?

I GOV. Five times at least; [610
And thus, if men come to her, have her eyes
Wrung and wept out her bail.

OMNES. Bots, you know her?

BOTS. Is there any gentleman here, that knows not a whore, and is he a hair the worse for that?

DUKE. Is she a city-dame? She's so attired. [619

1 GOV. No, my good lord, that's only but the veil
To her loose body. I have seen her here
In gayer masking suits; as several sauces
Give one dish several tastes, so change of habits
In whores is a bewitching art: to-day
She's all in colors, to besot gallants; then
In modest black, to catch the citizen; [629
And this from their examination's drawn.
Now shall you see a monster both in shape
And nature quite from these, that sheds no tear
Nor yet is nice: 'tis a plain ramping bear;
Many such whales are cast upon this shore.

OMNES. Let's see her.

1 GOV. Then behold a swagger- [640
ing whore.

[*Exeunt* GOVERNORS *and* CONSTABLE.

ORL. Keep your ground, Bots.

BOTS. <I do but traverse to spy advantage how to arm myself.>

Re-enter the two GOVERNORS *first; after them, the* CONSTABLE; *after them, a* BEADLE *beating a basin; then* CATHERINA BOUNTINALL, *with* MISTRESS HORSELEECH; *after them, another* BEADLE, *with a blue headdress guarded with yellow.* [651

CAT. Sirrah, when I cry, hold your hands, hold, you rogue-catcher, hold.—Bawd, are the French chilblains in your heels, that you can come no faster? Are not you, bawd, a whore's ancient, and must not I follow my colors?

Mis. H. O Mistress Catherine, you do me wrong to accuse me here, as you do, before the right worshipful. I am known for a motherly, honest woman, and no bawd. [662

Cat. Marry, foh! honest? Burnt[17] at fourteen, seven times whipped, six times carted, nine times ducked, searched by some hundred and fifty constables; and yet you are honest! Honest Mistress Horseleech, is this world a world to keep bawds and whores honest? How many times hast thou given gentlemen a quart of wine in a gallon pot? How many [671 twelve-penny fees, nay, two shillings fees, nay, when any ambassadors ha' been here, how many half-crown fees hast thou taken; how many carriers hast thou bribed for country wenches; how often have I rinsed your lungs in *aqua vitae;* and yet you are honest!

Duke. And what were you the whilst?

Cat. Marry, hang you, master slave! who made you an examiner? [681

Lod. Well said! belike this devil spares no man.

Cat., *to* Bots. What art thou, prithee?

Bots. Nay, what art thou, prithee?

Cat. A whore; art thou a thief?

Bots. A thief! no, I defy[18] the calling; I am a soldier, have borne arms in the field, been in many a hot skirmish, yet come off sound. [690

Cat. Sound, with a pox to ye, ye abominable rogue! You a soldier? You in skirmishes? Where? Amongst pottle pots in a bawdy-house?—Look, look here, you Madam Wormeaten: do you not know him?

Mis. H. Lieutenant Bots, where have ye been this many a day?

Bots. <Old bawd, do not discredit me: seem not to know me. [700

Mis. H. Not to know ye, Master Bots? As long as I have breath, I cannot forget thy sweet face.>

Duke. Why, do you know him? He says he is a soldier.

Cat. He a soldier? A pander, a dog that will lick up sixpence. Do ye hear, you master swine's snout, how long is't since you held the door for me, and cried, "To't again, nobody comes!" Ye rogue, you! [711

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha! y'are smelt out again, Bots.

Bots. Pox ruin her nose for't! An I be not revenged for this!—Um, ye bitch!

Lod. D'ye hear ye, madam? Why does your ladyship swagger thus? Y'are very brave, methinks.

Cat. Not at your cost, master cod's-head; [720

Is any man here blear-eyed, to see me brave?

Ast. Yes, I am,

Because good clothes upon a whore's back

Is like fair painting upon a rotten wall.

Cat. Marry muff, master whoremaster! you come upon me with sentences.

Ber. By this light; has small sense for't. [730

Lod. O fie, fie, do not vex her! And yet methinks a creature of more scurvy conditions should not know what a good petticoat were.

Cat. Marry, come out; y'are so busy about my petticoat, you'll creep up to my placket, an ye could but attain the honor; but, an the outsides offend your rogueships, look o' the lining, 'tis silk. [739

Duke. Is't silk 'tis lined with, then?

Cat. Silk? Ay, silk, master slave; you would be glad to wipe your nose with the skirt on't. This 'tis to come among a company of cod's-heads that know not how to use a gentlewoman.

Duke., *to* 1 Gov. <Tell her the duke is here.>

1 Gov. Be modest, Kate: the duke is here. [749

Cat. If the devil were here, I care not. —Set forward, ye rogues, and give attendance according to your places! Let bawds and whores be sad; for I'll sing, an the devil were a-dying.

[*Exit with* Mistress Horseleech *and* Beadles.

Duke. Why before her does the basin ring?

1 Gov. It is an emblem of their revelling. [760

[17] branded. [18] disdain.

The whips we use let forth their wanton blood,
Making them calm; and, more to calm their pride,
Instead of coaches, they in carts do ride.
Will your grace see more of this bad ware?

DUKE. No, shut up shop; we'll now break up the fair.
Yet, ere we part—you, sir, that take upon ye
The name of soldier, that true name of worth,
Which action, not vain boasting, best sets forth,
To let you know how far a soldier's name
Stands from your title, and to let you see
Soldiers must not be wronged where princes be,
This be your sentence:—

OMNES. Defend yourself, Bots.

DUKE. First, all the private sufferance that the house
Inflicts upon offenders, you, as the basest,
Shall undergo it double, after which
You shall be whipped, sir, round about the city,
Then banished from the land.

BOTS. Beseech your grace!

DUKE. Away with him; see it done. Panders and whores
Are city-plagues, which, being kept alive,
Nothing that looks like goodness e'er can thrive.—
Now good Orlando, what say you to your bad son-in-law?

ORL. Marry this, my lord: he is my son-in-law, and in law will I be his father; for if law can pepper him, he shall be so parboiled that he shall stink no more i' th' nose of the commonwealth.

BELL. Be yet more kind and merciful, good father.

ORL. Doest thou beg for him, thou precious man's meat, thou? Has he not beaten thee, kicked thee, trod on thee, and doest thou fawn on him like his spaniel? Has he not pawned thee to thy petticoat, sold thee to thy smock, made ye leap at a crust; yet wouldst have me save him?

BELL. Oh yes, good sir, women shall learn of me
To love their husbands in greatest misery;
Then show him pity, or you wrack myself.

ORL. Have ye eaten pigeons, that y'are so kindhearted to your mate? Nay, y'are a couple of wild bears; I'll have ye both baited at one stake;—but, as for this knave, the gallows is thy due, and the gallows thou shalt have. I'll have justice of the duke; the law shall have thy life.—What, doest thou hold him? Let go his hand. If thou doest not forsake him, a father's everlasting blessing fall upon both your heads! Away, go, kiss out of my sight; play thou the whore no more, nor thou the thief again; my house shall be thine, my meat shall be thine, and so shall my wine; but my money shall be mine; and yet, when I die, so thou doest not fly high, take all; Yet, good Matheo, mend.
Thus, for joy, weeps Orlando, and doth end.

DUKE. Then hear, Matheo: all your woes are stayed
By your good father-in-law: all your ills
Are clear purged from you by his working pills.—
Come, Signor Candido, these green young wits,
We see, by circumstance this plot have laid
Still to provoke thy patience, which they find
A wall of brass; no armor's like the mind.
Thou hast taught the city patience, now our court
Shall be thy sphere, where, from thy good report,
Rumors this truth unto the world shall sing:
A patient man's a pattern for a king.

OTHELLO

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTRODUCTION

Many plays have been named as Shakespeare's best by differen critics, a majority perhaps declaring in favor of "Hamlet;" but tha tragedy, however great it may be as philosophical drama, has not th rounded perfection of "Othello" or "Macbeth." The former is perhap the greatest psychological study ever penned; the one feature of it whic prevents its being given the call over the Scottish tragedy is the ex tremely diabolical nature of Iago. However greatly the play impresses one is left with the feeling that he is almost impossibly wicked. W are given two explanations of his devilish conduct—that Othello ha promoted Cassio over his head; and that he suspects Othello of havin had illicit connection with his wife. There seems not the slightes reason to believe that he had any ground for his suspicion; but that of course, is beside the question. It is obvious that Shakespeare ha sought to give sufficient motive; but he has failed, because there coul be no sufficient motive for such malignity as Iago's. A man of hi nature might conceivably wreak his vengeance so damnably upon it immediate object; but the fiendishness with which he spreads his net to enmesh the harmless Desdemona takes him definitely outside th pale of humanity. There must be many people who feel that this i the one serious flaw in what is a masterpiece of the very first order.

Shakespeare found the story in Cinthio's "Hecatommithi," of whic he may have known the French translation. The working-out of th story is, from the point of view of construction, one of the finest o Shakespeare's efforts, though there are one or two inconsistencies tha he has overlooked. The long connection of Cassio with Bianca is sheer impossibility; and the appearance of Gratiano in V is equall unaccountable. Had he gone over to Cyprus with Lodovico, he woul have been seen in IV. The failure to account for this, and the dif ficulty of the time-scheme, may possibly be due to revision; but the are at least as likely to be the result of author's carelessness.

The date of the play is not certain. It is known to have been acte at the Globe in April, 1610; but there is reason to believe that it wa on the stage in 1604, under the title of "The Moor of Venice." I appears in the forged Revels Accounts for that year; but, though thes may have been based on genuine documents, a more solid ground fo accepting that dating is the fact that Malone, who was very carefu

nd accurate in his statements, declared that he knew it to have been iven in 1604, though unfortunately he did not state the grounds of is knowledge. There are other reasons for accepting that as the robable date for the main body of the work; but whether it is all of ne date is another question. There is a supposed reference to an event f 1611; but this is by no means certain, though a topical interpolation s, of course, not only possible, but exceedingly likely. More important s the difficulty of accepting the eighteen rhyming lines of I 3 as com- ng from Shakespeare in his prime, whether we consider the form of he verse or the triteness of the thought. These and the three lines ntroducing them are so utterly unnecessary and so easily detached rom the context without impairment to it that it is conceivable that hey may be a late interpolation by another hand than Shakespeare's: f they are his, they must be very early.

"Othello" was not printed till 1622. The text of the quarto of that ear differs somewhat from that of the folio.

The improvements Shakespeare has wrought in his original in the natter of characterization are considerable; but there is one respect in vhich Cinthio makes Iago more credible than our great dramatist oes: he makes his action one of vengeance against Desdemona, be- ause of her rejection of his love, and so provides him with a more dequate motive.

CHARACTERS

DUKE OF VENICE.
BRABANTIO, *a Senator.*
GRATIANO, *Brother to Brabantio.*
LODOVICO, *Kinsman to Brabantio.*
OTHELLO, *a noble Moor; in the service of the Venetian State.*
CASSIO, *his Lieutenant.*
IAGO, *his Ancient.*
RODERIGO, *a Venetian Gentleman.*
MONTANO, *Othello's predecessor in the Government of Cyprus.*
CLOWN, *Servant to Othello.*
DESDEMONA, *Daughter to Brabantio, and Wife to Othello.*
EMILIA, *Wife to Iago.*
BIANCA, *Mistress to Cassio.*
Senators, Sailors, Officers, Torch-bearers, Gentlemen, Messengers, Musicians, Heralds, Attendants.

PLACE: *Venice and Cyprus.*
TIME: *Early 16th Century.*

ACT ONE

Scene I

Othello, *a Moorish soldier of fortune n the employ of Venice, has carried off* Desdemona *and married her without her ather's knowledge. He has also made a nortal enemy of his ancient (or ensign),* Iago, *by giving to* Cassio *a lieutenancy hat* Iago *had coveted.*

It is a little after midnight in a street utside Brabantio's *house. The treach-rous and vindictive* Iago, *who is a* [10 *nan of eight-and-twenty, is talking to* Roderigo, *who has been a suitor for* Des-emona's *hand, but has won neither her avor nor her father's.*

Rod. Tush! Never tell me; I take it much unkindly
That thou, Iago, who hast had my purse
As if the strings were thine, shouldst know of this. [19

Iago. 'Sblood, but you will not hear me;
f ever I did dream of such a matter,
Abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'st me thou didst hold him in thy hate.

Iago. Despise me if I do not. Three great ones of the city,
n personal suit to make me his lieu-tenant,
Off-capped to him; and, by the faith of man, [30
know my price, I am worth no worse a place;
But he, as loving his own pride and pur-poses,
Evades them, with a bombast circum-stance[1]
Horribly stuffed with epithets of war;
And, in conclusion,
Nonsuits my mediators; for, "Certes," says he, [40
I have already chose my officer."
And what was he?
Forsooth, a great arithmetician,
One Michael Cassio, a Florentine
(A fellow almost damned in a fair wife),
That never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division[2] of a battle knows
More than a spinster, unless the bookish theoric, [49
Wherein the togëd[3] consuls can propose
As masterly as he: mere prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership. But he, sir, had th' election;
And I—of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on other grounds
Christian and heathen—must be be-lee'd and calmed [60
By debitor and creditor; this counter-caster,
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I—God bless the mark!—his Moor-ship's ancient.

Rod. By heaven, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. Why, there's no remedy: 'tis the curse of service, [69
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
Not by the old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, sir, be judge yourself,
Whether I in any just term am affined[4]
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O! sir, content you;
I follow him to serve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be masters; nor all masters [81
Cannot be truly followed. You shall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave
That, doting on his own obsequious bond-age,

[1] circumlocution.

[2] disposition.
[3] robed.
[4] bound.

Wears out his time, much like his master's ass,
For nought but provender, and when he's old, cashiered. [90
Whip me such honest knaves. Others there are
Who, trimmed in forms and visages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themselves,
And, throwing but shows of service on their lords,
Do well thrive by them, and, when they have lined their coats, [100
Do themselves homage; these fellows have some soul;
And such a one do I profess myself. For, sir,
It is as sure as you are Roderigo,
Were I the Moor, I would not be Iago:
In following him, I follow but myself;
Heaven is my judge, not I for love and duty, [109
But seeming so, for my peculiar[5] end:
For, when my outward action doth demónstrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve,
For daws to peck at. I am not what I am.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,[6]
If he can carry't thus! [120

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouse him, make after him, poison his delight,
Proclaim him in the streets, incense her kinsmen,
And, though he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies; though that his joy be joy,
Yet throw such changes of vexation on't
As it may lose some color. [130

Rod. Here is her father's house; I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do; with like timorous accent and dire yell
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

[5] personal. [6] possess.

Rod., *shouting*. What, ho! Brabantio! Signior Brabantio, ho! [139

Iago., *shouting*. Awake! what, ho! Brabantio! thieves! thieves! thieves!
Look to your house, your daughter, and your bags!
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio, *roused from his bed, appears at a window above.*

Bra. What is the reason of this terrible summons?
What is the matter there? [150

Rod. Signior, is all your family within?

Iago. Are your doors locked?

Bra. Why, wherefore ask you this?

Iago. 'Zounds! sir, y'are robbed (for shame, put on your gown);
Your heart is burst; you have lost half your soul;
Even now, now, very now, an old black ram [159
Is tupping your white ewe. Arise, arise!
Awake the snorting[7] citizens with the bell,
Or else the devil will make a grandsire of you.
Arise, I say.

Bra. What! have you lost your wits?

Rod. Most reverend signior, do you know my voice?

Bra. Not I, what are you? [170

Rod. My name is Roderigo.

Bra. The worser welcome:
I have charged thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honest plainness thou hast heard me say
My daughter is not for thee; and now, in madness,
Being full of supper and distemp'ring[8] draughts, [179
Upon malicious knavery dost thou come
To start my quiet?

Rod. Sir, sir, sir!

Bra. But thou must needs be sure
My spirit and my place have in them power
To make this bitter to thee.

Rod. Patience, good sir.

[7] snoring. [8] intoxicating.

BRA. What tell'st thou me of robbing? this is Venice;
My house is not a grange.[9] [190
ROD. Most grave Brabantio,
In simple and pure soul[10] I come to you.
IAGO. 'Zounds! sir, you are one of those that will not serve God if the devil bid you. Because we come to do you service and you think we are ruffians, you'll have your daughter covered with a Barbary horse; you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have coursers for cousins and gennets for germans. [200
BRA. What profane wretch art thou?
IAGO. I am one, sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beast with two backs.
BRA. Thou art a villain.
IAGO. You are a—senator.
BRA. This thou shalt answer; I know thee, Roderigo.
ROD. Sir, I will answer any thing. But, I beseech you, [210
If't be your pleasure and most wise consent—
As partly, I find, it is—that your fair daughter,
At this odd-even and dull-watch o' th' night,
Transported with no worse nor better guard
But with a knave of common hire, a gondolier, [220
To the gross clasps of a lascivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and saucy wrongs;
But, if you know not this, my manners tell me
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That, from the sense of all civility, [230
I thus would play and trifle with your reverence:
Your daughter, if you have not given her leave
I say again, hath made a gross revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
In an extravagant[11] and wheeling stranger
Of here and everywhere. Straight satisfy yourself: [240
If she be in her chamber or your house,
Let loose on me the justice of the state
For thus deluding you.
BRA., *calling*. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper! call up all my people!
<This accident is not unlike my dream;
Belief of it oppresses me already.>
[*Calling.*] Light, I say! light!
[*Exit, from above.*
IAGO. Farewell, for I must leave you:
It seems not meet, nor wholesome to my place, [252
To be produced—as, if I stay, I shall—
Against the Moor; for, I do know, the state—
However this may gall him with some check[12]—
Cannot with safety cast him; for he's embarked
With such loud reason to the Cyprus wars— [261
Which even now stand in act—that, for their souls,
Another of his fathom they have none,
To lead their business; in which regard,
Though I do hate him as I do hell-pains,
Yet, for necessity of present life,
I must show out a flag and sign of love,
Which is indeed but sign. That you shall surely find him, [270
Lead to the Sagittary the raisëd search;
And there will I be with him. So, farewell. [*Exit.*

Enter below BRABANTIO *and Servants with torches.*

BRA. It is too true an evil: gone she is;
And what's to come of my despisëd time
Is nought but bitterness.—Now, Roderigo, [279
Where didst thou see her?—O, unhappy girl!—
With the Moor, sayst thou?—Who would be a father!—
How didst thou know 'twas she?—O, she deceives me

[9] a lonely farmhouse.
[10] without ulterior motive.
[11] wandering.
[12] rebuke.

Past thought.—What said she to you?—
Get moe tapers!
Raise all my kindred!—Are they married, think you?
ROD. Truly, I think they are. [290
BRA. O heaven! How got she out? O, treason of the blood:
Fathers, from hence trust not your daughters' minds
By what you see them act. Is there not charms
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abused?[13] Have you not read, Roderigo, [300
Of some such thing?
ROD. Yes, sir, I have indeed.
BRA. Call up my brother.—O! would you had had her!—
Some one way, some another!—Do you know
Where we may apprehend her and the Moor?
ROD. I think I can discover him, if you please [310
To get good guard and go along with me.
BRA. Pray you, lead on. At every house I'll call;
I may command at most.—Get weapons, ho!
And raise some special officers o' th' night.
On, good Roderigo! I will deserve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

In front of the Sagittary, a few moments later, IAGO *is, with characteristic dishonesty and untruthfulness, telling* OTHELLO *of* BRABANTIO'S *annoyance. Torch-bearers stand a little apart.*

IAGO. Though in the trade of war I have slain men,
Yet do I hold it very stuff o' th' conscience [9
To do no contrived murder: I lack iniquity
Sometime to do me service. Nine or ten times
I had thought t'have yerked him here under the ribs.
OTH. 'Tis better as it is.

[13] deluded.

IAGO. Nay, but he prated
And spoke such scurvy and provoking terms
Against your honor [20
That, with the little godliness I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But, I pray you, sir,
Are you fast married? Be assured of this,
That the magnifico is much beloved,
And hath, in his effect, a voice potential
As double as the duke's; he will divorce you, [29
Or put upon you what restraint and grievance
The law—with all his might to enforce it on—
Will give him cable.
OTH. Let him do his spite:
My services which I have done the signiory
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know, [39
Which when I know that boasting is an honor
I shall promúlgate, I fetch my life and being
From men of royal siege,[14] and my demerits
May speak unbonneted to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reached; for, know Iago, [49
But that I love the gentle Desdemona
I would not my unhousëd[15] free condition
Put into circumscription and confine
For the sea's worth. But, look! what lights come yond?
IAGO. Those are the raisëd father and his friends:
You were best go in.
OTH. Not I; I must be found: [59
My parts, my title, and my perfect soul
Shall manifest me rightly. Is it they?
IAGO. By Janus, I think no.

CASSIO *enters, with* OFFICERS *of the* DUKE, *their torches adding more glow to the scene.*

[14] rank.
[15] free from household cares.

OTH. The servants of the duke, and my lieutenant.—
The goodness of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news? [70
CAS. The duke does greet you, general,
And he requires your haste-post-haste appearance,
Even on the instant.
OTH. What is the matter, think you?
CAS. Something from Cyprus, as I may divine.
It is a business of some heat;[16] the galleys [79
Have sent a dozen sequent messengers
This very night at one another's heels,
And many of the consuls, raised and met,
Are at the duke's already. You have been hotly called for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The senate hath sent about three several quests
To search you out. [89
OTH. 'Tis well I am found by you.
I will but spend a word here in the house,
And go with you. [*Goes into the house.*
CAS. Ancient, what makes he here?
IAGO. Faith, he to-night hath boarded a land carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.
CAS. I do not understand.
IAGO. He's married.
CAS. To who?

OTHELLO *returns.* [101

IAGO. Marry, to—Come, captain, will you go?
OTH. Have with you.
CAS. Here comes another troop to seek for you.
IAGO. It is Brabantio. General, be advised;
He comes to bad intent.

RODERIGO, BRABANTIO, *and* BRABANTIO'S *servants, with torches and weapons, enter.* [112

OTH. Holla! stand there!
ROD. Signior, it is the Moor.
BRA. Down with him! thief!
[*They draw on both sides.*
IAGO. You, Roderigo! come, sir, I am for you.
OTH. Keep up your bright swords, for the dew will rust them. [120
Good signior, you shall more command with years
Than with your weapons.
BRA. O thou foul thief! where hast thou stowed my daughter?
Damned as thou art, thou hast enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of sense,
If she in chains of magic were not bound,
Whether a maid so tender, fair, and happy, [131
So opposite[17] to marriage that she shunned
The wealthy curlëd darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the sooty bosom
Of such a thing as thou; to fear, not to delight. [140
Judge me the world, if 'tis not gross in sense
That thou hast practised on her with foul charms,
Abused her delicate youth with drugs or minerals
That weaken motion: I'll have't disputed on;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee [150
For an abuser of the world, a practiser
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant.—
Lay hold upon him: if he do resist,
Subdue him at his peril.
OTH. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining and the rest:
Were it my cue to fight, I should have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you that I go [160
To answer this your charge?
BRA. To prison; till
Fit time of law and course of direct session

[16] urgency.
[17] averse.

Call thee to answer.
OTH. What if I do obey?
How may the duke be therewith satisfied,
Whose messengers are here about my side,
Upon some present business of the state
To bring me to him?
OFF. 'Tis true, most worthy signior;
The duke's in council, and your noble self,
I am sure, is sent for.
BRA. How! the duke in council!
In this time of the night! Bring him away.
Mine's not an idle cause: the duke himself,
Or any of my brothers of the state,
Cannot but feel this wrong as 'twere their own;
For, if such action may have passage free,
Bond-slaves and pagans shall our statesmen be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the Council Chamber the DUKE *and* SENATORS *are seated at a table, with* OFFICERS *in attendance. It is yet between midnight and dawn.*

DUKE. There is no composition[18] in these news
That gives them credit.
1 SEN. Indeed, they are disproportioned;
My letters say a hundred and seven galleys.
DUKE. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 SEN. And mine, two hundred:
But, though they jump[19] not on a just account—
As in these cases, where the aim[20] reports,
'Tis oft with difference—yet do they all confirm
A Turkish fleet, and bearing up to Cyprus.
DUKE. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment:
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve
In fearful sense.
SAILOR, *calling, within.* What, ho! what, ho! what, ho!
OFF. A messenger from the galleys.

Enter a SAILOR.

DUKE. Now, what's the business?
SAIL. The Turkish preparation makes for Rhodes;
So was I bid report here to the state
By Signior Angelo.
DUKE. How say you by this change?
1 SEN. This cannot be,
By no assay of reason; 'tis a pageant
To keep us in false gaze. When we consider
Th' importancy of Cyprus to the Turk,
And let ourselves again but understand,
That, as it more concerns the Turk than Rhodes,
So may he with more facile question bear it,
For that it stands not in such war-like brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That Rhodes is dressed in: if we make thought of this,
We must not think the Turk is so unskilful
To leave that latest which concerns him first,
Neglecting an attempt of ease and gain,
To wake and wage a danger profitless.
DUKE. Nay, in all confidence, he's not for Rhodes.

Enter a MESSENGER.

OFF. Here is more news.
MESS. The Ottomites, reverend and graciöus,
Steering with due course toward the isle of Rhodes,
Have there injointed them with an after fleet.
1 SEN. Ay, so I thought. How many, as you guess?
MESS. Of thirty sail; and now they do re-stem
Their backward course, bearing with frank appearance

[18] consistency.
[19] agree.
[20] conjecture.

heir purposes toward Cyprus. Signior Montano,
our trusty and most valiant servitor,
Vith his free duty recommends you thus,
nd prays you to believe him.
DUKE. 'Tis certain then, for Cyprus.
Iarcus Luccicos, is not he in town? [80
1 SEN. He's now in Florence.
DUKE. Write from us to him; post-post-haste dispatch.
1 SEN. Here comes Brabantio and the valiant Moor.

nter BRABANTIO, OTHELLO, IAGO, RODERIGO, *and Officers.*

DUKE. Valiant Othello, we must straight employ you [89
gainst the general enemy Ottoman.—
To BRABANTIO.] I did not see you; welcome, gentle signior;
Ve lacked your counsel and your help to-night.
BRA. So did I yours. Good your grace, pardon me;
either my place nor aught I heard of business
ath raised me from my bed, nor doth the general care [100
ake hold of me, for my particular grief
of so flood-gate and o'erbearing nature
hat it engluts and swallows other sorrows,
nd it is still itself.
DUKE. Why, what's the matter?
BRA. My daughter! O! my daughter!
DUKE AND SENATORS. Dead?
BRA. Ay, to me;
ne is abused, stol'n from me, and corrupted [111
y spells and medicines bought of mountebanks;
or nature so prepost'rously to err,
eing not deficient, blind, or lame of sense,
ns witchcraft could not.
DUKE. Whoe'er he be that in this foul proceeding
ath thus beguiled your daughter of herself [121
nd you of her, the bloody book of law
ou shall yourself read in the bitter letter
After your own sense; yea, though our proper[21] son
Stood in your action.
BRA. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it seems,
Your special mandate for the state affairs
Hath hither brought. [131
DUKE AND SENATORS. We are very sorry for it.
DUKE, *to* OTHELLO. What, in your own part, can you say to this?
BRA. Nothing, but this is so.
OTH. Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approved good masters, [140
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her:
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blessed with the soft phrase of peace;
For, since these arms of mine had seven years' pith, [151
Till now some nine moons wasted, they have used
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore little shall I grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet, by your gracious patience, [161
I will a round[22] unvarnished tale deliver
Of my whole course of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charged withal),
I won his daughter.
BRA. A maiden never bold; [170
Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
Blushed at herself; and she, in spite of nature,

[21] own. [22] plain.

Of years, of country, credit, everything,
To fall in love with what she feared to look on!
It is a judgment maimed and most imperfect [179
That will confess perfection so could err
Against all rules of nature, and must be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell
Why this should be. I therefore vouch again
That with some mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with some dram conjured to this effect,
He wrought upon her. [190

DUKE. To vouch this is no proof,
Without more wider[23] and more overt test
Than these thin habits and poor likelihoods
Of modern seeming do prefer against him.

1 SEN. But, Othello, speak:
Did you by indirect and forcëd courses
Subdue and poison this young maid's affections? [201
Or came it by request and such fair question
As soul to soul affordeth?

OTH. I do beseech you,
Send for the lady to the Sagittary,
And let her speak of me before her father:
If you do find me foul in her report,
The trust, the office I do hold of you [210
Not only take away, but let your sentence
Even fall upon my life.

DUKE. Fetch Desdemona hither.

OTH. Ancient, conduct them; you best know the place.

[*Exeunt* IAGO *and Attendants.*

And, till she come, as truly as to heaven
I do confess the vices of my blood, [219
So justly[24] to your grave ears I'll present
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And she in mine.

DUKE. Say it, Othello.

OTH. Her father loved me; oft invited me;

[23] clearer. [24] truthfully.

Still questioned me the story of my life
From year to year, the battles, siege fortunes
That I have passed. [22
I ran it through, even from my boyis days
To th' very moment that he bade m tell it;
Wherein I spake of most disastrou chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and fiel
Of hair-breadth scapes i' th' imminer deadly breach,
Of being taken by the insolent foe [23
And sold to slavery, of my redemptio thence
And portance[25] in my travel's history;
Wherein of antres[26] vast and deser idle,[27]
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whos heads touch heaven,
It was my hint[28] to speak—such was th process;
And of the Cannibals that each other ea
The Anthropophagi, and men whos heads [25
Do grow beneath their shoulders. Th to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house-affairs would draw h thence;
Which ever as she could with haste di patch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ea
Devour up my discourse, which I obser ing, [26
Took once a pliant[29] hour, and foun good means
To draw from her a prayer of earne heart
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had somethi heard,
But not intentively: I did consent;
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressf stroke [2
That my youth suffered. My story bei done,

[25] bearing. [28] occasion.
[26] caves. [29] suitable.
[27] barren. [30] relate.

he gave me for my pains a world of sighs:
he swore, in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange;
Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful:
he wished she had not heard it, yet she wished [280
That heaven had made her such a man; she thanked me,
nd bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
should but teach him how to tell my story,
nd that would woo her. Upon this hint I spake:
he loved me for the dangers I had passed, [290
nd I loved her that she did pity them.
This only is the witchcraft I have used.
Here comes the lady; let her witness it.

Enter DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and Attendants.*

DUKE. I think this tale would win my daughter too.—
Good Brabantio,
Take up this mangled matter at the best;
Men do their broken weapons rather use
Than their bare hands. [300
BRA. I pray you, hear her speak:
f she confess that she was half the wooer,
Destruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man!—Come hither, gentle mistress:
Do you perceive in all this noble company
Where most you owe obedience?
DES. My noble father,
do perceive here a divided duty: [310
To you I am bound for life and education;
My life and education both do learn me
How to respect you; you are the lord of duty,
am hitherto your daughter: but here's my husband;
And so much duty as my mother showed
To you, preferring you before her father,
So much I challenge that I may profess
Due to the Moor my lord. [321
BRA. God be with you! I have done.—
Please it your Grace, on to the state-affairs:
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.—
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee that with all my heart
Which, but thou hast already, with all my heart [330
I would keep from thee.—For your sake, jewel,
I am glad at soul I have no other child;
For thy escape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them.—I have done, my lord.
DUKE. Let me speak like yourself, and lay a sentence,
Which, as a grize or step, may help these lovers [340
Into your favor.
When remedies are past, the griefs are ended
By seeing the worst, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a mischief that is past and gone
Is the next way to draw new mischief on.
What cannot be preserved when Fortune takes, [350
Patience her injury a mock'ry makes.
The robbed that smiles steals something from the thief;
He robs himself that spends a bootless grief.
BRA. So let the Turk of Cyprus us beguile;
We lose it not so long as we can smile.
He bears the sentence well that nothing bears [360
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the sentence and the sorrow
That, to pay grief, must of poor patience borrow.
These sentences, to sugar, or to gall,
Being strong on both sides, are equivocal:[31]
But words are words; I never yet did hear [371
That the bruised heart was piercëd through the ear.
I humbly beseech you, proceed to the affairs of state.

[31] equivalent (Hart).

DUKE. The Turk with a most mighty preparation makes for Cyprus.—Othello, the fortitude[32] of the place is best known to you; and, though we have there a substitute of most allowed sufficiency, yet [380
opinion, a sovereign mistress of effects, throws a more safer voice on you: you must therefore be content to slubber the gross of your new fortunes with this more stubborn and boisterous expedition.

OTH. The tyrant custom, most grave senators,
Hath made the flinty and steel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize[33] [391
A natural and prompt alacrity
I find in hardness, and do undertake
These present wars against the Ottomites.
Most humbly therefore bending to your state,
I crave fit disposition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With such accommodation and besort
As levels with her breeding. [400

DUKE. If you please,
Be't at her father's.

BRA. I'll not have it so.

OTH. Nor I.

DES. Nor I: I would not there reside,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Most gracious duke,
To my unfolding[34] lend your gracious ear;
And let me find a charter in your voice
To assist my simpleness. [411

DUKE. What would you, Desdemona?

DES. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My downright violence and storm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world; my heart's subdued
Even to the very quality of my lord.
I saw Othello's visage in his mind, [420
And to his honors and his valiant parts
Did I my soul and fortunes consecrate;
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind,
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites for which I love him are bereft me,
And I a heavy interim shall support
By his dear[35] absence. Let me go with him.

OTH. Let her have your voices.— [430
Vouch with me, heaven, I therefor beg it not
To please the palate of my appetite,
Nor to comply with heat—the young affects[36]
In me defunct—and proper[37] satisfaction,
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.—
And heaven defend[38] your good souls that you think [441
I will your serious and great business scant
For she is with me. No, when light-winged toys
Of feathered Cupid seel[39] with wanton dulness
My speculative and officed instruments,[40]
That my disports[41] corrupt and taint my business, [450
Let housewives make a skillet[42] of my helm,
And all indign[43] and base adversities
Make head against my estimatiön!

DUKE. Be it as you shall privately determine,
Either for her stay or going. Th' affair cries haste,
And speed must answer it.

1 SEN. You must away to-night. [460

OTH. With all my heart.

DUKE. At nine i' th' morning here we'll meet again.—
Othello, leave some officer behind,
And he shall our commission bring to you,
With such things else of quality and respect
As doth import[44] you.

OTH. So please your Grace, my ancient;
A man he is of honesty and trust: [471

[32] strength.
[33] admit.
[34] what I have to say.
[35] deeply felt.
[36] desires.
[37] my own.
[38] forbid.
[39] blind.
[40] powers of vision and action.
[41] pleasures.
[42] kettle.
[43] unworthy.
[44] concern.

To his conveyance I assign my wife,
With what else needful your good grace shall think
To be sent after me.

DUKE. Let it be so.
Good night to every one. [*To* BRABANTIO.] And, noble signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your son-in-law is far more fair than black. [481

1 SEN. Adieu, brave Moor! use Desdemona well.

BRA. Look to her, Moor, if thou hast eyes to see:
She has deceived her father, and may thee.

OTH. My life upon her faith! [*Exeunt* DUKE, SENATORS, OFFICERS, *leaving only* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, IAGO, *and* RODERIGO.]—Honest Iago,
My Desdemona must I leave to thee: [492
I prithee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring them after in the best advantage.—
Come, Desdemona; I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matters, and direction,
To spend with thee: we must obey the time.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

ROD. Iago! [501

IAGO. What sayst thou, noble heart?

ROD. What will I do, think'st thou?

IAGO. Why, go to bed, and sleep.

ROD. I will incontinently[45] drown myself.

IAGO. Well, if thou dost, I shall never love thee after. Why, thou silly gentleman? [509

ROD. It is silliness to live when to live is torment; and then have we a prescription to die, when death is our physician.

IAGO. O! villanous; I have looked upon the world for four times seven years; and, since I could distinguish betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himself. Ere I would say I would drown myself for the love of a guinea-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon. [520

ROD. What should I do? I confess it is my shame to be so fond;[46] but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

IAGO. Virtue! a fig! 'tis in ourselves that we are thus, or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardeners; so that, if we will plant nettles or sow lettuce, set hyssop and weed up thyme, supply it with one gender[47] of herbs or distract it with many, either to have it sterile with idleness [531 or manured with industry, why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our wills. If the balance of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most preposterous conclusions; but we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts, whereof I [540 take this that you call love to be a sect[48] or scion.

ROD. It cannot be.

IAGO. It is—merely a lust of the blood and a permission of the will. Come, be a man. Drown thyself? drown cats and blind puppies. I have professed me thy friend, and I confess me knit to thy deserving with cables of perdurable toughness; I could never better stead thee [550 than now. Put money in thy purse; follow these wars; defeat thy favor[49] with an usurped beard. I say, put money in thy purse. It cannot be that Desdemona should long continue her love to the Moor—put money in thy purse—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou shalt see an answerable sequestration,[50] put but money in thy purse. These Moors are changeable in [560 their wills—fill thy purse with money—the food that to him now is as luscious as locusts, shall be to him shortly as bitter as coloquintida. She must change for youth: when she is sated with his body, she will find the error of her choice. She must have change; she must: therefore put money in thy purse. If thou wilt needs damn thyself, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all [570

[45] straightway.
[46] foolish.
[47] species.
[48] section.
[49] spoil your face.
[50] rupture.

the money thou canst. If sanctimony and a frail vow betwixt an erring[51] barbarian and a supersubtle Venetian be not too hard for my wits and all the tribe of hell, thou shalt enjoy her; therefore make money. A pox of drowning thyself! it is clean out of the way: seek thou rather to be hanged in compassing thy joy than to be drowned and go without her.

Rod. Wilt thou be fast to my hopes, if I depend on the issue? [581

Iago. Thou art sure of me: go, make money. I have told thee often, and I retell thee again and again, I hate the Moor: my cause is hearted: thine hath no less reason. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge against him; if thou canst cuckold him, thou dost thyself a pleasure, me a sport. There are many events in the womb of time which will be deliv- [590 ered. Traverse; go: provide thy money. We will have more of this to-morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where shall we meet i' th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod., *going*. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to; farewell. [*Calling him back.*] Do you hear, Roderigo?

Rod., *looking round*. What say you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear! [602

Rod. I am changed. I'll sell all my land.

Iago. Go to; farewell! put money enough in your purse.

[*Exit* Roderigo.

Thus do I ever make my fool my purse;
For I mine own gained knowledge should profane, [610
If I would time expend with such a snipe
But for my sport and profit. I hate the Moor;
And it is thought abroad that 'twixt my sheets
He has done my office: I know not if't be true;
But I, for mere suspicion in that kind,
Will do as if for surety. He holds me well; [620
The better shall my purpose work o
him.
Cassio's a proper[52] man. Let me se
now:
To get his place, and to plume up my wi
In double knavery; how, how? Let'
see.—
After some time to abuse Othello's ea
That he is too familiar with his wife:
He hath a person and a smooth dispose[5
To be suspected; framed to make wome
false. [63
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honest that but seem t
be so,
And will as tenderly be led by th' nose
As asses are.
I have't; it is engendered: hell and nigh
Must bring this monstrous birth to th
world's light. [64

ACT TWO

Scene I

Montano *and two other* Gentlemen *are met in a public place near the quay of Famagusta, the Cypriot seaport. It has been a fearfully stormy night, and the islanders are hopeful that the tempest will have scattered the Turkish fleet and save Cyprus from invasion.*

Mon. What from the cape can you discern at sea?

1 Gent. Nothing at all: it is a high-wrought flood; [1
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Descry a sail.

Mon. Methinks the wind hath spoke aloud at land;
A fuller blast ne'er shook our battlements;
If it hath ruffianed so upon the sea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, [20
Can hold the mortise? what shall we hear of this?

2 Gent. A segregation of the Turkish fleet;
For, do but stand upon the foaming shore,

[51] errant.

[52] good-looking.

[53] disposition.

he chidden billow seems to pelt the clouds;
he wind-shaked surge, with high and monstrous mane,
eems to cast water on the burning bear
nd quench the guards of th' ever-fixëd pole:
never did like molestation[1] view
n the enchafëd flood.
MON. If that the Turkish fleet
e not ensheltered and embayed, they are drowned;
is impossible they bear it out.

Enter a third GENTLEMAN.

3 GENT. News, lads! our wars are done.
he desperate tempest hath so banged the Turks
hat their designment halts; a noble ship of Venice
lath seen a grievous wrack and sufferance
n most part of their fleet.
MON. How! is this true?
3 GENT. The ship is here put in,
Veronesa; Michael Cassio,
ieutenant to the war-like Moor, Othello,
come on shore: the Moor himself's at sea,
nd is in full commission here for Cyprus.
MON. I am glad on't; 'tis a worthy governor.
3 GENT. But this same Cassio, though he speak of comfort
ouching the Turkish loss, yet he looks sadly
nd prays the Moor be safe; for they were parted
Vith foul and violent tempest.
MON. Pray heaven he be;
or I have served him, and the man commands
ike a full soldier. Let's to the seaside, ho!
s well to see the vessel that's come in
s to throw out our eyes for brave Othello,
ven till we make the main and th' aerial blue
n indistinct regard.

[1] disturbance.

3 GENT. Come, let's do so;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter CASSIO.

CAS. Thanks, you the valiant of this warlike isle,
That so approve the Moor. O! let the heavens
Give him defence against the elements,
For I have lost him on a dangerous sea.
MON. Is he well shipped?
CAS. His bark is stoutly timbered, and his pilot
Of very expert and approved allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not surfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
[*A voice within is heard crying,* "A sail! —a sail!—a sail!"

Enter a MESSENGER.

CAS. What noise?
MESS. The town is empty; on the brow o' th' sea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, "A sail!"
CAS. My hopes do shape him for the governor. [*Guns heard.*
2 GENT. They do discharge their shot of courtesy;
Our friends at least.
CAS. I pray you, sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arrived.
2 GENT. I shall. [*Exit.*
MON. But, good lieutenant, is your general wived?
CAS. Most fortunately: he hath achieved a maid
That paragons description and wild fame;
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' essential vesture of creation
Does tire the ingener.[2]

Re-enter second GENTLEMAN.

How now! who has put in?
2 GENT. 'Tis one Iago, ancient to the general.

[2] inventor.

CAS. He has had most favorable and happy speed:
Tempests themselves, high seas, and howling winds,
The guttered[3] rocks, and congregated sands—
Traitors ensteeped[4] to clog the guiltless keel— [131
As having sense of beauty, do omit
Their mortal[5] natures, letting go safely by
The divine Desdemona.
MON. What is she?
CAS. She that I spake of, our great captain's captain,
Left in the conduct[6] of the bold Iago,
Whose footing here anticipates our thoughts [141
A se'nnight's speed.—Great Jove, Othello guard,
And swell his sail with thine own pow'rful breath,
That he may bless this bay with his tall ship,
Make love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
Give renewed fire to our extincted spirits,
And bring all Cyprus comfort! [151

Enter DESDEMONA, EMILIA, IAGO, RODERIGO *(who is in disguise), and Attendants.*

O! behold,
The riches of the ship is come on shore.
Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees.—
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heaven, [160
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel[7] thee round!
DES. I thank you, valiant Cassio.
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
CAS. He is not yet arrived; nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be shortly here.
DES. O! but I fear—How lost you company? [170
CAS. The great contention of the sea and skies.

[3] pointed. [4] hidden.
[5] deadly. [6] escort.
[7] enclose.

Parted our fellowship.
[*Cry within,* "A sail!—a sail!"]—But hark! a sail. [*Guns hear*
2 GENT. They give their greeting to the citadel:
This likewise is a friend.
CAS. See for the news! [*Exit* GENTLEMAN. [18
Good ancient, you are welcome.—[*To* EMILIA.] Welcome, mistress.—
Let it not gall your patience, good Iago,
That I extend my manners; 'tis my breeding
That gives me this bold show of courtesy [*Kisses her*
IAGO. Sir, would she give you so much of her lips
As of her tongue she oft bestows on me
You would have enough. [19
DES. Alas! she has no speech
IAGO. In faith, too much;
I find it still when I have list to sleep:
Marry, before your ladyship, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart-
And chides with thinking.
EMIL. You have little cause to say so
IAGO. Come on, come on; you are pictures out of doors, [20
Bells in your parlors, wild cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries,[8] devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds.
DES. O! fie upon thee, slanderer!
IAGO. Nay, it is true, or else I am a Turk: [20
You rise to play—and go to bed to work.
EMIL. You shall not write my praise.
IAGO. No, let me not.
DES. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?
IAGO. O gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing if not critical.
DES. Come on; essay.—There's one gone to the harbor?
IAGO. Ay, madam. [21
DES. I am not merry, but I do beguile
The thing I am by seeming otherwise.
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

[8] when giving offence.

IAGO. I am about it; but indeed my invention
Comes from my pate as birdlime does from frize;
It plucks out brains and all; but my muse labors,
And thus she is delivered: [229
If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.
DES. Well praised! How if she be black and witty?
IAGO. If she be black, and thereto have a wit,
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.
DES. Worse and worse.
EMIL. How if fair and foolish?
IAGO. She never yet was foolish that was fair, [241
For even her folly helped her to an heir.
DES. These are old fond paradoxes to make fools laugh i' the alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?
IAGO. There's none so foul and foolish thereunto
But does foul pranks which fair and wise ones do. [250
DES. O heavy ignorance! thou praisest the worst best. But what praise couldst thou bestow on a deserving woman indeed, one that, in the authority of her merit, did justly put on the vouch of very malice itself?
IAGO. She that was ever fair and never proud,
Had tongue at will and yet was never loud, [260
Never lacked gold and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wish and yet said, "Now I may;"
She that being angered, her revenge being nigh,
Bade her wrong stay and her displeasure fly,
She that in wisdom never was so frail
To change the cod's head for the salmon's tail, [271
She that could think and ne'er disclose her mind,
See suitors following and not look behind:
She was a wight, if ever such wight were,—
DES. To do what?
IAGO. To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.[9] [280
DES. O most lame and impotent conclusion!—Do not learn of him, Emilia, though he be thy husband.—How say you, Cassio? is he not a most profane and liberal counsellor?
CAS. He speaks home, madam; you may relish him more in the soldier than in the scholar.
IAGO, *while* DESDEMONA *and* CASSIO *talk together,* CASSIO *acting with much* [290 *gallantry.* <He takes her by the palm. —Ay, well said,[10] whisper.—With as little a web as this will I ensnare as great a fly as Cassio.—Ay, smile upon her, do; I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. [*Mimicking* CASSIO's *manner.*] "You say true, 'tis so, indeed." If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenantry, it had been better you had not kissed your three fingers so oft, which now [300 again you are most apt to play the sir in. [CASSIO *kisses his fingers, after the style of a courtier.*] Very good; well kissed! an excellent courtesy. " 'Tis so, i'deed!" Yet again your fingers to your lips? would they were clyster-pipes for your sake!> [*A trumpet is heard.*] The Moor! I know his trumpet.
CAS. 'Tis truly so.
DES. Let's meet him and receive him.
CAS. Lo! where he comes. [311

Enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

OTH. O my fair warrior!
DES. My dear Othello!
OTH. It gives me wonder great as my content
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow till they have wakened death! [321
And let the laboring bark climb hills of seas

[9] keep household accounts. [10] done.

Olympus-high, and duck again as low
As hell's from heaven! If it were now to die,
'Twere now to be most happy, for I fear
My soul hath her content so absolute
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate. [330
DES. The heavens forbid
But that our loves and comforts should increase
Even as our days do grow!
OTH. Amen to that, sweet powers!
I cannot speak enough of this content;
It stops me—here; it is too much of joy:
[*Kissing her.*] And this, and this, the greatest discords be,
That e'er our hearts shall make! [340
IAGO. <O! you are well tuned now;
But I'll set down the pegs that make this music,
As honest as I am.>
OTH. Come, let us to the castle.
News, friends; our wars are done, the Turks are drowned.—
How does my old acquaintance of this isle?—
Honey, you shall be well desired in Cyprus; [351
I have found great love amongst them. O my sweet,
I prattle out of fashion, and I dote
In mine own comforts.—I prithee, good Iago,
Go to the bay and disembark my coffers.
Bring thou the master to the citadel;
He is a good one, and his worthiness
Does challenge much respect.—Come, Desdemona.— [361
Once more well met at Cyprus!

[*Exeunt all except* IAGO *and* RODERIGO.

IAGO. Do thou meet me presently at the harbor. Come hither. If thou be'st valiant, as they say base men being in love have then a nobility in their natures more than is native to them, list me. The lieutenant to-night watches on the court of guard. First, I must tell thee this: Desdemona is directly in love with him. [372

ROD. With him! why, 'tis not possible.

IAGO. Lay thy finger thus, and let thy soul be instructed. Mark me with what violence she first loved the Moor but fo bragging and telling her fantastical lies and will she love him still for prating let not thy discreet heart think it. Her ey must be fed; and what delight shall [38 she have to look on the devil? When th blood is made dull with the act of sport there should be, again to inflame it an to give satiety a fresh appetite, loveli ness in favor,[11] sympathy in years, man ners, and beauties; all which the Moo is defective in. Now, for want of thes required conveniences,[12] her delicate ten derness will find itself abused, begin t heave the gorge, disrelish and abhor [39 the Moor; very nature will instruct her i it, and compel her to some second choice Now, sir, this granted, as it is a mos pregnant and unforced position, wh stands so eminently in the degree of thi fortune as Cassio does? a knave ver voluble, no further conscionable than i putting on the mere form of civil an humane seeming for the better compassin of his salt[13] and most hidden loose [40 affection? why, none, why, none: a slip per[14] and subtle knave, a finder-out o occasions, that has an eye can stamp an counterfeit advantages, though true ad vantage never present itself; a devilish knave! Besides, the knave is handsome young, and hath all those requisites i him that folly and green minds loo after; a pestilent complete knave! an the woman hath found him already. [41

ROD. I cannot believe that in her; sh is full of most blessed condition.[15]

IAGO. Blessed fig's end! the wine sh drinks is made of grapes; if she had bee blessed, she would never have loved th Moor; blessed pudding! Didst thou no see her paddle with the palm of his hand didst not mark that?

ROD. Yes, that I did; but that was bu courtesy. [42

IAGO. Lechery, by this hand! an inde and obscure prologue to the history o lust and foul thoughts. They met s near with their lips, that their breath embraced together. Villanous thoughts

[11] appearance.
[12] attractions.
[13] sensual.
[14] slippery.
[15] character.

Roderigo! when these mutualities so marshal the way, hard at hand comes the master and main exercise, the incorporate conclusion. Pish! But, sir, be you ruled by me: I have brought you from Ven- [430
ice. Watch you to-night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. Cassio knows you not. I'll not be far from you. Do you find some occasion to anger Cassio, either by speaking too loud or tainting [16] his discipline, or from what other course you please which the time shall more favorably minister.

Rod. Well. [439

Iago. Sir, he's rash and very sudden in choler, and haply may strike at you: provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cause these of Cyprus to mutiny, whose qualification shall come into no true taste again but by the displanting of Cassio. So shall you have a shorter journey to your desires by the means I shall then have to prefer them; and the impediment most profitably removed without the which there were no expectation of our prosperity. [451

Rod. I will do this, if I can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the citadel: I must fetch his necessaries ashore. Farewell.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Iago. That Cassio loves her, I do well believe't;
That she loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit: [461
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a constant, loving, noble nature;
And I dare think he'll prove to Desdemona
A most dear husband. Now, I do love her too;
Not out of absolute lust—though peradventure [470
I stand accountant for as great a sin—
But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do suspect the lusty Moor
Hath leaped into my seat; the thought whereof
Doth like a poisonous mineral gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can or shall content my soul
Till I am evened with him, wife for wife;
Or, failing so, yet that I put the Moor
At least into a jealousy so strong [481
That judgment cannot cure; which thing to do,
If this poor trash of Venice, whom I trash [17]
For his quick hunting, stand the putting-on,
I'll have our Michael Cassio on the hip,
Abuse him to the Moor in the rank garb,[18] [490
(For I fear Cassio with my night-cap too),
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me
For making him egregiously an ass
And practising upon his peace and quiet
Even to madness. 'Tis here, but yet confused:
Knavery's plain face is never seen till used. [*Exit.* [500

16 calling into question.

Scene II

Late in the afternoon of the same day, a Herald *passes along the streets of Famagusta issuing a proclamation, with a crowd of people following him.*

Her. It is Othello's pleasure, our noble and valiant general, that, upon certain tidings now arrived, importing the mere [19] perdition of the Turkish fleet, every man put himself into triumph; some to dance, some to make bonfires, each man to [10
what sport and revels his addiction leads him; for, besides these beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptial. So much was his pleasure should be proclaimed. All offices [20] are open, and there is full liberty of feasting from this present hour of five till the bell have told eleven. Heaven bless the isle of Cyprus and our noble general Othello! [*Exeunt.*

Scene III

It is nearly five hours later, approaching ten o'clock at night, in a hall in the

17 hold back. 18 rankly. 19 entire.
20 The rooms in the castle where provisions are stored.

castle. OTHELLO, *who is accompanied by* DESDEMONA *and Attendants, is giving his final instructions for the night to his lieutenant,* CASSIO.

OTH. Good Michael, look you to the guard to-night:
Let's teach ourselves that honorable stop,
Not to outsport discretion. [10

CAS. Iago hath direction what to do;
But, notwithstanding, with my personal eye
Will I look to't.

OTH. Iago is most honest.
Michael, good night; to-morrow with your earliest
Let me have speech with you. [*To* DESDEMONA.] Come, my dear love,
The purchase made, the fruits are to ensue; [21
That profit's yet to come 'twixt me and you.—
Good night.

[*Exeunt* OTHELLO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

Enter IAGO.

CAS. Welcome, Iago! we must to the watch. [29

IAGO. Not this hour, lieutenant; 'tis not yet ten o' the clock. Our general cast us thus early for the love of his Desdemona, who let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her, and she is sport for Jove.

CAS. She's a most exquisite lady.

IAGO. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.

CAS. Indeed, she is a most fresh and delicate creature. [40

IAGO. What an eye she has! methinks it sounds a parley of provocation.

CAS. An inviting eye; and yet methinks right modest.

IAGO. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

CAS. She is indeed perfection.

IAGO. Well, happiness to their sheets! Come, lieutenant, I have a stoup of wine, and here without are a brace of Cyprus gallants that would fain have a measure to the health of black Othello. [52

CAS. Not to-night, good Iago: I hav very poor and unhappy brains for drink ing: I could well wish courtesy would in vent some other custom of entertainmen

IAGO. O! they are our friends; but on cup: I'll drink for you.

CAS. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified [21] too, and, behold, what innovation it [6 makes here [*indicating his head*]. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dar not task my weakness with any more.

IAGO. What, man! 'tis a night of revels the gallants desire it.

CAS. Where are they?

IAGO. Here at the door; I pray you call them in.

CAS. I'll do't; but it dislikes me. [7 [*Exi*

IAGO. If I can fasten but one cup upo him,
With that which he hath drunk to-nigh already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence
As my young mistress' dog. Now, my sic fool Roderigo,
Whom love hath turned almost the wron side out, [8
To Desdemona hath to-night caroused
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch
Three lads of Cyprus, noble swellin spirits,
That hold their honors in a wary dis tance,
The very elements of this war-like isle,
Have I to-night flustered with flowin cups;
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst thi flock of drunkards, [9
Am I to put our Cassio in some action
That may offend the isle. But here the come.
If consequence do but approve m dream,
My boat sails freely, both with wind an stream.

Re-enter CASSIO, *with* MONTANO *and* GEN TLEMEN, *Servant following with wine.*

CAS. Fore heaven, they have given m a rouse [22] already. [10

[21] diluted. [22] bumper.

Mon. Good faith, a little one; not past a pint, as I am a soldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [*Sings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink;
And let me the canakin clink:
A soldier's a man;
A life's but a span;
Why, then let a soldier drink. [110

Some wine, boys!

Cas., *who is already showing the effect of the liquor.* Fore God, an excellent song.

Iago. I learned it in England, where indeed they are most potent in potting; your Dane, your German, and your swag-bellied Hollander—drink, ho!—are nothing to your English.

Cas. Is your Englishman so expert in his drinking? [120

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your Dane dead drunk; he sweats not to overthrow your Almain; he gives your Hollander a vomit ere the next pottle can be filled.

Cas. To the health of our general!

Mon. I am for it, lieutenant; and I'll do you justice.

Iago. O sweet England! [*Sings.*

King Stephen was a worthy peer; [130
His breeches cost him but a crown;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
With that he called the tailor 'lown.'
He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee."

Some wine, ho!

Cas. Why, this is a more exquisite song than the other. [140

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Cas. No; for I hold him to be unworthy of his place that does those things. Well, God's above all; and there be souls must be saved, and there be souls must not be saved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Cas. For mine own part—no offence to the general nor any man of quality—I hope to be saved. [150

Iago. And so do I too, lieutenant.

Cas. Ay; but, by your leave, not before me; the lieutenant is to be saved before the ancient.—[*Making an effort to pull himself together.*] Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. God forgive us our sins! Gentlemen, let's look to our business. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left hand. I am not drunk now; I can stand well enough, and speak well enough. [162

All. Excellent well.

Cas. Why, very well, then; you must not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Mon. To the platform, masters; come, let's set the watch.

Iago. You see this fellow that is gone before?
He is a soldier fit to stand by Cæsar [170
And give direction; and do but see his vice:
'Tis to his virtue a just equinox,[23]
The one as long as th' other; 'tis pity of him.
I fear the trust Othello puts him in,
On some odd time of his infirmity,
Will shake this island.

Mon. But is he often thus? [181

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his sleep:
He'll watch the horologe a double set,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mon. It were well
The general were put in mind of it.
Perhaps he sees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in Cassio,
And looks not on his evils. Is not this true?

Enter Roderigo. [190

Iago. <How now, Roderigo!
I pray you, after the lieutenant; go.>
[*Exit* Roderigo.

Mon. And 'tis great pity that the noble Moor
Should hazard such a place as his own second
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honest action to say
So to the Moor. [200

Iago. Not I, for this fair island:
I do love Cassio well, and would do much

[23] equivalent.

To cure him of this evil. [*Cry within,* "Help! Help!"] But hark! what noise?

RODERIGO *runs in, followed by* CASSIO.

CAS. You rogue! you rascal!
MON. What's the matter, lieutenant?
CAS. A knave teach me my duty!
I'll beat the knave into a twiggen[24] bottle. [211
ROD. Beat me!
CAS., *striking him.* Dost thou prate, rogue?
MON., *interfering.* Nay, good lieutenant;
I pray you, sir, hold your hand.
CAS. Let me go, sir,
Or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.[25] [219
MON. Come, come; you're drunk.
CAS. Drunk! [*Fights with* MONTANO.
IAGO., *to* RODERIGO. <Away, I say! go out, and cry a mutiny.>
[*Exit* RODERIGO.
Nay, good lieutenant!—God's will, gentlemen!
Help, ho!—Lieutenant! sir!—Montano! sir!—
Help, masters! Here's a goodly watch indeed! [*Bell rings.*
Who's that that rings the bell? *Diablo,* ho! [232
The town will rise: God's will! lieutenant, hold!
You'll be shamed for ever.

Re-enter OTHELLO *and Attendants.*

OTH. What is the matter here?
MON. 'Zounds! I bleed still;[26] I am hurt to the death.
OTH. Hold, for your lives! [240
IAGO. Hold, ho, lieutenant!—Sir! Montano!—gentlemen!—
[*To* CASSIO.] Have you forgot all sense of place and duty?
Hold! the general speaks to you; hold for shame!
OTH. Why, how now, ho! from whence ariseth this?

[24] wicker (the word Qq use).
[25] head.
[26] This word seems inappropriate. Dr. Tannenbaum suggests "sirs."

Are we turned Turks, and to ourselves do that [250
Which heaven hath forbid the Ottomites?
For Christian shame put by this barbarous brawl;
He that stirs next to carve for his own rage
Holds his soul light; he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell! it frights the isle [259
From her propriety.[27] [*Exit one of his Attendants.*]—What is the matter masters?—
Honest Iago, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
IAGO. I do not know; friends all but now, even now,
In quarter and in terms like bride and groom [270
Devesting them for bed; and then, but now—
As if some planet had unwitted men—
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breast,
In opposition bloody. I cannot speak
Any beginning to this peevish odds;[28]
And would in action glorious I had lost
Those legs that brought me to a part of it! [280
OTH. How comes it, Michael, you are thus forgot?
CAS. I pray you, pardon me; I cannot speak.
OTH. Worthy Montano, you were wont be civil;
The gravity and stillness of your youth
The world hath noted, and your name is great
In mouths of wisest censure,[29] what's the matter, [291
That you unlace your reputation thus
And spend your rich opinion[30] for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me answer to it.
MON. Worthy Othello, I am hurt to danger;

[27] out of herself.
[28] stupid quarrel.
[29] judgment.
[30] fame.

Your officer, Iago, can inform you—
While I spare speech, which something now offends[31] me— [300
Of all that I do know; nor know I aught
By me that's said or done amiss this night,
Unless self-charity be sometimes a vice,
And to defend ourselves it be a sin,
When violence assails us.
OTH. Now, by heaven,
My blood[32] begins my safer guides to rule; [310
And passion, having my best judgment collied,[33]
Assays to lead the way. If I once stir,
Or do but lift this arm, the best of you
Shall sink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began, who set it on;
And he that is approved in this offence,
Though he had twinned with me—both at a birth— [320
Shall lose me. What! in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,
To manage private and domestic quarrel,
In night, and on the court and guard of safety!
'Tis monstrous!—Iago, who began't?
MON. If, partially affined, or leagued in office,
Thou dost deliver more or less than truth,
Thou art no soldier. [331
IAGO. Touch me not so near;
I had rather have this tongue cut from my mouth
Than it should do offence to Michael Cassio;
Yet, I persuade myself, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus it is, general:
Montano and myself being in speech, [340
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And Cassio following with determined sword
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to Cassio, and entreats his pause;
Myself the crying fellow did pursue,
Lest by his clamor, as it so fell out,
The town might fall in fright; he, swift of foot, [351
Outran my purpose, and I returned the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And Cassio high in oath, which till to-night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back—
For this was brief—I found them close together, [361
At blow and thrust, even as again they were
When you yourself did part them.
More of this matter can I not report;
But men are men; the best sometimes forget:
Though Cassio did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best, [371
Yet, surely Cassio, I believe, received
From him that fled some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
OTH. I know, Iago,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to Cassio.—Cassio, I love thee; [380
But never more be officer of mine.

Enter DESDEMONA, *attended.*

Look! if my gentle love be not raised up.
[*To* CASSIO] I'll make thee an example.
DES. What's the matter?
OTH. All's well now, sweeting; come away to bed.—
Sir, for your hurts, myself will be your surgeon. [MONTANO *is led off.*
Iago, look with care about the town, [390
And silence those whom this vild brawl distracted.—
Come, Desdemona; 'tis the soldiers' life,
To have their balmy slumbers waked with strife.
[*Exeunt all but* IAGO *and* CASSIO.
IAGO. What! are you hurt, lieutenant?
CAS. Ay; past all surgery.

[31] hurts. [32] rage. [33] darkened.

Iago. Marry, heaven forbid! [399

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! O! I have lost my reputation. I have lost the immortal part of myself; and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!

Iago. As I am an honest man, I thought you had received some bodily wound; there is more offence in that than in reputation. Reputation is an idle and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving: you [410 have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute yourself such a loser. What! man; there are ways to recover the general again; you are but now cast[34] in his mood,[35] a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he is yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despised than to deceive so good a commander [420 with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk! and speak parrot! and squabble, swagger, swear, and discourse fustian with one's own shadow! O thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!

Iago. What was he that you followed with your sword? What had he done to you? [430

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly; a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. O God! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains; that we should, with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform ourselves into beasts. [439

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough; how came you thus recovered?

Cas. It hath pleased the devil drunkenness to give place to the devil wrath; one unperfectness shows me another, to make me frankly despise myself.

Iago. Come, you are too severe a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country stands, I could heartily wish this had not befallen, but since it is as it is, mend it for your own good. [451

Cas. I will ask him for my place again; he shall tell me I am a drunkard! Had I as many mouths as Hydra, such an answer would stop them all. To be now a sensible man, by and by a fool, and presently a beast! O strange! Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil. [459

Iago. Come, come; good wine is a good familiar creature if it be well used; exclaim no more against it. And, good lieutenant, I think you think I love you

Cas. I have well approved it, sir.—I drunk!

Iago. You or any man living may be drunk at some time, man. I'll tell you what you shall do. Our general's wife is now the general: I may say so in this respect, for that he hath devoted and [470 given up himself to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces: confess yourself freely to her; importune her; she'll help to put you in your place again. She is of so free, so kind, so apt, so blessed a disposition, that she holds it a vice in her goodness not to do more than she is requested. This broken joint between you and her husband entreat her to splinter; and my [480 fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous Desdemona to undertake for me. I am desperate of my fortunes if they check me here. [491

Iago. You are in the right. Good night, lieutenant; I must to the watch.

Cas. Good night, honest Iago! [*Exit.*

Iago. And what's he then that says I play the villain?

When this advice is free I give and honest,

Probal to thinking and indeed the course

[34] cashiered.
[35] anger.

To win the Moor again? For 'tis most easy
The inclining Desdemona to subdue
In any honest suit; she's framed as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemëd sin,
His soul is so enfettered to her love,
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the god
With his weak function. How am I then a villain
To counsel Cassio to this parallel course,
Directly to his good? Divinity of hell!
When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows,
As I do now; for, while this honest fool
Plies Desdemona to repair his fortunes,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor,
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust;
And, by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into pitch,
And out of her own goodness make the net
That shall enmesh them all.

Re-enter Roderigo.

How now, Roderigo!

Rod. I do follow here in the chase, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My money is almost spent; I have been to-night exceedingly well cudgelled; and I think the issue will be, I shall have so much experience for my pains; and so, with no money at all and a little more wit, return again to Venice.

Iago. How poor are they that have not patiënce!
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'st we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time.
Does't not go well? Cassio hath beaten thee,
And thou by that small hurt hast cashiered Cassio.
Though other things grow fair against the sun,
Yet fruits that blossom first will first be ripe:
Content thyself awhile. By the mass, 'tis morning!
Pleasure and action make the hours seem short.
Retire thee; go where thou art billeted.
Away, I say; thou shalt know more hereafter.
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Roderigo.
Two things are to be done,
My wife must move for Cassio to her mistress;
I'll set her on;
Myself the while to draw the Moor apart,
And bring him jump[36] when he may Cassio find
Soliciting his wife. Ay, that's the way:
Dull not device by coldness and delay.
[*Exit.*

ACT THREE

Scene I

Early in the morning Cassio *appears with some* Musicians *before the castle, his intention being to serenade the newly-wedded couple, in accordance with custom, in the hope that he may thus recover some of his lost ground with the general.*

Cas. Masters, play here, I will content your pains;
Something that's brief; and bid "Good morrow, general." [*Music.*

Enter Clown.

Clo. Why, masters, have your instruments been in Naples, that they speak i' th' nose thus?

1 Mus. How, sir, how?

Clo. Are these, I pray you, wind-instruments?

1 Mus. Ay, marry, are they, sir.

[36] just.

Clo. O! thereby hangs a tail. [20

1 Mus. Whereby hangs a tale, sir?

Clo. Marry, sir, by many a wind-instrument that I know. But, masters, here's money for you; and the general so likes your music, that he desires you, for love's sake, to make no more noise with it.

1 Mus. Well, sir, we will not.

Clo. If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again; but, as they say, to hear music the general does not greatly care. [32

1 Mus. We have none such, sir.

Clo. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go; vanish into air; away! [*Exeunt* Musicians.

Cas. Dost thou hear, mine honest friend?

Clo. No, I hear not your honest friend; I hear you. [40

Cas. Prithee, keep up thy quillets. There's a poor piece of gold for thee. If the gentlewoman that attends the general's wife be stirring, tell her there's one Cassio entreats her a little favor of speech: wilt thou do this?

Clo. She is stirring, sir: if she will stir hither, I shall seem to notify unto her.

Cas. Do, good my friend.

[*Exit* Clown. [50

Enter Iago.

In happy time, Iago.

Iago. You have not been a-bed, then?

Cas. Why, no; the day had broke
Before we parted. I have made bold, Iago,
To send in to your wife; my suit to her
Is, that she will to virtuous Desdemona
Procure me some[1] access. [59

Iago. I'll send her to you presently;[2]
And I'll devise a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your convérse and business
May be more free.

Cas. I humbly thank you for't. [*Exit* Iago.] I never knew
A Florentine[3] more kind and honest.

Enter Emilia.

Emil. Good morrow, good lieutenant: I am sorry [70
For your displeasure,[4] but all will soon be well.
The general and his wife are talking of it;
And she speaks for you stoutly. The Moor replies
That he you hurt is of great fame in Cyprus
And great affinity,[5] and that in wholesome wisdom
He might not but refuse[6] you; but he protests he loves you, [81
And needs no other suitor but his likings
To take the safest occasion by the front
To bring you in again.

Cas. Yet, I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With Desdemon alone.

Emil. Pray you, come in: [90
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.

Cas. I am much bound to you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II

Othello *enters a room in the castle where* Iago *and some Gentlemen are. He has letters in his hand.*

Oth. These letters give, Iago, to the pilot;
And by him do my duties to the senate.
That done, I will be walking on the works;
Repair there to me. [9

Iago. Well, my good lord; I'll do't.

[*Exit.*

Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?

Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

Emilia *has secured to* Cassio *his de-*

[1] As the word "some" does not suit the metre or improve the sense, its right to be present may be questioned.
[2] at once.
[3] Even a Florentine. Iago was a Venetian
[4] misfortune. [5] well connected. [6] disrate.

ired interview with DESDEMONA. *The hree are in the castle garden.*

DES. Be thou assured, good Cassio, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
EMIL. Good madam, do: I warrant it grieves my husband,
As if the case were his.
DES. O! that's an honest fellow. Do not doubt, Cassio, [11
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
CAS. Bounteous madam,
Whatever shall become of Michael Cassio,
He's never anything but your true servant.
DES. I know't; I thank you. You do love my lord;
You have known him long; and be you well assured [21
He shall in strangeness stand no further off
Than in a politic distance.
CAS. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either last so long
Or feed upon such nice and waterish diet,
Or breed itself so out of circumstance,
That, I being absent and my place supplied, [30
My general will forget my love and service.
DES. Do not doubt that; before Emilia here
I give thee warrant of thy place. Assure thee,
If I do vow a friendship, I'll perform it
To the last article; my lord shall never rest;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience; [41
His bed shall seem a school, his board a shrift; [7]
I'll intermingle every thing he does
With Cassio's suit. Therefore, be merry, Cassio;
For thy solicitor shall rather die
Than give thy cause away.

Enter OTHELLO *and* IAGO *at a distance.*

EMIL. Madam, here comes my lord. [50

[7] confessional.

CAS. Madam, I'll take my leave.
DES. Why, stay, and hear me speak.
CAS. Madam, not now; I am very ill at ease,
Unfit for mine own purposes.
DES. Well, do your discretion.
[*Exit* CASSIO.
IAGO. Ha! I like not that.
OTH. What dost thou say?
IAGO. Nothing, my lord: or if—I know not what. [61
OTH. Was not that Cassio parted from my wife?
IAGO. Cassio, my lord! No, sure, I cannot think it,
That he would steal away so guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
OTH. I do believe 'twas he.
DES. How now, my lord!
I have been talking with a suitor here, [70
A man that languishes in your displeasure.
OTH. Who is't you mean?
DES. Why, your lieutenant, Cassio. Good my lord,
If I have any grace or power to move you,
His present reconciliation take;
For, if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance and not in cunning, [81
I have no judgment in an honest face.
I prithee call him back.
OTH. Went he hence now?
DES. Ay, sooth; so humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To suffer with him. Good love, call him back.
OTH. Not now, sweet Desdemon; some other time. [91
DES. But shall't be shortly?
OTH. The sooner, sweet, for you.
DES. Shall't be to-night at supper?
OTH. No, not to-night.
DES. To-morrow dinner then?
OTH. I shall not dine at home;
I meet the captains at the citadel.
DES. Why then, to-morrow night; or Tuesday morn; [100
On Tuesday noon, or night; on Wednesday morn:

I prithee name the time, but let it not
Exceed three days: in faith, he's penitent;
And yet his trespass, in our common reason—
Save that they say, the wars must make examples [109
Out of their best—is not almost a fault
T' incur a private check.[8] When shall he come?
Tell me, Othello: I wonder in my soul,
What you could ask me that I should deny,
Or stand so mamm'ring[9] on. What! Michael Cassio,
That came a-wooing with you, and so many a time, [119
When I have spoke of you dispraisingly,
Hath ta'en your part; to have so much to do
To bring him in! Trust me, I could do much—
OTH. Prithee, no more; let him come when he will;
I will deny thee nothing.
DES. Why, this is not a boon;
'Tis as I should entreat you wear your gloves, [130
Or feed on nourishing dishes, or keep you warm,
Or sue to you to do a peculiar profit
To your own person; nay, when I have a suit
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It shall be full of poise[10] and difficult weight,
And fearful to be granted. [140
OTH. I will deny thee nothing;
Whereon, I do beseech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to myself.
DES. Shall I deny you? no: farewell, my lord.
OTH. Farewell, my Desdemona: I'll come to thee straight.
DES. Emilia, come.—Be as your fancies teach you; [150
Whate'er you be, I am obedient.
[*Exit, with* EMILIA.

[8] rebuke. [9] hesitating.
[10] consequence.

OTH. Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul
But I do love thee! and, when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.
IAGO. My noble lord—
OTH. What dost thou say, Iago?
IAGO. Did Michael Cassio, when you wooed my lady, [161
Know of your love?
OTH. He did, from first to last: why dost thou ask?
IAGO. But for a satisfaction of my thought;
No further harm.
OTH. Why of thy thought, Iago?
IAGO. I did not think he had been acquainted with her. [170
OTH. O, yes; and went between us very oft.
IAGO. Indeed!
OTH. Indeed, ay, indeed; discern'st thou aught
In that? Is he not honest?
IAGO. Honest, my lord?
OTH. Honest! ay, honest.
IAGO. My lord, for aught I know.
OTH. What dost thou think? [180
IAGO. Think, my lord!
OTH. <Think, my lord!
By heaven, he echoes me,
As if there were some monster in his thought
Too hideous to be shown.> Thou dost mean something:
I heard thee say but now, thou lik'[d]st not that, [191
When Cassio left my wife; what didst not like?
And, when I told thee he was of my counsel
In my whole course of wooing, thou criedst, "Indeed!"
And didst contract and purse thy brow together,
As if thou then hadst shut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit. If thou dost love me, [201
Show me thy thought.
IAGO. My lord, you know I love you.

OTH. I think thou dost;
And, for I know thou art full of love and honesty,
And weigh'st thy words before thou giv'st them breath,
Therefore these stops of thine fright me the more;
For such things in a false disloyal knave
Are tricks of custom, but in a man that's just
They are close dilations, working from the heart
That passion cannot rule.
IAGO. For Michael Cassio,
I dare be sworn I think that he is honest.
OTH. I think so too.
IAGO. Men should be what they seem;
Or, those that be not, would they might seem none!
OTH. Certain, men should be what they seem.
IAGO. Why, then, I think Cassio's an honest man.
OTH. Nay, yet there's more in this.
I pray thee, speak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou dost ruminate, and give thy worst of thoughts
The worst of words.
IAGO. Good my lord, pardon me;
Though I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that all slaves are free to.
Utter my thoughts? Why, say they are vild and false;
As where's that palace whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breast so pure
But some uncleanly apprehensiöns
Keep leets and law days, and in sessions sit
With meditations lawful?
OTH. Thou dost conspire against thy friend, Iago,
If thou but think'st him wronged, and mak'st his ear
A stranger to thy thoughts.
IAGO. I do beseech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my guess—
As, I confess, it is my nature's plague
To spy into abuses, and oft my jealousy
Shapes faults that are not—that your wisdom yet,
From one that so imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build yourself a trouble
Out of his scattering[11] and unsure observance.
It were not for your quiet nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honesty, or wisdom,
To let you know my thoughts.
OTH. What dost thou mean?
IAGO. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls:
Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.
OTH. By heaven, I'll know thy thoughts!
IAGO. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor shall not, whilst 'tis in my custody.
OTH. Ha!
IAGO. O! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on; that cuckold lives in bliss
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, O! what damnëd minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts; suspects, yet soundly loves!
OTH. O misery!
IAGO. Poor and content is rich, and rich enough,
But riches fineless[12] is as poor as winter
To him that ever fears he shall be poor.
Good heaven, the souls of all my tribe defend
From jealousy!

[11] random. [12] boundless.

OTH. Why, why is this?
Think'st thou I'd make a life of jealousy,
To follow still the changes of the moon
With fresh suspicions? No; to be once in doubt
Is once to be resolved. Exchange me for a goat
When I shall turn the business of my soul
To such exsufflicate[13] and blown surmises,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous
To say my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of speech, sings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, these are more virtuous;
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The smallest fear or doubt of her revolt;
For she had eyes, and chose me. No, Iago;
I'll see before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this:
Away at once with love or jealousy!

IAGO. I am glad of this; for now I shall have reason
To show the love and duty that I bear you
With franker spirit; therefore, as I am bound,
Receive it from me; I speak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife; observe her well with Cassio;
Wear your eye thus, not jealous nor secure.
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of self-bounty be abused; look to't:
I know our country disposition well;
In Venice they do let heaven see the pranks
They dare not show their husbands; their best conscience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

OTH. Dost thou say so?

IAGO. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when she seemed to shake and fear your looks,
She loved them most.

OTH. And so she did.

IAGO. Why, go to, then;
She that, so young, could give out such a seeming,
To seel her father's eyes up close as oak,
He thought 'twas witchcraft.—But I am much to blame;
I humbly do beseech you of your pardon
For too much loving you.

OTH. I am bound to thee for ever.

IAGO. I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

OTH. Not a jot, not a jot.

IAGO. I' faith, I fear it has.
I hope you will consider what is spoke
Comes from my love. But, I do see y'are moved;
I am to pray you not to strain my speech
To grosser issues nor to larger reach
Than to suspicion.

OTH. I will not.

IAGO. Should you do so, my lord,
My speech should fall into such vild success[14]
As my thoughts aim not at. Cassio's my worthy friend—
My lord, I see y'are moved.

OTH. No, not much moved:
I do not think but Desdemona's honest.

IAGO. Long live she so! and long live you to think so!

OTH. And, yet, how nature erring[15] from itself—

IAGO. Ay, there's the point: as, to be bold with you,
Not to affect many proposëd matches
Of her own clime, complexion, and degree,
Whereto, we see, in all things nature tends;
Foh! one may smell in such, a will most rank,
Foul disproportion, thoughts unnatural.
But pardon me; I do not in position[16]

[13] trivial.

[14] consequences.
[15] wandering.
[16] positiveness.

distinctly speak of her, though I may fear
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fail to match you with her country forms [410
And, happily,[17] repent.

OTH. Farewell, farewell!
If more thou dost perceive, let me know more;
Set on thy wife to observe. Leave me, Iago.

IAGO. My lord, I take my leave.
[*Turns to go.*

OTH. <Why did I marry? This honest creature, doubtless, [420
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.>

IAGO, *turning back.* My lord, I would I might entreat your honor
To scan this thing no farther; leave it to time.
Although 'tis fit that Cassio have his place, [428
For, sure he fills it up with great ability,
Yet, if you please to hold him off awhile,
You shall by that perceive him and his means.
Note if your lady strain his entertainment
With any strong or vehement importunity;
Much will be seen in that. In the meantime, [438
Let me be thought too busy in my fears—
As worthy cause I have to fear I am—
And hold her free, I do beseech your honor.

OTH. Fear not my government.

IAGO. I once more take my leave.
[*Exit.*

OTH. This fellow's of exceeding honesty,
And knows all qualities, with a learnèd spirit,
Of human dealings; if I do prove her haggard, [450
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind,
To prey at fortune. Haply for I am black
And have not those soft parts of conversation
That chamberers have, or for I am declined [460
Into the vale of years—yet that's not much—
She's gone, I am abused; and my relief
Must be to loathe her. O curse of marriäge!
That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites. I had rather be a toad, [469
And live upon the vapor of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love
For others' uses. Yet, 'tis the plague of great ones;
Prerogatived are they less than the base;
'Tis destiny unshunnable, like death:
Even then this forkèd plague is fated to us
When we do quicken. Look! where she comes. [479
If she be false, O! then heaven mocks itself.
I'll not believe it.

Re-enter DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

DES. How now, my dear Othello!
Your dinner and the generous islanders
By you invited do attend[18] your presence.

OTH. I am to blame.

DES. Why do you speak so faintly?
Are you not well? [490

OTH. I have a pain upon my forehead —here.

DES. Why, that's with watching; 'twill away again:
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well. [*Offers to bind his head.*

OTH. Your napkin is too little: [498
[*He waves the handkerchief away with his hand, and it falls to the ground. She is about to stoop to pick it up.*
Let it alone. Come, I'll go in with you.

DES. I am very sorry that you are not well.
[*Exeunt* OTHELLO *and* DESDEMONA.

[17] mayhap.

[18] await.

EMIL. I am glad I have found this napkin;
This was her first remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward husband hath a hundred times
Wooed me to steal it; but she so loves the token,
For he conjúred her she should ever keep it,
That she reserves it evermore about her,
To kiss and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't Iago:
What he will do with it heaven knows, not I;
I nothing but to please his fantasy.

Enter IAGO.

IAGO. How now! what do you here alone?
EMIL. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.
IAGO. A thing for me? It is a common thing—
EMIL. Ha!
IAGO. To have a foolish wife.
EMIL. O! is that all? What will you give me now
For that same handkerchief?
IAGO. What handkerchief?
EMIL. What handkerchief!
Why, that the Moor first gave to Desdemona:
That which so often you did bid me steal.
IAGO. Hast stol'n it from her?
EMIL. No, faith; she let it drop by negligence,
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up.
Look, here it is.
IAGO. A good wench; give it me.
EMIL. What will you do with't, that you have been so earnest
To have me filch it?
IAGO. Why, what's that to you? [*Snatches it.*
EMIL. If it be not for some purpose of impórt
Give't me again; poor lady! she'll run mad
When she shall lack it.
IAGO. Be not acknown on't; I have use for it.
Go, leave me. [*Exit* EMILIA.
I will in Cassio's lodging lose this napkin
And let him find it; trifles light as air
Are to the jealous confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ; this may do something.
The Moor already changes with my poison:
Dangerous conceits are in their natures poisons,
Which at the first are scarce found to distaste,
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of sulphur. I did say so:
Look where he comes!—Not poppy, nor mandragora,
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou ow'dst yesterday.

Enter OTHELLO.

OTH. Ha! ha! false to me?
IAGO. Why, how now, generàl! no more of that.
OTH. Avaunt! be gone! thou hast set me on the rack;
I swear 'tis better to be much abused
Than but to know't a little.
IAGO. How now, my lord!
OTH. What sense had I of her stol'n hours of lust?
I saw't not, thought it not, it harmed not me;
I slept the next night well, was free and merry;
I found not Cassio's kisses on her lips;
He that is robbed, not wanting what is stol'n,
Let him not know't and he's not robbed at all.
IAGO. I am sorry to hear this.
OTH. I had been happy, if the general camp,
Pioners and all, had tasted her sweet body,
So I had nothing known. O! now, for ever

arewell the tranquil mind; farewell content!
arewell the plumëd troop and the big wars [610
hat make ambition virtue! O, farewell!
arewell the neighing steed, and the shrill trump,
he spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
he royal banner, and all quality,
ride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war!
nd, O you mortal engines, whose rude throats [620
h' immortal Jove's dread clamors counterfeit,
arewell! Othello's occupation's gone!
IAGO. Is it possible! My lord—
OTH. Villain, be sure thou prove my love a whore;
e sure of it; give me the ocular proof;
r, by the worth of mine eternal soul,
hou hadst been better have been born a dog [630
han answer my waked wrath.
IAGO. Is't come to this?
OTH. Make me to see't; or, at the least, so prove it,
hat the probation bear no hinge nor loop
o hang a doubt on; or woe upon thy life!
IAGO. My noble lord—
OTH. If thou dost slander her and torture me, [641
ever pray more; abandon all remorse;
n horror's head horrors accumulate;
o deeds to make heaven weep, all earth amazed;
or nothing canst thou to damnation add
reater than that.
IAGO. O grace! O heaven forgive me!
re you a man? have you a soul, or sense? [650
od be wi' you; take mine office.—O wretched fool!
hat liv'st to make thine honesty a vice.
monstrous world! Take note, take note, O world!
o be direct and honest is not safe.—
I thank you for this profit,[19] and, from hence
I'll love no friend, sith love breeds such offence. [660
OTH. Nay, stay; thou shouldst be honest.
IAGO. I should be wise; for honesty's a fool,
And loses that it works for.
OTH. By the world,
I think my wife be honest, and think she is not;
I think that thou art just, and think thou art not. [670
I'll have some proof. Her[20] name, that was as fresh
As Dian's visage, is now begrimed and black
As mine own face. If there be cords or knives,
Poison or fire or suffocating streams,
I'll not endure it. Would I were satisfied! [679
IAGO. I see, sir, you are eaten up with passion.
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be satisfied?
OTH. Would! nay, I will.
IAGO. And may; but how? how satisfied, my lord?
Would you, the supervisor, grossly gape on—
Behold her tupped? [689
OTH. Death and damnation! O!
IAGO. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring them to that prospect; damn them then,
If ever mortal eyes do see them bolster
More than their own! What then? how then?
What shall I say? Where's satisfactiön?
It is impossible you should see this, [699
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk; but yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,

[19] lesson.
[20] F, my.

Will give you satisfaction, you may have it.
OTH. Give me a living reason she's disloyal. [710
IAGO. I do not like the office;
But, sith I am entered in this cause so far,
Pricked to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with Cassio lately;
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.
There are a kind of men so loose of soul
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs; [720
One of this kind is Cassio.
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet Desdemona,
Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, sir, would he gripe and wring my hand,
Cry, "O, sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he plucked up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then laid his leg [731
Over my thigh, and sighed, and kissed; and then
Cried, "Cursèd fate, that gave thee to the Moor!"
OTH. O monstrous! monstrous!
IAGO. Nay, this was but his dream.
OTH. But this denoted a foregone conclusion:
'Tis a shrewd doubt, though it be but a dream. [741
IAGO. And this may help to thicken other proofs
That do demónstrate thinly.
OTH. I'll tear her all to pieces.
IAGO. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet. Tell me but this:
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief [751
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?
OTH. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.
IAGO. I know not that; but such a handkerchief—
I am sure it was your wife's—did I to-day
See Cassio wipe his beard with. [760
OTH. If it be that—
IAGO. If it be that, or any that was hers,
It speaks against her with the other proofs.
OTH. O! that the slave had forty thousand lives;
One is too poor, too weak for my revenge. [769
Now do I see 'tis true. Look here, Iago;
All my fond love thus do I blow to heaven: [*Blowing imaginary thistledown from fingers.*
'Tis gone.
Arise, black vengeance, from the hollow hell! [21]
Yield up, O love! thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate. Swell, bosom, with thy fraught, [780
For 'tis of aspics' tongues!
IAGO. Yet be content.
OTH. O! blood, blood, blood!
IAGO. Patience, I say; your mind, perhaps, may change.
OTH. Never, Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontic and the Hellespont, [790
Even so my bloody thoughts, with violent pace,
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable [22] and wide revenge
Swallow them up.
[*Kneels.*] Now, by yond marble heaven
In the due reverence of a sacred vow
I here engage my words.
IAGO. Do not rise yet. [*Kneels.* [800
Witness, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements that clip us round about!
Witness that here Iago doth give up
The execution [23] of his wit, hands, heart
To wronged Othello's service! Let him command,

[21] Q, cell.
[22] adequate.
[23] functions.

nd to obey shall be in me remorse,
/hat bloody business ever. [*Both rise.*
OTH. I greet thy love,
Tot with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous, [811
nd will upon the instant put thee to't:
/ithin these three days let me hear thee say
/hat Cassio's not alive.
IAGO. My friend is dead; 'tis done at your request;
ut let her live.
OTH. Damn her, lewd minx! O, damn her! [820
ome, go with me apart; I will withdraw,
'o furnish me with some swift means of death
'or the fair devil. Now art thou my lieutenant.
IAGO. I am your own for ever.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

The ill-fated DESDEMONA *is with* EMILIA *and the* CLOWN *in the grounds of the castle, later the same day.*

DES. Do you know, sirrah, where ieutenant Cassio lies?
CLO. I dare not say he lies any where.
DES. Why, man?
CLO. He is a soldier; and for one to ay a soldier lies, is stabbing.
DES. Go to; where lodges he? [10
CLO. To tell you where he lodges is to ell you where I lie.
DES. Can anything be made of this?
CLO. I know not where he lodges, and or me to devise a lodging, and say he es here or he lies there, were to lie in iine own throat.
DES. Can you inquire him out, and be dified by report? [19
CLO. I will catechize the world for him; hat is, make questions, and by them anwer.
DES. Seek him, bid him come hither; ell him I have moved my lord in his ehalf, and hope all will be well.
CLO. To do this is within the compass f man's wit, and therefore I will attempt he doing it. [*Exit.*
DES. Where should I lose that handkerchief, Emilia? [30
EMIL. I know not, madam.
DES. Believe me, I had rather have lost my purse
Full of crusadoes; and, but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no such baseness
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.
EMIL. Is he not jealous? [40
DES. Who? he? I think the sun where he was born
Drew all such humors from him.
EMIL. Look where he comes.
DES. I will not leave him now till Cassio
Be called to him.

Enter OTHELLO.

How is't with you, my lord?
OTH. Well, my good lady. <O! hardness to dissemble!> [51
How do you, Desdemona?
DES. Well, my good lord.
OTH. Give me your hand. [*Takes it.*] This hand is moist, my lady.
DES. It yet has felt no age, nor known no sorrow.
OTH. This argues fruitfulness and liberal heart;
Hot, hot, and moist; this hand of yours requires [61
A séquester from liberty: fasting and prayer,
Much castigation, exercise devout;
For here's a young and sweating devil here,
That commonly rebels. 'Tis a good hand,
A frank one.
DES. You may, indeed, say so; [70
For 'twas that hand that gave away my heart.
OTH. A liberal hand; the hearts of old gave hands,
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.
DES. I cannot speak of this. Come now, your promise.
OTH. What promise, chuck?

DES. I have sent to bid Cassio come speak with you.
OTH. I have a salt and sorry rheum offends me.
Lend me thy handkerchief.
DES. Here, my lord.
[*Proffers a handkerchief.*
OTH., *refusing it.* That which I gave you.
DES. I have it not about me.
OTH. Not?
DES. No, indeed, my lord.
OTH. That is a fault.
That handkerchief
Did an Egyptian to my mother give;
She was a charmer, and could almost read
The thoughts of people; she told her, while she kept it
'Twould make her amiable and subdue my father
Entirely to her love; but, if she lost it
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathëd, and his spirits should hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me;
And bid me, when my fate would have me wive,
To give it her. I did so; and take heed on't;
Make it a darling like your precious eye:
To lose't or give't away were such perdition
As nothing else could match.
DES. Is't possible?
OTH. 'Tis true; there's magic in the web of it;
A sibyl that had numbered in the world
The sun to course two hundred compasses,
In her prophetic fury sewed the work;
The worms were hallowed that did breed the silk,
And it was dyed in mummy which the skilful
Conserved of maidens' hearts.
DES. Indeed! is't true?
OTH. Most veritable; therefore look to't well.
DES. Then would to heaven that I had never seen it!

OTH. Ha! wherefore?
DES. Why do you speak so startingly and rash?
OTH. Is't lost? is't gone? speak, it out o' the way?
DES. Heaven bless us!
OTH. Say you?
DES. It is not lost: but what and if were?
OTH. How!
DES. I say, it is not lost.
OTH. Fetch't, let me see
DES. Why, so I can, sir, but I will now.
This is a trick to put me from my sui
Pray you let Cassio be received again.
OTH. Fetch me the handkerchief: mind misgives.
DES. Come, come;
You'll never meet a more sufficient ma
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. I pray, talk me of Cassi
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. A man that all his tir
Hath founded his good fortunes on yo love,
Shared dangers with you,—
OTH. The handkerchief!
DES. In sooth you are to blame.
OTH. Away! [*Ex*
EMIL. Is not this man jealous?
DES. I never saw this before.
Sure, there's some wonder in this han kerchief;
I am most unhappy in the loss of it.
EMIL. 'Tis not a year or two sho us a man;
They are all but stomachs, and we a but food;
They eat us hungerly; and, when the are full,
They belch us.—Look you! Cassio an my husband.

Enter IAGO *and* CASSIO.

IAGO. <There is no other way; 't she must do't:
And, lo! the happiness: [25] go and im pórtune her.>
DES. How now, good Cassio! what the news with you?

[24] abruptly. [25] good fortune.

Cas. Madam, my former suit: I do beseech you
at by your virtuous[26] means I may again
ist, and be a member of his love
nom I with all the office of my heart
tirely honor; I would not be delayed.
my offence be of such mortal kind
at nor my service past nor present sorrows,
r purposed merit in futurity,
n ransom me into his love again,
t to know so must be my benefit;
shall I clothe me in a forced content,
d shut myself up in some other course,
fortune's alms.
Des. Alas! thrice-gentle Cassio!
advocation is not now in tune;
lord is not my lord; nor should I know him,
re he in favor[27] as in humor altered.
help me every spirit sanctified,
I have spoken for you all my best
d stood within the blank of his displeasure
my free speech. You must awhile be patient;
at I can do I will, and more I will
an for myself I dare: let that suffice you.
ago. Is my lord angry?
Emil. He went hence but now,
d, certainly in strange unquietness.
ago. Can he be angry? I have seen the cannon,
en it hath blown his ranks into the air,
d, like the devil, from his very arm
fed his own brother; and can he be angry?
nething of moment then; I will go meet him;
ere's matter in't indeed, if he be angry.
Des. I prithee, do so. [*Exit* Iago.] Something, sure, of state,
ner from Venice, or some unhatched practice
Made demonstrable here in Cyprus to him,
Hath puddled his clear spirit; and, in such cases,
Men's natures wrangle with inferior things,
Though great ones are their object. 'Tis even so;
For, let our finger ache, and it indues
Our other healthful members even to that sense
Of pain. Nay, we must think men are not gods,
Nor of them look for such observancy
As fits the bridal. Beshrew me much, Emilia,
I was—unhandsome warrior as I am—
Arraigning his unkindness with my soul;
But now I find I had suborned the witness,
And he's indicted falsely.
Emil. Pray heaven it be state-matters, as you think,
And no conception, nor no jealous toy
Concerning you.
Des. Alas the day! I never gave him cause.
Emil. But jealous souls will not be answered so;
They are not ever jealous for the cause,
But jealous for they're jealous; 'tis a monster
Begot upon itself, born on itself.
Des. Heaven keep that monster from Othello's mind!
Emil. Lady, amen!
Des. I will go seek him.—Cassio, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your suit
And seek to effect it to my uttermost.
Cas. I humbly thank your ladyship.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Emilia.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. Save you, friend Cassio!
Cas. What make you from home?
How is it with you, my most fair Bianca?
I' faith, sweet love, I was coming to your house.
Bian. And I was going to your lodging, Cassio.

[26] powerful.
[27] appearance.

What! keep a week away! [28] seven days and nights!
Eight score eight hours! and lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight score times!
O weary reck'ning!
CAS. Pardon me, Bianca,
I have this while with leaden thoughts been pressed, [289
But I shall, in a more continuate time,
Strike off this score of absence. Sweet Bianca,
[*Giving her* DESDEMONA'S *handkerchief.*] Take me this work out.
BIAN. O Cassio! whence came this?
This is some token from a newer friend;
To the felt absence now I feel a cause;
Is't come to this? Well, well.
CAS. Go to, woman!
Throw your vild guesses in the devil's teeth, [301
From whence you have them. You are jealous now
That this is from some mistress, some remembrance:
No, in good troth, Bianca.
BIAN. Why, whose is it?
CAS. I know not, sweet; I found it in my chamber.
I like the work well; ere it be demanded—
As like enough it will—I would have it copied; [311
Take it and do't; and leave me for this time.
BIAN. Leave you! wherefore?
CAS. I do attend here on the general,
And think it no addition, nor my wish,
To have him see me womaned.
BIAN. Why, I pray you?
CAS. Not that I love you not.
BIAN. But that you do not love me. [320
I pray you, bring me on the way a little
And say if I shall see you soon at night.
CAS. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here; but I'll see you soon.
BIAN. 'Tis very good; I must be circumstanced. [*Exeunt.*

[28] All this is entirely inconsistent with the time-scheme of the play.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

OTHELLO *and* IAGO *are conversing the grounds of the castle.* IAGO *is i stilling more of his poison into the Moo too receptive mind.*

IAGO. Will you think so?
OTH., *doubtingly.* Think so, Iago?
IAGO. Wha
To kiss in private?
OTH. An unauthorized kiss.
IAGO. Or, to be naked with her frie in bed [
An hour or more, not meaning any harm
OTH. Naked in bed, Iago, and not mea harm?
It is hypocrisy against the devil:
They that mean virtuously, and yet do s
The devil their virtue tempts, and the tempt heaven.
IAGO. If they do nothing, 'tis a veni slip; [
But, if I give my wife a handkerchief,—
OTH. What then?
IAGO. Why, then, 'tis hers, my lord and, being hers,
She may, I think, bestow't on any ma
OTH. She is protectress of her hono too;
May she give that?
IAGO. Her honor is an essence that not seen; [
They have it very oft that have it not
But, for the handkerchief,—
OTH. By heaven, I would most gladl have forgot it.
Thou said'st—O! it comes o'er m memory,
As doth the raven o'er the infected hous
Boding to all—he had my handkerchief.
IAGO. Ay, what of that?
OTH. That's not so good now. [4
IAGO. Wha
If I had said I had seen him do yo wrong?
Or heard him say, as knaves be suc abroad,
Who, having, by their own importunat suit,
Or voluntary dotage of some mistress,

onvincëd or supplied them, cannot choose [50
ıt they must blab—
OTH. Hath he said any thing?
IAGO. He hath, my lord; but be you well assured,
o more than he'll unswear.
OTH. What hath he said?
IAGO. Why! that he did—I know not what he did.
OTH. What? what?
IAGO. Lie— [60
OTH. With her?
IAGO. With her, on her; what you will.
OTH. Lie with her! lie on her! We y "lie on her," when they belie her. ie with her!"—that's fulsome. Hand- rchief—confessions—handkerchief! To nfess, and be hanged for his labor. rst, to be hanged, and then to confess: remble at it. Nature would not in- [70 st herself in such shadowing passion thout some instruction. It is not words ıt shake me thus. Pish! Noses, ears, d lips. Is it possible?—Confess!— ndkerchief!—O devil!

[*Falls in a trance.*

IAGO. <Work on,
y medicine, work! Thus credulous fools are caught;
d many worthy and chaste dames even thus, [81
guiltless, meet reproach.>—What ho! my lord!
y lord, I say! Othello!—

Enter CASSIO.

How now, Cassio!
CAS. What's the matter?
IAGO. My lord is fall'n into an epilepsy; is is his second fit; he had one yesterday. [90
CAS. Rub him about the temples.
IAGO. No, forbear;
e lethargy must have his quiet course; not, he foams at mouth, and by and by eaks out to savage madness. Look! he stirs;
you withdraw yourself a little while; will recover straight; when he is gone, [99
I would on great occasion speak with you.

[*Exit* CASSIO.

How is it, general? have you not hurt your head?
OTH. Dost thou mock me?
IAGO. I mock you! no, by heaven.
Would you would bear your fortune like a man!
OTH. A hornëd man's a monster and a beast.
IAGO. There's many a beast then, in a populous city, [111
And many a civil monster.
OTH. Did he confess it?
IAGO. Good sir, be a man;
Think every bearded fellow that's but yoked
May draw with you; there's millions now alive
That nightly lie in those unproper beds
Which they dare swear peculiar; your case is better. [121
O! 'tis the spite of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a wanton in a secure couch,
And to suppose her chaste. No, let me know;
And, knowing what I am, I know what she shall be.
OTH. O! thou art wise; 'tis certain.
IAGO. Stand you awhile apart; [130
Confine yourself but in a patient list.[1]
Whilst you were here o'erwhelmëd with your grief—
A passion most unsuiting such a man—
Cassio came hither; I shifted him away,
And laid good 'scuse upon your ecstasy; [2]
Bade him anon return and here speak with me;
The which he promised. Do but encave yourself, [140
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable scorns,
That dwell in every region of his face;
For I will make him tell the tale anew,
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when
He hath, and is again to cope your wife:
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience; [149

[1] within the limits of patience.
[2] fit.

Or I shall say you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
OTH. Dost thou hear, Iago?
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But—dost thou hear?—most bloody.
IAGO. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw? [OTHELLO *conceals himself.*
<Now will I question Cassio of Bianca,
A housewife that by selling her desires [160
Buys herself bread and clothes; it is a creature
That dotes on Cassio; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many and be guiled[3] by one.
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter. Here he comes:
As he shall smile, Othello shall go mad;
And his unbookish[4] jealousy must conster [171
Poor Cassio's smiles, gestures, and light behavior,
Quite in the wrong.>

Re-enter CASSIO.

How do you now, lieutenant?
CAS. The worser that you give me the addition
Whose want even kills me.
IAGO. Ply Desdemona well, and you are sure on't. [181
<Now, if this suit lay in Bianca's power,
How quickly should you speed!
CAS. Alas! poor caitiff!>
OTH. <Look how he laughs already!>
IAGO. I never knew woman love man so.
CAS. Alas! poor rogue, I think, i' faith, she loves me.
OTH. <Now he denies it faintly, and laughs it out.> [190
IAGO. <Do you hear, Cassio?>
OTH. <Now he impórtunes him
To tell it o'er: go to; well said, well said!>
IAGO. <She gives it out that you shall marry her;
Do you intend it?>
CAS. Ha, ha, ha!

[3] B, beguiled.
[4] ignorant.

OTH. <Do you triumph, Roman? you triumph?> [2
CAS. <I marry her! what? a cu tomer? I prithee, bear some charity my wit; do not think it so unwho some.> Ha, ha, ha!
OTH. <So, so, so, so. They laugh th win.>
IAGO. <Faith, the cry goes that y shall marry her.
CAS. Prithee, say true.
IAGO. I am a very villain else.> [2
OTH. <Have you scored[5] me? Well!
CAS. <This is the monkey's own givi out: she is persuaded I will marry h out of her own love and flattery, not o of my promise.>
[IAGO *makes a sign behind* CASSIO's *ba for* OTHELLO *to draw nearer, with hearing.*
OTH. <Iago beckons me; now he b gins the story.> [2
CAS. She was here even now; s haunts me in every place. I was t other day talking on the sea bank wi certain Venetians, and thither comes th bauble, and, by this hand, she falls r thus about my neck,—
OTH. <Crying, "O dear Cassio!" as were; his gesture imports it.>
CAS. So hangs and lolls and weeps up me; so hales and pulls me; ha, ha, ha! [2
OTH. <Now he tells how she pluck him to my chamber. O! I see that no of yours, but not the dog I shall thro it to.>
CAS. Well, I must leave her compan
IAGO. <Before me! look, where s comes.
CAS. 'Tis such another fitchew marry, a perfumed one.>— [2

Enter BIANCA.

What do you mean by this hauntin of me?
BIAN. Let the devil and his dam hau you! What did you mean by that san handkerchief you gave me even now? was a fine fool to take it. I must tak out the work! A likely piece of wor

[5] branded.
[6] pole-cat.

at you should find it in your chamber, d not know who left it there! This is me minx's token, and I must take [250 t the work! [*Returning the handkerief.*] There, give it your hobby-horse; neresoever you had it, I'll take out no ork on't.

CAS. How now, my sweet Bianca! how w, how now!

OTH. <By heaven, that should be my ndkerchief!>

BIAN. If you'll come to supper to-night, u may; if you will not, come when [260 u are next prepared for. [*Exit.*

IAGO. After her, after her.

CAS. I must; she'll rail in the streets e.

IAGO. Will you sup there?

CAS. Yes, I intend so.

IAGO. Well, I may chance to see you, I would very fain speak with you.

CAS. Prithee, come; will you? [269

IAGO. Go to; say no more. [*Exit* CASSIO.

OTH., *advancing*. How shall I murder n, Iago?

IAGO. Did you perceive how he laughed his vice?

OTH. O, Iago!

IAGO. And did you see the handkerief?

OTH. Was that mine?

IAGO. Yours, by this hand; and to see v he prizes the foolish woman your [280 fe! she gave it him, and he hath given his whore.

OTH. I would have him nine years killing. A fine woman! a fair woman! weet woman!

IAGO. Nay, you must forget that.

OTH. Ay, let her rot and perish and be nned to-night; for she shall not live. , my heart is turned to stone; I strike and it hurts my hand. O! the world [290 th not a sweeter creature; she might by an emperor's side and command n tasks.

IAGO. Nay, that's not your way.

OTH. Hang her! I do but say what e is. So delicate with her needle! An nirable musician! O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear. Of so high and plenteous wit and invention! [7]

IAGO. She's the worse for all this. [300

OTH. O! a thousand thousand times. And then, of so gentle a condition! [8]

IAGO. Ay, too gentle.

OTH. Nay, that's certain;—but yet the pity of it, Iago! O! Iago, the pity of it, Iago!

IAGO. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for, if it touch not you, it comes near nobody.

OTH. I will chop her into messes. [310 Cuckold me!

IAGO. O! 'tis foul in her.

OTH. With mine officer!

IAGO. That's fouler.

OTH. Get me some poison, Iago; this night: I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and beauty unprovide [9] my mind again. This night, Iago.

IAGO. Do it not with poison; strangle her in her bed, even the bed she hath contaminated. [321

OTH. Good, good! the justice of it pleases; very good!

IAGO. And, for Cassio, let me be his undertaker; you shall hear more by midnight.

OTH. Excellent good. [*A trumpet within.*] What trumpet is that same?

IAGO. I warrant, something from Venice.—'Tis Lodovico, [330
Come from the duke; and, see: your wife is with him.

Enter LODOVICO, DESDEMONA, *and Attendants.*

LOD. Save you, worthy general!

OTH. With all my heart, sir.

LOD. The duke and senators of Venice greet you. [*Gives him a packet.*

OTH. I kiss the instrument of their pleasures. [340

[*Opens the packet, and reads.*

DES. And what's the news, good cousin Lodovico?

IAGO. I am very glad to see you, signiör;
Welcome to Cyprus!

[7] mentality. [8] disposition.
[9] weaken.

LOD. I thank you. How does Lieutenant Cassio?
IAGO. Lives, sir. [349
DES. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord
An unkind breach; but you shall make all well.
OTH. Are you sure of that?
DES. My lord?
OTH., *reading*. "This fail you not to do, as you will—"
LOD. He did not call; he's busy in the paper. [359
Is there division 'twixt my lord and Cassio?
DES. A most unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to Cassio.
OTH. Fire and brimstone!
DES. My lord?
IAGO.,[10] *to* OTHELLO. <Are you wise?>
DES. What! is he angry?
LOD. May be the letter moved him;
For, as I think, they do command [370 him home,
Deputing Cassio in his government.
DES. Trust me, I am glad on't.
OTH. Indeed!
DES. My lord?
OTH. I am glad to see you mad.
DES. Why, sweet Othello?
OTH. Devil! [*Strikes her.*
DES. I have not deserved this.
LOD. My lord, this would not be [380 believed in Venice,
Though I should swear I saw't: 'tis very much.
Make her amends, she weeps.
OTH. O devil, devil!—
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop she falls would prove a crocodile.—
Out of my sight! [390
DES., *going*. I will not stay to offend you.
LOD. Truly, an obedient lady; I do beseech
Your lordship, call her back.
OTH. Mistress!

[10] B, Oth.

DES., *turning back*. My lord
OTH. What would you with her, sir?
LOD. Who, I, my lord
OTH. Ay; you did wish that I would make her turn. [40
Sir, she can turn, and turn, and yet go on
And turn again; and she can weep, sir, weep;
And she's obedient, as you say—obedient
Very obedient.—Proceed you in your tears.—
Concerning this, sir,—O well-painted passion!— [40
I am commanded home.—Get you away
I'll send for you anon.—Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to Venice.—Hence avaunt!— [*Exit* DESDEMONA
Cassio shall have my place. And, sir, to-night,
I do entreat that we may sup together
You are welcome, sir, to Cyprus.—Goats and monkeys! [*Exit*
LOD. Is this the noble Moor whom our full senate [42
Call all-in-all sufficient? is this the noble nature
Whom passion could not shake? whose solid virtue
The shot of accident nor dart of chance
Could neither graze nor pierce?
IAGO. He is much changed
LOD. Are his wits safe? is he not light of brain? [43
IAGO. He's that he is; I may not breathe my censure.
What he might be (if what he might he is not)
I would to heaven he were!
LOD. What! strike his wife
IAGO. Faith, that was not so well; yet would I knew
That stroke would prove the worst!
LOD. Is it his use? [44
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?
IAGO. Alas, alas
It is not honesty[11] in me to speak
What I have seen and known. You shall observe him;
And his own courses will denote him so

[11] becoming.

at I may save my speech. Do but go after,
d mark how he continues.
LOD. I am sorry
at I am deceived in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

Towards evening in the castle the jeal-s Moor is sounding EMILIA *as to the ations between* CASSIO *and* DESDE-NA.

OTH. You have seen nothing, then?
EMIL. Nor ever heard, nor ever did suspect.
OTH. Yes, you have seen Cassio and her together.
EMIL. But then I saw no harm, and then I heard
ch syllable that breath made up be-tween them.
OTH. What! did they never whisper?
EMIL. Never, my lord.
OTH. Nor send you out o' th' way?
EMIL. Never.
OTH. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her mask, nor nothing?
EMIL. Never, my lord.
OTH. That's strange.
EMIL. I durst, my lord, to wager she is honest,
y down my soul at stake: if you think other,
move your thought; it doth abuse your bosom.
any wretch have put this in your head,
t heaven requite it with the serpent's curse!
r, if she be not honest, chaste, and true,
ere's no man happy; the purest of their wives
foul as slander.
OTH. Bid her come hither; go.
[*Exit* EMILIA.
e says enough; yet she's a simple bawd
at cannot say as much. This is a subtle whore,
closet lock and key of villanous secrets;
d yet she'll kneel and pray; I have seen her do't.

Re-enter EMILIA *with* DESDEMONA.

DES. My lord, what is your will?
OTH. Pray, chuck, come hither.
DES. What is your pleasure?
OTH. Let me see your eyes;
Look in my face.
DES. What horrible fancy's this?
OTH., *to* EMILIA. Some of your function, mistress;
Leave procreants alone and shut the door;
Cough or cry "hem" if anybody come;
Your mystery,[12] your mystery; nay, dispatch! [*Exit* EMILIA.
DES. Upon my knees, what doth your speech import?
I understand a fury in your words,
But not the words.
OTH. Why, what art thou?
DES. Your wife, my lord; your true
And loyal wife.
OTH. Come, swear it; damn thyself,
Lest, being like one of heaven, the devils themselves
Should fear to seize thee; therefore be double-damned:
Swear thou art honest.
DES. Heaven doth truly know it.
OTH. Heaven truly knows that thou art false as hell.
DES. To whom, my lord? with whom? how am I false?
OTH. Ah! Desdemon; away, away, away!
DES. Alas, the heavy day!—Why do you weep?
Am I the motive of these tears, my lord?
If haply you my father do suspect
An instrument of this your calling-back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have lost him,
Why, I have lost him too.
OTH. Had it pleased heaven
To try me with affliction, had they rained
All kinds of sores and shames on my bare head,
Steeped me in poverty to the very lips,
Given to captivity me and my utmost hopes,
I should have found in some part of my soul

[12] business.

A drop of patience; but, alas! to make me
A fixëd figure for the time of scorn[13]
To point his slow and moving finger at;
Yet could I bear that too; well, very well.
But there, where I have garnered up my heart,
Where either I must live or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs
Or else dries up; to be discarded thence!
Or keep it as a cistern for foul toads
To knot and gender in! Turn thy complexion there,
Patience, thou young and rose-lipped cherubin;
Ay, there,[14] look grim as hell!

DES. I hope my noble lord esteems me honest.

OTH. O! ay; as summer flies are in the shambles,
That quicken even with blowing. O thou weed!
Who art so lovely fair and smell'st so sweet
That the sense aches at thee, would thou hadst ne'er been born.

DES. Alas! what ignorant sin have I committed?

OTH. Was this fair paper, this most goodly book,
Made to write "whore" upon? What committed?
Committed! O thou public commoner!
I should make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cinders burn up modesty,
Did I but speak thy deeds. What committed!
Heaven stops the nose at it; and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kisses all it meets,
Is hushed within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear it. What committed!
Impudent strumpet!

DES. By heaven, you do me wrong.

OTH. Are not you a strumpet?

DES. No, as I am a Christian.
If to preserve this vessel for my lord
From any other foul unlawful touch
Be not to be a strumpet, I am none.

OTH. What! not a whore?

DES. No, as I shall be saved

OTH. Is it possible?

DES. O! heaven forgive us.

OTH., *mockingly*. I cry you mercy then;
I took you for that cunning whore of Venice
That married with Othello.—[*Calling to* EMILIA.] You, mistress,
That have the office opposite to Saint Peter,
And keep the gate of hell!

Re-enter EMILIA, *who has been listening at the keyhole.*

You, you, ay, you!
We have done our course; there's money for your pains.
[*Throws money down before her.*
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counsel. [*Exit.*

EMIL. Alas! what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?

DES. Faith, half asleep.

EMIL. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?

DES. With who?

EMIL. Why, with my lord, madam.

DES. Who is thy lord?

EMIL. He that is yours, sweet lady.

DES. I have none; do not talk to me, Emilia;
I cannot weep, nor answer have I none,
But what should go by water. Prithee, to-night
Lay on my bed my wedding sheets: remember.
And call thy husband hither.

EMIL. <Here is a change indeed!> [*Exit.*

DES. 'Tis meet I should be used so, very meet.
How have I been behaved, that he might stick
The small'st opinion on my least misuse?

Re-enter EMILIA, *with* IAGO.

IAGO. What is your pleasure, madam? How is't with you?

[13] Dr. Tannenbaum suggests "time—oh, scorn!"
[14] B, here.

DES. I cannot tell. Those that do teach
young babes
it with gentle means and easy tasks;
might have chid me so; for, in good
faith,
am a child to chiding.
IAGO. What is the matter, lady?
EMIL. Alas! Iago, my lord hath so
bewhored her,
rown such despite and heavy terms
upon her,
true hearts cannot bear.
DES. Am I that name, Iago?
IAGO. What name, fair lady?
DES. Such as she says my lord did say
I was.
EMIL. He called her whore; a beggar
in his drink
uld not have laid such terms upon his
callat.
IAGO. Why did he so?
DES., *weeping*. I do not know; I am
sure I am none such.
IAGO. Do not weep, do not weep. Alas
the day!
EMIL. Has she forsook so many noble
matches,
r father and her country and her
friends,
be called whore? would it not make
one weep?
DES. It is my wretched fortune.
IAGO. Besbrew him for it!
w comes this trick upon him?
DES. Nay, heaven doth know.
EMIL. I will be hanged, if some eternal
villain,
me busy and insinuating rogue,
me cogging,[15] cozening slave, to get
some office,
ve not devised this slander; I will be
hanged else.
IAGO. Fie! there is no such man; it is
impossible.
DES. If any such there be, heaven par-
don him!
EMIL. A halter pardon him, and hell
gnaw his bones!
ny should he call her whore? who keeps
her company?

What place? what time? what form?
what likelihood?
The Moor's abused by some most vil-
lanous knave,
Some base notorious knave, some scurvy
fellow.
O heaven! that such companions thou'dst
unfold,
And put in every honest hand a whip
To lash the rascals naked through the
world,
Even from the east to th' west!
IAGO. Speak within door.
EMIL. O! fie upon them. Some such
squire he was
That turned your wit the seamy side
without,
And made you to suspect me with the
Moor.
IAGO. You are a fool; go to.
DES., *too much occupied with the slurs cast upon herself to note this suggestion of* OTHELLO'S *lewdness*. O, good Iago,
What shall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; for, by this light
of heaven,
I know not how I lost him. Here I
kneel:
If e'er my will did trespass 'gainst his
love,
Either in discourse of thought or actual
deed,
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any
sense,
Delighted them in any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do shake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forswear me! Unkindness may
do much;
And his unkindness may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I cannot say
"whore:"
It does abhor me now I speak the word;
To do the act that might the addition
earn
Not the world's mass of vanity could
make me.
IAGO. I pray you be content, 'tis but
his humor;

[15] lying.

The business of the state does him offence,
And he does chide with you.
DES. If 'twere no other—
IAGO. 'Tis but so, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*
Hark! how these instruments summon to supper; [302
The messengers of Venice stay the meat:
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* DESDEMONA *and* EMILIA.

Enter RODERIGO.

How now, Roderigo!
ROD. I do not find that thou dealest justly with me. [310
IAGO. What in the contrary?
ROD. Every day thou daffest me[16] with some device, Iago; and rather, as it seems to me now, keepest from me all conveniency than suppliest me with the least advantage of hope. I will indeed no longer endure it, nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffered.
IAGO. Will you hear me, Roderigo? [320
ROD. Faith, I have heard too much, for your words and performances are no kin together.
IAGO. You charge me most unjustly.
ROD. With nought but truth. I have wasted myself out of my means. The jewels you have had from me to deliver to Desdemona would half have corrupted a votarist; you have told me she has received them, and returned me ex- [330 pectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquaintance; but I find none.
IAGO. Well; go to; very well.
ROD. "Very well! go to!" I cannot go to, man; nor 'tis not very well: by this hand, I say, it is very scurvy, and begin to find myself fobbed in it.
IAGO. Very well.
ROD. I tell you 'tis not very well. I will make myself known to Desdemona; [340 if she will return me my jewels, I will give over my suit and repent my unlawful solicitation; if not, assure yourself I will seek satisfaction of you.
IAGO. You have said enow.[17]

[16] puttest me off. [17] B, and all eds., now.

ROD. Ay, and said nothing, but what protest intendment of doing.
IAGO. Why, now I see there's mettle i thee, and even from this instant do buil on thee a better opinion than ever be- [35 fore. Give me thy hand, Roderigo; tho hast taken against me a most just ex ception; but yet, I protest, I have deal most directly in thy affair.
ROD. It hath not appeared.
IAGO. I grant indeed it hath not ap peared, and your suspicion is not withou wit and judgment. But, Roderigo, if tho hast that in thee indeed, which I hav greater reason to believe now than [36 ever—I mean purpose, courage, and valo —this night show it: if thou the next nigh following enjoy not Desdemona, take m from this world with treachery and devis engines for my life.
ROD. Well, what is it? is it within rea son and compass?
IAGO. Sir, there is especial commissio come from Venice to depute Cassio i Othello's place. [37
ROD. Is that true? why, then Othell and Desdemona return again to Venice.
IAGO. O, no! he goes into Mauritania and takes away with him the fair Des demona, unless his abode be lingere here by some accident; wherein none ca be so determinate[18] as the removing o Cassio.
ROD. How do you mean, removing o him? [38
IAGO. Why, by making him uncapabl of Othello's place; knocking out hi brains.
ROD. And that you would have me do
IAGO. Ay; if you dare do yourself profit and a right. He sups to-night wit a harlotry; and thither will I go to him He knows not yet of his honorable for tune. If you will watch his going thenc —which I will fashion to fall out be- [39 tween twelve and one—you may take hin at your pleasure; I will be near to secon your attempt, and he shall fall betwee us. Come, stand not amazed at it, bu go along with me; I will show you suc a necessity in his death that you sha

[18] effective.

ink yourself bound to put it on him.
is now high supper-time, and the night
ows to waste; about it.
Rod. I will hear further reason for this.
Iago. And you shall be satisfied. [401
[*Exeunt.*

Scene III

In another room in the castle, Lodo-
co, *having been the guest of* Othello
supper, is taking his leave of his host
nd hostess; Emilia *and Attendants are*
so present. Othello *has declared his*
tention of seeing his guest to his lodging.

Lod. I do beseech you, sir, trouble your-
self no further.
Oth. O! pardon me; 'twill do me good
to walk. [10
Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly
thank your ladyship.
Des. Your honor is most welcome.
Oth. Will you walk, sir?—
O! Desdemona,—
Des. My lord?
Oth. Get you to bed on the instant; I
ill be returned forthwith; dismiss your
ttendant there; look it be done.
Des. I will, my lord.> [20
Exeunt Othello, Lodovico, *and Attend-*
ants.
Emil. How goes it now? he looks
gentler than he did.
Des. He says he will return incontinent,[19]
nd hath commanded me to go to bed,
nd bid me to dismiss you.
Emil. Dismiss me!
Des. It was his bidding; therefore,
good Emilia, [30
ive me my nightly wearing, and adieu:
Ve must not now displease him.
Emil. I would you had never seen him.
Des. So would not I; my love doth so
approve him,
hat even his stubbornness, his checks
and frowns—
rithee, unpin me—have grace and favor
in them. [40
Emil. I have laid those sheets you bade
me on the bed.

[19] immediately.

Des. All's one. Good faith! how foolish are our minds!
If I do die before thee, prithee, shroud me
In one of these same sheets.
Emil. Come, come, you talk.
Des. My mother had a maid called Barbara;
She was in love, and he she loved proved mad [51
And did forsake her; she had a song of "willow;"
An old thing 'twas, but it expressed her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song tonight
Will not go from my mind; I have much to do [59
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara. Prithee, dispatch.
Emil. Shall I go fetch your nightgown?
Des. No; unpin me here.
This Lodovico is a proper[20] man.
Emil. A very handsome man.
Des. He speaks well.
Emil. I know a lady in Venice would have walked barefoot to Palestine for [70
a touch of his nether lip.
Des., *singing.*

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,
Sing all a green willow;
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmured her moans; [80
Sing willow, willow, willow:
Her salt tears fell from her, and softened the stones—

[*Handing* Emilia *her jewels.*] Lay by these—
[*Singing*]

Sing willow, willow, willow:

Prithee, hie thee; he'll come anon,—
[*Singing*] [89
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let nobody blame him, his scorn I approve,—

[20] good-looking.

Nay, that's not next. Hark! who is't that knocks?

EMIL. It is the wind.

DES., *singing.*

I called my love false love; but what said he then?
Sing willow, willow, willow: [99
If I court moe[21] women, you'll couch with moe men.

So, get thee gone; good night! Mine eyes do itch;
Doth that bode weeping?

EMIL. 'Tis neither here nor there.

DES. I have heard it so. O! these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, Emilia, [109
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

EMIL. There be some such, no question.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. Why, would not you?

DES. No, by this heavenly light!

EMIL. Nor I neither by this heavenly light; [120
I might do't as well i' th' dark.

DES. Wouldst thou do such a deed for all the world?

EMIL. The world is a huge thing; 'tis a great price
For a small vice.

DES. In troth, I think thou wouldst not.

EMIL. In troth, I think I should, and undo't when I had done. Marry, I [130 would not do such a thing for a joint-ring, nor measures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps, nor any petty exhibition; but for the whole world, who would not make her husband a cuckold to make him a monarch? I should venture purgatory for't.

DES. Beshrew me, if I would do such a wrong
For the whole world. [140

EMIL. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i' the world; and, having the world for your labor, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right.

DES. I do not think there is any such woman.

EMIL. Yes, a dozen; and as many to the vantage as would store the world they played for; [150
But I do think it is their husbands' fault
If wives do fall. Say that they slack their duties,
And pour our treasures into foreign laps
Or else break out in peevish jealousies,
Throwing restraint upon us; or, say they strike us,
Or scant our former having in despite;
Why, we have galls, and, though we have some grace, [160
Yet have we some revenge. Let husbands know
Their wives have sense[22] like them; they see and smell,
And have their palates both for sweet and sour,
As husbands have. What is it that they do
When they change us for others? Is it sport? [170
I think it is; and doth affection breed it
I think it doth; is't frailty that thus errs?
It is so too; and have not we affections,
Desires for sport, and frailty, as men have?
Then, let them use us well; else let them know,
The ills we do, their ills instruct us so.

DES. Good night, good night; heaven me such usage send, [180
Not to pick bad from bad, but by bad mend! [*Exeunt severally.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

Later the same night, in a street near BIANCA'S *lodging,* IAGO *plants* RODERIGO *in hiding for the assassination of* CASSIO

IAGO. Here, stand behind this bulk straight will he come:

[21] more.

[22] sensual appetite.

Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home.
Quick, quick; fear nothing; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us; think on that,
And fix most firm thy resolution.
Rod., *nervously.* Be near at hand; I may miscarry in't
Iago. Here, at thy hand: be bold, and take thy stand. [*Retires.*
Rod. <I have no great devotion to the deed;
And yet he has given me satisfying reasons:
'Tis but a man gone: forth, my sword; he dies.>
Iago. <I have rubbed this young quat almost to the sense,
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill Cassio,
Or Cassio him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain: live Roderigo,
He calls me to a restitution large
Of gold and jewels that I bobbed from him,
As gifts to Desdemona;
It must not be: if Cassio do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life
That makes me ugly; and, besides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there stand I in much peril.
No, he must die. Be't so; I hear him coming.>

Enter Cassio.

Rod. <I know his gait; 'tis he.> Villain, thou diest!
[*Makes a pass at* Cassio.
Cas. That thrust had been mine enemy indeed
But that my coat is better than thou know'st;
I will make proof of thine.
[*Draws, and wounds* Roderigo.
Rod. O! I am slain.
Iago *from behind wounds* Cassio *in the leg, and exit.*
Cas. I am maimed for ever. Help, ho! murder! murder! [*Falls.*

Enter Othello, *at a distance.*

Oth. The voice of Cassio: Iago keeps his word.
Rod. O! villain that I am!
Oth., *mistaking the voice.* It is e'en so.
Cas. O, help, ho! light! a surgeon!
Oth. 'Tis he: O brave Iago, honest and just!
That hast such noble sense of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teachest me.—Minion, your dear lies dead,
And your unblest fate hies; strumpet, I come!
Forth of my heart those charms, thine eyes, are blotted;
Thy bed, lust-stained, shall with lust's blood be spotted. [*Exit.*

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a distance.*

Cas. What ho! no watch? no passage?[1] murder! murder!
Gra. 'Tis some mischance; the cry is very direful.
Cas. O, help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. O wretched villain!
Lod. Two or three groan: it is a heavy night;
These may be counterfeits; let's think't unsafe
To come into the cry without more help.
Rod. Nobody come? then shall I bleed to death.
Lod. Hark!

Re-enter Iago, *with a light, and with his sword drawn.*

Gra. Here's one comes in his shirt, with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whose noise[2] is this that cries on murder?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Did not you hear a cry?
Cas. Here, here! for heaven's sake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra., *to* Lodovico. <This is Othello's ancient, as I take it.

[1] passers-by.
[2] Dr. Tannenbaum suggests "whose voice" or "what noise."

LOD. The same indeed; a very valiant fellow.>
IAGO. What are you here that cry so grievously?
CAS. Iago! O! I am spoiled, undone by villains!
Give me some help!
IAGO. O me, lieutenant! what villains have done this? [111
CAS. I think that one of them is hereabout,
And cannot make away.
IAGO. O treacherous villains!
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.] What are you there? come in, and give some help.
ROD. O! help me here.
CAS. That's one of them. [120
IAGO. O murd'rous slave! O villain! [*Stabs* RODERIGO.
ROD. O damned Iago! O inhuman dog!
IAGO. Kill men i' th' dark! Where be these bloody thieves?
How silent is this town! Ho! murder! murder!
[*To* LODOVICO *and* GRATIANO.] What may you be? are you of good or evil?
LOD. As you shall prove us, praise us.
IAGO. Signior Lodovico! [131
LOD. He, sir.
IAGO. I cry you mercy. Here's Cassio hurt by villains.
GRA. Cassio!
IAGO. How is it, brother?
CAS. My leg is cut in two.
IAGO. Marry, heaven forbid!—
Light, gentlemen; I'll bind it with my shirt. [140

Enter BIANCA.

BIAN. What is the matter, ho? who is't that cried?
IAGO., *mimicking her.* "Who is't that cried!"
BIAN. O my dear Cassio! my sweet Cassio!
O Cassio, Cassio, Cassio!
IAGO. O notable strumpet!—Cassio, may you suspect [150
Who they should be that have thus mangled you?
CAS. No.
GRA., *to* CASSIO. I am sorry to find yo thus; I have been to seek you.
IAGO., *to* BIANCA. Lend me a garter.— [*Binds* CASSIO's *leg.*] So! O! for chair,
To bear him easily hence!
BIAN. Alas! he faints!—O Cassio Cassio, Cassio! [16
IAGO. <Gentlemen all, I do suspect thi trash
To be a party in this injury.>
Patience awhile, good Cassio.—Come come:
Lend me a light. Know we this face, o no?
Alas! my friend and my dear country man, [17
Roderigo!—No.—Yes, sure.—O heaven Roderigo!
GRA. What, of Venice?
IAGO. Even he, sir: did you know him
GRA. Know him! ay
IAGO. Signior Gratiano? I cry you gentle pardon;
These bloody accidents must excuse m manners,
That so neglected you. [18
GRA. I am glad to see you.
IAGO. How do you, Cassio?—O! a chai a chair!
[*Two bearers of a sedan-chair enter, wit others.*
GRA. Roderigo!
IAGO. He, he, 'tis he.—O! that's we said; the chair.—
Some good men bear him carefully fro hence; [19
I'll fetch the general's surgeon. [*T* BIANCA.] For you, mistress,
Save you your labor.—He that lies slai here, Cassio,
Was my dear friend. What malice wa between you?
CAS. None in the world; nor do I kno the man. [19
IAGO, *to* BIANCA. What! look you pale —O! bear him out o' th' air.—
[CASSIO *and* RODERIGO *are borne o*
Stay you, good gentlemen.—Look yo pale, mistress?—
Do you perceive the ghastness of her eye

Nay, if you stare, we shall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her:
Do you see, gentlemen? nay, guiltiness will speak, [210
Though tongues were out of use.

Enter EMILIA.

EMIL. 'Las! what's the matter? what's the matter, husband?
IAGO. Cassio hath here been set on in the dark
By Roderigo and fellows that are scaped:
He's almost slain, and Roderigo dead.
EMIL. Alas! good gentleman; alas! good Cassio! [220
IAGO. This is the fruit of whoring. Prithee, Emilia,
Go know of Cassio where he supped to-night.—
To BIANCA.] What! do you shake at that?
BIAN. He supped at my house; but I therefore shake not.
IAGO. O! did he so? I charge you, go with me. [230
EMIL. Fie, fie upon thee, strumpet!
BIAN. I am no strumpet, but of life as honest
As you that thus abuse me.
EMIL., *indignant*. As I! foh! fie upon thee!
IAGO. Kind gentlemen, let's go see poor Cassio dressed.—
Come, mistress, you must tell's another tale.— [240
Emilia, run you to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath happed.—
Will you go on afore? <This is the night
That either makes me or fordoes[3] me quite.> [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

A little later we are in DESDEMONA'S *bedchamber in the Castle.* DESDEMONA *is asleep in bed. A light is burning. Enter* OTHELLO.

OTH. It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul;
Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!
It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood, [10
Nor scar that whiter skin of hers than snow,
And smooth as monumental alabaster.
Yet she must die, else she'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and then—put out the light:
If I quench thee, thou flaming minister,
I can again thy former light restore,
Should I repent me; but once put out thy light, [21
Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that Promethean heat
That can thy light relume. When I have plucked thy rose,
I cannot give it vital growth again,
It needs must wither: I'll smell it on the tree. [*Kisses her.* [30
O balmy breath, that dost almost persuade
Justice to break her sword! One more, one more. [*Kisses her again.*
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after. One more, and this the last: [*Again kisses her.*
So sweet was ne'er so fatal. I must weep; [40
But they are cruel tears; this sorrow's heavenly,
It strikes where it doth love. She wakes.
DES. Who's there? Othello?
OTH. Ay, Desdemona.
DES. Will you come to bed, my lord?
OTH. Have you prayed to-night, Desdemon?
DES. Ay, my lord.
OTH. If you bethink yourself of any crime [51
Unreconciled as yet to heaven and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
DES. Alas! my lord, what may you mean by that?
OTH. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by:

[3] undoes.

I would not kill thy unpreparëd spirit;
No; heaven forfend! I would not kill
thy soul. [60
DES. Talk you of killing?
OTH. Ay, I do.
DES. Then heaven
Have mercy on me!
OTH. Amen! with all my heart.
DES. If you say so, I hope you will
not kill me.
OTH. Hum!
DES. And yet I fear you; for you're
fatal then [70
When your eyes roll so. Why I should
fear I know not,
Since guiltiness I know not; but yet I
feel I fear.
OTH. Think on thy sins.
DES. They are loves I bear to you.
OTH. Ay, and for that thou diest.
DES. That death's unnatural that kills
for loving. [79
Alas! why gnaw you so your nether lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very
frame;
These are portents, but yet, I hope, I
hope
They do not point on me.
OTH. Peace, and be still!
DES. I will so. What's the matter?
OTH. That handkerchief which I so
loved and gave thee
Thou gav'st to Cassio. [90
DES. No, by my life and soul!
Send for the man and ask him.
OTH. Sweet soul, take heed;
Take heed of perjury; thou art on thy
death-bed.
DES. Ay, but not yet to die.
OTH. Yes, presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin;
For to deny each article with oath
Cannot remove nor choke the strong
conception [101
That I do groan withal. Thou art to
die.
DES. Then Lord have mercy on me!
OTH. I say, amen!
DES. And have you mercy too! I
never did
Offend you in my life; never loved
Cassio
But with such general warranty of
heaven [11
As I might love; I never gave him
token.
OTH. By heaven, I saw my handker-
chief in's hand.
O perjured woman! thou dost stone my
heart,
And mak'st me call what I intend to do
A murder, which I thought a sacrifice:
I saw the handkerchief. [12
DES. He found it, then;
I never gave it him. Send for him
hither;
Let him confess a truth.
OTH. He hath confessed.
DES. What, my lord?
OTH. That he hath used thee.
DES. How? unlawfully?
OTH. Ay.
DES. He will not say so. [13
OTH. No; his mouth is stopped
Honest Iago hath ta'en order for't.
DES. O! my fear interprets. What is
he dead?
OTH. Had all his hairs been lives, my
great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
DES., *weeping*. Alas! he is betrayed, and
I undone. [13
OTH. Out, strumpet! Weep'st thou
for him to my face?
DES., *throwing her arms round him*. O
banish me, my lord, but kill me
not!
OTH. Down, strumpet!
DES. Kill me to-morrow; let me live
to-night!
OTH. Nay, if you strive,—
DES. But half an hour! [14
OTH. Being done, there is no pause.
DES. But while I say one prayer!
OTH. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*
EMIL., *within*. My lord, my lord! what
ho! my lord, my lord!
OTH. What noise is this? [DESDEMONA
moans.] Not dead? not yet quite
dead?
I that am cruel am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, so! [16

EMIL., *within*. What, ho! my lord, my lord!
OTH., *calling*. Who's there?
EMIL., *within*. O! good my lord, I would speak a word with you!
OTH. Yes; 'tis Emilia. [*Calling*.] By and by.—She's dead.—
is like she comes to speak of Cassio's death;
ne noise was high.—Ha! no more moving: [171
ill as the grave.—Shall she come in? Were't good?—
think she stirs again.—No.—What's best to do?
she come in, she'll sure speak to my wife.
My wife!" my wife! what wife? I have no wife:
insupportable! O heavy hour! [180
ethinks it should be now a huge eclipse
sun and moon, and that the affrighted globe
ould yawn at alteration.
EMIL., *within*. I do beseech you
nat I may speak with you, O, good my lord.
OTH. I had forgot thee:—O! come in, Emilia.—
ft, by and by: let me the curtains draw.— [191
here art thou? [*Unlocks the door.*

Enter EMILIA.

What's the matter with thee now?
EMIL. O! my good lord, yonder's foul murder done.
OTH. What! now?
EMIL. But now, my lord.
OTH. It is the very error of the moon;
ne comes more near the earth than she was wont, [201
nd makes men mad.
EMIL. Cassio, my lord, has killed a young Venetian
lled Roderigo.
OTH. Roderigo killed!
nd Cassio killed?
EMIL. No, Cassio is not killed.
OTH. Not Cassio killed! then murder's out of tune, [210
nd sweet revenge grows harsh.

DES. O! falsely, falsely murdered.
EMIL. Alas! what cry is that?
OTH. That! what?
EMIL. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
[*Rushes to the bed, and draws the curtains.*
[*Calling*] Help! Help, ho! help!—O lady, speak again! [220
Sweet Desdemona! O! sweet mistress, speak.
DES. A guiltless death I die.
EMIL. O! who hath done this deed?
DES. Nobody; I myself; farewell:
Commend me to my kind lord. O! farewell! [*Dies.*
OTH. Why, how should she be murdered?
EMIL. Alas! who knows? [230
OTH. You heard her say herself it was not I.
EMIL. She said so; I must needs report the truth.
OTH. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I that killed her.
EMIL. O! the more angel she,
And you the blacker devil.
OTH. She turned to folly, and she was a whore. [241
EMIL. Thou dost belie her, and thou art a devil.
OTH. She was false as water.
EMIL. Thou art rash as fire to say
That she was false: O! she was heavenly true.
OTH. Cassio did top her; ask thy husband else.
O! I were damned beneath all depth in hell [251
But that I did proceed upon just grounds
To this extremity. Thy husband knew it all.
EMIL. My husband?
OTH. Thy husband.
EMIL. That she was false to wedlock?
OTH. Ay, with Cassio. Nay, had she been true,
If heaven would make me such another world [261
Of one entire and perfect chrysolite,
I'd not have sold her for it.

EMIL. My husband!
OTH. Ay, 'twas he that told me first:
An honest man he is, and hates the slime
That sticks on filthy deeds.
EMIL. My husband!
OTH. What needs this iterance, woman? I say thy husband. [270
EMIL. O mistress! villany hath made mocks with love.—
My husband say that she was false?
OTH. He, woman;
I say, thy husband: dost understand the word?
My friend, thy husband, honest, honest Iago.
EMIL. If he say so, may his pernicious soul [280
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to the heart:
She was too fond of her most filthy bargain.
OTH. Ha! [*Offers to strike her.*
EMIL. Do thy worst:
This deed of thine is no more worthy heaven
Than thou wast worthy her.
OTH. Peace! you were best. [290
EMIL. Thou hast not half the power to do me harm
As I have to be hurt. O gull! O dolt!
[*He draws his sword.*
As ignorant as dirt! thou hast done a deed—
I care not for thy sword; I'll make thee known,
Though I lost twenty lives. [*Calling*] Help! help, ho! help! [300
The Moor has killed my mistress! Murder! murder!

Enter MONTANO, GRATIANO, IAGO, *and Others.*

MON. What is the matter? How now, general!
EMIL. O! are you come, Iago? you have done well,
That men must lay their murders on your neck. [310
GRA. What is the matter?
EMIL. Disprove this villain if thou be'st a man:
He says thou told'st him that his wife was false.
I know thou didst not; thou'rt not such a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.
IAGO. I told him what I thought, and told no more [320
Than what he found himself was apt and true.
EMIL. But did you ever tell him she was false?
IAGO. I did.
EMIL. You told a lie, an odious damnèd lie;
Upon my soul, a lie, a wicked lie.
She false with Cassio! Did you say with Cassio? [330
IAGO. With Cassio, mistress. <Go to, charm your tongue.>
EMIL., *answering aloud what he has whispered.* I will not charm my tongue; I am bound to speak:
My mistress here lies murdered in her bed.
ALL. O heaven forfend!
EMIL. And your reports have set the murder on. [340
OTH. Nay, stare not, masters; it is true, indeed.
GRA. 'Tis a strange truth.
MON. A monstrous act!
EMIL. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't,—I think—I smell't; O villany!
[*Recalling her suspicion that someone had poisoned the mind of the Moor against his wife.*] I thought so then.—I'll kill myself for grief.
O! villany, villany! [352
IAGO. What! are you mad? I charge you, get you home.
EMIL. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to speak:
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now.—
Perchance, Iago, I will ne'er go home.
OTH. O! O! O! [*Falls on the bed.*
EMIL. Nay, lay thee down and roar,
For thou hast killed the sweetest innocent [362
That e'er did lift up eye.
OTH. O! she was foul.—

I scarce did know you, uncle. There lies your niece,
Whose breath, indeed, these hands have newly stopped:
I know this act shows terrible and grim.
GRA. Poor Desdemon! I am glad thy father's dead. [371
Thy match was mortal to him, and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain: did he live now,
This sight would make him do a desperate turn,
Yea, curse his better angel from his side,
And fall to reprobation. [379
OTH. 'Tis pitiful; but yet Iago knows
That she with Cassio hath the act of shame
A thousand times committed: Cassio confessed it;
And she did gratify his amorous works
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I first gave her. I saw it in his hand: [389
It was a handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
EMIL. O heaven! O heavenly powers!
IAGO, *fiercely, fearing a revelation.* <Come, hold your peace.>
EMIL. 'Twill out, 'twill out; I hold my peace, sir? no;
No, I will speak as liberal as the north;
Let heaven and men and devils, let them all, [399
All, all, cry shame against me, yet I'll speak.
IAGO. Be wise, and get you home.
EMIL. I will not.
[IAGO *offers to stab* EMILIA, *but is stopped by* GRATIANO.
GRA. Fie!
Your sword upon a woman?
EMIL. O thou dull Moor! that handkerchief thou speak'st of
I found by fortune and did give my [410 husband;
For often, with a solemn earnestness,
More than, indeed, belonged to such a trifle,
He begged of me to steal it.
IAGO. Villanous whore!
EMIL. She give it Cassio! no, alas! I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
IAGO. Filth, thou liest! [420
EMIL. By heaven, I do not!—I do not, gentlemen.—
O murderous coxcomb![4] what should such a fool
Do with so good a wife?
OTH. Are there no stones in heaven
But what serve for the thunder?—Precious villain!
[*He runs at* IAGO. IAGO *stabs* EMILIA, *and exit.* MONTANO *takes from* OTHELLO *his sword.* [431
GRA. The woman falls: sure, he has killed his wife.
EMIL. Ay, ay; O! lay me by my mistress' side.
GRA. He's gone; but his wife's killed.
MON. 'Tis a notorious villain. [*To* GRATIANO.] Take you this weapon,
Which I have here recovered from the Moor. [440
Come, guard the door without; let him not pass,
But kill him rather. I'll after that same villain,
For 'tis a damnëd slave.
[*Exeunt* MONTANO *and* GRATIANO.
OTH. I am not valiant neither,
But every puny whipster gets my sword.
But why should honor outlive honesty?
Let it go all. [450
EMIL. What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music:
[*Singing feebly.*]

"Willow, willow, willow."

Moor, she was chaste; she loved thee, cruel Moor;
So come my soul to bliss as I speak true;
So speaking as I think, I die, I die. [*Dies.*
OTH. <I have another weapon in this chamber; [462
It is a sword of Spain, the ice brook's temper.
O! here it is.> Uncle, I must come forth.

[4] fool.

GRA., *within*. If thou attempt it, it will cost thee dear:
Thou hast no weapon, and perforce must suffer. [470
OTH. Look in upon me then, and speak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will assault thee.

Re-enter GRATIANO.

GRA. What is the matter?
OTH. Behold! I have a weapon;
A better never did itself sustain
Upon a soldier's thigh: I have seen the day,
That, with this little arm and this good sword, [481
I have made my way through more impediments
Than twenty times your stop: but, O vain boast!
Who can control his fate? 'tis not so now.
Be not afraid, though you do see me weaponed;
Here is my journey's end, here is my butt
And very sea-mark of my utmost sail. [490
Do you go back dismayed? 'tis a lost fear;
Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires. Where should Othello go?
Now how dost thou look now? [*Going to the bed and gazing at* DESDEMONA'S *body*.] O ill-starred wench!
Pale as thy smock! when we shall meet at compt, [500
This look of thine will hurl my soul from heaven,
And fiends will snatch at it. Cold, cold, my girl!
Even like thy chastity.
O! cursëd, cursëd slave. Whip me, ye devils,
From the possession of this heavenly sight!
Blow me about in winds! roast me in sulphur! [511
Wash me in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire!
O Desdemona! Desdemona! dead!
Oh! Oh! Oh!

Enter LODOVICO, MONTANO, CASSIO *carried in a chair, and Officers with* IAGO *prisoner*.

LOD. Where is this rash and most unfortunate man? [520
OTH. That's he that was Othello; here I am.
LOD. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
OTH. I look down towards his feet; [5] but that's a fable.
If that thou be'st a devil, I cannot kill thee. [*Wounds* IAGO
LOD. Wrench his sword from him.
IAGO. I bleed, sir; but not killed. [530
OTH. I am not sorry neither; I'd have thee live;
For, in my sense, 'tis happiness to die.
LOD. O thou Othello! that wert once so good,
Fall'n in the practice of a damnëd slave,
What shall be said to thee?
OTH. Why, anything:
An honorable murderer, if you will; [539
For nought did I in hate, but all in honor.
LOD. This wretch hath part confessed his villany:
Did you and he consent in Cassio's death?
OTH. Ay.
CAS. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
OTH. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
[*To* GRATIANO.] Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil [551
Why he hath thus ensnared my soul and body?
IAGO. Demand me nothing: what you know you know:
From this time forth I never will speak word.
LOD. What! not to pray?
GRA. Torments will ope your lips.
OTH. Well, thou dost best. [560
LOD. Sir, you shall understand what hath befall'n,
Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo,
And here another; the one of them imports

[5] To see if they are cloven.

he death of Cassio to be undertook
y Roderigo.
OTH. O villain!
CAS. Most heathenish and most gross!
LOD. Now here's another discontented paper,
ound in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
oderigo meant to have sent this damnëd villain,
ut that, belike, Iago in the interim
ame in and satisfied him.
OTH., *to* IAGO. O thou pernicious caitiff!—
ow came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
nat was my wife's?
CAS. I found it in my chamber;
nd he himself confessed but even now
nat there he dropped it for a special purpose
hich wrought to his desire.
OTH. O fool! fool! fool!
CAS. There is besides in Roderigo's letter
ow he upbraids Iago that he made him
rave me upon the watch; whereon it came
nat I was cast: and even but now he spake,
fter long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
go set him on.
LOD., *to* OTHELLO. You must forsake this room and go with us;
our power and your command is taken off,
nd Cassio rules in Cyprus.—For this slave,
there be any cunning cruelty
nat can torment him much and hold him long,
shall be his. [*To* OTHELLO.] You shall close prisoner rest,
ll that the nature of your fault be known
o the Venetian state.—Come, bring him away.
OTH. Soft, you; a word or two before you go.
have done the state some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you speak
Of one that loved—not wisely, but too well;
Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
Perplexed[6] in the extreme; of one whose hand,
Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away,
Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdued eyes
Albeit unusëd to the melting mood,
Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
Their medicinable gum. Set you down this;
And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
Where a malignant and a turbaned Turk
Beat a Venetian and traduced the state,
I took by the throat the circumcisëd dog,
And smote him—[*Stabbing himself*]—thus.
LOD. O bloody period!
GRA. All that is spoke is marred.
OTH. I kissed thee ere I killed thee; [*Falling upon* DESDEMONA.] no way but this:
Killing myself, to die upon a kiss. [*Dies.*
CAS. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
LOD., *to* IAGO. O Spartan dog!
More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea,
Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poisons sight;
Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house,
And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they succeed on you.—To you, lord governor,
Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce it.
Myself will straight aboard, and to the state
This heavy act with heavy heart relate.

[6] distraught.

EASTWARD HOE

BY

BENJAMIN JONSON

GEORGE CHAPMAN

AND

JOHN MARSTON

INTRODUCTION

The history of "Eastward Hoe" is interesting, for its production was the means of getting two of its three authors into prison and threatening them with the loss of their ears. Jonson, according to the story he told Drummond (assuming Drummond to have retailed it faithfully), voluntarily imprisoned himself with the other two, who were responsible for the attacks on the Scots that caused the trouble. Perhaps Drummond misunderstood Jonson; for Marston seems to have escaped imprisonment, though he appears to have been the blameworthy party. Marston had, prior to this collaboration, been Jonson's avowed enemy, and in 1606 he was again attacking him; and it has been suggested that this was because his colleagues had put the blame on his shoulders. Chapman, in a letter to the King which is extant, says that neither of the two clauses most objected to was the work of either Jonson or himself. One of these two passages (in III 3) was printed in Q1 only. Of that quarto, unfortunately, no copy is extant; but happily the pages containing the offending passage survive. Three several editions were issued in 1605. The date of production seems to have been February or March, 1604–5, the play following close on Dekker and Webster's "Westward Hoe," which was staged towards the close of 1604.

The general view is that the play is mainly the work of Chapman, and that Jonson's share was very small, being confined almost entirely to a sketching-out of the plot. Parrott, however, thinks the conception Marston's, but the plotting Jonson's. Circumstances which have helped in the promulgation and the acceptance of this idea of Jonson's planning the play and doing little else are doubtless (1) the undeniable fact that Jonson in other works showed an ability to construct a play that should be coherent and consistent, soundly motivated and skilfully managed, such as neither of his colleagues ever displayed, and (2) his alleged remark to Drummond that the other two had "written it amongst them," but it is most reasonable to believe that he was not referring to the play, but to the passages objected to. It has been argued that Jonson never claimed the play as his or included it amongst his works; but, as he does not seem to have disclaimed the quartos' attribution to him, and as he included among his published "Works" nothing that was not wholly his, this argument has no validity. Unless he had been one of the writers of the play, one can hardly imagine his

voluntarily giving himself up to go to prison, though, as a matter of fact, there seems to be little warrant for the claim that his imprisonment was of a voluntary nature.

The division of the play between the various authors has been attempted by Fleay, Professor J. W. Cunliffe, Professor T. M. Parrott, and Professor Julia H. Harris. Their findings are indicated here under their respective initials, the views of Swinburne (S) and Bullen (B) regarding scenes on which they expressed opinions being also recorded. These may be used to check the opinions expressed by the present editor (O), as given in the final column and at the beginning of each scene:—

	F	C	P	H	B	S	O
Prologue			J	J	J		J
I	M	M	M	M	MJ		M
II 1	M	C.	M	M	MJ		CM
2	C	C	M,?J	C,?M	MJ		CM
3, to Gertrude's entry	C	C	C	C	MJ		C
from "	C	C	?C,M	C	MJ		M
III 1	C	C	C	C		C	C
2	C	C	C	CM		C	CM
3 a, c	C	M	C	C[1]			C
b (the deleted passage)			?M	M			M
4	C		?M	M			C
IV 1 a, c	C	C	C	CM	C	C	C[1]
b (the alchemy section)	C	C	?J		J		C
2	J	C	MJ	CM			CM
V 1	J	M	MJ	M			J
2–5	J	C	J	C			J
Epilogue				J			J

[1] with a few lines of Marston.

The play has not gone short of its deserts in praise, and has indeed had more than its deserts. It has been spoken of as a particularly fine example of collaborative work. It is not, there being sheer failure in consistency in the characterization of Quicksilver. It has been pronounced one of the very finest of Elizabethan comedies; but, fine as it is in many respects, it is seriously flawed by its didacticism. Its characters have been declared to be superior to those its several authors have created elsewhere—an opinion open to very grave question. Let us consider this matter of characterization. Touchstone is admirably realized and pictured; his wife is, though very lightly, very admirably sketched; and Gertrude is portrayed with capital humor; but Flash is only a figure-head, and Security little more than a humor—though not always the one humor. If we could stop here, we might

vell accord the play high praise for its portrayal of character, for to ıave three out of five excellently presented is a high percentage; but here are three other leading characters to whose presentment much xception may be taken. Mildred and Golding are somewhat sicken-ng prigs. Mildred is so much of a puppet that it does not matter nuch in her case; but Golding is of importance, and it is not for the ;ood of the play that his moral sentiments should be found nauseating. He talks like a copybook—so much so that one having no acquaintance vith the play might reasonably expect him to prove an arch-humbug nd hypocrite. His one or two lapses from his tone of unctuous moral-ty scarcely serve to make him more real: it only irritates us with im the more to find that he is capable of manliness. He behaves so dmirably throughout the play that it is unfortunate that his constant ecourse to copybook maxims should make us loth to give him due redit. As for Quicksilver, he begins realistically enough, but is hope-essly inconsistent: he changes his character with almost every appear-nce. At first he is a swaggering wastrel; next, a cony-catching rascal; hen an unscrupulous practical joker; then a sincerely repentant sin-er; then a cozener versed in the arts of the alchemical trickster; and nally a moralist whose reform is probably none the less sincere in that is decidedly ostentatious.

The main story is the old one of the idle and the industrious ap-rentice, a variant of the prodigal son story. The intrigue sub-plot raws on two of the novels of Masuccio. The main story is simple in s elements; the other is decidedly of the Italian order affected by Chapman—a circumstance which makes one doubt the correctness of he idea that he had nothing to do with the general conception or the esigning. This intrigue story is excellently managed, the only flaw in being the failure to realize that, when Winnie, in IV, gets into her wn clothes, provided for her by the thoughtful drawer, she is in reality etraying to her husband the fact that it was for her that Security had aken those clothes to the tavern. There is a great deal of humor; and ne effectiveness of the narration of the various rescues and escapes rom the roaring Thames by the high-perched Slitgut is undeniable; vhile there is also no small amount of power in V. On the other hand, is hard to accept Gertrude's final speech in II; and the catchwords f Touchstone and Security become a little wearisome. Perhaps the ıain fault of the play is the mechanical quality of the speeches in II, II, and IV, and this quality is backed by a considerable measure of edantry. It may be pronounced, on the whole, to be very nearly, but ot quite, a great comedy.

CHARACTERS

TOUCHSTONE, *a goldsmith.*
QUICKSILVER, GOLDING } *apprentices to* TOUCHSTONE.
SIR PETRONEL FLASH, *a shifty knight.*
SECURITY, *an old usurer.*
BRAMBLE, *a lawyer.*
SEAGULL, *a sea captain.*
SCAPETHRIFT, SPENDALL } *adventurers bound for Virginia.*
SLITGUT, *a butcher's apprentice.*
POLDAVY, *a tailor.*
HOLDFAST, WOLF } *officers of the Counter.*
HAMLET, *a footman.*
POTKIN, *a tankard-bearer.*
TOBY, *a prisoner.*
DRAWER.
MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE.
GERTRUDE, MILDRED } *her daughters.*
WINIFRED, *wife of* SECURITY.
SINDEFY, *mistress to* QUICKSILVER.
BETTRICE, *a waiting-woman.*
MRS. FOND.
MRS. GAZER.
Coachman, Scrivener, Page, Constable, Prisoners, Gentlemen, Friends, etc.

PLACE: *London and the Thames-Side.*
TIME: *The authors' own day.*

PROLOGUE

ot out of envy, for there's no effect
here there's no cause; nor out of imitation,
or we have evermore been imitated;
or out of our contention to do better
han that which is opposed to ours in title,[1]
or that was good; and better cannot be:
nd, for the title, if it seem affected,
e might as well have called it, "God you good even,"
nly that east-ward west-wards still exceeds;
nor the sun's fair rising, not his setting.
or is our title utterly enforced,
by the points we touch at you shall see.
ear with our willing pains, if dull or witty;
e only dedicate it to the City.

ACT ONE

Scene I (M)

We are in Goldsmith's Row, in front of UCHSTONE'S *shop.* TOUCHSTONE *and* ICKSILVER *enter from left and right spectively. The middle door shows the op.* GOLDING *is walking short turns in ont of it.* QUICKSILVER, *his fellow-entice, is in hat, cloak, and pumps, th short sword and dagger, and has a cket trussed up under his cloak.* [9

TOUCH. And whither with you now? hat loose action are you bound for? me, what comrades are you to meet thal? where's the supper? where's the ndezvous?

QUICK. Indeed, and in very good sober ith, sir——

TOUCH. "Indeed, and in very good er truth, sir!" Behind my back thou lt swear faster than a French foot-boy, d talk more bawdily than a common [20 dwife; and now "indeed, and in very good sober truth, sir!" but, if a privy search should be made, with what furniture are you rigged now? Sirrah, I tell thee, I am thy master, William Touchstone, goldsmith; and thou my prentice, Francis Quicksilver, and I will see whether you are running. Work upon that now.

QUICK. Why, sir, I hope a man may use his recreation with his master's profit. [30

TOUCH. Prentices' recreations are seldom with their masters' profit. Work upon that now. You shall give up your cloak, though you be no alderman. [*Pulls off his cloak.*] Heyday! Ruffins Hall! Sword, pumps, here's a racket indeed!

QUICK. "Work upon that now."

TOUCH. Thou shameless varlet! dost thou jest at thy lawful master, contrary to thy indentures? [40

QUICK. Why, zblood, sir! my mother's a gentlewoman, and my father a justice of peace and of quorum; and, though I am a younger brother and a prentice, yet I hope I am my father's son; and by God's lid, 'tis for your worship and for your commodity that I keep company. I am entertained among gallants, true; they call me cousin Frank, right; I lend them moneys, good; they spend it, well. [50 But, when they are spent, must not they strive to get more, must not their land fly? and to whom? Shall not your worship ha' the refusal? Well, I am a good member of the city, if I were well considered. How would merchants thrive, if gentlemen would not be unthrifts? How could gentlemen be unthrifts if their humors were not fed? How should their humors be fed but by white meat and [60 cunning secondings? Well, the city might consider us. I am going to an ordinary now: the gallants fall to play; I carry light gold with me; the gallants call, "Cousin Frank, some gold for silver;" I change, gain by it; the gallants lose the gold, and then call, "Cousin Frank, lend me some silver." Why——

[1] "Westward Hoe," by Dekker and Webster.

TOUCH. Why? I cannot tell. Seven score pound art thou out in the cash; [70 but look to it, I will not be gallanted out of my moneys. And, as for my rising by other men's fall, God shield me! Did I gain my wealth by ordinaries? no: by exchanging of gold? no: by keeping of gallants' company? no. I hired me a little shop, fought low, took small gain, kept no debt book, garnished my shop, for want of plate, with good wholesome thrifty sentences; as, "Touchstone, keep [80 thy shop, and thy shop will keep thee"; "Light gains makes heavy purses;" "'Tis good to be merry and wise." And, when I was wived, having something to stick to, I had the horn of suretyship ever before my eyes. You all know the device of the horn, where the young fellow slips in at the butt end, and comes squeezed out at the buckall: [1] and I grew up, and, I praise Providence, I bear my brows [90 now as high as the best of my neighbors: but thou—well, look to the accounts; your father's bond lies for you: seven score pound is yet in the rear.

QUICK. Why, slid, sir, I have as good, as proper gallants' words for it as any are in London—gentlemen of good phrase, perfect language, passingly behaved; gallants that wear socks and clean linen, and call me "kind cousin [100 Frank," "good cousin Frank," for they know my father: and, by God's lid, shall I not trust 'em?—not trust?

Enter a PAGE, *as inquiring for* TOUCHSTONE'S *shop.*

GOLD. What do ye lack, sir? What is't you'll buy, sir?

TOUCH. Ay, marry sir; there's a youth of another piece. There's thy fellow-prentice, as good a gentleman born as [110 thou art: nay, and better meaned. But does he pump it, or racket it? Well, if he thrive not, if he outlast not a hundred such crackling bavins [2] as thou art, God and men neglect industry.

GOLD., *to the* PAGE. It is his shop, and here my master walks.

TOUCH. With me, boy?

PAGE. My master, Sir Petronel Flash recommends his love to you, and will in stantly visit you. [12

TOUCH. To make up the match wit my eldest daughter, my wife's dilling whom she longs to call madam. He sha find me unwillingly ready, boy. [*Ex* PAGE.] <There's another affliction too As I have two prentices, the one of boundless prodigality, the other of most hopeful industry, so have I only tw daughters: the eldest, of a proud am- [13 bition and nice wantonness; the other, o a modest humility and comely soberness The one must be ladyfied, forsooth, an be attired just to the court-cut and lon tail. So far is she ill natured to the plac and means of my preferment and for tune that she throws all the contemp and despite hatred itself can cast upon it Well, a piece of land she has; 'twas he grandmother's gift; let her, and her [14 Sir Petronel, flash out that; but, as fo my substance, she that scorns me, as I ar a citizen and tradesman, shall never pam per her pride with my industry; sha never use me as men do foxes, kee themselves warm in the skin, and throw the body that bare it to the dung-hill. must go entertain this Sir Petronel.> Golding, my utmost care's for thee, an only trust in thee; look to the shop. [15 —As for you, Master Quicksilver, think o husks, for thy course is running directl to the prodigals' hogs' trough; husk s'rah! Work upon that now.

[*Exit into the shop*

QUICK. Marry fough, goodman flat cap! 'sfoot! though I am a prentice, I ca give arms; and my father's a justice a peace by descent, and, 'sblood!—

GOLD. Fie, how you swear! [16

QUICK. 'Sfoot, man, I am a gentleman and may swear by my pedigree. God my life! Sirrah Golding, wilt be rule by a fool? Turn good fellow,[3] tur swaggering gallant, and "let the welki roar, and Erebus also." Look not west ward to the fall of Dan Phœbus, but t the east—Eastward hoe!

[2] faggots.

[3] thief.

Vhere radiant beams of lusty Sol appear,
\nd bright Eous makes the welkin clear."

'e are both gentlemen, and therefore [171
ould be no coxcombs; let's be no longer
ols to this flat-cap, Touchstone (East-
ard, bully), this satin belly and canvas-
acked Touchstone. 'Slife, man! his
ther was a malt-man, and his mother
ld ginger-bread in Christ-church.

GOLD. What would ye ha' me do?

QUICK. Why, do nothing, be like a gen-
eman, be idle; the curse of man is [180
bor. Wipe thy bum with testones,[4] and
ake ducks and drakes with shillings.
Vhat, Eastward hoe! Wilt thou cry,
What is't ye lack?" stand with a bare
ite and a dropping nose, under a wooden
ent-house, and art a gentleman? Wilt
ou bear tankards, and may'st bear
rms? Be ruled; turn gallant; Eastward
oe! [*Singing.*] Ta ly re, ly re ro! [*Re-
ting.*] "Who calls Jeronimo? Speak, [190
ere I am." Gods so! how like a sheep
ou look'st: a' my conscience, some cow-
erd begot thee, thou Golding of Golding-
all! Ha, boy?

GOLD. Go, ye are a prodigal coxcomb!
a cowherd's son, because I turn not a
runken, whore-hunting rake-hell like
yself!

QUICK. Rakehell! rakehell! [199
Offers to draw his sword. GOLDING
trips up his heels and holds him.

GOLD. Pish, in soft terms, ye are a
ownwardly, bragging boy. I'll ha' you
hipped.

QUICK. Whipped?—that's good, i' faith!
ntruss me?

GOLD. No, thou wilt undo thyself.
las! I behold thee with pity, not with
nger; thou common shot-clog,[5] gull of all
ompany; methinks I see thee already [210
alking in Moorfields without a cloak,
ith half a hat, without a band, a doublet
ith three buttons, without a girdle, a
ose with one point, and no garter, with
cudgel under thine arm, borrowing and
egging threepence.

QUICK. Nay, 'slife! take this and take
ll; as I am a gentleman born, I'll be
drunk, grow valiant, and beat thee. [*Exit.*

GOLD. Go, thou most madly vain, [220
whom nothing can recover but that which
reclaims atheists, and makes great persons
sometimes religious—calamity. As for
my place and life, thus I have read:—

"Whate'er some vainer youth may term
disgrace,
The gain of honest pains is never base;
From trades, from arts, from valor, honor
springs;
These three are founts of gentry, yea, of
kings." [231

SCENE II (M)

In a room in TOUCHSTONE'S *house we find his daughters,* GERTRUDE *and* MILDRED, *with* BETTRICE *and* POLDAVY *(who is carrying a fair gown, a Scotch farthingale, and a French fall).* BETTRICE *is leading a monkey;* MILDRED *is sewing; and* GERTRUDE *(who is in a French head attire and a citizen's gown) is doing nothing. She gives herself great airs because she is to marry a knight.* [10

GER. For the passion of patience, look if Sir Petronel approach—that sweet, that fine, that delicate, that—for love's sake, tell me if he come. O sister Mil, though my father be a low-capped tradesman, yet I must be a lady; and I praise God my mother must call me Madam. Does he come? Off with this gown, for shame's sake; off with this gown: let not my knight take me in the city cut in [20 any hand: tear't, pax on't! (does he come?) tear't off. [*Singing*] "Thus, whilst she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake," &c.

MIL. Lord, sister, with what an immodest impatiency and disgraceful scorn do you put off your city tire.[6] I am sorry to think you imagine to right yourself in wronging that which hath made both you and us. [29

GER. I tell you I cannot endure it, I must be a lady: do you wear your quoif with a London licket, your stammel petticoat with two guards, the buffin gown with the tuf-taffety cape and the velvet lace. I must be a lady, and I will be a lady. I like some humors of the City

[4] sixpenny pieces. [5] dupe.

[6] attire.

dames well: to eat cherries only at an angel a pound, good; to dye rich scarlet black, pretty; to line a grogaram gown clean through with velvet, tolerable; [40 their pure linen, their smocks of three pounds a smock, are to be borne withal. But your mincing niceries, taffeta pipkins, durance petticoats and silver bodkins—God's my life, as I shall be a lady, I cannot endure it! Is he come yet? Lord, what a long knight 'tis! [*Singing*] "And ever she cried, 'Shout[7] home'!" (And yet I knew one longer.) "And ever she cried, 'Shout home,' fa, la, ly, re, lo, la!" [51

Mil. Well, sister, those that scorn their nest, oft fly with a sick wing.

Ger. Bow-bell!

Mil. Where titles presume to thrust before fit means to second them, wealth and respect often grow sullen, and will not follow. For sure in this, I would for your sake I spake not truth: "Where ambition of place goes before fitness [60 of birth, contempt and disgrace follow." I heard a scholar once say that Ulysses, when he counterfeited himself mad, yoked cats and foxes and dogs together to draw his plough, whilst he followed and sowed salt; but, sure, I judge them truly mad, that yoke citizens and courtiers, tradesmen and soldiers, a goldsmith's daughter and a knight. Well, sister, pray God my father sow not salt too. [70

Ger. Alas! poor Mil, when I am a lady, I'll pray for thee yet, i' faith: nay, and I'll vouchsafe to call thee Sister Mil still; for, though thou art not like to be a lady as I am, yet sure thou art a creature of God's making; and mayst peradventure to be saved as soon as I (does he come?). [*Singing.*] "And ever and anon she doubled in her song." Now, ladies my comfort, what a profane [80 ape's here? Tailor, Poldavis, prethee, fit it, fit it: is this a right Scot? Does it clip close, and bear up round?

Pold. Fine and stiffly, i' faith; 'twill keep your thighs so cool, and make your waist so small; here was a fault in your body, but I have supplied the defect with the effect of my steel instrument which, though it have but one eye, can see to rectify the imperfection of th proportion. [9

Ger. Most edifying tailor! I protes you tailors are most sanctified members and make many [a] crooked thing go up right. How must I bear my hands light? light?

Pold. O ay; now you are in the lady fashion, you must do all things ligh Tread light, light. Ay, and fall so: that the court-amble. [10

[*She trips about the stage.*

Ger. Has the Court ne'er a trot?

Pold. No, but a false gallop, lady.

Ger., *singing.*

"And if she will not go to bed—"

Bet. The knight's come, forsooth.

Ger. Is my knight come? O the Lord my band! Sister, do my cheeks loo well? Give me a little box a' the ear that I may seem to blush; now, now So, there, there, there! [11

Enter Sir Petronel, Master Touchstone, *and* Mistress Touchstone.

Here he is! O my dearest delight Lord, Lord! and how does my knight?

Touch. Fie! with more modesty.

Ger. Modesty! why, I am no citize now,—modesty! Am I not to be mar ried? y'are best to keep me modest, no I am to be a lady. [12

Pet. Boldness is good fashion an courtlike.

Ger. Ay, in a country lady I hope it i as I shall be. And how chance ye cam no sooner, knight?

Pet. Faith, I was so entertained i the progress with one Count Epernoun a Welsh knight; we had a match at ba loon, too, with my Lord Whachum, fo four crowns. [13

Ger. At baboon? Jesu! you and I wi play at baboon in the country, knight.

Pet. O, sweet lady! 'tis a strong pla with the arm.

Ger. With arm or leg, or any othe member, if it be a court-sport. An when shall's be married, my knight?

[7] Bullen suggests "Shoot."

PET. I come now to consummate it; id your father may call a poor knight n-in-law. [140

TOUCH. Sir, ye are come; what is not ine to keep I must not be sorry to for-. A hundred pound land her grand-other left her; 'tis yours: herself (as r mother's gift) is yours. But, if you pect aught from me, know, my hand id mine eyes open together; I do not ve blindly. Work upon that now.

PET. Sir, you mistrust not my means? am a knight. [150

TOUCH. Sir, sir, what I know not you ill give me leave to say I am igno-nt of.

MIST. T. Yes, that he is a knight; I now where he had money to pay the ntlemen ushers and heralds their fees. y, that he is a knight, and so might you ve been too, if you had been aught else an an ass, as well as some of your ighbors. And I thought you would [160 t ha' been knighted, as I am an honest oman, I would ha' dubbed you myself. praise God I have wherewithal. But, for you, daughter——

GER. I, mother, I must be a lady to-orrow; and, by your leave, mother (I eak it not without my duty, but only the right of my husband), I must take lace of you, mother.

MIST. T. That you shall, lady-daugh-r, and have a coach as well as I too. [171

GER. Yes, mother. But by your leave, nother (I speak it not without my duty, ut only in my husband's right), my oach-horses must take the wall of your oach-horses.

TOUCH. Come, come, the day grows w; 'tis supper time; use my house; the edding solemnity is at my wife's cost; hank me for nothing but my willing [180 lessing; for I cannot feign, my hopes re faint. And, sir, respect my daugh-er; she has refused for you wealthy and onest matches, known good men, well oneyed, better traded, best reputed.

GER. Body a' truth! chitizens, chiti-ens! Sweet knight, as soon as ever we re married, take me to thy mercy out of this miserable chity; presently carry me out of the scent of Newcastle coal [190 and the hearing of Bow-bell; I beseech thee, down with me, for God sake!

TOUCH. Well, daughter, I have read that old wit sings:—

"The greatest rivers flow from little springs:
Though thou art full, scorn not thy means at first;
He that's most drunk may soonest be athirst."

Work upon that now. [200

[*All but* TOUCHSTONE, MILDRED, *and* GOLDING *depart.*

No, no! yond' stand my hopes.—Mildred, come hither, daughter. And how approve you your sister's fashion? how do you phantsie her choice? what dost thou think?

MIL. I hope, as a sister, well.

TOUCH. Nay, but, nay, but how dost thou like her behavior and humor? Speak freely. [211

MIL. I am loath to speak ill; and yet (I am sorry of this) I cannot speak well.

TOUCH. Well; very good, as I would wish; a modest answer.—Golding, come hither; hither, Golding. How dost thou like the knight, Sir Flash? does he not look big?[8] how lik'st thou the elephant? he says he has a castle in the country.

GOLD. Pray heaven, the elephant carry not his castle on his back. [221

TOUCH. 'Fore heaven, very well! But, seriously, how dost repute him?

GOLD. The best I can say of him is, I I know him not.

TOUCH. Ha, Golding! I commend thee, I approve thee, and will make it appear my affection is strong to thee. My wife has her humor, and I will ha' mine. Dost thou see my daughter [230 here? She is not fair, well-favored or so, indifferent, which modest measure of beauty shall not make it thy only work to watch her, nor sufficient mischance to suspect her. Thou art towardly, she is modest; thou art provident, she is careful. She's now mine; give me thy hand; she's now thine. Work upon that now.

[8] distinguished.

GOLD. Sir, as your son, I honor you; and, as your servant, obey you. [240

TOUCH. Sayest thou so? Come hither, Mildred. Do you see yond' fellow? He is a gentleman, though my prentice, and has somewhat to take too; a youth of good hope; well friended, well parted.[9] Are you mine? You are his. Work you upon that now.

MIL. Sir, I am all yours; your body gave me life; your care and love, happiness of life; let your virtue still direct it, for to your wisdom I wholly dispose myself. [252

TOUCH. Say'st thou so? Be you two better acquainted.—Lip her, lip her, knave. So, shut up shop: in. We must make holiday.

[*Exeunt* GOLDING *and* MILDRED.

This match shall on, for I intend to prove
Which thrives the best, the mean or lofty love: [260
Whether fit wedlock vowed 'twixt like and like,
Or prouder hopes, which daringly o'erstrike
Their place and means. 'Tis honest time's expense,
When seeming lightness bears a moral sense.
Work upon that now.

ACT TWO

SCENE I (M, C)

It is the next morning.

GOLDING *and* MILDRED *are sitting, one on each side of* TOUCHSTONE'S *stall, which occupies the rear stage.* TOUCHSTONE *is in front of it.*

TOUCH., *calling.* Quicksilver!—Master Francis Quicksilver!—Master Quicksilver!

QUICKSILVER, *who is rather the worse for a bad night, enters from the shop.* [10

QUICK. Here, sir (ump).

TOUCH. So, sir; nothing but flat Master Quicksilver (without any familiar addition) will fetch you. Will you truss my points, sir?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth (ump).

[9] of good parts.

TOUCH. How now, sir, the drunken hic cough so soon this morning?

QUICK. 'Tis but the coldness of m stomach, forsooth. [2

TOUCH. What, have you the cause nat ural for it? Y'are a very learned drunk ard: I believe I shall miss some of m silver spoons with your learning. Th nuptial night will not moisten you throat sufficiently, but the morning like wise must rain her dews into your glut tonous weasand.

QUICK. An't please you, sir, we di but drink (ump) to the coming off o the knightly bridegroom. [3

TOUCH. To the coming off on him?

QUICK. Ay, forsooth, we drunk to hi coming on (ump), when we went to bed and, now we are up, we must drink to hi coming off: for that's the chief honor of soldier, sir; and therefore we must drin so much the more to it, forsooth (ump)

TOUCH. A very capital reason! So tha you go to bed late, and rise early to [4 commit drunkenness; you fulfil the scrip ture very sufficient wickedly, forsooth.

QUICK. The knight's men, forsooth, b still a' their knees at it (ump), and be cause 'tis for your credit, sir, I woul be loath to flinch.

TOUCH. I pray, sir, e'en to 'em agai then; y'are one of the separated crew one of my wife's faction, and my youn lady's, with whom, and with their grea match, I will have nothing to do. [5

QUICK. So, sir, now I will go keep m (ump) credit with 'em, an't please you sir.

TOUCH. In any case, sir, lay one cup o sack more a' your cold stomach, I be seech you.

QUICK. Yes, forsooth.

[*Exit* QUICKSILVER

TOUCH. This is for my credit; serv- [6 ants ever maintain drunkenness in thei master's house for their master's credit; good idle serving-man's reason. I than time the night is past; I ne'er waked t such cost; I think we have stowed mor sorts of flesh in our bellies than eve Noah's ark received; and, for wine, wh my house turns giddy with it, and mor

ise in it than at a conduit. Ay me, en beasts condemn our gluttony! [70 ell, 'tis our city's fault, which, because commit seldom, we commit the more fully; we lose no time in our sensual-, but we make amends for it. O that would do so in virtue and religious gligences! But see, here are all the ber parcels my house can show; I'll vesdrop, hear what thoughts they ter this morning. [79

[TOUCHSTONE *withdraws to one side.*

GOLDING *and* MILDRED *come forward.*

GOLD. But is it possible that you, see- your sister preferred to the bed of a ight, should contain your affections in e arms of a prentice?

MIL. I had rather make up the gar- ent of my affections in some of the me piece than, like a fool, wear gowns two colors, or mix sackcloth with satin.

GOLD. And do the costly garments, [90 e title and fame of a lady, the fashion, servation, and reverence proper to such eferment, no more inflame you than ch convenience as my poor means and dustry can offer to your virtues?

MIL. I have observed that the bridle ven to those violent flatteries of for- ne is seldom recovered; they bear one adlong in desire from one novelty to an- her, and where those ranging appe- [100 es reign there is ever more passion an reason: no stay, and so no happi- ss. These hasty advancements are not tural. Nature hath given us legs to go our objects; not wings to fly to them.

GOLD. How dear an object you are to y desires I cannot express; whose frui- on would my master's absolute consent d yours vouchsafe me, I should be ab- lutely happy. And, though it were [110 grace so far beyond my merit that I ould blush with unworthiness to re- ive it, yet thus far both my love and y means shall assure your requital: you all want nothing fit for your birth and ucation; what increase of wealth and lvancement the honest and orderly in- stry and skill of our trade will afford any, I doubt not will be aspired by me; I will ever make your contentment [120 the end of my endeavors; I will love you above all; and only your grief shall be my misery, and your delight my felicity.

TOUCH. <Work upon that now. By my hopes, he woos honestly and orderly; he shall be anchor of my hopes. Look, see the ill yoked monster, his fellow!>

Re-enter QUICKSILVER. *He is unlaced, has a towel about his neck, and is in his flat cap. He is now decidedly drunk.* [130

QUICK. Eastward hoe! "Holla, ye pampered jades of Asia!"

TOUCH. <Drunk now downright, a' my fidelity!>

QUICK. (Ump) Pulldo, pulldo! shows,[1] quoth the caliver.

GOLD. Fie, fellow Quicksilver, what a pickle are you in!

QUICK. Pickle? Pickle in thy throat; zounes, pickle!—wa, ha, ho! good [140 morrow, knight Petronel.—Morrow, lady Goldsmith.—Come off, knight, with a counterbuff, for the honor of knighthood.

GOLD. Why, how now, sir? Do ye know where you are?

QUICK. Where I am? Why, sblood! you jolt-head, where I am!

GOLD. Go to, go to, for shame; go to bed and sleep out this immodesty: thou sham'st both my master and his house.

QUICK. Shame? what shame? I [151 thought thou wouldst show thy bringing up; and thou wert a gentleman as I am, thou wouldst think it no shame to be drunk. Lend me some money; save my credit; I must dine with the servingmen and their wives—and their wives, sirrah!

GOLD. E'en who you will; I'll not lend thee threepence. [160

QUICK. 'Sfoot; lend me some money; "hast thou not Hyren here?"

TOUCH. Why, how now, sirrah? what vein's this, hah?

QUICK. "Who cries on murther? Lady, was it you?" How does our master? Pray thee, cry "Eastward hoe!"

TOUCH. Sirrah, sirrah, y'are past your hiccough now; I see y'are drunk—

[1] There has been no satisfactory interpretation of this line.

QUICK. 'Tis for your credit, master. [170

TOUCH. And hear you keep a whore in town.

QUICK. 'Tis for your credit, master.

TOUCH. And what you are out in cash I know.

QUICK. So do I; my father's a gentleman. "Work upon that now." Eastward hoe!

TOUCH. Sir, "Eastward hoe" will make you go Westward hoe. I will no longer [180 dishonest my house, nor endanger my stock with your license. There, sir: there's your indenture; all your apparel (that I must know) is on your back; and from this time my door is shut to you: from me be free; but, for other freedom and the moneys you have wasted, Eastward hoe shall not serve you.

QUICK. Am I free a' my fetters? Rent, fly with a duck in thy mouth; and now I tell thee, Touchstone— [191

TOUCH. Good sir——

QUICK. "When this eternal substance of my soul—"

TOUCH. Well said; change your gold ends for your play ends.

QUICK. "Did live imprisoned in my wanton flesh—"

TOUCH. What then, sir?

QUICK. "I was a courtier in the Spanish Court, [201
And Don Andrea was my name."

TOUCH. Good Master Don Andrea, will you march?

QUICK. Sweet Touchstone, will you lend me two shillings?

TOUCH. Not a penny.

QUICK. Not a penny? I have friends, and I have acquaintance; I will piss at thy shop posts, and throw rotten eggs [210 at thy sign. "Work upon that now."

[*Exit, staggering.*

TOUCH. Now, sirrah, you! hear you? You shall serve me no more neither—not an hour longer.

GOLD. What mean you, sir?

TOUCH. I mean to give thee thy freedom, and with thy freedom my daughter, and with my daughter a father's love; and, with all these, such a portion as [220 shall make Knight Petronel himself envy thee! Y'are both agreed, are ye not?

AMBO. With all submission, both o thanks and duty.

TOUCH. Well then, the great power o heaven bless and confirm you. And Golding, that my love to thee may no show less than my wife's love to my eldest daughter, thy marriage feast shall equal the knight's and hers. [23

GOLD. Let me beseech you, no, sir; th superfluity and cold meat left at thei nuptials will, with bounty, furnish ours The grossest prodigality is superfluou cost of the belly; nor would I wish an invitement of states or friends; only you reverent presence and witness shall sufficiently grace and confirm us.

TOUCH. Son to mine own bosom, take her and my blessing. The nice fondling my lady sir-reverence, that I must not [24 now presume to call daughter, is so ravished with desire to hansell[2] her new coach and see her knight's Eastward Castle, that the next morning will sweat with her busy setting forth. Away with she and her mother; and, while their preparation is making, ourselves, with some two or three other friends, will consummate the humble match we have in God's name concluded. [25

'Tis to my wish, for I have often read,
Fit birth, fit age, keeps long a quiet bed
'Tis to my wish; for tradesmen, well 't known,
Get with more ease than gentry keeps h own.

SCENE II (M, C)

SECURITY, *whose main aim is the making of money, and who has no scruples as to how he makes it, is alone in front of his house.*

SEC. My privy guest, lusty Quicksilver has drunk too deep of the bride-bowl but, with a little sleep, he is much recovered; and, I think, is making himself ready to be drunk in a gallanter likeness My house is as 'twere the cave where [1 the young outlaw hoards the stolen vail of his occupation; and here, when he wi

[2] make first use of.

revel it in his prodigal similitude, he retires to his trunks, and (I may say softly) his punks: he dares trust me with the keeping of both; for I am security itself; my name is Security, the famous usurer.

Enter QUICKSILVER *in his prentice's coat and cap, his gallant breeches and stockings. He is gartering himself.* [21

QUICK. Come, old Security, thou father of destruction! th' indented sheepskin is burned wherein I was wrapped: and I am now loose, to get more children of perdition into thy usurous bonds. Thou feed'st my lechery, and I thy covetousness; thou art pandar to me for my wench, and I to thee for thy cozenages. K. me, K. thee[3] runs through court and country. [31

SEC. Well said, my subtle Quicksilver! These K's ope the doors to all this world's felicity: the dullest forehead sees it. Let not master courtier think he carries all the knavery on his shoulders: I have known poor Hob, in the country, that has worn hob-nails on's shoes, have as much villany in's head as he that wears gold buttons in's cap. [40

QUICK. Why, man, 'tis the London highway to thrift; if virtue be used, 'tis but as a scrap to the net of villany. They that use it simply, thrive simply, I warrant. Weight and fashion makes goldsmiths cuckolds.

Enter SINDEFY, *with* QUICKSILVER'S *doublet, cloak, rapier, and dagger.*

SIN. Here, sir, put of[f] the other half of your prenticeship. [50

QUICK. Well said, sweet Sin. Bring forth my bravery.

Now let my trunks shoot forth their silks concealed:
I now am free, and now will justify
My trunks and punks. Avaunt, dull flat-cap, then!
Via, the curtain that shadowed Borgia!
There lie, thou husk of my envassalled state, [60
I, Samson, now have burst the Philistines' bands,
And in thy lap, my lovely Dalila,
I'll lie and snore out my enfranchised state.

[*Singing.*]

"When Samson was a tall young man,
His power and strength increasëd than;[4]
He sold no more nor cup nor can;
But did them all despise. [70
Old Touchstone, now write to thy friends
For one to sell thy base gold ends;
Quicksilver now no more attends
Thee, Touchstone."

But, dad, hast thou seen my running gelding dressed to-day?

SEC. That I have, Frank. The ostler a' th' Cock dressed him for a breakfast.

QUICK. What, did he eat him?

SEC. No, but he eat his breakfast for dressing him; and so dressed him for breakfast. [82

QUICK. O witty age! where age is young in wit,
And all youths' words have graybeards full of it!

SIN. But alas, Frank! how will all this be maintained now? Your place maintained it before.

QUICK. Why, and I maintained my [90 place. I'll to the court: another manner of place for maintenance, I hope, than the silly City. I heard my father say, I heard my mother sing an old song and a true: "Thou art a she fool, and know'st not what belongs to our male wisdom." I shall be a merchant, forsooth; trust my estate in a wooden trough as he does! What are these ships but tennis balls for the winds to play [100 withal? tossed from one wave to another; now under-line, now over the house; sometimes brick-walled against a rock, so that the guts fly out again; sometimes struck under the wide hazard, and farewell, Master Merchant.

SIN. Well, Frank, well: the seas, you say, are uncertain: but he that sails in your court seas shall find 'em ten times fuller of hazards; wherein to see what [110 is to be seen is torment more than a free spirit can endure; but, when you come

[3] Proverbial, ka me, ka thee, equal to "let us help one another."

[4] then.

to suffer, how many injuries swallow you! What care and devotion must you use to humor an imperious lord, proportion your looks to his looks, smiles to his smiles; fit your sails to the winds of his breath!

QUICK. Tush! he's no journeyman in his craft that cannot do that. [120

SIN. But he's worse then a prentice that does it; not only humoring the lord, but every trencher-bearer, every groom that by indulgence and intelligence crept into his favor, and by pandarism into his chamber; he rules the roost; and, when my honorable lord says it shall be thus, my worshipful rascal, the groom of his close-stool, says it shall not be thus, claps the door after him, and who [130 dares enter? A prentice, quoth you? 'Tis but to learn to live; and does that disgrace a man? He that rises hardly, stands firmly; but he that rises with ease, alas! falls as easily.

QUICK. A pox on you! who taught you this morality?

SEC. 'Tis long of this witty age, Master Francis. But, indeed, Mistress Sin- [140 defy, all trades complain of inconvenience, and therefore 'tis best to have none. The merchant, he complains and says, "Traffic is subject to much uncertainty and loss;" let 'em keep their goods on dry land, with a vengeance, and not expose other men's substances to the mercy of the winds, under protection of a wooden wall (as Master Francis says); and all for greedy desire to enrich themselves with unconscionable gain, two for one, or so; [150 where I, and such other honest men as live by lending money, are content with moderate profit, thirty or forty i' th' hundred, so we may have it with quietness, and out of peril of wind and weather, rather then run those dangerous courses of trading, as they do. [*Exit* SINDEFY.

QUICK. Ay, dad, thou may'st well be called Security, for thou takest the safest course. [160

SEC. Faith, the quieter, and the more contented, and, out of doubt, the more godly; for merchants, in their courses, are never pleased, but ever repining against heaven: one prays for a weste wind, to carry his ship forth: another an easterly, to bring his ship home, a at every shaking of a leaf, he falls into agony, to think what danger his ship in on such a coast, and so forth. The [farmer, he is ever at odds with weather: sometimes the clouds have b too barren; sometimes the heavens f get themselves; their harvests answer their hopes; sometimes the season f out too fruitful, corn will bear no pr and so forth. Th' artificer, he's all a stirring world: if his trade be too f and fall short of his expectation, t falls he out of joint—where we that [trade nothing but money are free from this; we are pleased with all weathers, it rain or hold up, be calm or windy; the season be whatsoever, let trade how it will, we take all in good part, e what please the heavens to send us, the sun stand not still and the moon k her usual returns, and make up da months, and years. [

QUICK. And you have good security

SEC. Ay, marry, Frank, that's the s cial point.

QUICK. And yet, forsooth, we m have trades to live withal; for we can stand without legs, nor fly without win and a number of such scurvy phras No, I say still, he that has wit, let h live by his wit; he that has none, let h be a tradesman. [

SEC. Witty Master Francis! 'tis p any trade should dull that quick brain yours. Do but bring Knight Petro into my parchment toils once, and y shall never need to toil in any trade, my credit. You know his wife's land

QUICK. Even to a foot, sir; I ha been often there; a pretty fine seat, go land, all entire within itself.

SEC. Well wooded? [2

QUICK. Two hundred pounds' worth wood ready to fell, and a fine sw house, that stands just in the midst a like a prick in the midst of a circl would I were your farmer, for a hundr pound a year!

SEC. Excellent Master Francis! how

) long to do thee good! How I do hun-
er and thirst to have the honor to en-
ch thee! Ay, even to die, that thou
ightest inherit my living: even [220
unger and thirst! For, a' my religion,
Iaster Francis—and so tell Knight Pe-
onel—I do it to do him a pleasure.

QUICK. Marry, dad, his horses are now
oming up to bear down his lady; wilt
ou lend him thy stable to set 'em in?

SEC. Faith, Master Francis, I would be
th to lend my stable out of doors; in a
reater matter I will pleasure him, but
ot in this. [230

QUICK. A pox of your "hunger and
irst!" Well, dad, let him have money;
l he could anyway get is bestowed on a
ip now bound for Virginia; the frame
which voyage is so closely conveyed
at his new lady nor any of her friends
now it. Notwithstanding, as soon as
s lady's hand is gotten to the sale of
er inheritance, and you have furnished
im with money, he will instantly hoist
il and away. [241

SEC. Now a frank gale of wind go with
m, Master Frank! we have too few
ich knight adventurers; who would not
ll away competent certainties to pur-
ase, with any danger, excellent uncer-
inties? Your true knight venturer ever
oes it. Let his wife seal to-day; he
all have his money to-day.

QUICK. To-morrow she shall, dad, [250
efore she goes into the country; to work
er to which action with the more en-
nes, I purpose presently to prefer my
veet Sin here to the place of her gentle-
oman; whom you (for the more credit)
all present as your friend's daughter,
gentlewoman of the country, new come
p with a will for a while to learn fash-
ns forsooth, and be toward some lady;
nd she shall buzz pretty devices into [260
er lady's ear; feeding her humors so
rviceably, as the manner of such as she
, you know—

SEC. True, good Master Francis.

Re-enter SINDEFY.

QUICK. That she shall keep her port
pen to anything she commends to her.

SEC. A' my religion, a most fashionable project; as good she spoil the lady, as the lady spoil her; for 'tis three to one of [270 one side. Sweet Mistress Sin, how are you bound to Master Francis! I do not doubt to see you shortly wed one of the head men of our city.

SIN. But, sweet Frank, when shall my father Security present me?

QUICK. With all festination; I have broken the ice to it already; and will presently to the knight's house, whither, my good old dad, let me pray thee, with all formality to man her. [281

SEC. Command me, Master Francis, I do hunger and thirst to do thee service. Come, sweet Mistress Sin, take leave of my Winifred, and we will instantly meet frank Master Francis at your lady's.

Enter WINIFRED *at a window above.*

WIN. Where is my Cu there? Cu!

SEC. Ay, Winnie.

WIN. Wilt thou come in, sweet Cu?

SEC. Ay, Winnie, presently. [291

[WINIFRED *disappears, and* SECURITY *and* SINDEFY *enter the house.*

QUICK. "Ay, Winnie," quod he; that's all he can do, poor man; he may well cut off her name at "Winnie." O, 'tis an egregious pandar! What will not an usurous knave be, so he may be rich? O, 'tis a notable Jews' trump! I hope to live to see dogs' meat made of the old usur- [300 er's flesh, dice of his bones, and indentures of his skin; and yet his skin is too thick to make parchment; 'twould make good boots for a peterman to catch salmon in. Your only smooth skin to make fine vellum is your Puritan's skin; they be the smoothest and slickest knaves in a country. [*Exit.*

SCENE III (C, M) [5]

It is the street in front of SIR PETRONEL'S *lodging. The Knight enters, followed by* QUICKSILVER. *He has arranged to desert his bride and take ship for Virginia. He is in riding-boots, and is equipped with a riding wand.*

[5] Chapman as far as Gertrude's entry, and thence Marston.

PET. I'll out of this wicked town as fast as my horse can trot! Here's now no good action for a man to spend his time in. Taverns grow dead; ordi- [10 naries are blown up; plays are at a stand; houses of hospitality at a fall; not a feather waving, nor a spur jingling anywhere. I'll away instantly.

QUICK. Y'ad best take some crowns in your purse, knight, or else your Eastward Castle will smoke but miserably.

PET. O, Frank! my castle? Alas! all the castles I have are built with air, thou know'st. [20

QUICK. I know it, knight, and therefore wonder whither your lady is going.

PET. Faith, to seek her fortune, I think. I said I had a castle and land eastward, and eastward she will, without contradiction; her coach and the coach of the sun must meet full butt. And, the sun being outshined with her ladyship's glory, she fears he goes westward to hang himself.

QUICK. And I fear, when her enchanted castle becomes invisible, her ladyship [31 will return and follow his example.

PET. O, that she would have the grace! for I shall never be able to pacify her, when she sees herself deceived so.

QUICK. As easily as can be. Tell her she mistook your directions, and that shortly yourself will down with her to approve it; and then clothe but her crupper in a new gown, and you may drive [40 her any way you list. For these women, sir, are like Essex calves, you must wriggle 'em on by the tail still, or they will never drive orderly.

PET. But, alas, sweet Frank! thou know'st my hability will not furnish her blood with those costly humors.

QUICK. Cast that cost on me, sir. I have spoken to my old pandar, Security, for money or commodity; and com- [50 modity (if you will) I know he will procure you.

PET. Commodity! Alas! what commodity?

QUICK. Why, sir, what say you to figs and raisins?

PET. A plague of figs and raisins, and all such frail commodities! We s make nothing of 'em.

QUICK. Why then, sir, what say you forty pound in roasted beef?

PET. Out upon't. I have less stom to that than to the figs and raisins; out of town, though I sojourn wit friend of mine; for stay here I must n my creditors have laid to arrest me, I have no friend under heaven but sword to bail me.

QUICK. God's me, knight, put 'em sufficient sureties, rather than let your sword bail you! Let 'em take t choice, either the King's Bench or Fleet, or which of the two Counters t like best, for, by the Lord, I like n of 'em.

PET. Well, Frank, there is no jes with my earnest necessity; thou kno if I make not present money to furt my voyage begun, all's lost, and a have laid out about it.

QUICK. Why, then, sir, in earnest you can get your wise lady to set hand to the sale of her inheritance, bloodhound, Security, will smell out re money for you instantly.

PET. There spake an angel: to b her to which conformity, I must fain self extremely amorous; and, alleg urgent excuses for my stay behind, with her as passionately as she w from her foisting hound.

QUICK. You have the sow by the r ear, sir. I warrant there was never c longed more to ride a cock-horse or w his new coat than she longs to ride in new coach. She would long for ev thing when she was a maid, and now will run mad for 'em. I lay my life, will have every year four children; what charge and change of humor you must endure while she is with child, how she will tie you to your tackling she be with child, a dog would not dure. Nay, there is no turn-spit bound to his wheel more servilely t you shall be to her wheel; for, as that can never climb the top of his wheel when the top comes under him, so s

rou never climb the top of her content-
nent but when she is under you. [110

Pet. 'Slight, how thou terrifiest me!

Quick. Nay, hark you, sir; what
urses, what midwives, what fools, what
hysicians, what cunning women must be
ought for (fearing sometimes she is be-
vitched, sometimes in a consumption), to
ell her tales, to talk bawdy to her, to
nake her laugh, to give her glisters, to let
er blood under the tongue and betwixt
he toes; how she will revile and kiss [120
rou, spit in your face, and lick it off
gain; how she will vaunt you are her
reature; she made you of nothing; how
he could have had thousand mark join-
ures; she could have been made a lady
y a Scotch knight, and never ha' mar-
ied him; she could have had poynados
n her bed every morning; how she set
rou up, and how she will pull you down:
rou'll never be able to stand of your legs
o endure it. [131

Pet. Out of my fortune, what a death
s my life bound face to face to! The
est is, a large time-fitted conscience is
ound to nothing: marriage is but a
orm in the school of policy, to which
cholars sit fastened only with painted
hains. Old Security's young wife is
ne'er the further of[f] with me. [139

Quick. Thereby lies a tale, sir. The
ld usurer will be here instantly, with my
unk Sindefy, whom you know your lady
as promised me to entertain for her
gentlewoman; and he (with a purpose to
feed on you) invites you most solemnly
y me to supper.

Pet. It falls out excellently fitly: I see
desire of gain makes jealousy venturous.

Enter Gertrude. [149

See, Frank, here comes my lady. Lord,
ow she views thee! She knows thee not,
think, in this bravery.

Ger. How now? who be you, I pray?

Quick. One Master Francis Quicksil-
er, an't please your ladyship.

Ger. God's my dignity! as I am a lady,
f he did not make me blush so that
nine eyes stood a-water. Would I were
nmarried again!

Enter Security *and* Sindefy. [160

Where's my woman, I pray?

Quick. See, madam, she now comes to attend you.

Sec. God save my honorable knight and his worshipful lady!

Ger. Y'are very welcome; you must not put on your hat yet.

Sec. No, madam; till I know your ladyship's further pleasure, I will not presume. [170

Ger. And is this a gentleman's daughter new come out of the country?

Sec. She is, madam; and one that her father hath a special care to bestow in some honorable lady's service, to put her out of her honest humors, forsooth; for she had a great desire to be a nun, an't please you.

Ger. A nun? what nun? a nun substantive? or a nun adjective? [180

Sec. A nun substantive, madam, I hope if a nun be a noun. But, I mean, lady, a vowed maid of that order.

Ger. I'll teach her to be a maid of the order, I warrant you. And can you do any work belongs to a lady's chamber?

Sin. What I cannot do, madam, I would be glad to learn.

Ger. Well said! Hold up, then; hold up your head, I say; come hither a little.

Sin. I thank your ladyship. [191

Ger. And hark you—good man, you may put on your hat now; I do not look on you—I must have you of my faction now; not of my knight's, maid.

Sin. No, forsooth, madam, of yours.

Ger. And draw all my servants in my bow, and keep my counsel, and tell me tales, and put me riddles, and read on a book sometimes when I am busy, and [200 laugh at country gentlewomen, and command anything in the house for my retainers; and care not what you spend, for it is all mine; and, in any case, be still a maid, whatsoever you do, or whatsoever any man can do unto you.

Sec. I warrant your ladyship for that.

Ger. Very well; you shall ride in my coach with me into the country, tomorrow morning. Come, knight, I [210

pray thee let's make a short supper, and to bed presently.

SEC. Nay, good madam, this night I have a short supper at home waits on his worship's acceptation.

GER. By my faith, but he shall not go, sir; I shall swoon and he sup from me.

PET. Pray thee, forbear; shall he lose his provision?

GER. Ay, by lady, sir, rather than I [220 lose my longing. Come in, I say; as I am a lady, you shall not go.

QUICK. <I told him what a burr he had gotten.>

SEC. If you will not sup from your knight, madam, let me entreat your ladyship to sup at my house with him.

GER. No, by my faith, sir; then we cannot be a-bed soon enough after supper.

PET. <What a med'cine is this!> [230 Well, Master Security, you are new married as well as I; I hope you are bound as well. We must honor our young wives, you know.

QUICK. <In policy, dad, till to-morrow she has sealed.>

SEC. I hope in the morning yet your knighthood will breakfast with me.

PET. As early as you will, sir.

SEC. Thank your good worship; I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir. [241

GER. Come, sweet knight, come; I do hunger and thirst to be a-bed with thee.

[*Exeunt* GERTRUDE *with* PETRONEL *and* SINDEFY; *and* SECURITY *with* QUICKSILVER.

ACT THREE

SCENE I (C)

SIR PETRONEL, QUICKSILVER, *and* BRAMBLE *have been breakfasting with* SECURITY *and his wife the next morning. They are still in his house.*

PET. Thanks for our feastlike breakfast, good Master Security; I am sorry (by reason of my instant haste to so long a voyage as Virginia) I am without means by any kind amends to show how affectionately I take your kindness, and to [10 confirm by some worthy ceremony a perpetual league of friendship betwixt us.

SEC. Excellent knight! let this be token betwixt us of inviolable friendshi I am new married to this fair gentl woman, you know; and, by my hope make her fruitful, though I be somethi in years, I vow faithfully unto you make you godfather, though in yo absence, to the first child I am blest [withal; and henceforth call me gossip, beseech you, if you please to accept it.

PET. In the highest degree of gratitud my most worthy gossip; for confirmati of which friendly title, let me entreat n fair gossip, your wife here, to accept th diamond, and keep it as my gift to h first child, wheresoever my fortune, event of my voyage, shall bestow me.

SEC. How now, my coy wedlock; [make you strange of so noble a favo Take it, I charge you, with all affectio and, by way of taking your leave, prese boldly your lips to our honorable gossip

QUICK. <How vent'rous he is to hi and how jealous to others!>

PET., *kissing* WINIFRED. Long may th kind touch of our lips print in our hear all the forms of affection. And now, n good gossip, if the writings be ready to [which my wife should seal, let them brought this morning before she tak coach into the country, and my kindne shall work her to dispatch it.

SEC. The writings are ready, sir. M learned counsel here, Master Bramble t lawyer, hath perused them; and with this hour I will bring the scrivener wi them to your worshipful lady.

PET. Good Master Bramble, I will [here take my leave of you, then. G send you fortunate pleas, sir, and co tentious clients!

BRAM. And you foreright winds, s and a fortunate voyage! [*Ex*

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESS. Sir Petronel, here are three four gentlemen desire to speak with yo

PET. What are they?

QUICK. They are your followers in [this voyage, knight: Captain Seagull a

his associates; I met them this morning, and told them you would be here.

PET. Let them enter, I pray you; I know they long to be gone, for their stay is dangerous.

Enter SEAGULL, SCAPETHRIFT, *and* SPENDALL.

SEA. God save my honorable colonel!

PET. Welcome, good Captain Sea- [70
gull and worthy gentlemen. If you will meet my friend Frank here and me, at the Blue Anchor Tavern by Billin[g]sgate this evening, we will there drink to our happy voyage, be merry, and take boat to our ship with all expedition.

SPEND. Defer it no longer, I beseech you, sir; but, as your voyage is hitherto carried closely, and in another knight's name, so for your own safety and ours, [80
let it be continued; our meeting and speedy purpose of departing known to as few as is possible, lest your ship and goods be attached.

QUICK. Well advised, captain; our colonel shall have money this morning, to dispatch all our departures. Bring those gentlemen at night to the place appointed, and, with our skins full of vintage, we'll take occasion by the vantage, and away. [91

SPEND. We will not fail but be there, sir.

PET. Good morrow, good captain, and my worthy associates.—[*Exeunt* SPENDALL, SCAPETHRIFT, *and* SEAGULL.] Health and all sovereignty to my beautiful gossip!—For you, sir, we shall see you presently with the writings. [99

SEC. With writings and crowns to my honorable gossip. I do hunger and thirst to do you good, sir.

[*Exeunt* PETRONEL *and* QUICKSILVER.

SCENE II (M, C) [1]

The same day, GERTRUDE *is to drive into the country, starting from an inn-yard. Into this yard, a* COACHMAN, *in his frock, enters in haste, having been hurried from his breakfast. He is still eating.*

COACH. Here's a stir when citizens ride out of town, indeed, as if all the house were afire! 'Slight! they will not give a man leave to eat's breakfast afore he rises. [11

Enter HAMLET, *a footman, in haste.*

HAM. What, coachman? My lady's coach, for shame! Her ladyship's ready to come down.

Enter POTKIN, *a tankard-bearer, also in haste.*

POT. 'Sfoot, Hamlet, are you mad? Whither run you now? You should brush up my old mistress! [*Exit* HAMLET.

Enter SINDEFY, *also excited.* [21

SIN. What, Potkin? You must put off your tankard and put on your blue coat, and wait upon Mistress Touchstone into the country.

POT. I will, forsooth, presently.[2]

[*Exeunt* SINDEFY *and* POTKIN.

Enter MISTRESS FOND *and* MISTRESS GAZER.

FOND. Come, sweet Mistress Gazer, let's watch here, and see my Lady Flash take coach. [32

GAZ. A' my word, here's a most fine place to stand in; did you see the new ship launched last day,[3] Mistress Fond?

FOND. O God! and we citizens should lose such a sight!

GAZ. I warrant here will be double as many people to see her take coach as there were to see it take water. [40

FOND. O, she's married to a most fine castle i' th' country, they say.

GAZ. But there are no giants in the castle, are there?

FOND. O no: they say her knight killed 'em all; and therefore he was knighted.

GAZ. Would to God her ladyship would come away!

Enter GERTRUDE, MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, SINDEFY, HAMLET, *and* POTKIN. [50

[1] After Gertrude's exit there is no sign of Marston.

[2] at once.
[3] yesterday.

FOND. She comes, she comes, she comes!

GAZ. AND FOND. Pray heaven bless your ladyship!

GER. Thank you, good people!—My coach, for the love of heaven, my coach! In good truth I shall swoon else.

HAM. Coach, coach, my lady's coach! [*Exit.*

GER. As I am a lady, I think I am with child already, I long for a coach so. [60 May one be with child afore they are married, mother?

MIST. T. Ay, by'r lady, madam; a little thing does that; I have seen a little prick no bigger then a pin's head swell bigger and bigger, till it has come to an ancome; [4] and e'en so 'tis in these cases.

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Your coach is coming, madam.

GER. That's well said.—Now, [70 heaven! methinks I am e'en up to the knees in preferment.

[*Singing.*]

But a little higher, but a little higher, but a little higher,
There, there, there lies Cupid's fire!

MIST. T. But must this young man, an't please you, madam, run by your coach all the way afoot?

GER. Ay, by my faith, I warrant him; he gives no other milk, as I have another servant does. [82

MIST. T. Alas! 'tis e'en pity, methinks; for God's sake, madam, buy him but a hobby horse; let the poor youth have something betwixt his legs to ease 'em. Alas! we must do as we would be done to.

GER. Go to, hold your peace, dame; you talk like an old fool, I tell you!

Enter PETRONEL *and* QUICKSILVER. [90

PET. Wilt thou be gone, sweet honeysuckle, before I can go with thee?

GER. I pray thee, sweet knight, let me; I do so long to dress up thy castle afore thou com'st. But I marvel how my modest sister occupies herself this morning, that she cannot wait on me to my coach, as well as her mother.

QUICK. Marry, madam, she's married by this time to prentice Golding. Your [1 father, and someone more, stole to churc with 'em in all the haste, that the co meat left at your wedding might serv to furnish their nuptial table.

GER. There's no base fellow, my fathe now; but he's e'en fit to father such daughter: he must call me "daughte no more now: but "madam," and "plea you, madam;" and "please your worshi madam," indeed. Out upon him! mar his daughter to a base prentice! [1

MIST. T. What should one do? there no law for one that marries woman's daughter against her will? Ho shall we punish him, madam?

GER. As I am a lady, an't would snow we'd so pebble 'em with snowballs they come from church; but, sirra Frank Quicksilver—

QUICK. Ay, madam. [1

GER. Dost remember since thou and clapped what-d'ye-call'ts in the garret?

QUICK. I know not what you mea madam.

GER., *singing.*

His head as white as milk,
All flaxen was his hair;
But now he is dead,
And laid in his bed,
And never will come again. [1

God be at your labor!

Enter TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING, *and* MI DRED, *with rosemary.*

PET. Was there ever such a lady?

QUICK. See, madam, the bride an bridegroom!

GER. God's my precious! God give yo joy, Mistress What-lack-you! Now ou upon thee, baggage! My sister marrie in a taffeta hat! Marry, hang you! [1 Westward with a wanion t' ye! Na I have done wi' ye, minion, then, i'faith never look to have my countenance an more, nor anything I can do for the Thou ride in my coach, or come down t my castle! fie upon thee! I charge the in my ladyship's name, call me "siste no more.

TOUCH. An't please your worship, th is not your sister: this is my daugh- [15

[4] ulcer.

ter, and she calls me father, and so does not your ladyship, an't please your worship, madam.

MIST T. No, nor she must not call thee father by heraldry, because thou mak'st thy prentice thy son as well as she. Ah, thou misproud prentice! dar'st thou presume to marry a lady's sister?

GOLD. It pleased my master, forsooth, to embolden me with his favor; and, [160 though I confess myself far unworthy so worthy a wife (being in part her servant, as I am your prentice), yet, since (I may say it without boasting) I am born a gentleman, and, by the trade I have learned of my master (which I trust taints not my blood), able, with mine own industry and portion, to maintain your daughter, my hope is, heaven will so bless our humble beginning, [170 that in the end I shall be no disgrace to the grace with which my master hath bound me his double prentice.

TOUCH. Master me no more, son, if thou think'st me worthy to be thy father.

GER. "Sun"! Now, good Lord, how he shines! And you mark him, he's a gentleman!

GOLD. Ay, indeed, madam, a gentleman born. [180

PET. Never stand a' your gentry, Master Bridegroom; if your legs be no better than your arms, you'll be able to stand up on neither shortly.

TOUCH. An't please your good worship, sir, there are two sorts of gentlemen.

PET. What mean you, sir?

TOUCH. Bold to put off my hat to your worship—— [189

PET. Nay, pray forbear, sir, and then forth with your two sorts of gentlemen.

TOUCH. If your worship will have it so, I say there are two sorts of gentlemen. There is a gentleman artificial, and a gentleman natural. Now, though your worship be a gentleman natural[5]— Work upon that now.

QUICK. Well said, old Touchstone; I am proud to hear thee enter a set speech, i' faith; forth, I beseech thee. [200

[5] gentleman fool.

TOUCH. Cry you mercy, sir, your worship's a gentleman I do not know. If you be one of my acquaintance, y'are very much disguised, sir.

QUICK. Go to, old quipper; forth with thy speech, I say.

TOUCH. What, sir, my speeches were ever in vain to your gracious worship; and therefore, till I speak to you—gallantry indeed!—I will save my [210 breath for my broth anon. Come, my poor son and daughter, let us hide ourselves in our poor humility, and live safe. Ambition consumes itself with the very show. Work upon that now.

[*Exeunt* TOUCHSTONE, GOLDING *and* MILDRED.

GER. Let him go, let him go, for God's sake! let him make his prentice his son, for God's sake! give away his daugh- [220 ter, for God's sake! and when they come a-begging to us for God's sake, let's laugh at their good husbandry for God's sake. Farewell, sweet knight, pray thee make haste after.

PET. What shall I say? I would not have thee go.

QUICK., *singing.*

> Now, O now, I must depart;
> Parting, though it absence move— [230

This ditty, knight, do I see in thy looks in capital letters.

[*Singing.*]

> What a grief 'tis to depart, and leave the flower that has my heart!
> My sweet lady, and, alack for woe, why should we part so?

Tell truth, knight, and shame all dissembling lovers; does not your pain lie on that side? [240

PET. If it do, canst thou tell me how I may cure it?

QUICK. Excellent easily. Divide yourself in two halves, just by the girdlestead; send one half with your lady, and keep the t'other yourself; or else do, as all true lovers do, part with your heart, and leave your body behind. I have seen't done a hundred times: 'tis as easy a matter for a lover to part without a heart [250

from his sweetheart, and he ne'er the worse, as for a mouse to get from a trap and leave her tail behind her.[6] See, here comes the writings.

Enter SECURITY, *with a* SCRIVENER.

SEC. Good morrow to my worshipful lady. I present your ladyship with this writing, to which, if you please to set your hand with your knight's, a velvet gown shall attend your journey, a' my credit. [261

GER. What writing is it, knight?

PET. The sale, sweetheart, of the poor tenement I told thee of, only to make a little money to send thee down furniture for my castle, to which my hand shall lead thee.

GER. Very well. Now give me your pen, I pray.

QUICK. <It goes down without [270 chewing, i' faith.> [*Both sign the paper.*

SCRIV. Your worships deliver this as your deed?

AMBO. We do.

GER. So now, knight, farewell till I see thee!

PET. All farewell to my sweetheart!

MIST. T. God-boye,[7] son knight.

PET. Farewell, my good mother!

GER. Farewell, Frank! I would fain take thee down if I could. [281

QUICK. I thank your good ladyship.—Farewell, Mistress Sindefy!

[*Exeunt* GERTRUDE *and her party.*

PET. O tedious voyage, whereof there is no end!
What will they think of me?

QUICK. Think what they list. They longed for a vagary into the country; and now they are fitted. So a woman [290 marry to ride in a coach, she cares not if she ride to her ruin. 'Tis the great end of many of their marriages. This is not [the] first time a lady has rid a false journey in her coach, I hope.

PET. Nay, 'tis no matter, I care little what they think; he that weighs men's thoughts has his hands full of nothing. A man, in the course of this world, should be like a surgeon's instrument, work [30 in the wounds of others, and feel nothin himself. The sharper and subtler, th better.

QUICK. As it falls out now, knight, yo shall not need to devise excuses, or en dure her outcries, when she returns; w shall now be gone before where they ca not reach us.

PET. Well, my kind compere, you hav now th' assurance we both can make [31 you; let me now entreat you, the mone we agreed on may be brought to the Blu Anchor, near to Billingsgate, by si a'clock; where I and my chief friend bound for this voyage, will with feast attend you.

SEC. The money, my most honorabl compere, shall without fail observe you appointed hour.

PET. Thanks, my dear gossip. I mus now impart [32
To your approvëd love a loving secret
As one on whom my life doth more rel
In friendly trust than any man alive.
Nor shall you be the chosen secretary
Of my affections for affection only;
For I protest (if God bless my return
To make you partner in my action' gain
As deeply as if you had ventured with m
Half my expenses. Know then, hones gossip, [33
I have enjoyed with such divine con tentment
A gentlewoman's bed whom you wel know,
That I shall ne'er enjoy this tediou voyage,
Nor live the least part of the time i asketh, [34
Without her presence; so I thirst an hunger
To taste the dear feast of her company.
And, if the hunger and the thirst yo vow
As my sworn gossip, to my wishëd goo
Be, as I know it is, unfeigned and firm
Do me an easy favor in your power.

SEC. Be sure, brave gossip, all that can do, [35

[6] B, him. [7] good-bye.

o my best nerve,[8] is wholly at your service:
Who is the woman, first, that is your friend?
PET. The woman is your learned counsel's wife,
he lawyer, Master Bramble; whom would you
ring out this even in honest neighborhood, [360
o take his leave, with you, of me your gossip,
in the mean time, will send this my friend
ome to his house, to bring his wife, disguised,
efore his face, into our company;
or love hath made her look for such a wile,
o free her from his tyrannous jealousy;
nd I would take this course before another, [372
stealing her away, to make us sport,
nd gull his circumspection the more grossly;
nd I am sure that no man like yourself
ath credit with him to entice his jealousy [379
o so long stay abroad as may give time
o her enlargement in such safe disguise.
SEC. A pretty, pithy, and most pleasant project!
ho would not strain a point of neighborhood
or such a point devise? that, as the ship
famous Draco went about the world,
ill wind about the lawyer, compassing
he world, himself; he hath it in his arms, [391
nd that's enough for him, without his wife.
lawyer is ambitious, and his head
annot be praised nor raised too high,
ith any fork of highest knavery.
l go fetch her straight.
[*Exit* SECURITY.
PET. So, so! Now, Frank, go thou home to his house, [400

[8] capacity.

'Stead of his lawyer's, and bring his wife hither,
Who, just like to the lawyer's wife, is prisoned
With his stern usurous jealousy, which could never
Be overreached thus but with overreaching.

Re-enter SECURITY.

SEC. And, Master Francis, watch you th' instant time [411
To enter with his exit: 'twill be rare,
Two fine horned beasts, a camel and a lawyer! [*Exit.*
QUICK. How the old villain joys in villainy!

Re-enter SECURITY.

SEC. And hark you, gossip, when you have her here,
Have your boat ready, ship her to your ship [421
With utmost haste, lest Master Bramble stay you.
To o'erreach that head that outreacheth all heads!
'Tis a trick rampant!—'tis a very quiblin!
I hope this harvest to pitch cart with lawyers,
Their heads will be so forked. This sly touch [431
Will get apes to invent a number such.
[*Exit.*

QUICK. Was ever rascal honeyed so with poison?

He that delights in slavish avarice,
Is apt to joy in every sort of vice.

Well, I'll go fetch his wife, whilst he the lawyer's. [439

PET. But stay, Frank, let's think how we may disguise her upon this sudden.

QUICK. God's me, there's the mischief! But hark you, here's an excellent device: 'fore God, a rare one! I will carry her a sailor's gown and cap, and cover her, and a player's beard.

PET. And what upon her head?

QUICK. I tell you, a sailor's cap! 'Slight,

God forgive me! what kind of figent memory have you?

PET. Nay, then, what kind of figent wit[9] hast thou?

A sailor's cap?—how shall she put it off
When thou present'st her to our company?

QUICK. Tush, man, for that, make her a saucy sailor!

PET. Tush, tush! 'tis no fit sauce for such sweet mutton.
I know not what t'advise.

Enter SECURITY *with his wife's gown.*

SEC. Knight, knight, a rare device!

PET. Sownes, yet again!

QUICK. What stratagem have you now?

SEC. The best that ever—You talked of disguising?

PET. Ay, marry, gossip, that's our present care.

SEC. Cast care away then; here's the best device
For plain Security (for I am no better),
I think, that ever lived: here's my wife's gown,
Which you may put upon the lawyer's wife,
And which I brought you, sir, for two great reasons;
One is, that Master Bramble may take hold
Of some suspicion that it is my wife,
And gird me so perhaps with his law wit;
The other (which is policy indeed)
Is that my wife may now be tied at home,
Having no more but her old gown abroad,
And not show me a quirk, while I firk others.
Is not this rare?

AMBO. The best that ever was.

SEC. Am I not born to furnish gentlemen?

PET. O my dear gossip!

SEC. Well, hold, Master Francis; watch when the lawyer's out, and put it in.
And now I will go fetch him. [*Exit.*

QUICK. O my dad! he goes as 'twere the devil to fetch the lawyer; an devil shall he be, if horns will make him

Re-enter SECURITY.

PET. Why, how now, gossip? why sta you there musing?

SEC. A toy, a toy runs in my head i' faith.

QUICK. A pox of that head! is ther more toys yet?

PET. What is it, pray thee, gossip?

SEC. Why, sir, what if you should sli away now with my wife's best gown, having no security for it?

QUICK. For that, I hope, dad, you wi take our words.

SEC. Ay, by th' mass, your word, that a proper staff
For wise Security to lean upon!
But 'tis no matter, once I'll trust m name
On your cracked credits; let it take n shame.
Fetch the wench, Frank.

QUICK. I'll wait upon you, sir;
<And fetch you over, you were ne'e so fetched.> [*Exit* SECURITY
Go to the tavern, knight; your followe
Dare not be drunk, I think, before the captain. [*Exi*

PET. Would I might lead them to n hotter service
Till our Virginian gold were in ou purses! [*Exit.*

SCENE III (C, M)[10]

SEAGULL, SPENDALL, *and* SCAPETHRIF *have arrived at the Blue Anchor Taver and are bent on having a good tim* SEAGULL *is telling the* DRAWER *so. It the evening of the same day.*

SEAGULL. Come, drawer, pierce you neatest hogsheads, and let's have chee not fit for your Billingsgate tavern, bu for our Virginian colonel; he will be he instantly.

DRAW. You shall have all things fi sir; please you have any more wine?

SPEND. More wine, slave! Whether w

[9] unstable mind.

[10] Wholly the work of Chapman, save for th eleventh and twelfth speeches, which are an i sertion by Marston.

rink it or no, spill it, and draw more.
SCAPE. Fill all the pots in your house
ith all sorts of liquor, and let 'em wait
n us here like soldiers in their pewter
ats; and, though we do not employ
em now, yet we will maintain 'em till
e do. [20
DRAW. Said like an honorable captain;
ou shall have all you can command, sir.
[*Exit* DRAWER.
SEA. Come, boys, Virginia longs till we
are the rest of her maidenhead.
SPEND. Why, is she inhabited already
ith any English?
SEA. A whole country of English is
ere, man, bred of those that were left
ere in '79; they have married with [30
e Indians, and make 'em bring forth as
autiful faces as any we have in Eng-
nd; and therefore the Indians are so
love with 'em that all the treasure
ey have they lay at their feet.
SCAPE. But is there such treasure there,
ptain, as I have heard?
SEA. I tell thee, gold is more plentiful
ere then copper is with us; and, for
much red copper as I can bring, [40
ll have thrice the weight in gold. Why,
an, all their dripping pans and their
amber-pots are pure gold; and all the
ains with which they chain up their
reets are massy gold; all the prisoners
ey take are fettered in gold; and, for
bies and diamonds, they go forth on
olidays and gather 'em by the seashore,
hang on their children's coats, and
ick in their caps, as commonly as our [50
ildren wear saffron gilt brooches and
oats with holes in 'em.
SCAPE. And is it a pleasant country
ithal?
SEA. As ever the sun shined on; tem-
erate, and full of all sorts of excellent
ands: wild boar is as common there as
ur tamest bacon is here; venison, as
utton. And then you shall live freely
ere, without sergeants, or courtiers, [60
r lawyers, or intelligencers,[11] only a few
dustrious Scots perhaps, who indeed are
dispersed over the face of the whole earth. But, as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, when they are out on't, in the world, than they are. And, for my part, I would a hundred thousand of 'em were there, for we are all one countrymen now, ye know; and we should find ten times more [70 comfort of them there then we do here.[12] Then, for your means to advancement there, it is simple, and not preposterously mixed. You may be an alderman there, and never be scavenger: you may be a nobleman, and never be a slave. You may come to preferment enough, and never be a pandar; to riches and fortune enough, and have never the more villainy nor the less wit. Besides, there we [80 shall have no more law than conscience, and not too much of either; serve God enough, eat and drink enough; and "enough is as good as a feast."

SPEND. Gods me! and how far is it thither?

SEA. Some six weeks' sail, no more, with any indifferent good wind. And, if I get to any part of the coast of Africa, I'll sail thither with any wind; or, when I [90 come to Cape Finister, there's a foreright wind continual wafts us till we come at Virginia.

Enter SIR PETRONEL *with his followers.*

See, our colonel's come.

PET. Well met, good Captain Seagull and my noble gentlemen! Now the sweet hour of our freedom is at hand.—Come, drawer, fill us some carouses, and prepare us for the mirth that will be occasioned presently. Here will be a [100 pretty wench, gentlemen, that will bear us company all our voyage.

SEA. Whatsoever she be, here's to her health, noble colonel, both with cap and knee.

PET. Thanks, kind Captain Seagull, she's one I love dearly and must not be known, till we be free from all that know us. And so, gentlemen, here's to her health. [110

[11] The passage beginning here was one of those that caused trouble. It is omitted in Qq 2 and 3.

[12] Here ends the passage to which exception was taken.

AMBO. Let it come, worthy colonel; we do hunger and thirst for it.

PET. Afore heaven, you have hit the phrase of one that her presence will touch from the foot to the forehead, if ye knew it.

SPEND. Why, then, we will join his forehead with her health, sir; and, Captain Scapethrift, here's to 'em both.

Enter SECURITY *and* BRAMBLE. [120

SEC. See, see, Master Bramble, 'fore heaven, their voyage cannot but prosper! they are o' their knees for success to it!

BRAM. And they pray to god Bacchus.

SEC. God save my brave colonel, with all his tall captains and corporals. See, sir, my worshipful learned counsel, Master Bramble, is come to take his leave of you. [129

PET. Worshipful Master Bramble, how far do you draw us into the sweet briar of your kindness!—Come, Captain Seagull, another health to this rare Bramble, that hath never a prick about him.

SEA. I pledge his most smooth disposition, sir.—Come, Master Security, bend your supporters, and pledge this notorious health here.

SEC. Bend you yours likewise, Master Bramble; for it is you shall pledge me. [140

SEA. Not so, Master Security; he must not pledge his own health.

SEC. No, Master Captain?

Enter QUICKSILVER, *with* WINNIE *(who is disguised).*

Why, then, here's one is fitly come to do him that honor.

QUICK. Here's the gentlewoman your cousin, sir, whom, with much entreaty, I have brought to take her leave of you [150 in a tavern; ashamed whereof, you must pardon her if she put not off her mask.

PET. Pardon me, sweet cousin; my kind desire to see you before I went made me so importunate to entreat your presence here.

SEC. How now, Master Francis, have you honored this presence with a fair gentlewoman?

QUICK. Pray, sir, take you no notice [160 of her, for she will not be known t you.

SEC. But my learned counsel, Maste Bramble here, I hope may know her.

QUICK. No more than you, sir, at th time; his learning must pardon her.

SEC. Well, God pardon her, for my par and I do, I'll be sworn; and so, Maste Francis, here's to all that are going eas ward to-night towards Cuckold's Haven and so to the health of Master Brambl

QUICK. I pledge it, sir. [*Kneels.*] [17 Hath it gone round, captains?

SEA. It has, sweet Frank; and th round closes with thee.

QUICK. Well, sir, here's to all eastwar and toward cuckolds, and so to famou Cuckold's Haven, so fatally remembere [*Surgi*

PET., *to* WINNIE. Nay, pray thee, co weep not. <Gossip Security. [18

SEC. Ay, my brave gossip.

PET. A word, I beseech you, sir. Ou friend, Mistress Bramble here, is so di solved in tears, that she drowns the whol mirth of our meeting. Sweet gossip, tak her aside and comfort her.>

SEC., *taking her aside.* <Pity of all tru love, Mistress Bramble; what, weep yo to enjoy your love? What's the cause, [19 lady? Is't because your husband is s near, and your heart earns[13] to hav a little abused him? Alas, alas! the o fence is too common to be respected. S great a grace hath seldom chanced to s unthankful a woman; to be rid of a old jealous dotard, to enjoy the arms o a loving young knight, that, when you prickless Bramble is withered with grie of your loss, will make you flourish afres in the bed of a lady.> [20

Re-enter DRAWER.

DRAW. Sir Petronel, here's one of you watermen come to tell you it will b flood these three hours; and that 'twi be dangerous going against the tide, fo the sky is overcast, and there was a poi poise even now seen at London bridg which is always the messenger of tem pests, he says. [21

[13] yearns.

PET. A porpoise!—what's that to th' urpose? Charge him, if he love his life, o attend us; can we not reach Black-all (where my ship lies) against the tide, nd in spite of tempests? Captains and entlemen, we'll begin a new ceremony t the beginning of our voyage, which I elieve will be followed of all future ad-enturers.

SEA. What's that, good colonel? [220

PET. This, Captain Seagull. We'll have ur provided supper brought aboard Sir rancis Drake's ship that hath com-assed the world; where, with full cups nd banquets, we will do sacrifice for a rosperous voyage. My mind gives me iat some good spirits of the waters iould haunt the desert ribs of her, and e auspicious to all that honor her mem-ry, and will with like orgies enter their oyages. [231

SEA. Rarely conceited! One health iore to this motion, and aboard to per-orm it. He that will not this night be runk, may he never be sober.

[*They compass in* WINIFRED, *dance the runken round, and drink carouses.*

BRAM. Sir Petronel and his honorable aptains, in these young services we old ervitors may be spared. We only [240 ame to take our leaves, and, with one ealth to you all, I'll be bold to do so. ere, neighbor Security, to the health of ir Petronel and all his captains.

SEC. You must bend then, Master ramble. [BRAMBLE *kneels.*] So, now I m for you. [*They drink, and* BRAMBLE *ses.*] I have one corner of my brain, I ope, fit to bear one carouse more. Here, dy, to you that are encompassed [250 ere, and are ashamed of our company. a, ha, ha! by my troth, my learned ounsel, Master Bramble, my mind runs o of Cuckold's Haven to-night that my ead runs over with admiration.

BRAM. <But is not that your wife, eighbor?

SEC. No, by my troth, Master Bram-le. Ha, ha, ha! A pox of all Cuckold's avens, I say! [260

BRAM. A' my faith, her garments are exceeding like your wife's.

SEC., *Cucullus non facit monachum,* my learned counsel; all are not cuckolds that seem so; nor all seem not that are so. Give me your hand, my learned counsel; you and I will sup somewhere else than at Sir Francis Drake's ship to-night.> Adieu, my noble gossip!

BRAM. Good fortune, brave captains; fair skies God send ye! [271

OMNES. Farewell, my hearts, farewell!

PET. Gossip, laugh no more at Cuckold's Haven, gossip.

SEC. I have done, I have done, sir.—Will you lead, Master Bramble? Ha, ha, ha! [*Exit.*

PET. Captain Seagull, charge a boat.

OMNES. A boat, a boat, a boat!

[*Exeunt all except* DRAWER. [280

DRAW. Y'are in a proper taking indeed, to take a boat, especially at this time of night, and against tide and tempest. They say yet, "drunken men never take harm." This night will try the truth of that proverb.

SCENE IV (C.)

SECURITY *has returned to his house, and, without going in, is calling for his wife.*

SEC., *calling.* What, Winnie!—Wife, I say!—Out of doors at this time! where should I seek the gad-fly?—Billingsgate, Billingsgate, Billingsgate! She's gone with the knight, she's gone with the knight! woe be to thee, Billingsgate!—[*Calling.*] A boat! a boat! a boat! a [10 full hundred marks for a boat! [*Exit.*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I (C) [1]

SLITGUT *is at Cuckold's Haven early the next morning. He carries a pair of ox-horns, which he is to set up, in honor of Saint Luke, the patron saint of cuckolds, on a tall tree that overlooks a vast extent of the Thames-side.*

SLIT. All hail, fair haven of married men only! for there are none but mar-

[1] With perhaps a few lines by Marston.

ried men cuckolds. For my part, I presume not to arrive here but in my [10 master's behalf (a poor butcher of Eastcheap), who sends me to set up (in honor of Saint Luke) these necessary ensigns of his homage. And up I gat this morning, thus early, to get up to the top of this famous tree, that is all fruit and no leaves, to advance this crest of my master's occupation. Up then! [*Begins climbing the tree.*] Heaven and Saint Luke bless me, that I be not blown [20 into the Thames as I climb, with this furious tempest. 'Slight! I think the devil be abroad, in likeness of a storm, to rob me of my horns! Hark how he roars! Lord! what a coil the Thames keeps! she bears some unjust burthen, I believe, that she kicks and curvets thus to cast it. Heaven bless all honest passengers that are upon her back now; for the bit is out of her mouth, I see, and she will run away [30 with 'em! [*Having reached the top of the tree, he attaches his pair of horns.*] So, so! I think I have made it look the right way. It runs against London Bridge, as it were, even full butt. And now let me discover from this lofty prospect, what pranks the rude Thames plays in her desperate lunacy. O me! here's a boat has been cast away hard by. Alas, alas, see one of her passengers labor- [40 ing for his life to land at this haven here! Pray heaven he may recover it! His next land is even just under me.—Hold out yet a little, whatsoever thou art; pray, and take a good heart to thee.—'Tis a man;—take a man's heart to thee; yet a little further, get up a' thy legs, man; now 'tis shallow enough. So, so, so! Alas! he's down again. Hold thy wind, father.—'Tis a man in a night- [50 cap. So! now he's got up again; now he's past the worst: yet, thanks be to heaven, he comes toward me pretty and strongly.

Enter a very bedraggled SECURITY. *He is minus a hat but has a nightcap.*

SEC. Heaven, I beseech thee, how have I offended thee! where am I cast ashore now, that I may go a righter way home by land? Let me see; O, I am scarce [6 able to look about me: where is ther any sea-mark that I am acquainte withal?

SLIT. Look up, father; are you ac quainted with this mark?

SEC. What! landed at Cuckold's Haven Hell and damnation! I will run back an drown myself. [*Falls dow*

SLIT. Poor man, how weak he is! th weak water has washed away his strengt

SEC. Landed at Cuckold's Haven! If [7 it had not been to die twenty times alive I should never have 'scaped death! will never arise more; I will grovel her and eat dirt till I be choked; I will mak the gentle earth do that which the cru water has denied me!

SLIT. Alas, good father, be not so des perate! Rise man; if you will, I'll com presently and lead you home. [8

SEC. Home! shall I make any know my home that has known me thus abroad How low shall I crouch away, that n eye may see me? I will creep on th earth while I live, and never look heave in the face more. [*Exit, creeping*

SLIT. What young planet reigns now trow, that old men are so foolish? Wha desperate young swaggerer would hav been abroad such a weather as this, [9 upon the water?—Ay me, see anothe remnant of this unfortunate shipwrack or some other. A woman, i' faith, a wo man; though it be almost at Saint Kath 'rin's, I discern it to be a woman, for all he body is above the water, and her clothe swim about her most handsomely. O they bear her up most bravely! Has no a woman reason to love the taking up o her clothes the better while she lives, [10 for this? Alas, how busy the rud Thames is about her! A pox a' tha wave! it will drown her, i' faith, 'twil drown her! Cry God mercy, she ha scaped it! I thank heaven she has scaped it! O how she swims, like a mermaid! Some vigilant body look out and save her That's well said; [2] just where the pries fell in, there's one sets down a ladder, and

[2] done.

goes to take her up. God's bless- [110
ng a' thy heart, boy! Now take her up
n thy arms and to bed with her. She's
ıp, she's up! She's a beautiful woman, I
varrant her; the billows durst not devour
ıer.

Enter the DRAWER *of the Blue Anchor, with* WINIFRED, *whom he has just res-ued. Though we still have the tree of Cuckold's Haven on the stage, with* SLITGUT *atop of it, the scene below is ıow supposed to be Saint Katharine's.* [121

DRAW. How fare you now, lady?

WIN. Much better, my good friend, han I wish; as one desperate of her ame, now my life is preserved.

DRAW. Comfort yourself: that Power hat preserved you from death can like-vise defend you from infamy, howsoever ou deserve it. Were not you one that ook boat late this night, with a knight nd other gentlemen at Billingsgate? [131

WIN. Unhappy that I am, I was.

DRAW. I am glad it was my good hap o come down thus far after you, to a ıouse of my friends here in Saint Kath-rine's, since I am now happily made a ıean to your rescue from the ruthless empest, which (when you took boat) vas so extreme, and the gentleman that ›rought you forth so desperate and [140 ınsober, that I feared long ere this I hould hear of your shipwrack, and there-ore (with little other reason) made thus ar this way. And this I must tell you, ince perhaps you may make use of it, here was left behind you at our tavern, ›rought by a porter (hired by the young entleman that brought you), a gentle-voman's gown, hat, stockings, and shoes; vhich, if they be yours, and you [150 lease to shift you, taking a hard bed ıere in this house of my friend, I will ›resently go fetch you.

WIN. Thanks, my good friend, for your ıore than good news. The gown with ll things bound with it are mine; which, f you please to fetch as you have prom-sed, I will boldly receive the kind favor ou have offered till your return; entreat-ing you, by all the good you have [160 done in preserving me hitherto, to let none take knowledge of what favor you do me, or where such a one as I am bestowed, lest you incur me much more damage in my fame than you have done me pleas-ure in preserving my life.

DRAW. Come in, lady, and shift your-self; resolve that nothing but your own pleasure shall be used in your discovery.

WIN. Thank you, good friend; the time may come, I shall requite you. [171

[*Exeunt into the house the* DRAWER *has indicated.*

SLIT. See, see, see! I hold my life, there's some other a-taking up at Wap-ping now! Look, what a sort of people cluster about the gallows there! in good troth, it is so. O me! a fine young gen-tleman! What, and taken up at the gal-lows! Heaven grant he be not one [180 day taken down there! A' my life, it is ominous! Well, he is delivered for the time. I see the people have all left him; yet will I keep my prospect awhile, to see if any more have been shipwracked.

The stage now represents Wapping. QUICKSILVER *enters, wet and bare-headed.*

QUICK. Accursed that ever I was saved or born! [190

How fatal is my sad arrival here!
As if the stars and Providence spake to me,
And said, "The drift of all unlawful courses
(Whatever end they dare propose themselves,
In frame of their licentious policies),
In the firm order of just Destiny,
They are the ready highways to our ruins." [201
I know not what to do; my wicked hopes
Are, with this tempest, torn up by the roots.
O, which way shall I bend my desperate steps,
In which unsufferable shame and misery
Will not attend them? I will walk this bank, [210

And see if I can meet the other reliques
Of our poor shipwracked crew, or hear of them.
The knight, alas! was so far gone with wine,
And th' other three, that I refused their boat,
And took the hapless woman in another,
Who cannot but be sunk, whatever Fortune
Hath wrought upon the others' desperate lives. [*Exit.*

The scene now shifts to the Isle of Dogs, where Sir Petronel *and* Seagull *have been cast up. Both are bareheaded.*

Pet. Zounds! Captain, I tell thee we are cast up o' the coast of France. 'Sfoot! I am not drunk still, I hope. Dost remember where we were last night?

Sea. No, by my troth, knight, not I; but methinks we have been a horrible while upon the water and in the water.

Pet. Ay me! we are undone forever! Hast any money about thee?

Sea. Not a penny, by Heaven!

Pet. Not a penny betwixt us, and cast ashore in France!

Sea. Faith, I cannot tell that; my brains nor mine eyes are not mine own yet.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Pet. 'Sfoot! wilt not believe me? I know't by th' elevation of the pole, and by the altitude and latitude of the climate. See, here comes a couple of French gentlemen; I knew we were in France; dost thou think our Englishmen are so Frenchified, that a man knows not whether he be in France or in England, when he sees 'em? What shall we do? We must e'en to 'em, and entreat some relief of 'em. Life is sweet, and we have no other means to relieve our lives now but their charities.

Sea. Pray you, do you beg on 'em then; you can speak French.

Pet. *Monsieur, plaist-il devoir pitié de nostre grande infortunes. Je suis un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre qui a soufri l'infortune de naufrage.*

1 Gent. *Un pauvre chevalier d'Angleterre?*

Pet. *Oui, monsieur, il est trop vrai mais vous savez bien nous sommes toute subject à fortune.*

2 Gent. A poor knight of England?—a poor knight of Windsor, are you not? Why speak you this broken French, when y'are a whole Englishman? On what coast are you, think you?

Pet. On the coast of France, sir.

1 Gent. On the coast of Dogs, sir; y'are i' th' Isle a' Dogs, I tell you. I see y'ave been washed in the Thames here, and I believe ye were drowned in a tavern before, or else you would never have took boat in such a dawning as this was. Farewell, farewell; we will not know you, for shaming of you.—I ken the man well; he's one of my thirty pound knights.

2 Gent. No, no, this is he that stole his knighthood o' the grand day for four pound giving[3] to a page; all the money in's purse, I wot well. [*Exeunt.*

Sea. Death! Colonel, I knew you were overshot.

Pet. Sure I think now, indeed, Captain Seagull, we were something overshot.—

Enter Quicksilver.

What! my sweet Frank Quicksilver! dost thou survive, to rejoice me? But what! nobody at thy heels, Frank? Ay me! what is become of poor Mistress Security?

Quick. Faith, gone quite from her name, as she is from her fame, I think; I left her to the mercy of the water.

Sea. Let her go, let her go! Let us go to our ship at Blackwall, and shift us.

Pet. Nay, by my troth, let our clothes rot upon us, and let us rot in them; twenty to one our ship is attached by this time. If we set her not under sail this last tide, I never looked for any other. Woe, woe is me! what shall become of us? The last money we could make the greedy Thames has devoured;

[3] should perhaps be "given."

nd, if our ship be attached, there is o hope can relieve us. [311

Quick. 'Sfoot, knight! what an unnightly faintness transports thee! Let ur ship sink, and all the world that's ithout us be taken from us, I hope I ave some tricks in this brain of mine nall not let us perish.

Sea. Well said, Frank, i' faith. O my imble-spirited Quicksilver! 'Fore God, ould thou hadst been our colonel! [320

Pet. I like his spirit rarely; but I see o means he has to support that spirit.

Quick. Go to, knight! I have more neans than thou art aware of. I have ot lived amongst goldsmiths and goldnakers all this while but I have learned omething worthy of my time with 'em. nd, not to let thee stink where thou tand'st, knight, I'll let thee know some f my skill presently. [330

Sea. Do, good Frank, I beseech thee.

Quick. I will blanch copper so cunningly that it shall endure all proofs but ne test: it shall endure malleation, it nall have the ponderosity of Luna, and ne tenacity of Luna, by no means friable.

Pet. 'Slight! where learn'st thou these erms, trow?

Quick. Tush, knight! the terms of this rt every ignorant quacksalver is [340 erfect in; but I'll tell you how yourself nall blanch copper thus cunningly. Take rs'nic, otherwise called realga (which ineed is plain ratsbane); sublime 'em three r four times, then take the sublimate f this realga and put 'em into a glass, nto chymia, and let 'em have a conenient decoction natural, four and twenty ours, and he will become perfectly fixed; nen take this fixed powder, and project im upon well-purged copper, *et habebis agisterium.* [352

Ambo. Excellent Frank, let us hug nee!

Quick. Nay, this I will do besides. ll take you off twelvepence from every ngel, with a kind of *aqua fortis*, and ever deface any part of the image.

Pet. But then it will want weight?

Quick. You shall restore that thus: [360 take your *sal achyme* prepared, and your distilled urine, and let your angels lie in it but four and twenty hours, and they shall have their perfect weight again. Come on, now; I hope this is enough to put some spirit into the livers of you; I'll infuse more another time. We have saluted the proud air long enough with our bare sconces. Now will I have you to [369 a wench's house of mine at London, there make shift to shift us, and, after, take such fortunes as the stars shall assign us.

Ambo. Notable Frank, we will ever adore thee! [*Exeunt.*

We are now at Billingsgate, whither the friendly Drawer *has escorted* Winifred, *who is now in her own clothes.*

Win. Now, sweet friend, you have brought me near enough your tavern, which I desired I might with some [380 color be seen near, inquiring for my husband, who (I must tell you) stole thither last night with my wet gown we have left at your friend's, which, to continue your former honest kindness, let me pray you to keep close from the knowledge of any: and so, with all vow of your requital, let me now entreat you to leave me to my woman's wit and fortune.

Draw. All shall be done you desire; [390 and so all the fortune you can wish for attend you. [*Exit* Drawer.

Enter Security.

Sec. <I will once more to this unhappy tavern before I shift one rag of me more; that I may there know what is left behind, and what news of their passengers. I have bought me a hat and band with the little money I had about me, and made the streets a little leave staring at my nightcap.> [401

Win. O, my dear husband! where have you been to-night? All night abroad at taverns! Rob me of my garments![4] and fare as one run away from me! Alas! is this seemly for a man of your credit, of your age, and affection to your wife?

Sec. What should I say? how mirac-

[4] It does not occur to Security to wonder how she has got them.

ulously sorts this! was not I at home, and called thee last night? [410

Win. Yes, sir, the harmless sleep you broke; and my answer to you would have witnessed it, if you had had the patience to have stayed and answered me; but your so sudden retreat made me imagine you were gone to Master Bramble's, and so rested patient and hopeful of your coming again, till this your unbelieved absence brought me abroad with no less than wonder, to seek you where the false knight had carried you. [421

Sec. Villain and monster that I was! How have I abused thee! I was suddenly gone indeed; for my sudden jealousy transferred me. I will say no more but this, dear wife: I suspected thee.

Win. Did you suspect me?

Sec. Talk not of it, I beseech thee; I am ashamed to imagine it. I will home, I will home; and every morning on my knees ask thee heartily forgiveness. [431

[*Exeunt.*

Slit. Now will I descend my honorable prospect, the farthest-seeing seamark of the world: no marvel, then, if I could see two miles about me. I hope the red tempest's anger be now overblown, which, sure, I think, Heaven sent as a punishment for profaning holy Saint Luke's memory with so ridiculous a [440 custom. Thou dishonest satyr! Farewell to honest married men! farewell to all sorts and degrees of thee! Farewell, thou born of hunger, that call'st th' inns a' court to their manger! Farewell, thou horn of abundance, that adornest the headsmen of the commonwealth! Farewell, thou horn of direction, that is the city lanthorn! Farewell, thou horn of pleasure, the ensign of the huntsman! [450 Farewell, thou horn of destiny, th' ensign of the married man! Farewell, thou horn tree, that bearest nothing but stone fruit! [*Exit.*

Scene II (C, M)

The same day Touchstone *is alone in a room in his house, taking stock of the situation.*

Touch. Ha, sirrah! thinks my knight adventurer we can no point of our com pass? Do we not know north-north-east north-east and by east, east and by north nor plain eastward? Ha! have we neve heard of Virginia, nor the Cavallaria,[5] no the Colonoria?[5] Can we discover no [1 discoveries? Well, mine errant Sir Flash and my runagate Quicksilver, you ma drink drunk, crack cans, hurl away brown dozen of Monmouth caps or so in sea-ceremony to your *bon voyage*; but for reaching any coast, save the coast o Kent or Essex, with this tide, or with thi fleet, I'll be your warrant for a Grave send toast. There's that gone afore wil stay your admiral and vice-admiral [2 and rear-admiral, were they all (as they are) but one pinnace, and under sail, a well as a remora, doubt it not; and fron this sconce, without either powder or shot Work upon that now. Nay, and you'l shew tricks, we'll vie with you a little My daughter, his lady, was sent east ward by land to a castle of his i' the ai (in what region I know not), and, as hear, was glad to take up her lodging [3 in her coach, she and her two waiting women, her maid, and her mother, like three snails in a shell, and the coachman atop on 'em, I think. Since, they have all found the way back again by Weep ing Cross; but I'll not see 'em. And, fo two on 'em, madam and her malkin, they are like to bite o' the bridle for William as the poor horses have done all thi while that hurried 'em, or else go graze [4 o' the common. So should my Dame Touchstone too; but she has been my cross these thirty years, and I'll now keep her to fright away sprites, i' faith I wonder I hear no news of my son Golding. He was sent for to the Guild hall this morning betimes, and I marve at the matter; if I had not laid up com fort and hope in him, I should grow des perate of all. See, he is come i' my thought!— [5

Enter Golding.

How now, son? What news at the Court of Aldermen?

[5] Latin law-terms.

GOLD. Troth, sir, an accident somehat strange, else it hath little in it orth the reporting.

TOUCH. What? It is not borrowing of oney, then?

GOLD. No, sir; it hath pleased the orshipful commoners of the city to [60 ke me one i' their number at presentaon of the inquest——

TOUCH. Ha!

GOLD. And the alderman of the ward herein I dwell to appoint me his depty——

TOUCH. How?

GOLD. In which place I have had an ath ministered me, since I went. [69

TOUCH. Now, my dear and happy son, t me kiss thy new worship, and a little past mine own happiness in thee. What fortune was it (or rather my judgment, deed) for me first to see that in his sposition which a whole city so conires to second! Ta'en into the livery his company the first day of his freeom! Now (not a week married), chosen mmoner and alderman's deputy in a ay! Note but the reward of a thrifty [80 urse! The wonder of his time! Well, will honor Master Alderman for this t (as becomes me), and shall think e better of the Common Council's wisom and worship, while I live, for thus eeting, or but coming after me, in the inion of his desert. Forward, my sufient son! and, as this is the first, so teem it the least step to that high d prime honor that expects thee. [90

GOLD. Sir, as I was not ambitious of is, so I covet no higher place; it hath gnity enough, if it will but save me om contempt; and I had rather my aring in this or any other office should ld worth to it than the place give the ast opinion to me.

TOUCH. Excellently spoken! This odest answer of thine blushes, as if it id, "I will wear scarlet shortly." Woripful son! I cannot contain myself, [101 must tell thee; I hope to see thee one o' e monuments of our city, and reckoned nong her worthies, to be remembered the same day with the Lady Ramsey and grave Gresham, when the famous fable of Whittington and his puss shall be forgotten, and thou and thy acts become the posies for hospitals; when thy name shall be written upon conduits, and [110 thy deeds played i' thy lifetime by the best companies of actors, and be called their get-penny. This I divine; this I prophesy.

GOLD. Sir, engage not your expectation farther than my abilities will answer; I, that know mine own strengths, fear 'em; and there is so seldom a loss in promising the least that commonly it brings with it a welcome deceit. I have other news for you, sir. [121

TOUCH. None more welcome, I am sure.

GOLD. They have their degree of welcome, I dare affirm. The colonel and all his company, this morning putting forth drunk from Billin[g]sgate, had like to have been cast away o' this side Greenwich; and (as I have intelligence by a false brother) are come dropping to town like so many masterless men, i' their [131 doublets and hose, without hat or cloak or any other——

TOUCH. A miracle! the justice of Heaven! Where are they? Lets go presently and lay for 'em.

GOLD. I have done that already, sir, both by constables and other officers, who shall take 'em at their old Anchor, and with less tumult or suspicion than if [140 yourself were seen in't, under color of a great press that is now abroad; and they shall here be brought afore me.

TOUCH. Prudent and politic son! Disgrace 'em all that ever thou canst; their ship I have already arrested. How to my wish it falls out that thou hast the place of a justicer upon 'em! I am partly glad of the injury done to me, that thou may'st punish it. Be severe i' thy [150 place, like a new officer o' the first quarter, unreflected. You hear how our lady is come back with her train from the invisible castle?

GOLD. No; where is she?

TOUCH. Within; but I ha' not seen her yet, nor her mother, who now begins to wish her daughter undubbed, they say, and that she had walked a foot-pace with her sister. Here they come; stand back. [160

Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, *and* SINDEFY.

God save your ladyship; save your good ladyship! Your ladyship is welcome from your enchanted castle; so are your beauteous retinue. I hear your knight errant is travelled on strange adventures. Surely, in my mind, your ladyship hath "fished fair, and caught a frog," as the saying is. [170

MIST. TOUCH. Speak to your father, madam, and kneel down.

GER. Kneel? I hope I am not brought so low yet; though my knight be run away, and has sold my land, I am a lady still.

TOUCH. Your ladyship says true, madam; and it is fitter and a greater decorum that I should curtsy to you that are a knight's wife and a lady than you be brought a' your knees to me, who am a poor cullion and your father. [182

GER. La! my father knows his duty!

MIST. T. O child!

TOUCH. And therefore I do desire your ladyship, my good Lady Flash, in all humility, to depart my obscure cottage, and return in quest of your bright and most transparent castle, "how ever presently concealed to mortal eyes." And, as for [190 one poor woman of your train here, I will take that order she shall no longer be a charge unto you, nor help to spend your ladyship; she shall stay at home with me, and not go abroad, not put you to the pawning of an odd coach-horse or three wheels, but take part with the Touchstone. If we lack, we will not complain to your ladyship. And so, good madam, with your damosel here, [200 please you to let us see your straight backs in equipage; for truly here is no roost for such chickens as you are, or birds o' your feather, if it like your ladyship.

GER. Marry, fyste of your kindness! I thought as much. Come away, Sir we shall as soon get a fart from a dea man as a farthing of court'sy here.

MIL. O, good sister!

GER. Sister, Sir Reverence! Come [21 away, I say: hunger drops out at hi nose.

GOLD. O, madam, "Fair words neve hurt the tongue."

GER. How say you by that? Yo come out with your gold-ends now!

MIST. T. Stay, lady-daughter. Goo husband—

TOUCH. Wife, no man loves his fetter be they made of gold. I list not ha' [22 my head fastened under my child's girdle as she has brewed, so let her drink, a God's name. She went witless to wed ding, now she may go wisely a-begging It's but honeymoon yet with her lady ship; she has coach-horses, apparel, jewel yet left; she needs care for no friends, no take knowledge of father, mother, brothe sister, or anybody. When those ar pawned or spent, perhaps we shall re turn into the list of her acquaintance. [23

GER. I scorn it, i' faith. Come, Sin.

MIST. T. O madam, why do you pro voke your father thus?

[*Exeunt* GERTRUDE *and* SINDEFY

TOUCH. Nay, nay, e'en let pride g afore; shame will follow after, I warran you. Come, why dost thou weep now Thou art not the first good cow has had an ill calf, I trust.—[*Exit* MIS TRESS TOUCHSTONE.] What's the new with that fellow?

Enter CONSTABLE. *He speaks aside t* GOLDING.

GOLD. Sir, the knight and your ma Quicksilver are without; will you ha' 'e brought in?

TOUCH. O, by any means. [*Exit* CON STABLE.] And, son, here's a chair; ap pear terrible unto 'em on the first [25 interview. Let them behold the melan choly of a magistrate, and taste the fur of a citizen in office.

GOLD. Why, sir, I can do nothing t

m, except you charge 'em with some-
hat.

Touch. I will charge 'em and recharge
m, rather than authority should want
il to set it of[f]. [*Offers* Golding *a*
air. [260

Gold. No, good sir, I will not.

Touch. Son, it is your place; by any
eans——

Gold. Believe it, I will not, sir.

nter Sir Petronel, Quicksilver, Con-
stable *and Officers.*

Pet. How misfortune pursues us still
our misery!

Quick. Would it had been my fortune
have been trussed up at Wapping
ther than ever ha' come here! [271

Pet. Or mine to have famished in the
land!

Quick. Must Golding sit upon us?

Con. You might carry an M. under
our girdle to Master Deputy's worship.

Gold. What are those, Master Con-
able?

Con. An't please your worship, a
ouple of masterless men I pressed for
he Low Countries, sir. [281

Gold. Why do you not carry 'em to
ridewell, according to your order, they
ay be shipped away?

Con. An't please your worship, one of
m says he is a knight; and we thought
ood to shew him to your worship, for
ir discharge.

Gold. Which is he?

Con. This, sir. [290

Gold. And what's the other?

Con. A knight's fellow, sir, an't please
ou.

Gold. What! a knight and his fellow
ius accoutred? Where are their hats
nd feathers, their rapiers and their
loaks?

Quick. O, they mock us.

Con. Nay, truly, sir, they had cast
oth their feathers and hats, too, be- [300
ore we see 'em. Here's all their furniture,
n't please you, that we found. They
ay knights are now to be known with-
ut feathers, like cock'rels by their spurs,
ir.

Gold. What are their names, say they?

Touch. <Very well, this. He should not take knowledge of 'em in his place, indeed.>

Con. This is Sir Petronel Flash. [310

Touch. How!

Con. And this, Francis Quicksilver.

Touch. Is't possible? I thought your worship had been gone for Virginia, sir; you are welcome home, sir. Your worship has made a quick return, it seems, and no doubt a good voyage. Nay, pray you be covered, sir. How did your biscuit hold out, sir?—Methought I had seen this gentleman afore.—Good [320 Master Quicksilver, how a degree to the southward has changed you!

Gold. Do you know them, father?—Forbear your offers a little, you shall be heard anon.

Touch. Yes, Master Deputy; I had a small venture with them in the voyage —a thing called a son-in-law, or so. Officers, you may let 'em stand alone, they will not run away; I'll give my word [330 for them, a couple of very honest gentlemen. One of 'em was my prentice, Master Quicksilver here; and when he had two year to serve, kept his whore and his hunting nag, would play his 100 pound at gresco or primero as familiarly (and all a' my purse) as any bright piece of crimson on 'em all; had his changeable trunks of apparel standing at livery, with his mare, his chest of perfumed linen, [340 and his bathing tubs, which, when I told him of, why he—he was a gentleman, and I a poor Cheapside groom! The remedy was, we must part; since when, he hath had the gift of gathering up some small parcels of mine, to the value of 500 pound, dispersed among my customers, to furnish this his Virginian venture; wherein this knight was the chief, Sir Flash—one that married a daughter [350 of mine, ladified her, turned two-thousand pounds' worth of good land of hers into cash within the first week, bought her a new gown and a coach; sent her to seek her fortune by land, whilst himself prepared for his fortune by sea; took in

fresh flesh at Billingsgate, for his own diet, to serve him the whole voyage—the wife of a certain usurer called Security, who hath been the broker for 'em in all this business. Please, Master Deputy, work upon that now. [362

Gold. If my worshipful father have ended—

Touch. I have, it shall please Master Deputy.

Gold. Well then, under correction——

Touch. <Now, son, come over 'em with some fine gird, as thus, "Knight, you shall be encountered," that is, had to the Counter; or, "Quicksilver, I will put you into a crucible," or so.> [372

Gold. Sir Petronel Flash, I am sorry to see such flashes as these proceed from a gentleman of your quality and rank; for mine own part, I could wish I could say I could not see them; but such is the misery of magistrates and men in place, that they must not wink at offenders.—Take him aside.—I will hear you anon, sir. [381

Touch. <I like this well, yet; there's some grace i' the knight left: he cries.>

Gold. Francis Quicksilver, would God thou hadst turned quack-salver, rather than run into these dissolute and lewd courses! It is great pity; thou art a proper young man, of an honest and clean face, somewhat near a good one; God hath done his part in thee; but thou [390 hast made too much, and been too proud, of that face, with the rest of thy body; for maintenance of which in neat and garish attire, only to be looked upon by some light housewives, thou hast prodigally consumed much of thy master's estate; and, being by him gently admonished at several times, hast returned thyself haughty and rebellious in thine answers, thund'ring out uncivil com- [400 parisons, requiting all his kindness with a coarse and harsh behavior; never returning thanks for any one benefit, but receiving all as if they had been debts to thee, and no courtesies. I must tell thee, Francis, these are manifest signs of an ill nature; and God doth often punish such pride and *outrecuidance* with scor and infamy, which is the worst of misfor tune.—My worshipful father, what [41 do you please to charge them withal From the press I will free 'em, Maste Constable.

Con. Then I'll leave your worship, si

Gold. No, you may stay; there wi be other matters against 'em.

Touch. Sir, I do charge this gallan Master Quicksilver, on suspicion of fe ony; and the knight, as being accessor in the receipt of my goods. [42

Quick. O God, sir!

Touch. Hold thy peace, impudent va let, hold thy peace! With what fore head or face dost thou offer to cho logic with me, having run such a race riot as thou hast done? Does not th sight of this worshipful man's fortun and temper confound thee, that was th younger fellow in household, and no come to have the place of a judge [43 upon thee? Dost not observe this? Whic of all thy gallants and gamesters, th swearers and thy swaggerers, will con now to moan thy misfortune, or pity th penury? They'll look out at a windo as thou rid'st in triumph to Tyburn, an cry, "Yonder goes honest Frank, ma Quicksilver!" "He was a free boon com panion, when he had money," says one "Hang him, fool!" says another; "he [4 could not keep it when he had it!" " pox o' the cullion, his master," says third, "he has brought him to this;" whe their pox of pleasure, and their piles perdition, would have been better b stowed upon thee, that hast venture for 'em with the best, and by the clu of thy knavery brought thyself weepi to the cart of calamity.

Quick. Worshipful master! [4

Touch. Offer not to speak, crocodil I will not hear a sound come from the Thou hast learned to whine at the pla yonder. Master Deputy, pray you com mit 'em both to safe custody, till I able farther to charge 'em.

Quick. O me! what an unfortuna thing am I!

PET. Will you not take security, sir?

TOUCH. Yes, marry, will I, Sir [460 'lash, if I can find him, and charge him s deep as the best on you. He has been he plotter of all this; he is your enginer, hear. Master Deputy, you'll dispose of hese. In the mean time, I'll to my Lord Mayor, and get his warrant to seize that erpent Security into my hands, and seal p both house and goods to the king's use r my satisfaction.

GOLD. Officers, take 'em to the Counter.

QUICK. AND PET. O God! [471

TOUCH. Nay, on, on; you see the issue f your sloth. Of sloth cometh pleasure, f pleasure cometh riot, of riot comes whoring, of whoring comes spending, of spending comes want, of want comes heft, of theft comes hanging; and there s my Quicksilver fixed.

ACT FIVE

SCENE I (J)

Some days have elapsed. Poor GERTRUDE *is in her lodging, with* SINDEFY. *She is having a hard time of it, and has had to pawn most of her belongings.*

GER. Ah, Sin! hast thou ever read i' he chronicle of any lady and her waiting-woman driven to that extremity that ve are, Sin?

SIN. Not I, truly, madam; and, if I had, it were but cold comfort should come out of books, now. [11

GER. Why, good faith, Sin, I could dine with a lamentable story, now. *O hone, hone, o no nera*! *&c.* Canst thou tell ne'er a one, Sin?

SIN. None but mine own, madam, which is lamentable enough: first to be stolen from my friends, which were worshipful and of good account, by a prentice in the habit and disguise of a gentle- [20 man, and here brought up to London, and promised marriage, and now likely to be forsaken, for he is in possibility to be hanged!

GER. Nay, weep not, good Sin; my Petronel is in as good possibility as he. Thy miseries are nothing to mine, Sin; I was more than promised marriage, Sin; I had it, Sin; and was made a lady; and by a knight, Sin; which is now as good [30 as no knight, Sin. And I was born in London, which is more then brought up, Sin; and already forsaken, which is past likelihood, Sin; and, instead of land i' the country, all my knight's living lies i' the counter, Sin; there's his castle, now!

SIN. Which he cannot be forced out of, madam. [39

GER. Yes, if he would live hungry a week or two. "Hunger," they say, "breaks stone walls." But he is e'en well enough served, Sin, that, so soon as ever he had got my hand to the sale of my inheritance, run away from me, and I had been his punk, God bless us! Would the knight o' the sun or Palmerin of England, have used their ladies so, Sin? or Sir Lancelot or Sir Tristram?

SIN. I do not know, madam. [50

GER. Then thou know'st nothing, Sin. Thou art a fool, Sin. The knighthood now-a-days are nothing like the knighthood of old time. They rid a-horseback; ours go afoot. They were attended by their squires; ours by their lackeys. They went buckled in their armor; ours muffled in their cloaks. They travelled wildernesses and deserts; ours dare scarce walk the streets. They were still [60 pressed to engage their honor; ours still ready to pawn their clothes. They would gallop on at sight of a monster; ours run away at sight of a sergeant. They would help poor ladies; ours make poor ladies.

SIN. Ay, madam, they were knights of the Round Table at Winchester, that sought adventures; but these, of the Square Table at ordinaries, that sit at hazard. [70

GER. True, Sin; let him vanish. And tell me, what shall we pawn next?

SIN. Ay, marry, madam, a timely consideration; for our hostess (profane woman!) has sworn by bread and salt, she will not trust us another meal.

GER. Let it stink in her hand then. I'll not be beholding to her. Let me see; my jewels be gone, and my gowns, and

my red velvet petticoat that I was [80 married in, and my wedding silk stockings, and all thy best apparel, poor Sin! Good faith, rather than thou shouldst pawn a rag more, I'd lay my ladyship in lavender[1]—if I knew where.

SIN, *pityingly*, Alas, madam, your ladyship!

GER. Ay, why? You do not scorn my ladyship, though it is in a waistcoat? God's my life! you are a peat indeed! [90 Do I offer to mortgage my ladyship for you and for your avail, and do you turn the lip and the "alas!" to my ladyship?

SIN. No, madam; but I make question who will lend anything upon it?

GER. Why? Marry, enow, I warrant you, if you'll seek 'em out. I'm sure I remember the time when I would ha' given a thousand pound (if I had it) to have been a lady; and I hope I was [100 not bred and born with that appetite alone: some other gentle-born o' the city have the same longing, I trust. And, for my part, I would afford 'em a penn'orth; my ladyship is little the worse for the wearing, and yet I would bate a good deal of the sum. I would lend it (let me see) for 40 pounds in hand, Sin; that would apparel us; and ten pound a year; that would keep me and you, Sin (with [110 our needles); and we should never need to be beholding to our scurvy parents. Good Lord! that there are no fairies nowadays, Sin.

SIN. Why, madam?

GER. To do miracles, and bring ladies money. Sure, if we lay in a cleanly house, they would haunt it, Sin? I'll try. I'll sweep the chamber soon at night, and set a dish of water o' the [120 hearth. A fairy may come and bring a pearl, or a diamond. We do not know, Sin. Or there may be a pot of gold hid o' the back-side, if we had tools to dig for't? Why may not we two rise early i' the morning, Sin, afore anybody is up, and find a jewel i' the streets worth a 100 pound? May not some great court-lady, as she comes from revels at midnight, look out of her coach as 'tis running, [13 and lose such a jewel, and we find it? Ha

SIN. They are pretty waking dream these.

GER. Or may not some old usurer b drunk over-night, with a bag of money and leave it behind him on a stall? Fo God-sake, Sin, let's rise to-morrow b break of day and see. I protest, la, if had as much money as an alderman, would scatter some on't i' th' streets [14 for poor ladies to find, when their knight were laid up. And, now I remember m song o' the Golden Shower: why ma not I have such fortune? I'll sing i and try what luck I shall have after i [*Singing.*]

"Fond fables tell of old,
How Jove in Danaë's lap
Fell in a shower of gold,
By which she caught a clap; [15
O, had it been my hap,
(Howe'er the blow doth threaten)
So well I like the play,
That I could wish all day
And night to be so beaten."

Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE.

O here's my mother! Good luck, hope. Ha' you brought any money mother? Pray you, mother, your bless ing. Nay, sweet mother, do not weep. [16

MIST. TOUCH. God bless you! I woul I were in my grave!

GER. Nay, dear mother, can you stea no more money from my father? Dr your eyes, and comfort me. Alas! it i my knight's fault, and not mine, that am in a waist-coat, and attired thu simply.

MIST. T. Simply? 'Tis better tha thou deserv'st. Never whimper for the [17 matter. "Thou should'st have looke before thou hadst leaped." Thou wer a-fire to be a lady, and now your ladyshi and you may both "blow at the coal, for ought I know. "Self do, self have The hasty person never wants woe," the say.

GER. Nay then, mother, you should ha looked to it. A body would think yo were the older! I did but my kind,I. [18

[1] pawn my ladyship.

Ie was a knight, and I was fit to be a dy. 'Tis not lack of liking, but lack f living, that severs us. And you talk ke yourself and a citiner in this, i' faith. Tou shew what husband you come on, ris. You smell the Touchstone—he that ill do more for his daughter that he has arried [to] a scurvy gold-end man and is prentice, than he will for his t'other aughter, that has wedded a knight and is customer. By this light, I think he not my legitimate father. [192

SIN. O good madam, do not take up our mother so!

MIST. T. Nay, nay, let her e'en alone. et her ladyship grieve me still, with her tter taunts and terms. I have not dole nough to see her in this miserable case, , without her velvet gowns, without bands, without jewels, without French- ires, or cheat bread, or quails, or a [201 tle dog, or a gentleman usher, or any- ing, indeed, that's fit for a lady—

SIN. <Except her tongue.>

MIST. T. And I not able to relieve her, ither, being kept so short by my hus- nd. Well, God knows my heart. I did tle think that ever she should have need her sister Golding! [209

GER. Why mother, I ha' not yet. Alas! od mother, be not intoxicate for me; am well enough; I would not change sbands with my sister, I. "The leg of lark is better than the body of a kite."

MIST. T. I know that; but—

GER. What, sweet mother, what?

MIST. T. It's but ill food, when noth- g's left but the claw.

GER. That's true, mother. Ay me! [*Weeps.* [220

MIST. T. Nay, sweet lady-bird, sigh ot. Child, madam; why do you weep us? Be of good cheer; I shall die if ou cry, and mar your complexion thus.

GER. Alas, mother, what should I do?

MIST. T. Go to thy sister's, child; she'll e proud thy ladyship will come under r roof. She'll win thy father to re- ase thy knight, and redeem thy gowns nd thy coach and thy horses, and set ee up again. [231

GER. But will she get him to set my knight up too?

MIST. T. That she will, or anything else thou'lt ask her.

GER. I will begin to love her, if I thought she would do this.

MIST. T. Try her, good chuck; I warrant thee.

GER. Dost thou think she'll do't? [240

SIN. Ay, madam, and be glad you will receive it.

MIST. T. That's a good maiden, she tells you true. Come, I'll take order for your debts i' the ale-house.

GER. Go, Sin, and pray for thy Frank, as I will for my Pet. [*Exeunt*

SCENE II (J)

WOLF, *an officer of the prison known as the Counter, has arrived at* TOUCHSTONE'S *shop with letters from the now penitent* QUICKSILVER *and* SIR PETRONEL TOUCHSTONE *is hard-hearted; but* GOLDING *is sympathetic.*

TOUCH. I will receive no letters, Master Wolf, you shall pardon me.

GOLD. Good father, let me entreat you.

TOUCH. Son Golding, I will not be [10 tempted; I find mine own easy nature, and I know not what a well-penned, subtle letter may work upon it; there may be tricks, packing, do you see? Return with your packet, sir.

WOLF. Believe it, sir, you need fear no packing here; these are but letters of submission, all.

TOUCH. Sir, I do look for no submission. I will bear myself in this like [20 blind Justice. Work upon that now. When the sessions come, they shall hear from me.

GOLD. From whom come your letters, Master Wolf?

WOLF. An't please you, sir, one from Sir Petronel, another from Francis Quicksilver, and a third from old Security, who is almost mad in prison. There are two to your worship; one from Master Francis, sir; another from the knight. [31

[GOLDING *takes the letters.*

TOUCH. I do wonder, Master Wolf,

why you should travail thus, in a business so contrary to kind or the nature o' your place; that you, being the keeper of a prison, should labor the release of your prisoners; whereas, methinks, it were far more natural and kindly in you to be ranging about for more, and not [40 let these scape you have already under the tooth. But they say, you wolves, when you ha' sucked the blood, once that they are dry, you ha' done.

Wolf. Sir, your worship may descant as you please o' my name; but I protest I was never so mortified with any men's discourse or behavior in prison; yet I have had of all sorts of men i' the kingdom under my keys; and almost of all [50 religions i' the land, as Papist, Protestant, Puritan, Brownist, Anabaptist, Millenary, Family o' Love, Jew, Turk, Infidel, Atheist, Good Fellow, &c.

Gold. And which of all these, thinks Master Wolf, was the best religion?

Wolf. Troth, Master Deputy, they that pay fees best: we never examine their consciences farther.

Gold. I believe you, Master Wolf. [*Reading.*] Good faith, sir, here's a great deal of humility i' these letters! [62

Wolf. Humility, sir? Ay. Were your worship an eye-witness of it, you would say so. The knight will i' the Knights' Ward, do what we can, sir; and Master Quicksilver would be i' the Hole, if we would let him. I never knew or saw prisoners more penitent or more devout. They will sit you up all night singing [70 of psalms, and edifying the whole prison; only Security sings a note too high sometimes, because he lies i' the Two-penny Ward, far off, and cannot take his tune. The neighbors can not rest for him, but come every morning to ask what godly prisoners we have.

Touch. Which on 'em is't is so devout, the knight or the t'other? [79

Wolf. Both, sir; but the young man especially. I never heard his like. He has cut his hair too. He is so well given, and has such good gifts. He can tell you almost all the stories of the Book of Martyrs, and speak you all the Sick Man's Salve without book.

Touch. Ay, if he had had grace, h was brought up where it grew, iwis.— On, Master Wolf. [8

Wolf. And he has converted one Fangs a sergeant, a fellow could neither writ nor read; he was called the Bandog o the Counter; and he has brought hin already to pare his nails and say hi prayers; and 'tis hoped, he will sell hi place shortly, and become an intelli gencer.

Touch. No more; I am coming al ready. If I should give any farther ear I were taken. Adieu, good Master [10 Wolf.—Son, I do feel mine own weak nesses; do not importune me. Pity is rheum that I am subject to; but I will re sist it. Master Wolf, "fish is cast awa that is cast in dry pools." Tell Hypocrisy it will not do; I have touched and trie too often; I am yet proof, and I will re main so. When the sessions come, the shall hear from me. In the meantime, t all suits, to all entreaties, to all letters, [11 to all tricks, I will be deaf as an adde and blind as a beetle, lay mine ear t the ground, and lock mine eyes i' m hand against all temptations. [*Exit*

Gold. You see, Master Wolf, how in exorable he is. There is no hope to re cover him. Pray you commend me t my brother knight, and to my fellow Francis [*gives money*]; present 'em wit this small token of my love; tell 'em, [12 I wish I could do 'em any worthier office but, in this, 'tis desperate: yet I will no fail to try the uttermost of my powe for 'em. And, sir, as far as I have an credit with you, pray you let 'em wan nothing; though I am not ambitious the should know so much.

Wolf. Sir, both your actions and word speak you to be a true gentleman. The shall know only what is fit, and no more

[*Exeunt.* [13

Scene III (J)

Bramble *has arrived at the Counter to pay a visit to* Security. *He meet*

Holdfast *in a reception-room. A grating is seen at the back.*

Hold. Who would you speak with, sir?

Bram. I would speak with one Security, that is prisoner here.

Hold. You are welcome, sir. Stay here, I'll call him to you. [*Calling.*] Master Security!

Security *appears behind the grating.*

Sec. Who calls?

Hold. Here's a gentleman would speak with you.

Sec. What is he? Is't one that grafts my forehead now I am in prison, and comes to see how the horns shoot up and prosper?

Hold. You must pardon him, sir; the old man is a little crazed with his imprisonment.

Sec. What say you to me, sir? Look you here, my learned counsel, Master Bramble! Cry you mercy, sir! When saw you my wife?

Bram. She is now at my house, sir; and desired me that I would come to visit you, and inquire of you your case, that we might work some means to get you forth.

Sec. My case, Master Bramble, is stone walls and iron grates; you see it; this is the weakest part on't; and, for getting me forth, no means but hang myself, and so to be carried forth, from which they have here bound me in intolerable bands.

Bram. Why, but what is't you are in for, sir?

Sec. For my sins, for my sins, sir, whereof marriage is the greatest. O, had I never married, I had never known this purgatory, to which hell is a kind of cool bath in respect; my wife's confederacy, sir, with old Touchstone, that she might keep her jubilee and the feast of her new moon. Do you understand me, sir?

Enter Quicksilver

Quick. Good sir, go in and talk with him. The light does him harm, and his example will be hurtful to the weak prisoners. Fie, Father Security, that you'll be still so profane! Will nothing humble you?

Two Prisoners *and a* Friend *enter during* Quicksilver's *speech.* Holdfast, Bramble, *and* Quicksilver *depart; and* Security *disappears.*

Friend. What's he?

1 Pris. O, he is a rare young man! Do you not know him?

Friend. Not I. I never saw him I can remember.

2 Pris. Why, it is he that was the gallant prentice of London—Master Touchstone's man.

Friend. Who? Quicksilver?

1 Pris. Ay, this is he.

Friend. Is this he? They say he has been a gallant indeed.

1 Pris. O, the royalest fellow that ever was bred up i' the city. He would play you his thousand pound a night at dice; keep knights and lords company; go with them to bawdy houses; had his six men in a livery; kept a stable of hunting horses and his wench in her velvet gown and her cloth of silver. Here's one knight with him here in prison.

Friend. And how miserably he is changed!

1 Pris. O, that's voluntary in him: he gave away all his rich clothes, as soon as ever he came in here, among the prisoners; and will eat o' the basket, for humility.

Friend. Why will he do so?

1 Pris. Alas, he has no hope of life! He mortifies himself. He does but linger on till the sessions.

2 Pris. O, he has penned the best thing, that he calls his "Repentance" or his "Last Farewell," that ever you heard. He is a pretty poet; and, for prose—you would wonder how many prisoners he has helped out, with penning petitions for 'em, and not take a penny. Look! this is the knight, in the rug gown. Stand by.

Enter Petronel, Bramble, *and* Quicksilver.

Bram. Sir, for Security's case, I have

told him: say he should be condemned to be carted or whipped for a bawd, or so, why, I'll lay an execution on him o' two hundred pound; let him acknowledge a judgment, he shall do it in half an hour; they shall not all fetch him out without paying the execution, o' my word.

PET. But can we not be bailed, Master Bramble? [110

BRAM. Hardly; there are none of the judges in town, else you should remove yourself (in spite of him) with a *habeas corpus*. But, if you have a friend to deliver your tale sensibly to some justice o' the town, that he may have feeling of it (do you see), you may be bailed; for, as I understand the case, 'tis only done *in terrorem;* and you shall have an action of false imprisonment against him [120 when you come out, and perhaps a thousand pound costs.

Enter MASTER WOLF.

QUICK. How now, Master Wolf? what news? what return?

WOLF. Faith, bad all: yonder will be no letters received. He says the sessions shall determine it. Only Master Deputy Golding commends him to you, and, with this token, wishes he could do you other good. [131

QUICK. I thank him. Good Master Bramble, trouble our quiet no more; do not molest us in prison thus with your winding devices; pray you depart. For my part, I commit my cause to Him that can succor me; let God work his will. Master Wolf, I pray you, let this be distributed among the prisoners, and desire 'em to pray for us. [*Exit* BRAMBLE. [140

WOLF. It shall be done, Master Francis. [*Exit* QUICKSILVER.

1 PRIS. An excellent temper!

2 PRIS. Now God send him good luck.

[*Exeunt two* PRISONERS *and* FRIEND.

PET. But what said my father-in-law, Master Wolf?

Enter HOLDFAST.

HOLD. Here's one would speak with you, sir. [150

WOLF. I'll tell you anon, Sir Petrone [*Exit* PETRONEL.] Who is't?

HOLD. A gentleman, sir, that will nc be seen.

WOLF. Where is he?

Enter GOLDING.

Master Deputy! your worship is wel come——

GOLD. Peace! [15

WOLF. Away, s'rrah! [*Exit* HOLDFAS

GOLD. Good faith, Master Wolf, th estate of these gentlemen, for whom yo were so late and willing a suitor, dot much affect me; and, because I am de sirous to do them some fair office, an find there is no means to make my fathe relent so likely as to bring him to be spectator of their miseries, I have ven tured on a device, which is to make my self your prisoner, entreating you will [17 presently go report it to my father, an (feigning an action, at suit of some thir person) pray him, by this token, [*giv ing a ring*] that he will presently, an with all secrecy, come hither for my bail which train, if any I know, will brin him abroad; and then, having him here I doubt not but we shall be all fortunat in the event.

WOLF. Sir, I will put on my best spee to effect it. Please you come in. [18

GOLD. Yes; and let me rest concealed I pray you.

WOLF. <See here a benefit truly done when it is done timely, freely, and to n ambition.> [*Exeun*

SCENE IV (J)

In the house of TOUCHSTONE, *effort are being made by his wife and daugh ters,* SINDEFY, *and* WINIFRED *to mov him to compassion; but he refuses to b placated.*

TOUCH. I will sail by you, and not hea you, like the wise Ulysses.

MIL. Dear father!

MIST. T. Husband!

GER. Father! [1

WIN. AND SIN. Master Touchstone!

TOUCH. Away, sirens, I will inmur

nyself against your cries, and lock my-elf up to your lamentations.

MIST. T. Gentle husband, hear me!

GER. Father, it is I, father; my Lady Flash. My sister and I am friends.

MIL. Good father!

WIN. Be not hardened, good Master Touchstone! [20

SIN. I pray you, sir, be merciful!

TOUCH. I am deaf; I do not hear you; have stopped mine ears with shoemak-rs' wax, and drunk Lethe and mandra-ora, to forget you. All you speak to me commit to the air.

Retreats into an inner room (the rear stage).

Enter WOLF.

MIL. How now, Master Wolf? [30

WOLF. Where's Master Touchstone? I nust speak with him presently; I have ost my breath for haste.

MIL. What's the matter, sir? Pray all e well.

WOLF. Master Deputy Golding is ar-ested upon an execution, and desires him resently to come to him forthwith.

MIL. Ay me! do you hear, father?

TOUCH., *within*. Tricks, tricks, confed-racy, tricks! I have 'em in my nose—scent 'em! [42

WOLF. Who's that? Master Touch-tone?

MIST. T. Why, it is Master Wolf him-elf, husband.

MIL. Father!

TOUCH. I am deaf still, I say. I will either yield to the song of the siren nor ne voice of the hyena, the tears of the rocodile nor the howling o' the Wolf: void my habitation, monsters! [52

WOLF. Why, you are not mad, sir? I ray you look forth and see the token have brought you, sir.

TOUCH. Ha! what token is it?

[*He reappears.*

WOLF. Do you know it, sir?

TOUCH. My son Golding's ring! Are ou in earnest, Master Wolf? [60

WOLF. Ay, by my faith, sir. He is in prison, and required me to use all speed and secrecy to you.

TOUCH. My cloak there (pray you be patient).—I am plagued for my auster-ity.—My cloak!—At whose suit, Master Wolf?

WOLF. I'll tell you as we go, sir.

[*Exeunt* WOLF *and* TOUCHSTONE.

SCENE V (J)

It is a little later in the Counter. The FRIEND *of the two* PRISONERS *is still there with them.*

FRIEND. Why, but is his offence such as he cannot hope of life?

1 PRIS. Troth, it should seem so; and 'tis a great pity, for he is exceeding peni-tent.

FRIEND. They say he is charged but on suspicion of felony yet. [10

2 PRIS. Ay, but his master is a shrewd fellow; he'll prove great matter against him.

FRIEND. I'd as lief as anything I could see his "Farewell."

1 PRIS. O, 'tis rarely written: why, Toby may get him to sing it to you; he's not curious to anybody.

2 PRIS. O no! He would that all the world should take knowledge of his repentance, and thinks he merits in't, the more shame he suffers. [22

1 PRIS. Pray thee, try what thou canst do

2 PRIS. I warrant you he will not deny it, if he be not hoarse with the often repeating of it. [*Exit.*

1 PRIS. You never saw a more cour-teous creature than he is; and the knight too: the poorest prisoner of the house may command 'em. You shall hear a thing admirably penned. [32

FRIEND. Is the knight any scholar too?

I PRIS. No, but he will speak very well, and discourse admirably of running horses and White-Friars, and against bawds, and of cocks; and talk as loud as a hunter, but is none.

Enter WOLF *and* TOUCHSTONE.

Wolf. Please you stay here, sir, I'll call his worship down to you. [41

[*Exit* Wolf; Touchstone *stands apart, right.*

1 Pris. See, he has brought him, and the knight too. Salute him.

Re-enter Second Prisoner *with* Quicksilver *and* Petronel. *Soon after,* Golding *enters and stands apart, left.*

1 Pris. I pray, Sir, this gentleman, upon our report, is very desirous to hear some piece of your "Repentance." [51

Quick. Sir, with all my heart; and, as I told Master Toby, I shall be glad to have any man a witness of it; and, the more openly I profess it, I hope it will appear the heartier, and the more unfeigned.

Touch. <Who is this? my man Francis and my son-in-law?>

Quick. Sir, it is all the testimony I shall leave behind me to the world and my master that I have so offended. [62

Friend. Good sir!

Quick. I writ it when my spirits were oppressed.

Pet. Ay, I'll be sworn for you, Francis.

Quick. It is in imitation of Mannington's, he that was hanged at Cambridge, that cut off the horse's head at a blow.

Friend. So, sir! [71

Quick. To the tune of "I wail in woe, I plunge in pain."

Pet. An excellent ditty it is, and worthy of a new tune.

Quick.

In Cheapside famous for gold and plate,
Quicksilver, I did dwell of late;
I had a master good and kind,
That would have wrought me to his mind.
He bade me still, "Work upon that," [81
But, alas! I wrought I knew not what.
He was a Touchstone black, but true,
And told me still what would ensue;
Yet woe is me! I would not learn;
I saw, alas! but could not discern!

Friend. Excellent, excellent well!

Gold. <O, let him alone. He is taken already.>

Quick. [

I cast my coat and cap away;
I went in silks and satins gay;
False metal of good manners I
Did daily coin unlawfully;
I scorned my master, being drunk;
I kept my gelding and my punk;
And with a knight, Sir Flash by name
Who now is sorry for the same—

Pet. I thank you, Francis.

Quick. [1

I thought by sea to run away,
But Thames and tempest did me stay

Touch. <This cannot be feigned sur
Heaven pardon my severity! "The ra
ged colt may prove a good horse.">

Gold. <How he listens! and is tran
ported! He has forgot me.>

Quick.

Still "Eastward hoe" was all my word;
But westward I had no regard, [1
Nor never thought what would cor
after,
As did, alas! his youngest daughter.
At last the black ox trod o' my foot,
And I saw then what 'longed unto't;
Now cry I, "Touchstone, touch me still,
And make me current by thy skill."

Touch. <And I will do it, Francis.

Wolf. <Stay him, Master Deput
now is the time: we shall lose the so
else.> [1

Friend. I protest it is the best th
ever I heard.

Quick. How like you it, gentlemen?

All. O admirable, sir!

Quick. This stanza now following a
ludes to the story of Mannington, fro
whence I took my project for my inve
tion.

Friend. Pray you go on, sir. [1

Quick.

O Mannington, thy stories shew,
Thou cut'st a horse-head off at a blow.
But I confess I have not the force
For to cut off the head of a horse;
Yet I desire this grace to win,
That I may cut off the horse-head of S
And leave his body in the dust
Of sin's highway and bogs of lust,
Whereby I may take Virtue's purse, [1
And live with her for better, for worse.

FRIEND. Admirable, sir, and excellently onceited!

QUICK. Alas, sir!

TOUCH. Son Golding and Master Wolf, thank you: the deceit is welcome, es-ecially from thee, whose charitable soul this hath shown a high point of wis-om and honesty. Listen, I am ravished ith his repentance, and could stand here whole prenticeship to hear him. [151

FRIEND. Forth, good sir.

QUICK. This is the last, and the "Fare-ell."

Farewell, Cheapside; farewell, sweet trade
Of Goldsmith's all, that never shall fade;
Farewell, dear fellow prentices all,
And be you warnëd by my fall: [159
Shun usurers, bawds, and dice, and drabs,
Avoid them as you would French scabs.
Seek not to go beyond your tether,
But cut your thongs unto your leather;
So shall you thrive by little and little,
Scape Tyburn, Counters, and the Spital.

TOUCH. And scape them shalt thou, y penitent and dear Francis!

QUICK. Master!

PET. Father! [169

TOUCH. I can no longer forbear to do our humility right. Arise, and let me onor your repentance with the hearty nd joyful embraces of a father and riend's love. Quicksilver, thou hast eat nto my breast, Quicksilver, with the rops of thy sorrow, and killed the des-erate opinion I had of thy reclaim.

QUICK. O, sir, I am not worthy to see our worshipful face!

PET. Forgive me, father. [180

TOUCH. Speak no more; all former assages are forgotten; and here my ord shall release you.—Thank this orthy brother, and kind friend, Francis. —Master Wolf, I am their bail.

A shout is heard from the prison, and SECURITY *appears at the grating.*

SEC. Master Touchstone! Master ouchstone!

TOUCH. Who's that? [190

WOLF. Security, sir.

SEC. Pray you, sir, if you'll be won with song, hear my lamentable tune too:

O Master Touchstone,
My heart is full of woe:
Alas, I am a cuckold!
And why should it be so?
Because I was a usurer
And bawd, as all you know,
For which, again I tell you, [200
My heart is full of woe.

TOUCH. Bring him forth, Master Wolf, and release his bands. [*Exit* WOLF. SECURITY *disappears.*] This day shall be sacred to mercy and the mirth of this encounter in the Counter.—See, we are encountered with more suitors!—

Enter MISTRESS TOUCHSTONE, GERTRUDE, MILDRED, SINDEFY *and* WINIFRED.

Save your breath, save your breath! [210
All things have succeeded to your wishes; and we are heartily satisfied in their events.

GER. Ah, runaway, runaway! have I caught you? And how has my poor knight done all this while?

PET. Dear lady-wife, forgive me!

GER. As heartily as I would be forgiven, knight. Dear father, give me your blessing, and forgive me too; I ha' been proud and lascivious, father; and a [220 fool, father; and, being raised to the state of a wanton coy thing, called a lady, father, have scorned you, father, and my sister, and my sister's velvet cap, too, and would make a mouth at the city as I rid through it, and stop mine ears at Bow-bell. I have said your beard was a base one, father; and that you looked like Twierpipe, the taberer; and that my mother was but my midwife. [230

MIST. T. Now, God forgi' you, child, madam!

TOUCH. No more repetitions. What is else wanting to make our harmony full?

WOLF *returns, accompanied by* SECURITY.

GOLD. Only this, sir, that my fellow Francis make amends to Mistress Sindefy with marriage.

QUICK. With all my heart. [239

GOLD. And Security give her a dower, which shall be all the restitution he shall make of that huge mass he hath so unlawfully gotten.

TOUCH. Excellently devised! a good motion! What says Master Security?

SEC. I say anything, sir, what you'll ha' me say. Would I were no cuckold!

WIN. Cuckold, husband? Why, I think this wearing of yellow has infected you. [250

TOUCH. Why, Master Security, that should rather be a comfort to you than a corrosive. If you be a cuckold, it's an argument you have a beautiful woman to your wife; then you shall be much made of; you shall have store of friends, never want money; you shall be eased of much o' your wedlock pain; others will take it for you. Besides, you being a usurer (and likely to go to hell), the devils [260 will never torment you: they'll take you for one o' their own race. Again, if you be a cuckold, and know it not, you are an innocent; if you know it and endure it, a true martyr.

SEC. I am resolved, sir. Come hither, Winny.

TOUCH. Well, then, all are pleased; or shall be anon. Master Wolf, you look hungry, methinks. Have you no apparel to lend Francis, to shift him? [271

QUICK. No, sir, nor I desire none; but here make it my suit, that I may go home, through the streets, in these, a spectacle, or rather an example, to t children of Cheapside.

TOUCH. Thou hast thy wish. No London, look about,
And in this moral see thy glass r out: [2
Behold the careful father, thrifty son,
The solemn deeds, which each of us ha done;
The usurer punished, and from fall steep
The prodigal child reclaimed, and the lo sheep.

EPILOGUE

QUICK. Stay, sir, I perceive the mu titude are gathered together to view o coming out at the Counter. See if t streets and the fronts of the houses not stuck with people, and the windo filled with ladies, as on the solemn da of the pageant!—
O, may you find in this our pageant he
The same contentment which you came seek;
And, as that show but draws you once year,
May this attract you hither once a wee

KING LEAR

BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

The chief argument for the dating of "Lear" is an interesting one. The old "Leir," which would seem to be wholly or mainly the work of Peele (with Lodge as a likely coadjutor), and on which Shakespeare's play was based, was entered in the Stationers' Register, May 8, 1605, as "The Tragical History of King Leir and his Three Daughters," and, further, "as it was lately acted." On the quarto of that year it is described as "The True Chronicle History of King Leir and his Three Daughters . . . as it hath been divers and sundry times lately acted." Now, it is to be noted that the play had been printed as far back as 1594. Why then was it re-entered for publication in 1605? It is considered that the clue is afforded by the description of it as a "Tragical History;" for "Leir" is not a tragedy. It is thought then, and the argument seems a sound one, that this entry was a more or less fraudulent one, suggested by the success of Shakespeare's tragedy. If so, we are to understand that the words "lately acted" mean that "Lear" was on the stage shortly before May, 1605.

Let us see what other date-indications we have. The play was produced at Court on December 26, 1606, whence we might infer that it was a new play in 1606, though the chance of an earlier date is not precluded. As a good deal of use has been made by the dramatist of Harsnet's "Declaration," which was entered for printing in March, 1602–3, and published a little later, we thus have limits of 1603–1606. There is a reference to eclipses of the sun and moon; and this is assuredly more likely to refer to the eclipses of October, 1605, than to those of 1598 or 1601. There is also what seems to be an allusion to the Gunpowder Plot of November, 1605. Finally, the alteration of

I smell the blood of an Englishman

to

I smell the blood of a British man

certainly means a date subsequent to the accession of James in 1602–3, and probably a date later than October, 1604, when he was proclaimed King of Great Britain. From a consideration of all these circumstances, it seems fair to regard it as having been first produced in 1604–5, but as containing many topical interpolations made by Shakespeare at about the close of 1605. It is noteworthy that, when the play was published in 1608, it was put forth as "Shakespeare HIS Tragedy," evidently to distinguish it from the old "Leir." This version differs greatly from that of the folio.

This is unquestionably one of the very greatest of Shakespeare' dramas; its storm, its passion, its tumult are almost terrifying. Pri marily it may be regarded as a study in insanity; and that insanity, i is to be noted, does not begin in Lear with the ill-treatment he re ceives from his ungrateful daughters: it is with him from the beginnin of the play. The effect of the conduct of his daughters is to conver what has been nothing more than an irrational irritability into shee raving madness. It is in the presentation of Lear and the Fool that th play is masterly; the other characters are less convincing. Edmund i an inferior Iago, whose trickery would never have been successful ha he not had two of the easiest possible dupes to deal with in th persons of Gloucester and Edgar. Cordelia is a very sweet and nobl character; but she has the stupid obstinacy that one might perhap expect from a daughter of Lear. Goneril and Regan are two diaboli cally wicked women; but one may at least do them the justice to admi that Lear's conduct was peculiarly irritating. Kent was described b Coleridge as "perhaps the nearest to perfect goodness in all Shake speare's characters, and yet the most individualized;" while of Oswal the same critic spoke as "the only character of utter irredeemabl baseness in Shakespeare." It is not easy to accept either view; an to regard Oswald as wickeder than Iago is surely not warranted. Ther are redeeming traits in Oswald, but none in Iago.

The general conception of the play is a work of genius; nothin could well be finer than the way in which the real madness of Lear i set off and now moderated and now aggravated by the sham madnes of Edgar, or the way in which the dreadful agony of Lear is bot heightened and lessened for us by the quips of his faithful companion the Fool, whose namelessness we cannot but resent. In details of man agement the play is not always perfect. Especially bad is the manage ment of II 2: we are not told that Oswald and Kent have delivered let ters at Cornwall's seat and been bidden to follow to Gloucester's castle No one unacquainted with the play can understand from that scen what has happened; we are not informed till II 4, when the course o events is first made clear. It is possible that this narration has take the place of an omitted scene showing the arrival of the two messenger at Cornwall's court.

It may be regarded as certain that the closing speech of III 2 i not Shakespeare's, but is an interpolation by some other hand; and on cannot feel too sure of some of the "poor Tom" stuff. The King main speech in IV 6 has considerable resemblance to part of "Th Revenger's Tragedy." It is rather extraordinary, in a play as late a this, to find Shakespeare making Edgar say for the benefit of th audience:

Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.

t is almost staggering to find such a piece of crudeness in a play of he date of "Lear." All the scene-section in which that occurs (IV 6) s, by the way, taken from the "Arcadia" of Sidney.

CHARACTERS

LEAR, *King of Britain.*
KING OF FRANCE.
DUKE OF BURGUNDY.
DUKE OF CORNWALL, *husband of Regan.*
DUKE OF ALBANY, *husband of Goneril.*
EARL OF KENT.
EARL OF GLOUCESTER.
EDGAR, *Son to Gloucester.*
EDMUND, *Bastard Son to Gloucester.*
CURAN, *a Courtier.*
OSWALD, *Steward to Goneril.*
AN OLD MAN, *Tenant to Gloucester.*
A DOCTOR.
FOOL.
AN OFFICER, *employed by Edmund.*
A GENTLEMAN, *Attendant on Cordelia.*
A HERALD.
GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA } *Daughters to Lear.*
Knights of Lear's Train, Servants Cornwall, Officers, Messengers, Soldiers, and Attendants.

PLACE: *Britain.*
TIME: *Legendary (about 800 B. C.)*

ACT ONE

Scene I

LEAR, *after a long reign, has resolved divide his kingdom between his three ughters, two of whom are married, ile the youngest is sued for by the* NG OF FRANCE *and the* DUKE OF RGUNDY.

KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and* EDMUND *are a room of state in the King's palace, aiting the announcement of the par- loning of the kingdom.* [10

KENT. I thought the king had more ected the Duke of Albany than Corn- ll.

GLO. It did always seem so to us; but w, in the division of the kingdom, it pears not which of the dukes he values ost; for qualities are so weighed that riosity in neither can make choice of her's moiety. [19

KENT. Is not this your son, my lord?

GLO. His breeding, sir, hath been at charge: I have so often blushed to knowledge him, that now I am brazed it.

KENT. I cannot conceive you.

GLO. Sir, this young fellow's mother ld; whereupon she grew round- mbed, and had, indeed, sir, a son for cradle ere she had a husband for her l. Do you smell a fault? [30

KENT. I cannot wish the fault undone, issue of it being so proper.[1]

GLO. But I have a son, sir, by order law, some year elder than this, who is no dearer in my account: though s knave came somewhat saucily into world before he was sent for, yet s his mother fair; there was good ort at his making, and the whoreson ust be acknowledged.—Do you know s noble gentleman, Edmund? [41

[1] handsome.

EDM. No, my lord.

GLO. My Lord of Kent: remember him hereafter as my honorable friend.

EDM. My services to your lordship.

KENT. I must love you, and sue to know you better.

EDM. Sir, I shall study deserving. [48

GLO. He hath been out nine years, and away he shall again. The king is coming.

Sennet. Enter LEAR, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, CORDELIA, *and Attendants.*

LEAR. Attend the Lords of France and Burgundy, Gloucester.

GLO. I shall, my liege.

[*Exeunt* GLOUCESTER *and* EDMUND.

LEAR. Meantime we shall express our darker[2] purpose.—

Give me the map there.—Know that we have divided [61

In three our kingdom; and 'tis our fast intent

To shake all cares and business from our age,

Conferring them on younger strengths, while we

Unburdened crawl toward death.—Our son of Cornwall,

And you, our no less loving son of Albany, [71

We have this hour a constant will to publish

Our daughters' several dowers, that future strife

May be prevented now. The princes, France and Burgundy,

Great rivals in our youngest daughter's love,

Long in our court have made their amorous sojourn, [81

And here are to be answered.—Tell me, my daughters—

Since now we will divest us both of rule,

[2] hidden.

Interest of territory, cares of state—
Which of you shall we say doth love us most?
That we our largest bounty may extend
Where nature doth with merit challenge. —Goneril, [90
Our eldest-born, speak first.

GON. Sir, I love you more than words can wield the matter;
Dearer than eye-sight, space, and liberty;
Beyond what can be valued, rich or rare;
No less than life, with grace, health, beauty, honor;
As much as child e'er loved, or father found;
A love that makes breath poor and speech unable; [101
Beyond all manner of "so much" I love you.

COR. <What shall Cordelia do? Love, and be silent.>

LEAR, *indicating on a map the extent of his gift.* Of all these bounds, even from this line to this,
With shadowy forests and with champains riched, [110
With plenteous rivers and wide-skirted meads,
We make thee lady: to thine and Albany's issue
Be this perpetual.—What says our second daughter,
Our dearest Regan, wife to Cornwall? Speak.

REG. I am made of that self metal as my sister, [120
And prize me at her worth. In my true heart
I find she names my very deed of love;
Only she comes too short: that I profess
Myself an enemy to all other joys
Which the most precious square of sense professes
And find I am alone felicitate
In your dear highness' love.

COR. <Then poor Cordelia!
And yet not so; since, I am sure, my love's [132
More richer[3] than my tongue.>

[3] F, ponderous.

LEAR. To thee and thine, hereditar ever,
Remain this ample third of our fair kin dom,
No less in space, validity, and pleasur
Than that conferred on Goneril.—No our joy, [1
Although our last, not least; to who young love
The vines of France and milk of Bu gundy
Strive to be interessed; what can you s to draw
A third more opulent than your sister Speak.

COR. Nothing, my lord.

LEAR. Nothing? [1

COR. Nothing.

LEAR. Nothing will come of nothin speak again.

COR. Unhappy that I am, I cann heave
My heart into my mouth: I love yo majesty
According to my bond; nor more n less.

LEAR. How, how, Cordelia! mend yo speech a little, [1
Lest you may mar your fortunes.

COR. Good my lo
You have begot me, bred me, loved me
Return those duties back as are right
Obey you, love you, and most honor y
Why have my sisters husbands, if th say
They love you all? Haply, when I sh wed, [1
That lord whose hand must take plight shall carry
Half my love with him, half my c and duty:
Sure I shall never marry like my siste
To love my father all.

LEAR. But goes thy heart with this

COR. Ay, good my lo

LEAR. So young, and so untender?

COR. So young, my lord, and true. [

LEAR. Let it be so; thy truth then thy dower;
For, by the sacred radiance of the s
The mysteries of Hecate and the night

all the operation of the orbs
om whom we do exist and cease to be,
re I disclaim all my paternal care,
pinquity and property of blood,
d as a stranger to my heart and me
ld thee from this for ever. The barbarous Scythian, [191
he that makes his generation messes
gorge his appetite, shall to my bosom
as well neighbored, pitied, and relieved,
thou my sometime daughter.
KENT. Good my liege,—
LEAR. Peace, Kent!
me not between the dragon and his wrath. [200
ved her most, and thought to set my rest
her kind nursery.—Hence, and avoid my sight!—
be my grave my peace, as here I give
father's heart from her!—Call France. Who stirs?—
l Burgundy.—Cornwall and Albany,
h my two daughters' dowers digest the third; [210
pride, which she calls plainness, marry her.
o invest you jointly with my power,
-eminence, and all the large effects
t troop with majesty. Ourself by monthly course,
h reservation of a hundred knights,
you to be sustained, shall our abode
ke with you by due turn. Only we shall retain [220
name and all th' addition to a king;
sway, revénue, execution of the rest,
vëd sons, be yours: which to confirm,
s coronet part between you.
ENT. Royal Lear,
om I have ever honored as my king,
ed as my father, as my master followed,
my great patron thought on in my prayers— [231
EAR. The bow is bent and drawn; make from the shaft.
ENT. Let it fall rather, though the fork invade
The region of my heart. Be Kent unmannerly,
When Lear is mad. [*As* LEAR *makes an angry gesture.*] What wouldst thou do, old man? [240
Think'st thou that duty shall have dread to speak,
When power to flattery bows? To plainness honor's bound,
When majesty falls to folly. Reserve thy state;
And, in thy best consideration, check
This hideous rashness. Answer my life my judgment,
Thy youngest daughter does not love thee least; [251
Nor are those empty-hearted whose low sound
Reverbs no hollowness.
LEAR. Kent, on thy life, no more!
KENT. My life I never held but as a pawn
To wage against thine enemies; nor fear to lose it,
Thy safety being the motive. [260
LEAR. Out of my sight!
KENT. See better, Lear; and let me still remain
The true blank of thine eye.
LEAR. Now, by Apollo—
KENT. Now, by Apollo, king,
Thou swear'st thy gods in vain.
LEAR. O vassal! miscreant!
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
ALB. AND CORN. Dear sir, forbear.
KENT. Do; [271
Kill thy physician, and the fee bestow
Upon the foul disease. Revoke thy gift;
Or, whilst I can vent clamor from my throat,
I'll tell thee thou dost evil.
LEAR. Hear me, recreant!
On thine allegiance, hear me!
Since thou hast sought to make us break our vow— [280
Which we durst never yet—and, with strained pride,
To come betwixt our sentence and our power—
Which nor our nature nor our place can bear—

Our potency made good, take thy reward.
Five days we do allot thee for provision
To shield thee from diseases[4] of the world;
And, on the sixth, to turn thy hated back
Upon our kingdom: if, on the tenth day following
Thy banished trunk be found in our dominions,
The moment is thy death. Away! By Jupiter,
This shall not be revoked.

KENT. Fare thee well, king; sith thus thou wilt appear,
Freedom lives hence, and banishment is here.—
[*To* CORDELIA.] The gods to their dear shelter take thee, maid,
That justly think'st, and hast most rightly said!—
[*To* REGAN *and* GONERIL.] And your large speeches may your deeds approve,
That good effects may spring from words of love.—
Thus Kent, O princes! bids you all adieu;
He'll shape his old course in a country new. [*Exit.*

Flourish. Re-enter GLOUCESTER, *with* FRANCE, BURGUNDY, *and Attendants.*

GLO. Here's France and Burgundy, my noble lord.

LEAR. My Lord of Burgundy,
We first address toward you, who with this king
Hath rivalled for our daughter. What, in the least,
Will you require in present dower with her,
Or cease your quest of love?

BUR. Most royal majesty,
I crave no more than hath your highness offered,
Nor will you tender less.

LEAR. Right noble Burgundy,
When she was dear to us we did hold her so,
But now her price is fall'n. Sir, there she stands:
If aught within that little-seeming s
stance,
Or all of it, with our displeasure pie
And nothing more, may fitly like y
Grace,
She's there, and she is yours.

BUR. I know no answe

LEAR. Will you, with those infirmi
she owes,[5]
Unfriended, new-adopted to our hate,
Dowered with our curse, and strange
with our oath,
Take her, or leave her?

BUR. Pardon me, royal sir;
Election makes not up on such conditi

LEAR. Then leave her, sir; for, by
power that made me,
I tell you all her wealth.—[*To* FRAN
For you, great king,
I would not from your love make s
a stray,[6]
To match you where I hate; therefo
beseech you
T'avert your liking a more worthier
Than on a wretch whom nature
ashamed
Almost t' acknowledge hers.

FRANCE. This is most strang
That she, who even but now was y
best object,
The argument of your praise, balm
your age,
The best, the dearest, should in this t
of time
Commit a thing so monstrous, to
mantle
So many folds of favor. Sure, her offe
Must be of such unnatural degree
That monsters it, or your fore-vouc
affection
Fall'n into taint; which to believe of
Must be a faith that reason with
miracle
Could never plant in me.

COR. I yet beseech your majest
If for I want that glib and oily art
To speak and purpose not; since w
I well intend,
I'll do't before I speak—that you m
known

[4] discomforts.
[5] possesses.
[6] wander so far.

is no vicious blot, murder or[7] foulness,
o unchaste action, or dishonored step,
hat hath deprived me of your grace and favor,
it even for want of that for which I am richer,
still-soliciting eye, and such a tongue
hat I am glad I have not, though not to have it
ith lost me in your liking.
LEAR. Better thou
dst not been born than not t' have pleased me better.
FRANCE. Is it but this? a tardiness in nature
hich often leaves the history unspoke
hat it intends to do?—My Lord of Burgundy,
hat say you to the lady? Love is not love
hen it is mingled with regards that stands
oof from the entire point. Will you have her?
e is herself a dowry.
BUR. Royal Lear,
ve but that portion which yourself proposed,
d here I take Cordelia by the hand,
chess of Burgundy.
LEAR. Nothing: I have sworn; I am firm.
BUR. I am sorry, then, you have so lost a father
at you must lose a husband.
COR. Peace be with Burgundy!
ce that respects of fortune are his love,
hall not be his wife.
FRANCE. Fairest Cordelia, that art most rich, being poor;
st choice, forsaken; and most loved, despised!
ee and thy virtues here I seize upon,
it lawful I take up what's cast away.
ds, gods! 'tis strange that from their cold'st neglect
love should kindle to inflamed respect.
Thy dowerless daughter, king, thrown to my chance,
Is queen of us, of ours, and our fair France:
Not all the dukes of waterish Burgundy
Shall buy this unprized precious maid of me.
Bid them farewell, Cordelia, though unkind:[8]
Thou losest here, a better where to find.
LEAR. Thou hast her, France; let her be thine, for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison.—
Come, noble Burgundy.
[*Flourish. Exeunt* LEAR, BURGUNDY, CORNWALL, ALBANY, GLOUCESTER, *and Attendants.*
FRANCE. Bid farewell to your sisters.
COR. Ye jewels of our father, with washed eyes
Cordelia leaves you: I know you what you are;
And, like a sister, am most loath to call
Your faults as they are named. Love well our father:
To your professèd bosoms I commit him:
But yet, alas! stood I within his grace,
I would prefer him to a better place.
So fárewell to you both.
REG. Prescribe not us our duty.
GON. Let your study
Be to content your lord, who hath received you
At fortune's alms; you have obedience scanted,
And well are worth the want that you have wanted.
COR. Time shall unfold what plighted cunning hides;
Who covers faults, at last shame them derides.
Well may you prosper!
FRANCE. Come, my fair Cordelia.
[*Exeunt* FRANCE *and* CORDELIA.
GON. Sister, it is not little I have to

[7] Usually emended to "vicious blot nor other."

[8] unnatural.

say of what most nearly appertains to us both. I think our father will hence to-night.

REG. That's most certain, and with you; next month with us. [491

GON. You see how full of changes his age is; the observation we have made of it hath not been little: he always loved our sister most; and with what poor judgment he hath now cast her off appears too grossly.

REG. 'Tis the infirmity of his age; yet he hath ever but slenderly known himself. [500

GON. The best and soundest of his time hath been but rash; then, must we look to receive from his age, not alone the imperfections of long-engraffed condition, but, therewithal the unruly waywardness that infirm and choleric years bring with them.

REG. Such unconstant starts are we like to have from him as this of Kent's banishment. [510

GON. There is further compliment of leave-taking between France and him. Pray you, let us hit together: if our father carry authority with such dispositions as he bears, this last surrender of his will but offend us.

REG. We shall further think on't.

GON. We must do something, and i' th' heat. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

EDMUND *has concocted a letter for* GLOUCESTER *to see. It purports to be the work of* EDGAR, *and its aim is to sow dissension between the Earl and his heir. The scene is a room in the Earl's castle.*

EDM. Thou, Nature, art my goddess; to thy law
My services are bound. Wherefore should I [9
Stand in the plague of custom, and permit
The curiosity of nations to deprive me,
For that I am some twelve or fourteen moonshines
Lag of a brother? Why bastard? wherefore base?
When my dimensions are as well co
pact,
My mind as generous, and my shape
true,
As honest[9] madam's issue? Why bra
they us
With base? with baseness? bastard
base, base?
Who in the lusty stealth of nature tak
More composition and fierce quality
Than doth, within a dull, stale, tired b
Go to the creating a whole tribe of fo
Got 'tween asleep and wake? Well th
Legitimate Edgar, I must have yo
land:
Our father's love is to the bastard E
mund
As to the legitimate. Fine word, "leg
mate!"—
Well, my legitimate, if this letter spee
And my invention thrive, Edmund
base
Shall top the legitimate.—I grow, I pr
per;
Now, gods, stand up for bastards!

Enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Kent banished thus! And Fra
in choler parted!
And the king gone to-night! subscribed
his power!
Confined to exhibition![11] All this do
Upon the gad!—[12] Edmund, how no
what news?

EDM. So please your lordship, none

[*Makes a pretence of concealing the lett*

GLO. Why so earnestly seek you to
up that letter?

EDM. I know no news, my lord.

GLO. What paper were you reading?

EDM. Nothing, my lord.

GLO. No? What needed then that t
rible dispatch of it into your pocket?
quality of nothing hath not such need
hide itself. Let's see; come; if it be no
ing, I shall not need spectacles.

EDM. I beseech you, sir, pardon m
it is a letter from my brother that I ha
not all o'er-read; and, for so much as

[9] virtuous. [11] restricted to maintenanc
[10] signed away. [12] the spur of the moment.

ve perused, I find it not fit for your
r-looking.

GLO. Give me the letter, sir.

EDM. I shall offend, either to detain or
ve it. The contents, as in part I un-
rstand them, are to blame.

GLO. Let's see, let's see. [70

EDM. I hope, for my brother's justifica-
n, he wrote this but as an essay or
ste of my virtue.

lands over the letter with seeming re-
luctance.

GLO. "This policy and reverence of age
kes the world bitter to the best of our
nes; keeps our fortunes from us till our
dness cannot relish them. I begin to
d an idle and fond bondage in the [80
pression of aged tyranny, who sways,
t as it hath power, but as it is suffered.
me to me, that of this I may speak
re. If our father would sleep till I
ked him, you should enjoy half his
venue for ever, and live the beloved of
ur brother, EDGAR."—Hum! Conspir-
y! "Sleep till I waked him, you should
joy half his revenue."—My son Edgar!
d he a hand to write this? a heart [90
d brain to breed it in? When came
s to you? Who brought it?

EDM. It was not brought me, my lord;
ere's the cunning of it; I found it
rown in at the casement of my closet.

GLO. You know the character to be
ur brother's?

EDM. If the matter were good, my
d, I durst swear it were his; but, in
spect of that, I would fain think it were
t. [101

GLO. It is his.

EDM. It is his hand, my lord; but I
pe his heart is not in the contents.

GLO. Hath he never heretofore sounded
u in this business?

EDM. Never, my lord: but I have often
ard him maintain it to be fit that, sons
perfect age, and fathers declined, the
her should be as ward to the son, and
e son manage his revenue. [111

GLO. O villain, villain! His very opin-
n in the letter! Abhorred villain! Un-
tural, detested, brutish villain! worse
than brutish! Go, sirrah, seek him; I'll apprehend him. Abominable villain! Where is he?

EDM. I do not well know, my lord. If it shall please you to suspend your indignation against my brother till you [120 can derive from him better testimony of his intent, you shall run a certain course; where, if you violently proceed against him, mistaking his purpose, it would make a great gap in your own honor, and shake in pieces the heart of his obedience. I dare pawn down my life for him, that he hath writ this to feel my affection to your honor, and to no other pretence of danger. [130

GLO. Think you so?

EDM. If your honor judge it meet, I will place you where you shall hear us confer of this, and by an auricular assurance have your satisfaction; and that without any further delay than this very evening.

GLO. He cannot be such a monster—

EDM. Nor is not, sure. [139

GLO.—to his father, that so tenderly and entirely loves him. Heaven and earth! Edmund, seek him out; wind me into him, I pray you: frame the business after your own wisdom. I would unstate myself to be in a due resolution.

EDM. I will seek him, sir, presently, convey the business as I shall find means, and acquaint you withal.

GLO. These late eclipses in the sun and moon portend no good to us: though [150 the wisdom of nature can reason it thus and thus, yet nature finds itself scourged by the sequent effects. Love cools, friendship falls off, brothers divide: in cities, mutinies; in countries, discord; in palaces, treason; and the bond cracked between son and father. This villain of mine comes under the prediction; there's son against father: the king falls from bias of nature; there's father against child. [160 We have seen the best of our time: machinations, hollowness, treachery, and all ruinous disorders, follow us disquietly to our graves. Find out this villain, Edmund; it shall lose thee nothing: do it

carefully. And the noble and true-hearted Kent banished! his offence, honesty! 'Tis strange! [*Exit.*

EDM. This is the excellent foppery[13] of the world, that, when we are sick in [170 fortune—often the surfeit of our own behavior—we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains on necessity, fools by heavenly compulsion, knaves, thieves, and treachers by spherical predominance, drunkards, liars, and adulterers by an enforced obedience of planetary influence; and all that we are evil in, by a divine thrusting on: an admirable evasion of [180 whoremaster man, to lay his goatish disposition to the charge of a star! My father compounded with my mother under the dragon's tail, and my nativity was under *ursa major;* so that it follows I am rough and lecherous. 'Sfoot! I should have been that I am had the maidenliest star in the firmament twinkled on my bastardizing. Edgar—and pat he comes, like the catastrophe of the old [190 comedy: my cue is villanous melancholy, with a sigh like Tom o' Bedlam. O, these eclipses do portend these divisions! *Fa. sol. la. mi.*

Enter EDGAR.

EDG. How now, brother Edmund! What serious contemplation are you in?

EDM. I am thinking, brother, of a prediction I read this other day, what should follow these eclipses. [200

EDG. Do you busy yourself with that?

EDM. I promise you the effects he writes of succeed unhappily; as of unnaturalness between the child and the parent; death, dearth, dissolutions of ancient amities; divisions in state; menaces and maledictions against king and nobles; needless diffidences, banishment of friends, dissipation of cohorts, nuptial breaches, and I know not what. [210

EDG. How long have you been a sectary astronomical?

EDM. Come, come; when saw you my father last?

EDG. The night gone by.

EDM. Spake you with him?

EDG. Ay, two hours together.

EDM. Parted you in good term
Found you no displeasure in him by wo
or countenance? [2

EDG. None at all.

EDM. Bethink yourself wherein y
may have offended him; and at my e
treaty forbear his presence till some litt
time hath qualified the heat of his di
pleasure, which at this instant so rage
in him that with the mischief of your pe
son it would scarcely allay.

EDG. Some villain hath done me wron

EDM. That's my fear. I pray you [2
have a continent forbearance till the spe
of his rage goes slower, and, as I say, reti
with me to my lodging, from whence
will fitly[14] bring you to hear my lo
speak. Pray you, go; there's my key.
you do stir abroad, go armed.

EDG. Armed, brother!

EDM. Brother, I advise you to the bes
go armed; I am no honest man if the
be any good meaning toward you; I [2
have told you what I have seen a
heard; but faintly, nothing like the ima
and horror of it; pray you, away.

EDG. Shall I hear from you anon?

EDM. I do serve you in this business

[*Exit* EDGA

A credulous father, and a brother nob
Whose nature is so far from doing harm
That he suspects none; on whose fooli
honesty [2
My practices ride easy. I see the bus
ness.
Let me, if not by birth, have lands
wit:
All with me's meet that I can fashion f

[*Ex*

SCENE III

About a fortnight has elapsed sin
LEAR *disposed of his sovereignty. He h*
since then been the guest of GONERIL *a*
ALBANY; *and already discord has aris*
between his retainers and his host's. O
WALD, *the steward, has just told* GONER

[13] surpassing silliness.

[14] in due time.

he latest instance of his imperiousness. GONERIL *means to bring matters to a ead.*

GON. Did my father strike my gentle-
an for chiding of his fool? [11
OSW. Ay, madam.
GON. By day and night he wrongs me; every hour
Ie flashes into one gross crime or other,
hat sets us all at odds: I'll not endure it:
is knights grow riotous, and himself upbraids us
n every trifle. When he returns from hunting, [21
will not speak with him; say I am sick:
you come slack of former services,
ou shall do well; the fault of it I'll answer. [*Horns within.*
OSW. He's coming, madam; I hear him.
GON. Put on what weary negligence you please,
ou and your fellows; I'd have it come to question: [30
he distaste it, let him to my sister,
Vhose mind and mine, I know, in that are one,
ot to be over-ruled. Idle old man,
hat still would manage those authorities
hat he hath given away! Now, by my life,
ld fools are babes again, and must be used
Vith checks as flatteries, when they are seen abused. [41
emember what I have said.
OSW. Well, madam.
GON. And let his knights have colder looks among you;
Vhat grows of it, no matter; advise your fellows so.
I would breed from hence occasions, and I shall,
hat I may speak: I'll write straight to my sister [51
o hold my very course.> Prepare for dinner. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV

Into a hall in the palace of ALBANY, ENT *enters, disguised. Convinced that* LEAR *has wrought his own ruin, he has resolved to seek him out, to serve him.*

KENT. If but as well I other accents borrow,
That can my speech diffuse, my good intent
May carry through itself to that full issue [10
For which I razed my likeness. Now, banished Kent,
If thou canst serve where thou dost stand condemned,
So may it come, thy master, whom thou lov'st,
Shall find thee full of labors.

Horns within. Enter LEAR, KNIGHTS, *and Attendants.*

LEAR. Let me not stay a jot for dinner: go, get it ready. [*Exit an Attendant.*] How now! what art thou? [22

KENT. A man, sir.

LEAR. What dost thou profess? What wouldst thou with us?

KENT. I do profess to be no less than I seem; to serve him truly that will put me in trust; to love him that is honest; to converse with him that is wise and says little; to fear judgment;[15] to fight when I cannot choose; and to eat no fish. [31

LEAR. What art thou?

KENT. A very honest-hearted fellow, and as poor as the king.

LEAR. If thou be'st as poor for a subject as he is for a king, thou art poor enough. What wouldst thou?

KENT. Service.

LEAR. Whom wouldst thou serve?

KENT. You. [40

LEAR. Dost thou know me, fellow?

KENT. No, sir; but you have that in your countenance which I would fain call master.

LEAR. What's that?

KENT. Authority.

LEAR. What services canst thou do?

KENT. I can keep honest counsel, ride, run, mar a curious tale in telling it, and deliver a plain message bluntly; that [50 which ordinary men are fit for, I am

[15] litigation.

qualified in, and the best of me is diligence.

LEAR. How old art thou?

KENT. Not so young, sir, to love a woman for singing, nor so old to dote on her for anything; I have years on my back forty-eight.

LEAR. Follow me; thou shalt serve me: if I like thee no worse after dinner, I [60 will not part from thee yet.—[*Calling.*] Dinner, ho! dinner! Where's my knave? [16] my fool?—Go you and call my fool hither. [*Exit an Attendant.*

Enter OSWALD.

You, you, sirrah, where's my daughter?

OSW. So please you— [*Exit.*

LEAR. What says the fellow there? Call the clotpoll back. [*Exit a* KNIGHT. Where's my fool, ho? I think the world's asleep. How now! where's that mongrel? [72

Re-enter KNIGHT.

KNIGHT. He says, my lord, your daughter is not well.

LEAR. Why came not the slave back to me when I called him?

KNIGHT. Sir, he answered me in the roundest manner, he would not.

LEAR. He would not! [80

KNIGHT. My lord, I know not what the matter is; but, to my judgment, your highness is not entertained with that ceremonious affection as you were wont; there's a great abatement of kindness appears as well in the general dependants as in the duke himself also and your daughter.

LEAR. Ha! sayest thou so? [89

KNIGHT. I beseech you, pardon me, my lord, if I be mistaken; for my duty cannot be silent when I think your highness wronged.

LEAR. Thou but rememberest me of mine own conception: I have perceived a most faint neglect of late; which I have rather blamed as mine own jealous curiosity than as a very pretence [17] and purpose of unkindness. I will look further into't. But where's my fool? have not seen him this two days. [10

KNIGHT. Since my young lady's goin into France, sir, the fool hath much pine away.

LEAR. No more of that; I have note it well.—Go you and tell my daughter would speak with her.—

[*Exit an Attendan*

Go you, call hither my fool.

[*Exit an Attendan*

Re-enter OSWALD. [1

O! you sir, you, come you hither, si Who am I, sir?

OSW. My lady's father.

LEAR. "My lady's father!" my lord knave: you whoreson dog! you slave you cur!

OSW. I am none of these, my lord; beseech your pardon.

The FOOL *enters, and stands apart, watching the scene.* [1

LEAR. Do you bandy looks with m you rascal? [*Striking hi*

OSW. I'll not be struck, my lord.

KENT. Nor tripped neither, you ba football player. [*Tripping up his hee*

LEAR. I thank thee, fellow; thc servest me, and I'll love thee.

KENT. Come, sir, arise, away! I teach you differences: away, away! If [1 you will measure your lubber's leng again, tarry; but away! Go to; ha you wisdom? so. [*Pushes* OSWALD *ou*

LEAR. Now, my friendly knave, I thar thee: there's earnest of thy service.

[*Gives* KENT *mone*

FOOL. Let me hire him too: here's m coxcomb. [*Offers* KENT *his ca*

LEAR. How now, my pretty knav how dost thou? [1

FOOL. Sirrah, you were best take m coxcomb.

KENT. Why, fool?

FOOL. Why? for taking one's part tha out of favor. Nay, and thou canst n smile as the wind sits, thou'lt catch co shortly. There, take my coxcomb. Wh this fellow has banished two on's daug ters, and did the third a blessing again

[16] boy.
[17] intention.

is will: if thou follow him, thou must [150
eeds wear my coxcomb.—How now,
uncle! Would I had two coxcombs and
wo daughters!

LEAR. Why, my boy?

FOOL. If I gave them all my living,
d keep my coxcombs myself. There's
ine; beg another of thy daughters.

LEAR. Take heed, sirrah; the whip!

FOOL Truth's a dog must to kennel; he
ust be whipped out, when Lady the [160
rach may stand by the fire and stink.

LEAR. A pestilent gall to me!

FOOL, *to* KENT. Sirrah, I'll teach thee
speech.

LEAR. Do.

FOOL. Mark it, nuncle:

Have more than thou showest,
Speak less than thou knowest,
Lend less than thou owest,
Ride more than thou goest, [170
Learn more than thou trowest,
Set less than thou throwest;
Leave thy drink and thy whore,
And keep in-a-door,
And thou shalt have more
Than two tens to a score.

KENT. This is nothing, fool.

FOOL. Then 'tis like the breath of an
nfee'd lawyer; you gave me nothing
or't. Can you make no use of nothing,
uncle? [181

LEAR. Why, no, boy; nothing can be
ade out of nothing.

FOOL, *to* KENT. Prithee, tell him, so
uch the rent of his land comes to: he
ill not believe a fool.

LEAR. A bitter fool!

FOOL. Dost thou know the difference,
y boy, between a bitter fool and a
veet fool? [190

LEAR. No, lad; teach me.

FOOL, *singing.*

That lord that counselled thee
To give away thy land,
Come place him here by me,
Do thou for him stand:
The sweet and bitter fool
Will presently appear;
The one in motley here,
The other found out there. [200

LEAR. Dost thou call me fool, boy?

FOOL. All thy other titles thou hast
given away; that thou wast born with.

KENT. This is not altogether fool, my
lord.

FOOL. No, faith, lords and great men
will not let me; if I had a monopoly out,
they would have part on't, and ladies
too: they will not let me have all fool to
myself; they'll be snatching. Nuncle,
give me an egg, and I'll give thee two
crowns. [212

LEAR. What two crowns shall they be?

FOOL. Why, after I have cut the egg
i' th' middle and eat up the meat, the
two crowns of the egg. When thou
clovest thy crown i' th' middle, and
gavest away both parts, thou borest
thine ass on thy back o'er the dirt: thou
hadst little wit in thy bald crown [220
when thou gavest thy golden one away.
If I speak like myself in this, let him be
whipped that first finds it so.

[*Singing.*]

Fools had ne'er less grace in a year;
For wise men are grown foppish,
And know not how their wits to wear,
Their manners are so apish.

LEAR. When were you wont to be so
full of songs, sirrah? [230

FOOL. I have used it, nuncle, ever since
thou madest thy daughters thy mothers;
for, when thou gavest them the rod and
putt'st down thine own breeches,

[*Singing.*]

Then they for sudden joy did weep,
And I for sorrow sung,
That such a king should play bo-peep,
And go the fools among.

Prithee, nuncle, keep a schoolmaster that
can teach thy fool to lie: I would fain
learn to lie. [242

LEAR. And you lie, sirrah, we'll have
you whipped.

FOOL. I marvel what kin thou and
thy daughters are; they'll have me
whipped for speaking true; thou'lt have
me whipped for lying; and sometimes
I am whipped for holding my peace. I
had rather be any kind o' thing than [250
a fool; and yet I would not be thee,

nuncle; thou hast pared thy wit o' both sides, and left nothing i' th' middle: here comes one o' the parings.

Enter GONERIL.

LEAR. How now, daughter! what makes that frontlet on? Methinks you are too much of late i' th' frown. [258

FOOL. Thou wast a pretty fellow when thou hadst no need to care for her frowning; now thou art an O without a figure. I am better than thou art now: I am a fool; thou art nothing. [*To* GONERIL.] Yes, forsooth, I will hold my tongue; so your face bids me, though you say nothing.

[*Singing.*]

Mum, mum;
He that keeps nor crust nor crumb,
Weary of all, shall want some. [270

[*Pointing to* LEAR.] That's a shelled peascod.

GON. Not only, sir, this your all-licensed fool,
But other of your insolent retinue,
Do hourly carp and quarrel, breaking forth
In rank and not-to-be-endurëd riots.
Sir,
I had thought, by making this well known unto you, [281
To have found a safe redress, but now grow fearful,
By what yourself too late have spoke and done,
That you protect this course, and put it on
By your allowance, which, if you should, the fault
Would not scape censure, nor the redresses sleep, [291
Which, in the tender of a wholesome weal,
Might in their working do you that offence,
Which else were shame, that then necessity
Will call discreet proceeding.

FOOL. For you know, nuncle,

[*Singing.*]

The hedge-sparrow fed the cuckoo so long,
That it had it head bit off by it young.
So out went the candle, and we wer
left darkling.

LEAR. Are you our daughter?

GON. I would you would make use o
your good wisdom,
Whereof I know you are fraught; an
put away
These dispositions which of late trans
form you [31
From what you rightly are.

FOOL. May not an ass know when th
cart draws the horse? "Whoop, Jug!
love thee."

LEAR. Does any here know me? Thi
is not Lear:
Does Lear walk thus? speak thus? Whe
are his eyes? [31
Either his notion weakens, his discerning
Are lethargied. Ha! waking? 'tis not s
Who is it that can tell me who I am?

FOOL. Lear's shadow.

LEAR. I would learn that; for, by th
marks of sovereignty, knowledge, an
reason, I should be false persuaded I ha
daughters.

FOOL. Which they will make an obedi
ent father. [32

LEAR. Your name, fair gentlewoman?

GON. This admiration,[18] sir, is much o
th' savor
Of other your new pranks. I do beseec
you
To understand my purposes aright:
As you are old and reverend, you shoul
be wise.
Here do you keep a hundred knights an
squires; [33
Men so disordered, so deboshed, and bol
That this our court, infected with thei
manners,
Shows like a riotous inn: epicurism an
lust
Make it more like a tavern or a brothel
Than a graced palace. The shame itsel
doth speak
For instant remedy; be then desired
By her that else will take the thing sh
begs, [35

[18] astonishment.

A little to disquantity your train;
And the remainder, that shall still depend,
To be such men as may besort your age,
Which know themselves and you.
LEAR. Darkness and devils!—
Saddle my horses; call my train together.—
Degenerate bastard! I'll not trouble thee:
Yet have I left a daughter.
GON. You strike my people, and your disordered rabble
Make servants of their betters.

Enter ALBANY.

LEAR. Woe, that too late repents;
[*To* ALBANY.] O! sir, are you come?
Is it your will? Speak, sir.—Prepare my horses.—
Ingratitude, thou marble-hearted fiend,
More hideous, when thou show'st thee in a child,
Than the sea-monster.
ALB. Pray, sir, be patient.
LEAR, *to* GONERIL. Detested kite! thou liest:
My train are men of choice and rarest parts,
That all particulars of duty know,
And in the most exact regard support
The worships of their name.—O most small fault,
How ugly didst thou in Cordelia show!
Which, like an engine,[19] wrenched my frame of nature
From the fixed place, drew from my heart all love,
And added to the gall. O Lear, Lear, Lear!
[*Striking his head.*] Beat at this gate, that let thy folly in,
And thy dear judgment out!—Go, go, my people.
ALB. My lord, I am guiltless, as I am ignorant
Of what hath moved you.
LEAR. It may be so, my lord.—
Hear, Nature, hear! dear goddess, hear!
Suspend thy purpose, if thou didst intend
To make this creature fruitful!
Into her womb convey sterility!
Dry up in her the organs of increase,
And from her derogate[20] body never spring
A babe to honor her! If she must teem,
Create her child of spleen, that it may live
And be a thwart[21] disnatured torment to her!
Let it stamp wrinkles in her brow of youth,
With cadent[22] tears fret channels in her cheeks,
Turn all her mother's pains and benefits
To laughter and contempt, that she may feel
How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is
To have a thankless child!—Away, away!
[*Exit.*
ALB. Now gods that we adore, whereof comes this?
GON. Never afflict yourself to know the cause;
But let his disposition have that scope
That dotage gives it.

Re-enter LEAR.

LEAR. What! fifty of my followers at a clap,
Within a fortnight!
ALB. What's the matter, sir?
LEAR. I'll tell thee. [*To* GONERIL.] Life and death! I am ashamed
That thou hast power to shake my manhood thus,
That these hot tears, which break from me perforce,
Should make thee worth them. Blasts and fogs upon thee!
Th' untented[23] woundings of a father's curse
Pierce every sense about thee! Old fond eyes,
Beweep this cause again, I'll pluck ye out,
And cast you, with the waters that you lose,
To temper clay. Ha! is it come to this?
Let it be so: I have another daughter,

[19] the rack.
[20] degenerate.
[21] perverse.
[22] falling.
[23] unprobed.

Who, I am sure, is kind and comfortable:[24]
When she shall hear this of thee, with her nails [450
She'll flay thy wolvish visage. Thou shalt find
That I'll resume the shape which thou dost think
I have cast off for ever; thou shalt, I warrant thee.

[*Exeunt* LEAR, KENT, *and Attendants.*

GON. Do you mark that?

ALB. I cannot be so partial, Goneril,
To the great love I bear you— [460

GON. Pray you, content.—[*Calling.*] What, Oswald, ho!
[*To the* FOOL.] You, sir, more knave than fool, after your master!

FOOL, *calling.* Nuncle Lear, nuncle Lear! tarry, and take the fool with thee.

[*Singing.*]

A fox, when one has caught her,
And such a daughter, [469
Should sure to the slaughter,
If my cap would buy a halter;
So the fool follows after.

[*Exit.*

GON. This man hath had good counsel. A hundred knights!
'Tis politic and safe to let him keep
At point a hundred knights; yes, that on every dream,
Each buzz, each fancy, each complaint, dislike, [480
He may enguard his dotage with their powers,
And hold our lives in mercy. [*Calling.*] Oswald, I say!

ALB. Well, you may fear too far.

GON. Safer than trust too far.
Let me still take away the harms I fear,
Not fear still to be taken: I know his heart. [489
What he hath uttered I have writ my sister;
If she sustain him and his hundred knights,
When I have showed th' unfitness—

Re-enter OSWALD.

How now, Oswald!
What! have you writ that letter to m sister?

OSW. Ay, madam. [49

GON. Take you some company, an away to horse:
Inform her full of my particular fear;
And thereto add such reasons of you own
As may compact it more. Get you gon
And hasten your return. [*Exit* OSWALD No, no, my lord,
This milky gentleness and course of your
Though I condemn it not, yet, unde pardon, [51
You are much more at task[25] for want wisdom
Than praised for harmful mildness.

ALB. How far your eyes may pierce cannot tell:
Striving to better, oft we mar what well.

GON. Nay, then—

ALB. Well, well; th' event.

SCENE V

LEAR, *accompanied by* KENT *and th* FOOL, *is in the court of* ALBANY'S *castl waiting for the horses that are to be them away. He has resolved to sen* KENT *ahead with letters to* REGAN, *who husband's seat is at Gloucester.*

LEAR. Go you before to Gloucester wi these letters. Acquaint my daughter further with any thing you know tha comes from her demand out of the lette If your diligence be not speedy, I shall there afore you. [

KENT. I will not sleep, my lord, till have delivered your letter. [*Ex*

FOOL. If a man's brains were in's hee were't not in danger of kibes?[26]

LEAR. Ay, boy.

FOOL. Then, I prithee, be merry; th wit shall not go slip-shod.

LEAR. Ha, ha, ha! [

FOOL. Shalt see thy other daughter w use thee kindly;[27] for, though she's as li

[24] comforting.

[25] to be taken to task.

[26] chilblains.

[27] There is a hint here that she will use L according to her kind, which is also Goner kind.

this as a crab [28] is like an apple, yet I can tell what I can tell.

LEAR. What canst tell, boy?

FOOL. She will taste as like this as a crab does to a crab. Thou canst tell why one's nose stands i' th' middle on's face?

LEAR. No. [30

FOOL. Why, to keep one's eyes of either side's nose, that what a man cannot smell out, he may spy into.

LEAR, *his mind reverting to* CORDELIA: I did her wrong.

FOOL. Canst tell how an oyster makes his shell?

LEAR. No.

FOOL. Nor I neither; but I can tell why a snail has a house. [40

LEAR. Why?

FOOL. Why, to put his head in; not to give it away to his daughters, and leave his horns without a case.

LEAR. I will forget my nature. So kind a father!—Be my horses ready?

FOOL. Thy asses are gone about 'em. The reason why the seven stars are no more than seven is a pretty reason. [49

LEAR. Because they are not eight?

FOOL. Yes, indeed: thou wouldst make a good fool.

LEAR. To take't again perforce! Monster ingratitude!

FOOL. If thou wert my fool, nuncle, I'd have thee beaten for being old before thy time.

LEAR. How's that?

FOOL. Thou shouldst not have been old before thou hadst been wise. [60

LEAR. O! let me not be mad, not mad, sweet heaven!
Keep me in temper; I would not be mad.

Enter a GENTLEMAN.

How now! Are the horses ready?

GENT. Ready, my lord.

LEAR. Come, boy.

FOOL. She that's a maid now, and laughs at my departure, [70
Shall not be a maid long, unless things be cut shorter. [*Exeunt.*

[28] a crab-apple.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

It is night—the second night after LEAR'S *quarrel with* GONERIL. *In a court beneath the window of the lodging of* EDMUND, *that worthy meets* CURAN, *who has just been warning* GLOUCESTER *that* CORNWALL *and* REGAN *are about to visit him.*

EDM. Save thee, Curan.

CUR. And you, sir. I have been with your father, and given him notice that [10 the Duke of Cornwall and Regan his duchess will be here with him this night.

EDM. How comes that?

CUR. Nay, I know not. You have heard of the news abroad? I mean the whispered ones, for they are yet but ear-kissing arguments?

EDM. Not I: pray you, what are they?

CUR. Have you heard of no likely wars toward, 'twixt the Dukes of Cornwall and Albany? [21

EDM. Not a word.

CUR. You may do then, in time. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*

EDM. The duke be here to-night! The better! best!
This weaves itself perforce into my business.
My father hath set guard to take my brother; [30
And I have one thing, of a queasy[1] question,
Which I must act. Briefness and fortune, work!—
Brother, a word; descend: brother, I say!

Enter EDGAR.

My father watches: O sir! fly this place;
Intelligence is given where you are hid;
You have now the good advantage of the night. [40
Have you not spoken 'gainst the Duke of Cornwall?
He's coming hither, now, i' th' night, i' th' haste,
And Regan with him; have you nothing said

[1] delicate.

Upon his party 'gainst the Duke of Albany?
Advise yourself.
EDG. I am sure on't, not a word. [50
EDM. I hear my father coming; pardon me;
In cunning I must draw my sword upon you;
Draw; seem to defend yourself; now quit you well!
[*Loudly.*] Yield: come before my father. —Light, ho! here! [58
<Fly, brother.> Torches! torches! <So, farewell!> [*Exit* EDGAR.
Some blood drawn on me would beget opinion [*Wounds his arm.*
Of my more fierce endeavor. I have seen drunkards
Do more than this in sport.—[*Calling.*] Father! father!—
Stop, stop!—No help?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *and Servants with torches.*

GLO. Now, Edmund, where's the villain! [71
EDM. Here stood he in the dark, his sharp sword out,
Mumbling of wicked charms, conjuring the moon
To stand auspicious mistress.
GLO. But where is he?
EDM. Look, sir, I bleed.
GLO. Where is the villain, Edmund?
EDM. Fled this way, sir. When by no means he could— [81
GLO. Pursue him, ho! Go after. [*Exeunt some Servants.*] "By no means" what?
EDM. Persuade me to the murder of your lordship;
But that I told him the revenging gods
'Gainst parricides did all their thunders bend;
Spoke with how manifold and strong a bond [91
The child was bound to th' father; sir, in fine,
Seeing how loathly opposite I stood
To his unnatural purpose, in fell motion,
With his preparëd sword he charges home
My unprovided body, lanced mine arm:
But, when he saw my best alarume spirits
Bold in the quarrel's right, roused to th encounter, [10
Or whether gasted[2] by the noise I made
Full suddenly he fled.
GLO. Let him fly far:
Not in this land shall he remain un caught;
And found—dispatch. The noble duk my master,
My worthy arch[3] and patron, comes to night: [11
By his authority I will proclaim it,
That he which finds him shall deserv our thanks,
Bringing the murderous coward to th stake;
He that conceals him, death.
EDM. When I dissuaded him from hi intent,
And found him pight[4] to do it, with curs speech [12
I threatened to discover him; he replied
"Thou unpossessing bastard! dost thou think,
If I would stand against thee, would th reposal
Of any trust, virtue, or worth, in thee
Make thy words faithed? No: what should deny—
As this I would; ay, though thou dids produce [13
My very character—I'd turn it all
To thy suggestion, plot, and damnëd practice;
And thou must make a dullard of th world,
If they not thought the profits of my death
Were very pregnant and potential spurs
To make thee seek it." [13
GLO. Strong and fastened[5] villain
Would he deny his letter? I never go him. [*Tucket within.*
Hark! the duke's trumpets. I know no why he comes.
All ports I'll bar; the villain shall no scape;

[2] affrighted. [3] head.
[4] determined. [5] hardened.

The duke must grant me that: besides, his picture
I will send far and near, that all the kingdom [150
May have due note of him; and of my land,
Loyal and natural boy, I'll work the means
To make thee capable.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, *and Attendants.*

CORN. How now, my noble friend! since I came hither—
Which I can call but now—I have heard strange news. [160
REG. If it be true, all vengeance comes too short
Which can pursue the offender. How dost, my lord?
GLO. O! madam, my old heart is cracked, it's cracked.
REG. What! did my father's godson seek your life?
He whom my father named? your Edgar?
GLO. O, lady, lady! shame would have it hid. [171
REG. Was he not companion with the riotous knights
That tend upon my father?
GLO. I know not, madam; 'tis too bad, too bad.
EDM. Yes, madam, he was of that consort.
REG. No marvel then though he were ill affected; [180
'Tis they have put him on the old man's death,
To have th' expense and waste of his revenues.
I have this present evening from my sister
Been well-informed of them, and with such cautions
That, if they come to sojourn at my house, [190
I'll not be there.
CORN. Nor I, assure thee, Regan.—
Edmund, I hear that you have shown your father
A child-like office.
EDM. 'Twas my duty, sir.
GLO. He did bewray his practice; and received
This hurt you see, striving to apprehend him. [200
CORN. Is he pursued?
GLO. Ay, my good lord.
CORN. If he be taken, he shall never more
Be feared of doing harm; make your own purpose,
How in my strength[6] you please.—For you, Edmund,
Whose virtue and obedience doth this instant [210
So much commend itself, you shall be ours:
Natures of such deep trust we shall much need;
You we first seize on.
EDM. I shall serve you, sir,
Truly, however else.
GLO. For him I thank your Grace.
CORN. You know not why we came to visit you— [220
REG. Thus out of season, threading dark-eyed night:
Occasions, noble Gloucester, of some poise,
Wherein we must have use of your advice.
Our father he hath writ, so hath our sister,
Of differences, which I best thought it fit
To answer from our home; the several messengers [230
From hence attend[7] dispatch. Our good old friend,
Lay comforts to your bosom, and bestow
Your needful counsel to our business,
Which craves the instant use.
GLO. I serve you, madam.—
Your Graces are right welcome.

SCENE II

A little later the same night, OSWALD *and* KENT *(still disguised) arrive before* GLOUCESTER'S *castle simultaneously. They have both been received at* CORNWALL'S *castle, and told to follow on to* GLOUCESTER'S *seat.*

OSW. Good dawning to thee, friend: art of this house?

[6] by my authority. [7] await.

KENT. Ay. [9

OSW. Where may we set our horses?

KENT. I' th' mire.

OSW. Prithee, if thou lovest me, tell me.

KENT. I love thee not.

OSW. Why, then I care not for thee.

KENT. If I had thee in Lipsbury pinfold, I would make thee care for me.

OSW. Why dost thou use me thus? I know thee not.

KENT. Fellow, I know thee.

OSW. What dost thou know me for? [20

KENT. A knave, a rascal, an eater of broken meats; a base, proud, shallow, beggarly, three-suited, hundred-pound, filthy, worsted-stocking knave; a lily-livered, action-taking knave; a whoreson, glass-gazing, superserviceable, finical rogue; one-trunk-inheriting slave; one that wouldst be a bawd, in way of good service, and art nothing but the composition of a knave, beggar, coward, pan- [30 der, and the son and heir of a mongrel bitch; one whom I will beat into clamorous whining, if thou deniest the least syllable of thy addition.

OSW. Why, what a monstrous fellow art thou, thus to rail on one that is neither known of thee nor knows thee!

KENT. What a brazen-faced varlet art thou, to deny thou knowest me! Is it two days since I tripped up thy heels and [40 beat thee before the king? Draw, you rogue; for, though it be night, yet the moon shines: I'll make a sop o' th' moonshine of you. [*Drawing his sword.*] Draw, you whoreson, cullionly barber-monger, draw.

OSW. Away! I have nothing to do with thee.

KENT. Draw, you rascal; you come with letters against the king, and take [50 Vanity the puppet's part against the royalty of her father. Draw, you rogue, or I'll so carbonado your shanks: draw, you rascal; come your ways.

OSW., *calling.* Help, ho! murder! help!

KENT, *beating him.* Strike, you slave; stand, rogue, stand; you neat slave, strike.

OSW., *calling.* Help, oh! murder! murder! [60

Enter EDMUND *with his rapier drawn.*

EDM. How now! What's the matter? [*Parts them.*

KENT. With you, goodman boy, if you please: come, I'll flesh ye; come on, young master.

Enter CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and Servants.*

GLO. Weapons? arms? What's the matter here? [70

CORN. Keep peace, upon your lives:
He dies that strikes again. What is the matter?

REG. The messengers from our sister and the king.

CORN. What is your difference? speak.

OSW. I am scarce in breath, my lord.

KENT. No marvel, you have so bestirred your valor! You cowardly rascal, nature disclaims in thee: a tailor made thee. [81

CORN. Thou art a strange fellow; a tailor make a man?

KENT. Ay, a tailor, sir: a stone-cutter or a painter could not have made him so ill, though they had been but two hours o' th' trade.

CORN. Speak yet, how grew your quarrel?

OSW. This ancient ruffian, sir, whose life I have spared at suit of his grey beard— [92

KENT. Thou whoreson zed! thou unnecessary letter!—My lord, if you will give me leave, I will tread this unbolted villain into mortar, and daub the wall of a jakes[8] with him.—Spare my grey beard, you wagtail!

CORN. Peace, sirrah!
You beastly knave, know you no reverence? [101

KENT. Yes, sir; but anger hath a privilege.

CORN. Why art thou angry?

KENT. That such a slave as this should wear a sword,
Who wears no honesty. Such smiling rogues as these,
Like rats, oft bite the holy cords a-twain

[8] privy.

Which are too intrinse t' unloose; smooth every passion [111
That in the natures of their lords rebel;
Bring oil to fire, snow to their colder moods;
Renege, affirm, and turn their halcyon beaks
With every gale and vary of their masters,
Knowing nought, like dogs, but following.—
A plague upon your epileptic visage! [120
Smile you my speeches, as I were a fool?
Goose, if I had you upon Sarum plain,
I'd drive ye cackling home to Camelot.

CORN. What! art thou mad, old fellow?

GLO. How fell you out? say that.

KENT. No contraries hold more antipathy
Than I and such a knave.

CORN. Why dost thou call him knave? What is his fault? [130

KENT. His countenance likes me not.

CORN. No more, perchance, does mine, nor his, nor hers.

KENT. Sir, 'tis my occupation to be plain:
I have seen better faces in my time
Than stands on any shoulder that I see
Before me at this instant.

CORN. This is some fellow,
Who, having been praised for bluntness, doth affect [141
A saucy roughness, and constrains the garb
Quite from his nature: he cannot flatter, he,
An honest mind and plain, he must speak truth:
An they will take it, so; if not, he's plain.
These kind of knaves I know, which in this plainness [150
Harbor more craft and more corrupter ends
Than twenty silly-ducking observants,[9]
That stretch their duties nicely.

KENT. Sir, in good sooth, in sincere verity,
Under th' allowance of your grand aspect,
Whose influence, like the wreath of radiant fire
On flickering Phœbus' front— [160

[9] obsequious followers.

CORN. What mean'st by this?

KENT. To go out of my dialect, which you discommend so much. I know, sir, I am no flatterer: he that beguiled you in a plain accent was a plain knave; which for my part I will not be, though I should win your displeasure to entreat me to't.

CORN. What was th' offence you gave him? [180

OSW. I never gave him any:
It pleased the king his master very late
To strike at me, upon his misconstruction;
When he, compact,[10] and flattering his displeasure,
Tripped me behind; being down, insulted, railed,
And put upon him such a deal of man,
That worthied him, got praises of the king
For him attempting who was self-subdued; [192
And, in the fleshment of this dread exploit,
Drew on me here again.

KENT. None of these rogues and cowards,
But Ajax is their fool.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks!—
You stubborn ancient knave, you reverend braggart, [201
We'll teach you.

KENT. Sir, I am too old to learn.
Call not your stocks for me; I serve the king,
On whose employment I was sent to you;
You shall do small respect, show too bold malice
Against the grace and person of my master, [210
Stocking his messenger.

CORN. Fetch forth the stocks! As I have life and honor,
There shall he sit till noon.

REG. Till noon! Till night, my lord; and all night too.

KENT. Why, madam, if I were your father's dog,
You should not use me so. [219

REG. Sir, being his knave, I will.

[10] siding with him.

CORN. This is a fellow of the self-same color
Our sister speaks of.—Come, bring away the stocks. [*Stocks brought out.*
GLO. Let me beseech your Grace not to do so.
His fault is much; and the good king his master
Will check him for't. Your purposed low correction [230
Is such as basest and contemned'st wretches
For pilferings and most common trespasses
Are punished with: the king must take it ill,
That he, so slightly valued in his messenger,
Should have him thus restrained.
CORN. I'll answer that.
REG. My sister may receive it much more worse [242
To have her gentleman abused, assaulted,
For following her affairs.—Put in his legs.
[KENT *is put in the stocks.*
Come, my lord, away.
[*Exeunt all but* GLOUCESTER *and* KENT.
GLO. I am sorry for thee, friend; 'tis the duke's pleasure,
Whose disposition, all the world well knows, [251
Will not be rubbed[11] nor stopped. I'll entreat for thee.
KENT. Pray, do not, sir. I have watched and travelled hard;
Some time I shall sleep out, the rest I'll whistle.
A good man's fortune may grow out at heels.
Give you good morrow! [260
GLO. <The duke's to blame in this; 'twill be ill taken.> [*Exit.*
KENT. Good king, that must approve the common saw,
Thou out of heaven's benediction comest
To the warm sun.
Approach, thou beacon to this under globe,
That by thy comfortable beams I may
Peruse this letter. Nothing almost sees miracles [271
But misery: I know 'tis from Cordelia,
Who hath most fortunately been informed[12]
Of my obscurëd course; and shall find time
From this enormous state, seeking to give
Losses their remedies. All weary and o'er-watched,
Take vantage, heavy eyes, not to behold
This shameful lodging. [281
Fortune, good night, smile once more; turn thy wheel! [*He sleeps.*

SCENE III

EDGAR *is alone on a barren heath.*

EDG. I heard myself proclaimed;
And by the happy[13] hollow of a tree
Escaped the hunt. No port is free; no place,
That guard and most unusual vigilance
Does not attend my taking. While I may scape,
I will preserve myself, and am bethought
To take the basest and most poorest shape [11
That ever penury, in contempt of man,
Brought near to beast; my face I'll grime with filth,
Blanket my loins, elf[14] all my hair in knots,
And with presented[15] nakedness outface
The winds and persecutions of the sky.
The country gives me proof and precedent [20
Of Bedlam beggars, who with roaring voices,
Strike in their numbed and mortified bare arms
Pins, wooden pricks, nails, sprigs of rosemary;
And with this horrible object, from low farms,
Poor pelting[16] villages, sheep-cotes, and mills, [30
Sometime with lunatic bans, sometime with prayers,
Enforce their charity. "Poor Turlygod! poor Tom!"

[11] checked.
[12] We are not informed how; and it seems sufficiently incredible that Cordelia should know of Kent's disguise.
[13] lucky.
[14] tie.
[15] assumed.
[16] paltry.

That's something yet: Edgar I nothing am.[17] [*Exit.*

Scene IV

Late the next day Kent *is still in the stocks.* Lear, *having arrived at* Cornwall's *seat only to find him and* Regan *absent, has come on to* Gloucester's *castle. He enters now with the* Fool *and a* Gentleman.

Lear. 'Tis strange that they should so depart from home,
And not send back my messenger.
Gent. As I learned,
The night before there was no purpose in them [12
Of this remove.
Kent. Hail to thee, noble master!
Lear. Ha!
Makest thou this shame thy pastime?
Kent. No, my lord.
Fool. Ha, ha! he wears cruel garters. Horses are tied by the head, dogs and bears by th' neck, monkeys by th' [20 loins, and men by th' legs: when a man is overlusty at legs, then he wears wooden nether-stocks.[18]
Lear. What's he that hath so much thy place mistook
To set thee here?
Kent. It is both he and she,
Your son and daughter.
Lear. No.
Kent. Yes. [30
Lear. No, I say.
Kent. I say, yea.
Lear. No, no; they would not.
Kent. Yes, they have.
Lear. By Jupiter I swear, no!
Kent. By Juno I swear, ay!
Lear. They durst not do't;
They could not, would not do't; 'tis worse than murder,
To do upon respect[19] such violent outrage. [41
Resolve me, with all modest haste, which way
Thou mightst deserve, or they impose, this usage,
Coming from us.

[17] shall not be. [18] short stockings. [19] consideration.

Kent. My lord, when at their home
I did commend[20] your highness' letters to them,
Ere I was risen from the place that showed [51
My duty kneeling, there came a reeking post,
Stewed in his haste, half breathless, panting forth
From Goneril his mistress salutations;
Delivered letters, spite of intermission,[21]
Which presently[22] they read: on whose contents
They summoned up their meiny,[23] straight took horse; [61
Commanded me to follow, and attend
The leisure of their answer; gave me cold looks:
And, meeting here the other messenger,
Whose welcome, I perceived, had poisoned mine—
Being the very fellow which of late
Displayed so saucily against your highness— [70
Having more man than wit about me, drew.
He raised the house with loud and coward cries.
Your son and daughter found this trespass worth
The shame which here it suffers.
Fool. Winter's not gone yet, if the wild geese fly that way.
[*Singing.*] [80

Fathers that wear rags
Do make their children blind,
But fathers that bear bags
Shall see their children kind.
Fortune, that arrant whore,
Ne'er turns the key to th' poor.

But for all this thou shalt have as many dolors for thy daughters as thou canst tell in a year.
Lear. O! how this mother[24] swells up toward my heart; [91
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing sorrow!
Thy element's below.—Where is this daughter?

[20] deliver.
[21] heedless of my awaiting an answer.
[22] at once [23] retinue. [24] hysteria.

KENT. With the earl, sir: here within.
LEAR. Follow me not; stay here.
[*Goes into the castle.*
GENT. Made you no more offence than what you speak of? [100
KENT. None.
How chance the king comes with so small a number?
FOOL. An thou hadst been set i' th' stocks for that question, thou'dst well deserved it.
KENT. Why, fool?
FOOL. We'll set thee to school to an ant, to teach thee there's no laboring i' th' winter. All that follow their noses [110 are led by their eyes but blind men; and there's not a nose among twenty but can smell him that's stinking. Let go thy hold when a great wheel runs down a hill, lest it break thy neck with following it; but the great one that goes up the hill, let him draw thee after. When a wise man gives thee better counsel, give me mine again: I would have none but knaves follow it, since a fool gives it.
[*Singing.*] [121

That sir which serves and seeks for gain,
And follows but for form,
Will pack when it begins to rain,
And leave thee in the storm.
But I will tarry; the fool will stay,
And let the wise man fly:
The knave turns fool that runs away;
The fool no knave, perdy.

KENT. Where learned you this, fool?
FOOL. Not i' th' stocks, fool. [131

Re-enter LEAR, *with* GLOUCESTER.

LEAR. Deny to speak with me! They are sick; they are weary;
They have travelled all the night! Mere fetches,
The images of revolt and flying off!
Fetch me a better answer.
GLO. My dear lord,
You know the fiery quality of the duke;
How unremovable and fixed he is [141
In his own course.
LEAR. Vengeance! plague! death! confusion!
Fiery! what quality? Why, Gloucester, Gloucester,
I'd speak with the Duke of Cornwall and his wife.
GLO. Well, my good lord, I have informed them so. [150
LEAR. Informed them! Dost thou understand me, man?
GLO. Ay, my good lord.
LEAR. The king would speak with Cornwall; the dear father
Would with his daughter speak, commands her service:
Are they informed of this? My breath and blood!
Fiery! the fiery duke! Tell the hot duke that— [161
No, but not yet; may be he is not well:
Infirmity doth still neglect all office
Whereto our health is bound; we are not ourselves
When nature, being oppressed, commands the mind
To suffer with the body. I'll forbear;
And am fall'n out with my more headier [25] will, [170
To take the indisposed and sickly fit
For the sound man. Death on my state!
[*Looking on* KENT.] Wherefore
Should he sit here? This act persuadeth [26] me
That this remotion [27] of the duke and her
Is practice only. Give me my servant forth.
Go, tell the duke and's wife I'd speak with them, [180
Now, presently: bid them come forth and hear me,
Or at their chamber-door I'll beat the drum
Till it cry sleep to death.
GLO. I would have all well betwixt you.
[*Goes into the castle.*
LEAR. O me! my heart, my rising heart! but, down! [189
FOOL. Cry to it, nuncle, as the cockney did to the eels when she put 'em i' th' paste alive; she knapped 'em o' th' coxcombs with a stick, and cried, "Down, wantons, down!" 'Twas her brother that, in pure kindness to his horse, buttered his hay.

[25] more impetuous. [26] B, persuades.
[27] removal.

CORNWALL, REGAN, GLOUCESTER, *and Servants come forth from the castle.*

LEAR. Good morrow to you both.
CORN. Hail to your Grace! [200
[KENT *is set at liberty.*
REG. I am glad to see your highness.
LEAR. Regan, I think you are; I know what reason
I have to think so: if thou shouldst not be glad,
I would divorce me from thy mother's tomb,
Sepúlchring an adult'ress—[*To* KENT.] O! are you free? [210
Some other time for that. Belovëd Regan,
Thy sister's naught:[28] O Regan! she hath tied
Sharp-toothed unkindness, like a vulture, here: [*Points to his heart.*
I can scarce speak to thee; thou'lt not believe
With how depraved a quality—O, Regan!
REG. I pray you, sir, take patience. I have hope [221
You less know how to value her desert
Than she to scant her duty.
LEAR. Say, how is that?
REG. I cannot think my sister in the least
Would fail her obligation: if, sir, perchance
She have restrained the riots of your followers, [230
'Tis on such ground, and to such wholesome end,
As clears her from all blame.
LEAR. My curses on her!
REG. O, sir! you are old;
Nature in you stands on the very verge
Of her confíne: you should be ruled and led
By some discretion that discerns your state [240
Better than you yourself. Therefore I pray you
That to our sister you do make return;
Say you have wronged her, sir.
LEAR. Ask her forgiveness?
Do you but mark how this becomes the house:
[*Kneeling.*] "Dear daughter, I confess that I am old;
Age is unnecessary: on my knees I beg
That you'll vouchsafe me raiment, bed, and food." [252
REG. Good sir, no more; these are unsightly tricks:
Return you to my sister.
LEAR, *rising.* Never, Regan.
She hath abated me of half my train;
Looked black upon me; struck me with her tongue, [259
Most serpent-like, upon the very heart.
All the stored vengeances of heaven fall
On her ingrateful top! Strike her young bones,
You taking airs, with lameness!
CORN. Fie sir, fie!
LEAR. You nimble lightnings, dart your blinding flames
Into her scornful eyes! Infect her beauty,
You fen-sucked fogs, drawn by the powerful sun, [271
To fall and blast her pride!
REG. O the blest gods! So will you wish on me,
When the rash mood is on.
LEAR. No, Regan, thou shalt never have my curse:
Thy tender-hefted[29] nature shall not give
Thee o'er to harshness: her eyes are fierce; but thine [281
Do comfort, and not burn. 'Tis not in thee
To grudge my pleasures, to cut off my train,
To bandy hasty words, to scant my sizes,[30]
And, in conclusion, to oppose the bolt
Against my coming in: thou better know'st [290
The offices of nature, bond of childhood,
Effects of courtesy, dues of gratitude;
Thy half o' th' kingdom hast thou not forgot,
Wherein I thee endowed.

[28] wicked.

[29] This can scarcely be right.
[30] allowances.

REG. Good sir, to th' purpose.
LEAR. Who put my man i' th' stocks?
[*Tucket within.*
CORN. What trumpet's that?
REG. <I know't, my sister's; this approves[31] her letter,
That she would soon be here.>

Enter OSWALD.

Is your lady come?
LEAR. This is a slave, whose easy-borrowed pride
Dwells in the fickle grace of her he follows.—
Out, varlet, from my sight!
CORN. What means your Grace?
LEAR. Who stocked my servant?—Regan, I have good hope
Thou didst not know on't.—Who comes here?

Enter GONERIL.

O heavens,
If you do love old men, if your sweet sway
Allow obedience, if yourselves are old,
Make it your cause; send down and take my part!
[*To* GONERIL.] Art not ashamed to look upon this beard?
O Regan, wilt thou take her by the hand?
GON. Why not by th' hand, sir? How have I offended?
All's not offence that indiscretion finds
And dotage terms so.
LEAR. O sides! you are too tough;
Will you yet hold?—How came my man i' the stocks?
CORN. I set him there, sir: but his own disorders
Deserved much less advancement.
LEAR. You! did you?
REG. I pray you, father, being weak, seem so.
If, till the expiration of your month,
You will return and sojourn with my sister,
Dismissing half your train, come then to me:
I am now from home, and out of that provision

[31] Confirms.

Which shall be needful for your entertainment.
LEAR. Return to her? and fifty men dismissed!
No, rather I abjure all roofs, and choose
To wage against the enmity o' th' air,
To be a comrade with the wolf and owl
Necessity's sharp pinch! Return with her!
Why, the hot-blooded France, that dowerless took
Our youngest born, I could as well be brought
To knee his throne, and, squire-like, pension beg
To keep base life afoot. Return with her!
Persuade me rather to be slave and sumpter
[*Pointing at* OSWALD] To this detested groom.
GON. At your choice, sir.
LEAR. I prithee, daughter, do not make me mad:
I will not trouble thee, my child; farewell.
We'll no more meet, no more see one another;
But yet thou art my flesh, my blood, my daughter;
Or rather a disease that's in my flesh,
Which I must needs call mine: thou art a boil,
A plague-sore, an embossëd carbuncle,
In my corrupted blood. But I'll not chide thee;
Let shame come when it will, I do not call it:
I do not bid the thunder-bearer shoot
Nor tell tales of thee to high-judging Jove.
Mend when thou canst; be better at thy leisure:
I can be patient; I can stay with Regan
I and my hundred knights.
REG. Not altogether so:
I looked not for you yet, nor am provided
For your fit welcome. Give ear, sir, to my sister;

'or those that mingle reason with your passion
Iust be content to think you old, and so—
3ut she knows what she does.
LEAR. Is this well spoken?
REG. I dare avouch it, sir: what! fifty followers? [402
s it not well? What should you need of more?
'ea, or so many, sith that both charge and danger
peak 'gainst so great a number? How, in one house,
hould many people, under two commands, [410
Iold amity? 'Tis hard; almost impossible.
GON. Why might not you, my lord, receive attendance
'rom those that she calls servants, or from mine?
REG. Why not, my lord? If then they chanced to slack you,
'e could control them. If you will come to me— [420
'or now I spy a danger—I entreat you
'o bring but five-and-twenty; to no more
'ill I give place or notice.
LEAR. I gave you all—
REG. And in good time you gave it.
LEAR. Made you my guardians,[32] my depositaries,
3ut kept a reservation to be followed
'ith such a number. What! must I come to you [431
'ith five-and-twenty? Regan, said you so?
REG. And speak't again, my lord; no more with me.
LEAR. Those wicked creatures yet do look well-favored,
'hen others are more wicked; not being the worst
tands in some rank of praise. [*To* GONERIL.] I'll go with thee: [441
'hy fifty yet doth double five-and-twenty,
nd thou art twice her love.
GON. Hear me, my lord.

[32] deputies.

What need you five-and-twenty, ten, or five,
To follow in a house, where twice so many
Have a command to tend you? [450
REG. What need one?
LEAR. O! reason not the need; our basest beggars
Are in the poorest thing superfluous:
Allow not nature more than nature needs:
Man's life is cheap as beast's. Thou art a lady;
If only to go warm were gorgëous,
Why, nature needs not what thou gorgeous wear'st, [460
Which scarcely keeps thee warm. But, for true need—
You heavens, give me that patience; patience I need!
You see me here, you gods, a poor old man,
As full of grief as age; wretched in both!
If it be you that stir these daughters' hearts
Against their father, fool me not so much
To bear it tamely; touch me with noble anger, [472
And let not women's weapons, water-drops,
Stain my man's cheeks! No, you unnatural hags,
I will have such revenges on you both
That all the world shall—I will do such things—
What they are yet I know not; but they shall be [481
The terrors of the earth. You think I'll weep;
No, I'll not weep:
I have full cause of weeping; but this heart
Shall break into a hundred thousand flaws
Or ere I'll weep.—O fool! I shall go mad.

[*Goes out, distraught, followed by* GLOUCESTER, KENT, [*the* GENTLEMAN,] *and the* FOOL. [492

CORN. Let us withdraw; 'twill be a storm.

[*Storm heard at a distance.*

REG. This house is little: the old man and's people
Cannot be well bestowed.
GON. 'Tis his own blame; hath put himself from rest,
And must needs taste his folly.
REG. For his particular,[33] I'll receive him gladly,
But not one follower.
GON. So am I purposed.
Where is my Lord of Gloucester?
CORN. Followed the old man forth. He is returned.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. The king is in high rage.
CORN. Whither is he going?
GLO. He calls to horse; but will I know not whither.
CORN. 'Tis best to give him way; he leads himself.
GON. My lord, entreat him by no means to stay.
GLO. Alack! the night comes on, and the bleak winds
Do sorely ruffle; for many miles about
There's scarce a bush.
REG. O! sir, to wilful men,
The injuries that they themselves procure
Must be their schoolmasters. Shut up your doors;
He is attended with a desperate train,
And what they may incense him to, being apt
To have his ear abused, wisdom bids fear.
CORN. Shut up your doors, my lord; 'tis a wild night:
My Regan counsels well: come out o' th' storm.

[*They all retire within the castle.*

ACT THREE

SCENE I

The storm has broken on the heath. Amidst the claps of thunder and the flashes of lightning, KENT *and the unnamed* GENTLEMAN *meet, both having become separated from* LEAR—*we are not told how. Night is approaching.*

[33] for himself.

KENT. Who's there, besides fo weather?
GENT. One minded like the weathe most unquietly.
KENT. I know you. Where's the king
GENT. Contending with the fretful el ments;
Bids the wind blow the earth into t sea,
Or swell the curlëd waters 'bove t main,[1]
That things might change or cease; tea his white hair
Which the impetuous blasts, with eyele rage,
Catch in their fury, and make nothing o
Strives in his little world of man to ou storm
The to-and-fro-conflicting wind and rai
This night, wherein the cub-drawn[2] be would couch,
The lion and the belly-pinchëd wolf
Keep their fur dry, unbonneted he run
And bids what will take all.
KENT. But who is with him
GENT. None but the fool, who labo to out-jest
His heart-struck injuries.
KENT. Sir, I do know you
And dare, upon the warrant of my not
Commend a dear thing to you. The is division,
Although as yet the face of it be co ered
With mutual cunning, 'twixt Albany an Cornwall;
Who have—as who have not, that the great stars
Throned and set high—servants, wh seem no less,
Which are to France the spies and specu lations[3]
Intelligent[4] of our state; what hath bee seen,
Either in snuffs and packings of th dukes,
Or the hard rein which both of the have borne
Against the old kind king; or somethin deeper,

[1] the land.
[2] dry-sucked.
[3] observers.
[4] giving information

Whereof perchance these are but furnishings;
But, true it is, from France there comes a power
Into this scattered kingdom; who already,
Wise in our negligence, have secret feet
In some of our best ports, and are at point
To show their open banner. Now to you:
If on my credit you dare build so far
To make your speed to Dover, you shall find
Some that will thank you, making just report
Of how unnatural and bemadding sorrow
The king hath cause to plain.
I am a gentleman of blood and breeding,
And from some knowledge and assurance offer
This office to you.

GENT. I will talk further with you.

KENT. No, do not.
For confirmation that I am much more
Than my out-wall, open this purse, and take
What it contains. If you shall see Cordelia—
As doubt not but you shall—show her this ring,
And she will tell you who your fellow is
That yet you do not know. Fie on this storm!
I will go seek the king.

GENT. Give me your hand.
Have you no more to say?

KENT. Few words, but, to effect, more than all yet;
That, when we have found the king—in which your pain
That way; I'll this—he that first lights on him
Holla the other. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE II

In another part of the heath, LEAR *and the* FOOL *are struggling against the wind and the rain. It is now night.*

LEAR. Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! rage! blow!
You cataracts and hurricanoes, spout
Till you have drenched our steeples, drowned the cocks![5]
You sulph'rous and thought-executing fires,
Vaunt-couriers to oak-cleaving thunderbolts,
Singe my white head! And thou, all-shaking thunder,
Strike flat the thick rotundity o' th' world!
Crack nature's moulds, all germens[6] spill at once
That makes ingrateful man!

FOOL. O nuncle, court holy-water in a dry house is better than this rain-water out o' door. Good nuncle, in, and ask thy daughters' blessing; here's a night pities neither wise man nor fool.

LEAR. Rumble thy bellyful! Spit, fire! spout, rain!
Nor rain, wind, thunder, fire, are my daughters:
I tax not you, you elements, with unkindness;
I never gave you kingdom, called you children;
You owe me no subscription.[7] Then, let fall
Your horrible pleasure; here I stand, your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak, and despised old man.
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have with two pernicious daughters joined
Your high-engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this. O! O! 'tis foul.

FOOL. He that has a house to put's head in has a good head-piece.

[*Sings.*]

The cod-piece that will house
Before the head has any,
The head and he shall louse;
So beggars marry many.
The man that makes his toe
What he his heart should make,
Shall of a corn cry woe,
And turn his sleep to wake.

[5] weathercocks. [6] seeds.
[7] obedience.

For there was never yet fair woman but she made mouths in a glass.

Enter KENT.

LEAR. No, I will be the pattern of all patience; I will say nothing. [60

KENT. Who's there?

FOOL. Marry, here's grace and a codpiece; that's a wise man and a fool.

KENT. Alas! sir, are you here? things that love night
Love not such nights as these; the wrathful skies
Gallow[8] the very wanderers of the dark,
And make them keep their caves. Since I was man [70
Such sheets of fire, such bursts of horrid thunder,
Such groans of roaring wind and rain, I never
Remember to have heard; man's nature cannot carry
Th' affliction nor the fear.

LEAR. Let the great gods,
That keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads, [80
Find out their enemies now. Tremble, thou wretch,
That hast within thee undivulgëd crimes,
Unwhipped of justice; hide thee, thou bloody hand,
Thou perjured, and thou simular[9] of virtue
That art incestuous; caitiff, to pieces shake,
That under covert and convenient seeming [91
Has practised on man's life; close pent-up guilts,
Rive your concealing continents,[10] and cry
These dreadful summoners grace. I am a man
More sinned against than sinning.

KENT. Alack! bare-headed!
Gracious my lord, hard by here is a hovel; [101
Some friendship will it lend you 'gainst the tempest;
Repose you there while I to this hard house—

[8] frighten. [9] simulator. [10] containers.

More harder than the stone whereof 't raised—
Which even but now, demanding aft you, [1
Denied me to come in, return and for
Their scanted courtesy.

LEAR. My wits begin to tur
Come on, my boy. How dost, my boy Art cold?
I am cold myself. Where is this stra my fellow?
The art of our necessities is strange,
That can make vild things precio Come, your hovel.
Poor fool and knave, I have one part my heart [1
That's sorry yet for thee.

FOOL, *singing.*

He that has and a little tiny wit,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
Must make content with his fortunes
Though the rain it raineth every day.

LEAR. True, boy.—Come, bring us this hovel. [1

[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* KEN

FOOL. This is a brave night to cool courtezan.
I'll speak a prophecy ere I go:
When priests are more in word th matter;
When brewers mar their malt w water;
When nobles are their tailors' tuto
No heretics burned, but wench suitors; [1
When every case in law is right;
No squire in debt, nor no poor knig
When slanders do not live in tongu
Nor cutpurses come not to throngs;
When usurers tell their gold i' th' fie
And bawds and whores do churc build;
Then shall the realm of Albion
Come to great confusiön:
Then comes the time, who lives see't, [
That going shall be used with feet.
This prophecy Merlin shall make; fo
live before his time. [*E*

Scene III

In a room in Gloucester's *castle, the arl tells* Edmund *how much he dislikes e treatment of* Lear, *and how he re-nts the treatment he has himself re-ived.*

Glo. Alack, alack! Edmund, I like not is unnatural dealing. When I desired eir leave that I might pity him, they ok from me the use of mine own house; harged me, on pain of their perpetual [10 spleasure, neither to speak of him, en-eat for him, nor any way sustain him.

Edm. Most savage and unnatural!

Glo. Go to; say you nothing. There division between the dukes, and a worse atter than that. I have received a tter this night; 'tis dangerous to be oken; I have locked the letter in my oset. These injuries the king now bears ll be revenged home; there's part of [20 power already landed; we must incline the king. I will seek him and privily lieve him; go you and maintain talk th the duke, that my charity be not him perceived. If he ask for me, I n ill and gone to bed. If I die for it, no less is threatened me, the king, y old master, must be relieved. There some strange thing toward, Edmund; ay you, be careful. [*Exit.* [30

Edm. This courtesy, forbid thee, shall the duke
stantly know; and of that letter too:
his seems a fair deserving, and must draw me
hat which my father loses; no less than all:
he younger rises when the old doth fall. [*Exit.*

Scene IV

The storm is still raging. Lear, Kent, *ed the* Fool *have arrived before a retched hovel in which* Edgar *has taken fuge.*

Kent. Here is the place, my lord; good my lord, enter:
he tyranny of the open night's too rough
or nature to endure.

Lear. Let me alone. [10

Kent. Good my lord, enter here.

Lear. Wilt break my heart?

Kent. I had rather break mine own. Good my lord, enter.

Lear. Thou think'st 'tis much that this contentious storm
Invades us to the skin: so 'tis to thee;
But where the greater malady is fixed,
The lesser is scarce felt. Thou'dst shun a bear; [20
But, if thy flight lay toward the roaring sea,
Thou'dst meet the bear i' th' mouth. When the mind's free
The body's delicate; the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else
Save what beats there. Filial ingratitude!
Is it not as this mouth should tear this hand [31
For lifting food to't? But I will punish home.—
No, I will weep no more. In such a night
To shut me out!—Pour on; I will endure.—
In such a night as this! O Regan, Goneril!
Your old kind father, whose frank heart gave all— [41
O! that way madness lies; let me shun that;
No more of that.

Kent. Good, my lord, enter here.

Lear. Prithee, go in thyself; seek thine own ease:
This tempest will not give me leave to ponder
On things would hurt me more. But I'll go in.— [51
[*To the* Fool.] In, boy; go first. You houseless poverty—
Nay, get thee in. I'll pray; and then I'll sleep. [*The* Fool *goes in.*
Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you are,
That bide the pelting of this pitiless storm,
How shall your houseless heads and unfed sides, [60

Your looped and windowed raggedness, defend you
From seasons such as these? O, I have ta'en
Too little care of this! Take physic, pomp;
Expose thyself to feel what wretches feel,
That thou mayst shake the superflux to them,
And show the heavens more just.

EDG., *within.* Fathom and half, fathom and half! Poor Tom!

[*The* FOOL *runs out from the hovel.*

FOOL. Come not in here, nuncle; here's a spirit.
Help me! help me!

KENT. Give me thy hand.—[*Looks into the hovel.*] Who's there?

FOOL. A spirit, a spirit: he says his name's poor Tom.

KENT. What art thou that dost grumble there i' th' straw?
Come forth.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised as a madman.*

EDG. Away! the foul fiend follows me!
Through the sharp hawthorn blow the winds.
Hum! go to thy cold bed and warm thee.

LEAR. Didst thou give all to thy two daughters?
And art thou come to this?

EDG. Who gives anything to poor Tom, whom the foul fiend hath led through fire and through flame, through ford and whirlpool, o'er bog and quagmire; that hath laid knives under his pillow, and halters in his pew; set ratsbane by his porridge; made him proud of heart, to ride on a bay trotting-horse over four-inched bridges, to course his own shadow for a traitor? Bless thy five wits! Tom's a-cold. O! do de, do de, do de. Bless thee from whirlwinds, star-blasting, and taking! Do poor Tom some charity, whom the foul fiend vexes. There could I have him now, and there, and there again, and there.

LEAR. What! have his daughte brought him to this pass? [1
Couldst thou save nothing? Didst th give them all?

FOOL. Nay, he reserved a blanket, e we had been all shamed.

LEAR. Now all the plagues that in t pendulous air
Hang fated o'er men's faults light on t daughters!

KENT. He hath no daughters, sir. [1

LEAR. Death, traitor! nothing cou have subdued nature
To such a lowness but his unkind daug ters.
Is it the fashion that discarded fathe Should have thus little mercy on th flesh?
Judicious punishment! 'twas this fle begot
Those pelican daughters. [1

EDG. Pillicock sat on Pillicock-hill:
Halloo, halloo, loo, loo!

FOOL. This cold night will turn us to fools and madmen.

EDG. Take heed o' th' foul fiend. Ob thy parents; keep thy word justly; swe not; commit not with man's swo spouse; set not thy sweet heart on pro array. Tom's a-cold.

LEAR. What hast thou been? [1

EDG. A servingman, proud in heart a mind; that curled my hair, wore glov in my cap, served the lust of my m tress's heart, and did the act of dar ness with her; swore as many oaths I spake words, and broke them in t sweet face of heaven; one that slept the contriving of lust, and waked to it. Wine loved I deeply, dice dearly, a in woman out-paramoured the Turk: [1 false of heart, light of ear, bloody of han hog in sloth, fox in stealth, wolf in gree iness, dog in madness, lion in prey. I not the creaking of shoes nor the rustli of silks betray thy poor heart to woma keep thy foot out of brothels, thy ha out of plackets, thy pen from lende books, and defy the foul fiend. S through the hawthorn blows the c wind; says suum, mun ha no nonny. [1

olphin my boy, my boy; sessa! let him
ot by.
LEAR. Why, thou wert better in thy
ave than to answer with thy uncovered
ody this extremity of the skies. Is
an no more than this? Consider him
ell. Thou ow'st the worm no silk, the
ast no hide, the sheep no wool, the
t no perfume. Ha! here's three on's
e sophisticated; thou art the thing [170
self; unaccommodated man is no more
it such a poor, bare, forked animal as
ou art. Off, off, you lendings! Come;
ibutton here. [*Tearing off his clothes.*
FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, be contented;
s a naughty night to swim in. Now a
tle fire in a wide[11] field were like an
d lecher's heart; a small spark, all the
st on's body cold. Look! here comes
walking fire. [180

Enter GLOUCESTER *with a torch.*

EDG. This is the foul fiend Flibbertigib-
t: he begins at curfew, and walks till
e first cock; he gives the web and the
n, squints the eye, and makes the hare-
; mildews the white wheat, and hurts
e poor creature of earth.
inging.]
vithold footed thrice the old;
e met the night-mare, and her nine-fold;
Bid her alight, [191
And her troth plight,
id aroint thee, witch, aroint thee!
KENT. How fares your Grace?
LEAR. What's he?
KENT. Who's there? What is't you
ek?
GLO. What are you there? Your
mes? [199
EDG. Poor Tom, that eats the swim-
ng frog, the toad, the tadpole, the
ll-newt, and the water; that in the
ry of his heart, when the foul fiend
ges, eats cow-dung for sallets; swal-
vs the old rat and the ditch-dog; drinks
e green mantle of the standing pool;
no is whipped from tithing to tithing,
d stock-punished, and imprisoned; who
th had three suits to his back, six shirts
to his body, horse to ride, and weapon
to wear; [211
[*Singing.*]
But mice and rats and such small deer
Have been Tom's food for seven long year.
Beware my follower. Peace, Smulkin!
peace, thou fiend.
GLO. What! hath your Grace no better
company?
EDG. The prince of darkness is a gen-
tleman; [220
Modo he's called, and Mahu.
GLO. Our flesh and blood, my lord, is
grown so vild,
That it doth hate what gets it.
EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold.
GLO. Go in with me. My duty cannot
suffer
T' obey in all your daughters' hard com-
mands:
Though their injunction be to bar my
doors, [231
And let this tyrannous night take hold
upon you,
Yet have I ventured to come seek you
out
And bring you where both fire and food
is ready.
LEAR. First let me talk with this philos-
opher.—
[*To* EDGAR.] What is the cause of thun-
der? [241
KENT. Good my lord, take his offer;
go into th' house.
LEAR. I'll talk a word with this same
learnëd Theban.—
What is your study?
EDG. How to prevent the fiend, and to
kill vermin.
LEAR. Let me ask you one word in
private. [250
KENT, *to* GLOUCESTER. Impórtune him
once more to go, my lord;
His wits begin t' unsettle.
GLO. Canst thou blame him?
His daughters seek his death. Ah! that
good Kent;
He said it would be thus, poor banished
man!
Thou sayst the king grows mad; I'll tell
thee, friend, [260

[11] B, wild.

I am almost mad myself. I had a son,
Now outlawed from my blood; he sought my life,
But lately, very late; I loved him, friend,
No father his son dearer; true to tell thee,
The grief hath crazed my wits.—What a night's this!—
I do beseech your Grace,—
LEAR. O! cry you mercy, sir.—
Noble philosopher, your company. [271
EDG. Tom's a-cold.
GLO. In, fellow, there, into the hovel; keep thee warm.
LEAR. Come, let's in all.
KENT. This way, my lord.
LEAR. With him;
I will keep still with my philosopher.
KENT. Good my lord, soothe him; let him take the fellow. [280
GLO. Take him you on.
KENT. Sirrah, come on; go along with us.
LEAR. Come, good Athenian.
GLO. No words, no words: hush.
EDG. Child Rowland to the dark tower came,
His word was still, Fie, foh and fum,
I smell the blood of a British man. [289

[*They all go in.*

SCENE V

CORNWALL *is still in* GLOUCESTER'S *castle. The treacherous* EDMUND *has betrayed* GLOUCESTER *to him.*

CORN. I will have my revenge ere I depart his house.

EDM. How, my lord, I may be censured, that nature thus gives way to loyalty, something fears me to think of.

CORN. I now perceive it was not altogether your brother's evil disposition [10 made him seek his death; but a provoking merit, set a-work by a reprovable badness in himself.

EDM. How malicious is my fortune, that I must repent to be just! This is the letter he spoke of, which approves [12] him an intelligent party to the advantages of France. O heavens! that this trea were not, or not I the detector!

CORN. Go with me to the duchess.

EDM. If the matter of this paper certain, you have mighty business hand.

CORN. True, or false, it hath made t Earl of Gloucester. Seek out where father is, that he may be ready for apprehension.

EDM. <If I find him comforting king, it will stuff his suspicion m fully.> I will perséver in my course loyalty, though the conflict be sore tween that and my blood.

CORN. I will lay trust upon thee; thou shalt find a dearer father in my lo

[*Exeu*

SCENE VI

GLOUCESTER *has brought* LEAR, KE *the* FOOL, *and* EDGAR *to a farmhouse n the castle, where there is better shel for them from the storm than was forded by the hovel on the heath.*

GLO. Here is better than the open a take it thankfully. I will piece out comfort with what addition I can: I not be long from you.

KENT. All the power of his wits h given way to his impatience. The g reward your kindness! [*Exit* GLOUCEST

EDG. Frateretto calls me, and tells Nero is an angler in the lake of darkn Pray, innocent, and beware the foul fie

FOOL. Prithee, nuncle, tell me whet a madman be a gentleman or a yeom

LEAR. A king, a king!

FOOL. No; he's a yeoman that ha gentleman to his son; for he's a mad y man that sees his son a gentleman bef him.

LEAR. To have a thousand with burning spits
Come hissing in upon 'em!

EDG. The foul fiend bites my back

FOOL. He's mad that trusts in tameness of a wolf, a horse's health, boy's love, or a whore's oath.

LEAR. It shall be done: I will arra them straight.

[12] proves.

o EDGAR.] Come, sit thou here, most
learnëd justicer;
o *the* FOOL.] Thou, sapient sir, sit
here.—Now, you she-foxes!
EDG. Look, where he stands and
glares!—
ntest thou eyes at trial, madam?
nging.]
me o'er the bourn, Bessy, to me,— [40
OOL, *singing.*

Her boat hath a leak,
And she must not speak
y she dares not come over to thee.

DG. The foul fiend haunts poor Tom
the voice of a nightingale. Hopdance
s in Tom's belly for two white her-
g. Croak not, black angel; I have no
d for thee.
KENT. How do you, sir? Stand you
not so amazed: [51
l you lie down and rest upon the
cushions?
EAR. I'll see their trial first. Bring
in their evidence.
o EDGAR.] Thou robëd man of justice,
take thy place;
o *the* FOOL.] And thou, his yoke-fellow
of equity,
ch by his side. [*To* KENT.] You are
o' th' commission; [61
you too.
DG. Let us deal justly.
nging.]
leepest or wakest thou, jolly shepherd?
Thy sheep be in the corn;
nd for one blast of thy minikin mouth,
Thy sheep shall take no harm.
r! the cat is grey. [69
EAR. Arraign her first; 'tis Goneril.
ere take my oath before this honor-
assembly, she kicked the poor king
father.
OOL. Come hither, mistress. Is your
ne Goneril?
EAR. She cannot deny it.
OOL. Cry you mercy, I took you for
a joint-stool.
EAR. And here's another, whose
warped looks proclaim [80
What store her heart is made on. Stop
her there!
Arms, arms, sword, fire! Corruption in
the place!
False justicer, why hast thou let her
scape?
EDG. Bless thy five wits!
KENT. O pity! Sir, where is the pa-
tience now
That you so oft have boasted to re- [90
tain?
EDG. <My tears begin to take his part
so much,
They mar my counterfeiting.>
LEAR. The little dogs and all,
Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart, see, they
bark at me.
EDG. Tom will throw his head at
them.—Avaunt, you curs!
[*Singing.*] [100

Be thy mouth or black or white,
Tooth that poisons if it bite;
Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brach or lym;
Or bobtail tike or trundle-tail;
Tom will make them weep and wail:
For, with throwing thus my head,
Dogs leap the hatch, and all are fled.

Do de, de, de. Sessa! Come, march to
wakes and fairs and market-towns. Poor
Tom, thy horn is dry. [111
LEAR. Then let them anatomize Regan,
see what breeds about her heart. Is
there any cause in nature that makes
these hard hearts?—[*To* EDGAR.] You,
sir, I entertain you for one of my hun-
dred; only I do not like the fashion of
your garments: you will say, they are
Persian attire; but let them be changed.
KENT. Now, good my lord, lie here
and rest awhile. [121
LEAR. Make no noise, make no noise;
draw the curtains: so, so, so! We'll go
to supper i' th' morning.
FOOL. And I'll go to bed at noon.

Re-enter GLOUCESTER.

GLO. Come hither, friend: where is the
king my master?
KENT. Here, sir; but trouble him not;
his wits are gone. [130

GLO. Good friend, I prithee, take him in thy arms;
I have o'erheard a plot of death upon him.
There is a litter ready; lay him in't,
And drive toward Dover, friend, where thou shalt meet
Both welcome and protection. Take up thy master:
If thou shouldst dally half an hour, his life, [141
With thine, and all that offer to defend him,
Stand in assurëd loss. Take up, take up;
And follow me, that will to some provision
Give thee quick conduct.
KENT. Oppressed nature sleeps:
This rest might yet have balmed thy broken sinews, [150
Which, if convenience will not allow,
Stand in hard cure.[13]—[*To the* FOOL.]
Come, help to bear thy master;
Thou must not stay behind.
GLO. Come, come, away.
[*Exeunt* KENT, GLOUCESTER, *and the* FOOL, *bearing away* LEAR.
EDG. When we our betters see bearing our woes,
We scarcely think our miseries our foes.
Who alone suffers suffers most i' th' mind, [162
Leaving free things and happy shows behind;
But then the mind much sufferance doth o'erskip,
When grief hath mates, and bearing fellowship.
How light and portable my pain seems now, [170
When that which makes me bend makes the king bow;
He childed as I fathered! Tom, away!
Mark the high noises, and thyself bewray
When false opinion, whose wrong thought defiles thee,
In thy just proof repeals and reconciles thee.
What will hap more to-night, safe scape the king! [180
Lurk, lurk. [*Exit.*

[13] are hard to cure.

SCENE VII

The next morning, CORNWALL, REGAN, GONERIL, *and* EDMUND, *with several Servants, are in one of the rooms of* GLOUCESTER'S *castle.* CORNWALL *reveals that he must act promptly, to meet the threat from* FRANCE.

CORN. Post speedily to my lord your husband; show him this letter: the army of France is landed. Seek out the traitor Gloucester.

[*Exeunt some of the Servants.*

REG. Hang him instantly.

GON. Pluck out his eyes.

CORN. Leave him to my displeasure. Edmund, keep you our sister company: the revenges we are bound to take upon your traitorous father are not fit for your beholding. Advise the duke, where you are going, to a most festinate[14] preparation: we are bound to the like. Our posts shall be swift and intelligent[15] betwixt us.—Farewell, dear sister. Farewell, my Lord of Gloucester.

Enter OSWALD.

How now? Where's the king?

OSW. My Lord of Gloucester hath conveyed him hence:
Some five or six and thirty of his knights
Hot questrists after him, met him at gate;
Who, with some other of the lord's dependents,
Are gone with him toward Dover, where they boast
To have well-armëd friends.

CORN. Get horses for your mistress.

GON. Farewell, sweet lord, and sister.

CORN. Edmund, farewell.

[*Exeunt* GONERIL, EDMUND, *and* OSWALD.
Go seek the traitor Gloucester;
Pinion him like a thief; bring him before us. [*Exeunt other Servants.*
Though well we may not pass upon his life
Without the form of justice, yet our power
Shall do a courtesy to our wrath, which men

[14] speedy.
[15] be prompt in supplying news.

ay blame but not control.—Who's there? The traitor? [50

Re-enter Servants, with GLOUCESTER.

REG. Ingrateful fox! 'tis he.

CORN. Bind fast his corky[16] arms.

GLO. What means your Graces? Good my friends, consider
ou are my guests: do me no foul play, friends.

CORN. Bind him, I say.

[*Servants bind him.*

REG. Hard, hard. O filthy traitor!

GLO. Unmerciful lady as you are, I'm none. [62

CORN. To this chair bind him.—Villain, thou shalt find—

[REGAN *plucks his beard.*

GLO. By the kind gods, 'tis most ignobly done
pluck me by the beard.

REG. So white, and such a traitor!

GLO. Naughty lady,
ese hairs, which thou dost ravish from my chin, [72
ll quicken and accuse thee: I am your host:
th robbers' hands my hospitable favors
u should not ruffle thus. What will you do?

CORN. Come, sir, what letters had you late from France?

REG. Be simple-answered, for we know the truth. [81

CORN. And what confederacy have you with the traitors
te footed in the kingdom?

REG. To whose hands have you sent the lunatic king?
eak.

GLO. I have a letter guessingly set down,
nich came from one that's of a neutral heart, [91
d not from one opposed.

CORN. Cunning.

REG. And false.

CORN. Where hast thou sent the king?

GLOU. To Dover.

REG. Wherefore to Dover? Wast thou not charged at peril—

CORN. Wherefore to Dover? Let him answer that. [100

GLO. I am tied to th' stake, and I must stand the course.

REG. Wherefore to Dover?

GLO. Because I would not see thy cruel nails
Pluck out his poor old eyes; nor thy fierce sister
In his anointed flesh stick boarish fangs.
The sea, with such a storm as his bare head [110
In hell-black night endured, would have buoyed up
And quenched the stellëd fires;
Yet, poor old heart, he holp the heavens to rain.
If wolves had at thy gate howled that dearn[17] time,
Thou shouldst have said, "Good porter, turn the key,"
All cruels else subscribed; but I shall see
The wingëd vengeance overtake such children. [122

CORN. See't shalt thou never.—Fellows, hold the chair.
Upon these eyes of thine I'll set my foot.

GLO. He that will think to live till he be old,
Give me some help!—O cruel! O you gods!

[CORNWALL *puts out one of* GLOUCESTER'S *eyes.* [131

REG. One side will mock another; th' other too.

CORN. If you see vengeance—

1 SERV. Hold your hand, my lord:
I have served you ever since I was a child;
But better service have I never done you
Than now to bid you hold.

REG. How now, you dog!

1 SERV. If you did wear a beard upon your chin, [142
I'd shake it on this quarrel.

CORN. What do you mean?[18]
My villain! [*Draws.*

1 SERV. Nay then, come on, and take the chance of anger.

[16] dry.

[17] fearful.

[18] B gives this to a servant.

[*Draws. They fight.* CORNWALL *is wounded.*

REG. Give me thy sword. A peasant stand up thus! [151

[*Takes a sword and runs at him behind.*

1 SERV. O! I am slain.—My lord, you have one eye left
To see some mischief on him. O! [*Dies.*

CORN. Lest it see more, prevent it. Out, vild jelly!

[*Puts out* GLOUCESTER'S *other eye.*

Where is thy lustre now?

GLO. All dark and comfortless. Where's my son Edmund? [161
Edmund, enkindle all the sparks of nature
To quit this horrid act.

REG. Out, treacherous villain!
Thou call'st on him that hates thee; it was he
That made the overture[19] of thy treasons to us,
Who is too good to pity thee. [170

GLO. O my follies! Then Edgar was abused.
Kind gods, forgive me that, and prosper him!

REG. Go thrust him out at gates, and let him smell
His way to Dover. [*Exit one with* GLOUCESTER.] How is't, my lord? How look you?

CORN. I have received a hurt. Follow me, lady. [181
Turn out that eyeless villain; throw this slave
Upon the dunghill. Regan, I bleed apace:
Untimely comes this hurt. Give me your arm.

[*Exit* CORNWALL *led by* REGAN.

2 SERV. I'll never care what wickedness I do, [190
If this man come to good.

3 SERV. If she live long,
And, in the end, meet the old course of death,
Women will all turn monsters.

2 SERV. Let's follow the old earl, and get the Bedlam
To lead him where he would: his rogu madness
Allows itself to any thing. [

3 SERV. Go thou; I'll fetch some fl and whites of eggs,
To apply to his bleeding face. N heaven help him!

[*Exeunt severa*

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

The storm has passed over. EDGAR *alone on a portion of the heath.*

EDG. Yet better thus, and known be contemned,
Than still contemned and flattered. be worst,
The lowest and most dejected thing fortune,
Stands still in esperance, lives not fear:
The lamentable change is from the be
The worst returns to laughter. Welco then,
Thou unsubstantial air that I embra
The wretch that thou hast blown u the worst
Owes nothing to thy blasts. But w comes here?

Enter GLOUCESTER, *led by an* OLD M

My father, poorly led? World, world, world!
But that thy strange mutations make hate thee,
Life would not yield to age.

OLD MAN. O my good lo
I have been your tenant, and y father's tenant,
These fourscore years.

GLO. Away, get thee away; g friend, be gone;
Thy comforts can do me no good at a
Thee they may hurt.

OLD MAN. You cannot see your w

GLO. I have no way, and theref want no eyes;
I stumbled when I saw. Full oft seen,
Our means secure us, and our mere fects

[19] disclosure.

ve our commodities. Ah! dear son Edgar,
e food of thy abusëd[1] father's wrath:
ght I but live to see thee in my touch,
say I had eyes again!
LD MAN. How now! Who's there?
DG. <O gods! Who is't can say, "I am at the worst"?
m worse than e'er I was.>
LD MAN. 'Tis poor mad Tom.
DG. <And worse I may be yet; the worst is not,
long as we can say, "This is the worst.">
LD MAN. Fellow, where goest?
LO. Is it a beggar-man?
LD MAN. Madman and beggar too.
LO. He has some reason, else he could not beg.
h' last night's storm I such a fellow saw,
ich made me think a man a worm. My son
me then into my mind; and yet my mind
s then scarce friends with him. I have heard more since.
flies to wanton boys, are we to th' gods;
y kill us for their sport.
DG. <How should this be?
l is the trade that must play fool to sorrow,
g'ring itself and others.—[*To* GLOUCESTER.] Bless thee, master!
LO. Is that the naked fellow?
LD MAN. Ay, my lord.
LO. Then, prithee, get thee gone. If, for my sake,
u wilt o'ertake us, hence a mile or twain,
h' way toward Dover, do it for ancient love;
l bring some covering for this naked soul,
ich I'll entreat to lead me.
LD MAN. Alack, sir! he is mad.
LO. 'Tis the times' plague, when madmen lead the blind.

[1] deceived.

Do as I bid thee, or, rather, do thy pleasure;
Above the rest, be gone.
OLD MAN. I'll bring him the best 'parel that I have,
Come on't what will. [*Exit.*
GLO. Sirrah, naked fellow!
EDG. Poor Tom's a-cold. <I cannot daub[2] it further.>
GLO. Come hither, fellow.
EDG. <And yet I must.> Bless thy sweet eyes, they bleed.
GLO. Know'st thou the way to Dover?
EDG. Both stile and gate, horse-way and footpath.[3] Poor Tom hath been scared out of his good wits: bless thee, good man's son, from the foul fiend! Five fiends have been in poor Tom at once; of lust, as Obidicut; Hobbididance, prince of dumbness; Mahu, of stealing; Modo, of murder; and Flibbertigibbet, of mopping and mowing; who since possesses chambermaids and waiting-women. So, bless thee, master!
GLO. Here, take this purse, thou whom the heavens' plagues
Have humbled to all strokes: that I am wretched
Makes thee the happier. Heavens, deal so still:
Let the superfluous and lust-dieted man,
That slaves your ordinance, that will not see
Because he doth not feel, feel your power quickly;
So distribution should undo excess,
And each man have enough.—Dost thou know Dover?
EDG. Ay, master.
GLO. There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully in the confinëd deep;
Bring me but to the very brim of it,
And I'll repair the misery thou dost bear
With something rich about me; from that place
I shall no leading need.

[2] act.

[3] The idea of the breadth of England displayed in this tragedy is that of many an untravelled American, who supposes it to be hard to go for a walk without coming to "the confined deep."

EDG. Give me thy arm:
Poor Tom shall lead thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

GONERIL *and* EDMUND *have arrived before* ALBANY'S *castle.*

GON. Welcome, my lord; I marvel our mild husband
Not met us on the way. [*Enter* OSWALD.] Now, where's your master?
OSW. Madam, within; but never man so changed.
I told him of the army that was landed;
He smiled at it: I told him you were coming; [11
His answer was, "The worse:" of Gloucester's treachery,
And of the loyal service of his son,
When I informed him, then he called me sot,
And told me I had turned the wrong side out:
What most he should dislike seems pleasant to him; [20
What like, offensive.
GON., *to* EDMUND. Then shall you go no further.
It is the cowish [4] terror of his spirit,
That dares not undertake; he'll not feel wrongs
Which tie him to an answer.[5] Our wishes on the way
May prove effects. Back, Edmund, to my brother; [30
Hasten his musters, and conduct his powers:
I must change arms at home, and give the distaff
Into my husband's hands. This trusty servant
Shall pass between us; ere long you are like to hear, [38
If you dare venture in your own behalf,
A mistress's command. Wear this; spare speech; [*Giving a favor.*
Decline your head: this kiss, if it durst speak,
Would stretch thy spirits up into the air.
Conceive, and fare thee well.
EDM. Yours in the ranks of death.

[4] cowardly. [5] a defiance.

GON. My most dear Glouceste
[*Exit* EDMUN
O! the difference of man and man!
To thee a woman's services are due: [
My fool usurps my body.
OSW. Madam, here comes my lo
[*Ex*

Enter ALBANY.

GON. I have been worth the whistl
ALB. O Goneril!
You are not worth the dust which t
rude wind
Blows in your face. I fear your d
position: [
That nature, which contemns it origin,
Cannot be bordered certain in itself;
She that herself will sliver and disbran
From her material sap, perforce mu
wither
And come to deadly use.
GON. No more; the text is foolis
ALB. Wisdom and goodness to the v
seem vild;
Filths savor but themselves. What ha
you done? [
Tigers, not daughters, what have you p
formed?
A father, and a gracious agëd man,
Whose reverence the head-lugged [7] be
would lick,
Most barbarous, most degenerate! ha
you madded.
Could my good brother suffer you
do it? [
A man, a prince, by him so benefited!
If that the heavens do not their visi
spirits
Send quickly down to tame these v
offences,
It will come:
Humanity must perforce prey on itself,
Like monsters of the deep.
GON. Milk-livered man!
That bear'st a cheek for blows, a he
for wrongs; [
Who hast not in thy brows an eye d
cerning
Thine honor from thy suffering; that n
know'st

[6] worth coming to meet.
[7] drawn by the head.

ols do those villains pity who are punished
e they have done their mischief.
here's thy drum?
ance spreads his banners in our noiseless land, [101
th plumëd helm thy state begins to threat,
hilst thou, a moral[8] fool, sitt'st still, and criest
lack! why does he so?"
ALB. See thyself, devil!
oper deformity[9] seems not in the fiend
horrid as in woman.
GON. O vain fool! [110
ALB. Thou changëd and self-covered thing, for shame,
-monster not thy feature. Were't my fitness
let these hands obey my blood,
ey are apt enough to dislocate and tear
y flesh and bones; howe'er thou art a fiend,
woman's shape doth shield thee. [120
GON. Marry, your manhood.—Mew!

Enter a MESSENGER.

ALB. What news?
MESS. O! my good lord, the Duke of Cornwall's dead;
in by his servant, going to put out
e other eye of Gloucester.
ALB. Gloucester's eyes!
MESS. A servant that he bred, thrilled with remorse, [130
posed against the act, bending his sword
his great master; who, thereat enraged,
ew on him, and amongst them felled him dead;
it not without that harmful stroke, which since
th plucked him after.
ALB. This shows you are above, [140
u justicers, that these our nether[10] crimes
speedily can venge!—But, O poor Gloucester!—
Lost he his other eye?
MESS. Both, both, my lord.—
This letter, madam, craves a speedy answer;
'Tis from your sister.
GON. <One way I like this well;
But, being widow, and my Gloucester with her, [152
May all the building in my fancy pluck
Upon my hateful life: another way,
The news is not so tart.> [*To* MESSENGER.] I'll read and answer.
[*Exit.*
ALB. Where was his son when they did take his eyes?
MESS. Come with my lady hither. [160
ALB. He is not here.
MESS. No, my good lord; I met him back again.
ALB. Knows he the wickedness?
MESS. Ay, my good lord; 'twas he informed against him,
And quit the house on purpose that their punishment
Might have the freer course.
ALB. <Gloucester, I live [170
To thank thee for the love thou showedst the king,
And to revenge thine eyes.> Come hither, friend:
Tell me what more thou know'st.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III

In the French camp, near Dover, KENT *is in conversation with the* GENTLEMAN *whom he despatched with letters to* CORDELIA.[11]

KENT. Why the King of France is so suddenly gone back know you the reason?
GENT. Something he left imperfect in the state, which since his coming forth is thought of; which imports to the kingdom so much fear and danger that his personal return was most required and necessary. [12
KENT. Who hath he left behind him general?
GENT. The Marshal of France, Monsieur la Far.

[8] moralizing. [9] natural depravity.
[10] earthly.
[11] This scene is not in the folio.

KENT. Did your letters pierce the queen to any demonstration of grief?
GENT. Ay, sir; she took them, read them in my presence; [20
And now and then an ample tear trilled down
Her delicate cheek; it seemed she was a queen
Over her passion, who, most rebel-like,
Sought to be king o'er her.
KENT. O! then it moved her.
GENT. Not to a rage; patience and sorrow strove
Who should express her goodliest. You have seen [31
Sunshine and rain at once; her smiles and tears
Were like, a better way; those happy smilets
That played on her ripe lip seemed not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence,
As pearls from diamonds dropped. In brief, [41
Sorrow would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it.
KENT. Made she no verbal question?
GENT. Faith, once or twice she heaved the name of "father"
Pantingly forth, as if it pressed her heart;
Cried, "Sisters! sisters! Shame of ladies! sisters! [50
Kent! father! sisters! What, i' th' storm? i' th' night?
Let pity not be believed!" There she shook
The holy water from her heavenly eyes,
And clamor moistened her,[12] then away she started
To deal with grief alone.
KENT. It is the stars,
The stars above us, govern our conditions; [61
Else one self mate and make[13] could not beget
Such different issues.—You spoke not with her since?
GENT. No.

[12] This is surely corrupt.
[13] So Q. F, "mate."

KENT. Was this before the king r turned?
GENT. No, sinc
KENT. Well, sir, the poor distress Lear's i' th' town, [
Who sometime, in his better tune, r members
What we are come about, and by means
Will yield to see his daughter.
GENT. Why, good si
KENT. A sovereign shame so elbo him: his own unkindness,
That stripped her from his benedictio turned her [
To foreign casualties, gave her dear rig
To his dog-hearted daughters: the things sting
His mind so venomously that burni shame
Detains him from Cordelia.
GENT. Alack, poor gentlema
KENT. Of Albany's and Cornwal powers you heard not? [
GENT. 'Tis so, they are afoot.
KENT. Well, sir, I'll bring you to o master Lear,
And leave you to attend him. Some de cause[14]
Will in concealment wrap me up awhi
When I am known aright, you shall r grieve
Lending me this acquaintance. I pr you, go [1
Along with me. [*Exeu*

SCENE IV

Elsewhere in the French camp, C DELIA, *preceded by drum and colors a accompanied by a* DOCTOR, *enters, f lowed by Soldiers.*

COR. Alack, 'tis he! why, he was m even now
As mad as the vexed sea; singing alou
Crowned with rank fumiter and furr weeds,
With burdocks, hemlock, nettles, cuck flowers, [
Darnel, and all the idle weeds t grow

[14] important business.

n our sustaining corn. A century[15] send forth;
earch every acre in the high-grown field,
nd bring him to our eye.
[*Exit an* Officer.
What can man's wisdom
n the restoring his bereavëd sense? [20
Ie that helps[16] him take all my outward worth.
Phy. There is means, madam;
ur foster-nurse of nature is repose,
he which he lacks; that to provoke in him,
re many simples operative, whose power
Vill close the eye of anguish.
Cor. All blessed secrets,
ll you unpublished virtues of the earth,
pring with my tears! be aidant and remediate [32
n the good man's distress! Seek, seek for him,
est his ungoverned rage dissolve the life
hat wants the means to lead it.

Enter a Messenger.

Mess. News, madam;
'he British pow'rs are marching hitherward. [40
Cor. 'Tis known before; our preparation stands
n expectation of them. O, dear father!
is thy business that I go about;
herefore great France
Iy mourning and important[17] tears hath pitied.
'o blown ambition doth our arms incite,
ut love, dear love, and our aged father's right. [50
oon may I hear and see him! [*Exeunt.*

Scene V

At Gloucester's *castle* Oswald *is arrived with* Goneril's *letter, only to find that* Edmund *has departed. The fact that he is the bearer of a letter from* Goneril *to* Edmund *has aroused* Regan's *jealous curiosity.*

Reg. But are my brother's pow'rs set forth?

Osw. Ay, madam.
Reg. Himself in person there? [10
Osw. Madam, with much ado:
Your sister is the better soldiër.
Reg. Lord Edmund spake not with your lord at home?
Osw. No, madam.
Reg. What might import my sister's letter to him?
Osw. I know not, lady.
Reg. Faith, he is posted hence on serious matter. [20
It was great ignorance, Gloucester's eyes being out,
To let him live; where he arrives, he moves
All hearts against us. Edmund, I think, is gone,
In pity of his misery, to dispatch
His nighted life; moreover, to descry
The strength o' th' enemy.
Osw. I must needs after him, madam, with my letter. [31
Reg. Our troops set forth to-morrow; stay with us,
The ways are dangerous.
Osw. I may not, madam;
My lady charged my duty in this business.
Reg. Why should she write to Edmund? Might not you
Transport her purposes by word? Belike, [41
Something—I know not what. I'll love thee much,
Let me unseal the letter.
Osw. Madam, I had rather—
Reg. I know your lady does not love her husband;
I am sure of that: and at her late being here
She gave strange œilliades and most speaking looks [51
To noble Edmund. I know you are of her bosom.
Osw. I, madam?
Reg. I speak in understanding; y'are, I know't:
Therefore I do advise you take this note:[18]

[15] A company of a hundred men.
[16] heals.
[17] importunate.
[18] take note of this.

My lord is dead; Edmund and I have talked;
And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's. You may gather more.
If you do find him, pray you, give him this,
And, when your mistress hears thus much from you,
I pray desire her call her wisdom to her:
So, fare you well.
If you do chance to hear of that blind traitor,
Preferment falls on him that cuts him off.

OSW. Would I could meet him, madam! I would show
What party I do follow.

REG. Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI

EDGAR *has brought* GLOUCESTER *to the countryside near Dover. He is dressed in peasant's garb.*

GLO. When shall I come to th' top of that same hill?

EDG. You do climb up it now; look how we labor.

GLO. Methinks the ground is even.

EDG. Horrible steep:
Hark! do you hear the sea?

GLO. No, truly.

EDG. Why, then your other senses grow imperfect
By your eyes' anguish.

GLO. So may it be, indeed.
Methinks thy voice is altered, and thou speak'st
In better phrase and matter than thou didst.

EDG. Y'are much deceived; in nothing am I changed
But in my garments.

GLO. Methinks y'are better spoken.

EDG. Come on, sir; here's the place: stand still.
How fearful
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles; half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire, dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yond tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock,[19] her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,
That on th' unnumbered idle pebble chafes,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong.

GLO. Set me where you stand.

EDG. Give me your hand; you are now within a foot
Of th' extreme verge: for all beneath the moon
Would I not leap upright.

GLO. Let go my hand.
Here, friend, 's another purse; in it jewel
Well worth a poor man's taking: fairies and gods
Prosper it with thee! Go thou further off;
Bid me farewell, and let me hear thee going.

EDG. Now fare ye well, good sir!

GLO. With all my heart.

EDG. <Why I do trifle thus with his despair
Is done to cure it.>

GLO. O you mighty gods!
This world I do renounce, and, in your sights,
Shake patiently my great affliction off;
If I could bear it longer, and not fall
To quarrel with your great opposeless wills,
My snuff and loathëd part of nature should
Burn itself out. If Edgar live, O, bless him!—

19 cockboat.

Louder.] Now, fellow, fare thee well. [80
He throws himself forward, under the impression that he is flinging himself over the cliff.
EDG. Gone, sir: farewell.
And yet I know not how conceit may rob
he treasury of life when life itself
ields to the theft; had he been where he thought
y this had thought been past.> [90
[*In a different voice.*] Alive, or dead?
o, you, sir! friend! Hear you, sir? speak!—
Thus might he pass indeed; yet he revives.>
hat are you, sir?
GLO. Away, and let me die.
EDG. Hadst thou been aught but gossamer, feathers, air, [100
o many fathoms down precipitating,
hou'dst shivered like an egg; but thou dost breathe,
ast heavy substance, bleed'st not, speak'st, art sound.
en masts at each make not the altitude
hich thou hast perpendicularly fell.
ıy life's a miracle. Speak yet again.
GLO. But have I fall'n or no?
EDG. From the dread summit of this chalky bourn. [111
ook up a-height; the shrill-gorged lark so far
annot be seen or heard: do but look up.
GLO. Alack! I have no eyes.
wretchedness deprived that benefit
o end itself by death? 'Twas yet some comfort,
hen misery could beguile the tyrant's rage,
ıd frustrate his proud will. [121
EDG. Give me your arm:
p. [*Helps* GLOUCESTER *to his feet.*] How is't? Feel you your legs? You stand.
GLO. Too well, too well.
EDG. This is above all strangeness.
pon the crown o' th' cliff, what thing was that
hich parted from you?
GLO. A poor unfortunate beggar. [131
EDG. As I stood here below, methought his eyes
Were two full moons; he had a thousand noses,
Horns whelked and waved like the enragëd sea.
It was some fiend; therefore, thou happy father,
Think that the clearest gods, who make them honors [141
Of men's impossibilities, have preserved thee.
GLO. I do remember now; henceforth I'll bear
Affliction till it do cry out itself
"Enough, enough," and die. That thing you speak of,
I took it for a man; often 'twould say
"The fiend, the fiend:" he led me to that place. [151
EDG. Bear free and patient thoughts. But who comes here?

Enter LEAR, *fantastically dressed with flowers.*

The safer sense will ne'er accommodate
His master thus.
LEAR. No, they cannot touch me for coining; I am the king himself. [159
EDG. <O thou side-piercing sight!>
LEAR. Nature's above art in that respect. There's your press-money. That fellow handles his bow like a crow-keeper: draw me a clothier's yard.—Look, look! a mouse.—Peace, peace! this piece of toasted cheese will do't. There's my gauntlet; I'll prove it on a giant.—Bring up the brown bills. O! well flown, bird; i' th' clout, i' th' clout: hewgh!—Give the word! [170
EDG. Sweet marjoram.
LEAR. Pass.
GLO. I know that voice.
LEAR. Ha! Goneril, with a white beard! They flattered me like a dog, and told me I had white hairs in my beard ere the black ones were there. To say "ay" and "no" to everything I said "ay" and "no" to was no good divinity. When the rain came to wet me once and the [180 wind to make me chatter, when the thun-

der would not peace at my bidding, there I found 'em, there I smelt 'em out. Go to, they are not men o' their words: they told me I was every thing; 'tis a lie, I am not ague-proof.

GLO. The trick of that voice I do well remember:
Is't not the king?

LEAR. Ay, every inch a king: [190
When I do stare, see how the subject quakes.
I pardon that man's life. What was thy cause?
Adultery?
Thou shalt not die: die for adultery! No:
The wren goes to't, and the small gilded fly
Does lecher in my sight. [200
Let copulation thrive; for Gloucester's bastard son
Was kinder to his father than my daughters
Got 'tween the lawful sheets.
To't, luxury, pell-mell! for I lack soldiers.
Behold yond simp'ring dame,
Whose face between her forks presageth snow;
That minces virtue, and does shake the head [211
To hear of pleasure's name;
The fitchew nor the soilëd horse goes to't
With a more riotous appetite.
Down from the waist they are Centaurs,
Though women all above:
But to the girdle do the gods inherit,
Beneath is all the fiends':
There's hell, there's darkness, there in the sulphurous pit, [220
Burning, scalding, stench, consumption; fie, fie, fie! pah, pah! Give me an ounce of civet, good apothecary, to sweeten my imagination: there's money for thee.

GLO. O! let me kiss that hand!

LEAR. Let me wipe it first; it smells of mortality.

GLO. O ruined piece[20] of nature! This great world
Shall so wear out to nought. Dost thou know me? [231

LEAR. I remember thine eyes we
enough. Dost thou squiny at me? N
do thy worst, blind Cupid; I'll not lov
Read thou this challenge; mark but th
penning of it.

GLO. Were all the letters suns, I coul
not see['t].

EDG. <I would not take this from r
port; it is; [24
And my heart breaks at it.>

LEAR. Read.

GLO. What! with the case of eyes?[21]

LEAR. O, ho! are you there with me
No eyes in your head, nor no money i
your purse? Your eyes are in a heav
case, your purse in a light: yet you se
how this world goes.

GLO. I see it feelingly. [24

LEAR. What! art mad? A man ma
see how this world goes with no eye
Look with thine ears: see how yond ju
tice rails upon yond simple thief. Hark
in thine ear: change places; and, handy
dandy, which is the justice, which is th
thief? Thou hast seen a farmer's do
bark at a beggar?

GLO. Ay, sir.

LEAR. And the creature run from th
cur? There thou mightst behold the grea
image of authority; a dog's obeyed i
office.— [26
Thou rascal beadle, hold thy blood
hand!
Why dost thou lash that whore? Stri
thine own back;
Thou hotly lusts to use her in tha
kind
For which thou whipp'st her. The usure
hangs the cozener. [27
Through tattered clothes small vices d
appear;
Robes and furred gowns hide all. Plat
sin with gold,
And the strong lance of justice hurtles
breaks;
Arm it in rags, a pigmy's straw dot
pierce it.
None does offend, none, I say none; I'
able 'em: [28

[20] masterpiece.

[21] the eye-sockets.

Take that of me, my friend, who have the power
To seal th' accuser's lips. Get thee glass eyes;
And, like a scurvy politician, seem
To see the things thou dost not.—Now, now, now, now;
Pull off my boots; harder, harder; so!
EDG. <O! matter and impertinency mixed; [290
Reason in madness!>
LEAR. If thou wilt weep my fortunes, take my eyes;
I know thee well enough; thy name is Gloucester:
Thou must be patient; we came crying hither:
Thou know'st the first time that we smell the air
We waul and cry. I will preach to thee: mark:— [301
GLO. Alack! alack the day!
LEAR. When we are born, we cry that we are come
To this great stage of fools. This a good block!
It were a delicate stratagem to shoe
A troop of horse with felt; I'll put't in proof,
And when I have stol'n upon these sons-in-law, [311
Then, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill, kill!

Enter GENTLEMAN, *with Attendants.*

GENT. O! here he is; lay hand upon him. Sir,
Your most dear daughter—
LEAR. No rescue? What! a prisoner? I am even
The natural fool of fortune. Use me well; [320
You shall have ransom. Let me have surgeons;
I am cut to th' brains.
GENT. You shall have anything.
LEAR. No seconds? All myself?
Why this would make a man a man of salt,
To use his eyes for garden water-pots,
Ay, and laying autumn's dust.
GENT. Good sir,— [330
LEAR. I will die bravely like a smug bridegroom. What!
I will be jovial: come, come; I am a king,
My masters, know you that?
GENT. You are—a royal one; and we obey you.
LEAR. Then there's life in it. Nay, an you get it, you shall get it by running. Sa, sa, sa, sa. [*Exit. Attendants follow.*
GENT. A sight most pitiful in the meanest wretch, [342
Past speaking of in a king!—Thou hast a daughter,
Who redeems nature from the general curse
Which twain have brought her to.
EDG. Hail, gentle sir!
GENT. Sir, speed you: what's your will?
EDG. Do you hear aught, sir, of a battle toward? [351
GENT. Most sure and vulgar; every one hears that,
Which can distinguish sound.
EDG. But, by your favor,
How near's the other army?
GENT. Near, and on speedy foot; the main descry
Stands on the hourly thought.[22]
EDG. I thank you, sir: that's all.
GENT. Though that the queen on special cause is here, [362
Her army is moved on.
EDG. I thank you, sir.
[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.
GLO. You ever-gentle gods, take my breath from me:
Let not my worser spirit tempt me again
To die before you please!
EDG. Well pray you, father.
GLO. Now, good sir, what are you? [371
EDG. A most poor man, made tame to fortune's blows;
Who, by the art of known and feeling sorrows,
Am pregnant to good pity. Give me your hand,
I'll lead you to some biding.[23]
GLO. Hearty thanks:

[22] the main body may come in sight any moment.
[23] place of residence.

The bounty and the benison of heaven
To boot, and boot! [381

Enter OSWALD.

Osw. A proclaimed prize! Most happy!
That eyeless head of thine was first framed flesh
To raise my fortunes.—Thou old unhappy traitor,
Briefly thyself remember: the sword is out
That must destroy thee. [390

GLO. Now let thy friendly hand
Put strength enough to't.

[EDGAR *interposes.*

Osw. Wherefore, bold peasant,
Dar'st thou support a published traitor? Hence;
Lest that th' infection of his fortune take
Like hold on thee. Let go his arm.

EDG. Chill [24] not let go, zur, without vurther 'casion. [400

Osw. Let go, slave, or thou diest.

EDG. Good gentleman, go your gait, and let poor volk pass. And chud [25] ha' bin zwaggered out of my life, 'twould not ha' bin zo long as 'tis by a vortnight. Nay, come not near th' old man; keep out, che vor [26] ye, or ise [27] try whether your costard [28] or my ballow [29] be the harder. Chill be plain with you.

Osw. Out, dunghill! [410

EDG. Chill pick your teeth, zur. Come; no matter vor your foins.

[*They fight and* EDGAR *knocks him down.*

Osw. Slave, thou hast slain me. Villain, take my purse.
If ever thou wilt thrive, bury my body;
And give the letters which thou find'st about me
To Edmund, Earl of Gloucester; seek him out [420
Upon the English party: O! untimely death. [*Dies.*

EDG. I know thee well: a serviceable villain;
As duteous to the vices of thy mistress
As badness would desire.

[24] Dialect, "I will." [25] I would.
[26] I warn. [27] I shall.
[28] head. [29] cudgel.

GLO. What! is he dead?

EDG. Sit you down, father; rest you.
Let's see these pockets: the letters that he speaks of [430
May be my friends. He's dead; I am only sorry
He had no other deaths-man. Let us see:
Leave, gentle wax; and, manners, blame us not:
To know our enemies' minds, we'd rip their hearts;
Their papers, is more lawful. [439

"Let our reciprocal vows be remembered. You have many opportunities to cut him off; if your will want not, time and place will be fruitfully offered. There is nothing done if he return the conqueror; then am I the prisoner, and his bed my gaol; from the loathed warmth whereof deliver me, and supply the place for your labor.

Your—wife, so I would say—
Affectionate servant,
GONERIL." [450

O in distinguished space of woman's will!
A plot upon her virtuous husband's life,
And the exchange my brother!—Here, in the sands,
Thee I'll rake up, the post unsanctified
Of murderous lechers; and in the mature time
With this ungracious paper strike the sight
Of the death-practised [30] duke. For him 'tis well [460
That of thy death and business I can tell.

GLO. The king is mad: how stiff is my vild sense,
That I stand up, and have ingenious feeling
Of my huge sorrows! Better I were distract:
So should my thoughts be severed from my griefs, [470
And woes by wrong imaginations lose
The knowledge of themselves.

[*Drums afar off.*

EDG. Give me your hand:
Far off, methinks, I hear the beaten drum.
Come, father, I'll bestow you with a friend. [*Exeunt.*

[30] whose death was plotted.

Scene VII

In a tent in the French camp, Cordelia *warmly welcomes* Kent, *who is still in his disguise. The* Doctor *and the* Gentleman *who have the letter to her from* Kent *are also present.*

Cor. O thou good Kent! how shall I live and work
To match thy goodness? My life will be too short,
And every measure fail me. [10

Kent. To be acknowledged, madam, is o'erpaid.
All my reports go with the modest truth,
Nor more nor clipped, but so.

Cor. Be better suited: [31]
These weeds [32] are memories of those worser hours:
I prithee put them off.

Kent. Pardon, dear madam;
Yet to be known shortens my made intent: [21
My boon I make it that you know me not
Till time and I think meet.

Cor. Then be't so, my good lord.—[*To the* Doctor.] How does the king?

Doc. Madam, sleeps still.

Cor. O you kind gods,
Cure this great breach in his abusëd nature! [31
Th' untuned and jarring senses, O, wind up
Of this child-changëd father!

Doc. So please your majesty
That we may wake the king? he hath slept long.

Cor. Be governed by your knowledge, and proceed
I' th' sway of your own will. Is he arrayed? [41

Enter Lear *in his chair, carried by Servants.*

Gent. Ay, madam; in the heaviness of sleep,
We put fresh garments on him.

Doc. Be by, good madam, when we do awake him;
I doubt not of his temperance.

Cor. Very well. [*Music.*

Doc. Please you, draw near. Louder the music there. [52

Cor. O my dear father! Restoration, hang
Thy medicine on my lips, and let this kiss
Repair those violent harms that my two sisters
Have in thy reverence made!

Kent. Kind and dear princess!

Cor. Had you not been their father, these white flakes [62
Did challenge pity of them. Was this a face
To be opposed against the jarring winds?
To stand against the deep dread-bolted thunder,
In the most terrible and nimble stroke
Of quick cross lightning? to watch—poor perdu!— [70
With this thin helm? Mine enemy's dog,
Though he had bit me, should have stood that night
Against my fire. And wast thou fain, poor father,
To hovel thee with swine and rogues forlorn,
In short and musty straw? Alack, alack!
'Tis wonder that thy life and wits at once [80
Had not concluded all. He wakes; speak to him.

Doc. Madam, do you; 'tis fittest.

Cor. How does my royal lord? How fares your majesty?

Lear. You do me wrong to take me out o' th' grave:
Thou art a soul in bliss; but I am bound
Upon a wheel of fire, that mine own tears [90
Do scald like molten lead.

Cor. Sir, do you know me?

Lear. You are a spirit, I know; when did you die?

Cor. Still, still, far wide.

Doc. He's scarce awake; let him alone awhile.

31 dressed.
32 clothes.

LEAR. Where have I been? Where am I? Fair day-light?
I am mightily abused. I should even die with pity [101
To see another thus. I know not what to say.
I will not swear these are my hands: let's see;
I feel this pin prick. Would I were assured
Of my condition!
COR. O, look upon me, sir,
And hold your hands in benediction o'er me! [*He kneels.*
No, sir, you must not kneel. [112
LEAR. Pray, do not mock me:
I am a very foolish fond old man,
Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less;
And, to deal plainly,
I fear I am not in my perfect mind.
Methinks I should know you and know this man; [120
Yet I am doubtful: for I am mainly ignorant
What place this is, and all the skill I have
Remembers not these garments; nor I know not
Where I did lodge last night. [*Rising.*] Do not laugh at me;
For, as I am a man, I think this lady
To be my child Cordelia. [130
COR. And so I am: I am.
LEAR. Be your tears wet? Yes, faith. I pray, weep not:
If you have poison for me, I will drink it.
I know you do not love me; for your sisters
Have, as I do remember, done me wrong:
You have some cause; they have not.
COR. No cause, no cause.
LEAR. Am I in France? [140
KENT. In your own kingdom, sir.
LEAR. Do not abuse[33] me.
DOC. Be comforted, good madam; the great rage,
You see, is killed in him; and yet it is danger
To make him even o'er the time he has lost.

[33] deceive.

Desire him to go in; trouble him no more [150
Till further settling.
COR. Will't please your highness walk?
LEAR. You must bear with me
Pray you now, forget and forgive: I am old and foolish.
[*Exeunt* LEAR, CORDELIA, DOCTOR, *and Attendants.*
GENT. Holds it true, sir, that the Duke of Cornwall was so slain?
KENT. Most certain, sir. [160
GENT. Who is conductor of his people?
KENT. As 'tis said, the bastard son of Gloucester.
GENT. They say Edgar, his banished son, is with the Earl of Kent in Germany.
KENT. Report is changeable. 'Tis time to look about; the powers of the kingdom approach apace. [169
GENT. The arbitrement is like to be bloody. Fare you well, sir. [*Exit.*
KENT. My point and period will be throughly wrought,
Or well or ill, as this day's battle's fought.
[*Exit.*

ACT FIVE

SCENE I

The scene is the British camp near Dover. Enter, with drum and colors, EDMUND, REGAN, *Officers, Soldiers, and Others.*

EDM. Know of the duke if his last purpose hold,
Or whether since he is advised by aught
To change the course; he's full of alteration [9
And self-reproving; bring his constant pleasure.[1] [*An Officer goes out.*
REG. Our sister's man is certainly miscarried.
EDM. 'Tis to be doubted, madam.
REG. Now, sweet lord,
You know the goodness I intend upon you:
Tell me, but truly, but then speak the truth,
Do you not love my sister? [20

[1] settled resolve.

EDM. In honored love.
REG. But have you never found my brother's way
To the forefended place?
EDM. That thought abuses you.
REG. I am doubtful that you have been conjunct
And bosomed with her, as far as we call hers.
EDM. No, by mine honor, madam. [30
REG. I never shall endure her: dear my lord,
Be not familiar with her.
EDM. Fear me not.
She and the duke her husband!

Enter with drums and colors, ALBANY, GONERIL, *and Soldiers.*

GON. <I had rather lose the battle than that sister
Should loosen him and me.> [40
ALB. Our very loving sister, well be-met.
Sir, this I heard, the king is come to his daughter,
With others; whom the rigor of our state
Forced to cry out. Where I could not be honest
I never yet was valiant: for this business,
It toucheth us, as France invades our [50 land,
Not bolds[2] the king, with others, whom, I fear,
Most just and heavy causes make oppose.
EDM. Sir, you speak nobly.
REG. Why is this reasoned?
GON. Combine together 'gainst the enemy;
For these domestic and particular[3] broils
Are not the question here. [61
ALB. Let's then determine
With th' ancïent of war[4] on our proceeding.
EDM. I shall attend you presently at your tent.
REG. Sister, you'll go with us?
GON. No.

[2] encourages.
[3] personal.
[4] the experienced in war.

REG. 'Tis most conveniënt;[5] pray, go with us. [70
GON. <O, ho! I know the riddle.> I will go.

Enter EDGAR, *disguised.*

EDG. If e'er your Grace had speech with man so poor,
Hear me one word.
ALB. I'll overtake you. [*Exeunt* EDMUND, REGAN, GONERIL, *Officers, Soldiers, and Attendants.*]—Speak. [80
EDG. Before you fight the battle, ope this letter.
If you have victory, let the trumpet sound
For him that brought it: wretched though I seem,
I can produce a champion that will prove
What is avouchëd there. If you miscarry,
Your business of the world hath so an end, [90
And machination ceases. Fortune love you!
ALB. Stay till I have read the letter.
EDG. I was forbid it.
When time shall serve, let but the herald cry,
And I'll appear again.
ALB. Why, fare thee well: I will o'erlook thy paper. [*Exit* EDGAR.

Re-enter EDMUND.

EDM. The enemy's in view; draw up your powers. [102
Here is the guess of their true strength and forces
By diligent discovery; but your haste
Is now urged on you.
ALB. We will greet the time.[6] [*Exit.*
EDM. To both these sisters have I sworn my love; [110
Each jealous of the other, as the stung
Are of the adder. Which of them shall I take?
Both? one? or neither? Neither can be enjoyed,

[5] fitting.
[6] meet the emergency.

If both remain alive: to take the widow
Exasperates, makes mad her sister Goneril;
And hardly shall I carry out my side,
Her husband being alive. Now then, we'll use [121
His countenance[7] for the battle; which being done,
Let her who would be rid of him devise
His speedy taking off. As for the mercy
Which he intends to Lear and to Cordelia,
The battle done, and they within our power, [129
Shall never see his pardon; for my state
Stands on me to defend, not to debate.
[*Exit.*

Scene II

An alarum is heard. Across a field between the hostile camps pass, with drum and colors, Lear, Cordelia, *and their forces. Then enter* Edgar *and* Gloucester.

Edg. Here, father, take the shadow of this tree
For your good host; pray that the right may thrive.
If ever I return to you again, [10
I'll bring you comfort.
Glo. Grace go with you, sir!
[*Exit* Edgar.

Alarum; afterwards a retreat. Re-enter Edgar.

Edg. Away, old man! give me thy hand: away!
King Lear hath lost, he and his daughter ta'en.
Give me thy hand; come on. [20
Glo. No further, sir; a man may rot even here.
Edg. What! in ill thoughts again? Men must endure
Their going hence, even as their coming hither:
Ripeness is all. Come on.
Glo. And that's true too.
[*Exeunt.*

[7] authority.

Scene III

To the British camp enter, victorious, with drums beating and colors waving, Edmund, *Officers, and Soldiers, with* Lear *and* Cordelia *prisoners.*

Edm. Some officers take them away; good guard,
Until their greater pleasures first be known
That are to censure them.
Cor. We are not the first [10
Who, with best meaning, have incurred the worst.—
For thee, oppressèd king, I am cast down;
Myself could else out-frown false Fortune's frown.
Shall we not see these daughters and these sisters?
Lear. No, no, no, no! Come, let's away to prison;
We two alone will sing like birds i' th' cage: [21
When thou dost ask me blessing, I'll kneel down,
And ask of thee forgiveness: so we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of court news; and we'll talk with them too, [30
Who loses and who wins; who's in, who's out;
And take upon's the mystery of things,
As if we were God's spies: and we'll wear out,
In a walled prison, packs and sets of great ones
That ebb and flow by th' moon.
Edm. Take them away.
Lear. Upon such sacrifices, my Cordelia, [41
The gods themselves throw incense. Have I caught thee?
He that parts us shall bring a brand from heaven,
And fire us hence, like foxes. Wipe thine eyes;
The good years shall devour them, flesh and fell,

Ere they shall make us weep: we'll see 'em starved first.
Come.

[*Exeunt* LEAR *and* CORDELIA, *guarded.*

EDM. Come hither, captain. <Hark: Take thou this note. [*Giving a paper.*] Go, follow them to prison:
One step I have advanced thee; if thou dost
As this instructs thee, thou dost make thy way
To noble fortunes; know thou this, that men
Are as the time is; to be tender-minded
Does not become a sword; [8] thy great employment
Will not bear question; either say thou'lt do't,
Or thrive by other means.

OFFI. I'll do't, my lord.

EDM. About it; and write happy when th' hast done. [71
Mark, I say, "instantly," and carry it so
As I have set it down.

OFFI. I cannot draw a cart nor eat dried oats;
If it be man's work, I will do it.>

[*Exit.*

Flourish. Enter ALBANY, GONERIL, REGAN, *Officers, and Attendants.* REGAN *is feeling ill; and* GONERIL *knows why.* [80

ALB. Sir, you have showed to-day your valiant strain,
And fortune led you well. You have the captives
Who were the opposites of this day's strife;
We do require them of you, so to use them
As we shall find their merits and our safety
May equally determine.

EDM. Sir, I thought it fit
To send the old and miserable king
To some retention and appointed guard;
Whose age has charms in it, whose title more,
To pluck the common bosom on his side,
And turn our impressed lances in our eyes
Which do command them. With him I sent the queen;
My reason all the same; and they are ready
To-morrow, or at further space, t' appear
Where you shall hold your session. At this time
We sweat and bleed; the friend hath lost his friend,
And the best quarrels, in the heat, are cursed
By those that feel their sharpness;
The question of Cordelia and her father
Requires a fitter place.

ALB. Sir, by your patience,
I hold you but a subject of this war,
Not as a brother.

REG. That's as we list to grace him:
Methinks our pleasure might have been demanded,
Ere you had spoke so far. He led our powers,
Bore the commission of my place and person;
The which immediacy may well stand up,
And call itself your brother.

GON. Not so hot;
In his own grace he doth exalt himself
More than in your addition.

REG. In my rights,
By me invested, he compeers the best.

ALB.[9] That were the most, if he should husband you.

REG. Jesters do oft prove prophets.

GON. Holla, holla!
That eye that told you so looked but a-squint.

REG. Lady, I am not well; else I should answer
From a full-flowing stomach.—General,
Take thou my soldiers, prisoners, patrimony;
Dispose of them, of me; the walls are thine;
Witness the world, that I create thee here
My lord and master.

[8] soldier.

[9] Q gives this speech to Goneril.

GON. Mean you to enjoy him?
ALB. The let-alone lies not in your good will. [152
EDM. Nor in thine, lord.
ALB. Half-blooded fellow, yes.
REG., *to* EDMUND. Let the drum strike, and prove my title thine.
ALB. Stay yet; hear reason.—Edmund, I arrest thee
On capital treason; and, in thy arrest,
This gilded serpent. [*Pointing to* GONERIL.] For your claim, fair sister,
I bar it in the interest of my wife; [162
'Tis she is sub-contracted to this lord,
And I, her husband, contradict your banns.
If you will marry, make your love to me,
My lady is bespoke.
GON. An interlude!
ALB. Thou art armed, Gloucester; let the trumpet sound: [170
If none appear to prove upon thy person
Thy heinous, manifest, and many treasons,
There is my pledge; [*Throws down a glove.*] I'll prove it on thy heart,
Ere I taste bread, thou art in nothing less
Than I have here proclaimed thee.
REG. Sick! O sick!
GON. <If not, I'll ne'er trust medicine.> [181
EDM. There's my exchange: [*throws down a glove*] what in the world he is
That names me traitor, villain-like he lies.
Call by thy trumpet: he that dares approach,
On him, on you, who not? I will maintain [190
My truth and honor firmly.
ALB., *calling.* A herald, ho!
EDM., *calling.* A herald, ho! a herald!
ALB. Trust to thy single virtue; for thy soldiers,
All levied in my name, have in my name
Took their discharge.
REG. My sickness grows upon me.
ALB. She is not well; convey her to my tent.— [*Exit* REGAN, *led.* [200

Enter a HERALD.

Come hither, herald. Let the trumpet sound,—
And read out this.
OFFI. Sound, trumpet!
[*A trumpet sounds.*
HER. "If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will maintain upon Edmund, supposed Earl of Gloucester, that he is a manifold traitor, let him appear by the third sound of the trumpet. He is bold in his defence." [212
EDM. Sound! [*First Trumpet.*
HER. Again! [*Second Trumpet.*
HER. Again! [*Third Trumpet.*
[*Trumpet answers within.*

Enter EDGAR, *armed, with a Trumpet before him.*

ALB. Ask him his purposes, why he appears [220
Upon this call o' th' trumpet.
HER. What are you?
Your name? your quality? and why you answer
This present summons?
EDG. Know, my name is lost,
By treason's tooth bare-gnawn and canker-bit:
Yet am I noble as the adversary
I come to cope. [230
ALB. Which is that adversary?
EDG. What's he that speaks for Edmund Earl of Gloucester?
EDM. Himself: what sayst thou to him?
EDG. Draw thy sword,
That, if my speech offend a noble heart,
Thy arm may do thee justice; here is mine:
Behold, it is the privilege of mine honors,
My oath, and my profession: I protest,
Maugre thy strength, place, youth, and eminence, [242
Despite thy victor sword and fire-new fortune,
Thy valor and thy heart, thou art a traitor,
False to thy gods, thy brother, and thy father,
Conspirant 'gainst this high illustrious prince, [250

And, from th' extremest upward of thy head
To the descent and dust below thy foot,
A most toad-spotted traitor. Say thou "No,"
This sword, this arm, and my best spirits are bent
To prove upon thy heart, whereto I speak,
Thou liest.
EDM. In wisdom I should ask thy name; [261
But, since thy outside looks so fair and war-like,
And that thy tongue some say of breeding breathes,
What safe and nicely I might well delay,
By rule of knighthood, I disdain and spurn;
Back do I toss these treasons to thy head,
With the hell-hated lie o'erwhelm thy heart, [271
Which, for they yet glance by and scarcely bruise,
This sword of mine shall give them instant way,
Where they shall rest for ever.—Trumpets, speak!
[*Alarums. They fight.* EDMUND *falls.*
ALB. Save him, save him!
GON. This is practice, Gloucester.
By th' law of arms thou wast not bound to answer [282
An unknown opposite; thou art not vanquished,
But cozened and beguiled.
ALB. Shut your mouth, dame,
Or with this paper shall I stop it.—Hold, sir;
Thou worse than any name, read thine own evil: [290
[GONERIL *attempts to snatch it from him.*
No tearing, lady; I perceive you know it.
[*Gives the letter to* EDMUND.
GON. Say, if I do, the laws are mine, not thine:
Who can arraign me for't? [*Exit.*
ALB. Most monstrous! O!—
Know'st thou this paper?
EDM. Ask me not what I know.
ALB. Go after her: she's desperate; govern her. [*Exit an Officer.* [301
EDM. What you have charged me with, that have I done,
And more, much more; the time will bring it out:
'Tis past; and so am I. But what art thou
That hast this fortune on me? If thou'rt noble,
I do forgive thee. [310
EDG. Let's exchange charity.
I am no less in blood than thou art, Edmund;
If more, the more th' hast wronged me.
My name is Edgar, and thy father's son.
The gods are just, and of our pleasant vices
Make instruments to plague us:
The dark and vicious place where thee he got [320
Cost him his eyes.
EDM. Th' hast spoken right, 'tis true;
The wheel is come full circle; I am here.
ALB. Methought thy very gait did prophesy
A royal nobleness: I must embrace thee:
Let sorrow split my heart, if ever I
Did hate thee or thy father.
EDG. Worthy prince, I know't.
ALB. Where have you hid yourself? [330
How have you known the miseries of your father?
EDG. By nursing them, my lord. List a brief tale;
And, when 'tis told, O, that my heart would burst!
The bloody proclamation to escape
That followed me so near—O! our lives' sweetness,
That we the pain of death would hourly die [341
Rather than die at once!—taught me to shift
Into a madman's rags, t'assume a semblance
That very dogs disdained: and in this habit
Met I my father with his bleeding rings,
Their precious stones new lost; became his guide, [350
Led him, begged for him, saved him from despair;

Never—O fault!—revealed myself unto him,
Until some half-hour past, when I was armed.
Not sure, though hoping, of this good success,
I asked his blessing, and from first to last
Told him my pilgrimage: but his flawed heart—
Alack! too weak the conflict to support—
'Twixt two extremes of passion, joy and grief,
Burst smilingly.

EDM. This speech of yours hath moved me,
And shall perchance do good; but speak you on;
You look as you had something more to say.

ALB. If there be more, more woeful, hold it in;
For I am almost ready to dissolve,
Hearing of this.

EDG. This would have seemed a period
To such as love not sorrow; but another,
To amplify too much, would make much more,
And top extremity.
Whilst I was big in clamor, there came in a man,
Who, having seen me in my worst estate,
Shunned my abhorred society; but then, finding
Who 'twas that so endured, with his strong arms
He fastened on my neck, and bellowed out
As he'd burst heaven; threw him on my father;
Told the most piteous tale of Lear and him
That ever ear received; which in recounting
His grief grew puissant, and the strings of life
Began to crack: twice then the trumpet sounded,
And there I left him tranced.

ALB. But who was this?

EDG. Kent, sir, the banished Kent; who in disguise
Followed his enemy king, and did him service
Improper for a slave.

Enter a GENTLEMAN, *with a bloody knife.*

GENT. Help, help! O help!

EDG. What kind of help?

ALB. Speak, man.

EDG. What means that bloody knife?

GENT. 'Tis hot, it smokes;
It came even from the heart of—O! she's dead.

ALB. Who dead? speak, man.

GENT. Your lady, sir, your lady: and her sister
By her is poisoned; she confesses it.

EDM. I was contracted to them both: all three
Now marry in an instant.

EDG. Here comes Kent.

ALB. Produce the bodies, be they alive or dead:
This judgment of the heavens, that makes us tremble,
Touches us not with pity.

[*Exit* GENTLEMAN.

Enter KENT.

O! is this he?
The time will not allow the compliment
Which very manners urges.

KENT. I am come
To bid my king and master aye good-night;
Is he not here?

ALB. Great thing of us forgot!
Speak, Edmund, where's the king? and where's Cordelia?
Seest thou this object, Kent?

[*The bodies of* GONERIL *and* REGAN *are brought in.*

KENT. Alack! why thus?

EDM. Yet Edmund was beloved:
The one the other poisoned for my sake,
And after slew herself.

ALB. Even so.—Cover their faces.

EDM. I pant for life: some good I mean to do
Despite of mine own nature. Quickly send

(Be brief in it) to th' castle; for my writ
Is on the life of Lear and on Cordelia.
Nay, send in time!
ALB. Run, run! O run!
EDG. To who, my lord? Who has the office? send
Thy token of reprieve. [460
EDM. Well thought on: take my sword,
Give it the captain.
ALB. Haste thee, for thy life!
[*Exit* EDGAR.
EDM. He hath commission from thy wife and me
To hang Cordelia in the prison, and
To lay the blame upon her own despair,
That she forbid herself. [469
ALB. The gods defend her!—Bear him hence awhile. [EDMUND *is borne off.*

Enter LEAR, *with* CORDELIA *dead in his arms;* EDGAR, OFFICER, *and Others.*

LEAR. Howl, howl, howl! O! you are men of stones:
Had I your tongues and eyes, I'd use them so
That heaven's vault should crack. She's gone for ever.
I know when one is dead, and when one lives; [481
She's dead as earth. Lend me a looking-glass;
If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,
Why, then, she lives.
KENT. Is this the promised end?
EDG. Or image of that horror?
ALB. Fall and cease.
LEAR. This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so, [491
It is a chance which does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt.
KENT, *kneeling.* O, my good master!
LEAR. Prithee, away!
EDG. 'Tis noble Kent, your friend.
LEAR. A plague upon you, murderers, traitors all!
I might have saved her; now, she's gone for ever!— [501
Cordelia, Cordelia! stay a little. Ha!
What is't thou sayst?—Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman.
I killed the slave that was a-hanging thee.
OFF. 'Tis true, my lord, he did.
LEAR. Did I not, fellow? [510
I have seen the day, with my good biting falchion
I would have made them skip: I am old now,
And these same crosses spoil me.—Who are you?
Mine eyes are not o' th' best, I'll tell you straight.
KENT. If fortune brag of two she loved and hated, [520
One of them we behold.
LEAR. This is a dull sight. Are you not Kent?
KENT. The same,
Your servant Kent. Where is your servant Caius?
LEAR. He's a good fellow, I can tell you that;
He'll strike, and quickly too. He's dead and rotten. [530
KENT. No, my good lord; I am the very man.
LEAR. I'll see that straight.
KENT. That, from your first of difference and decay,
Have followed your sad steps.
LEAR. You are welcome hither.
KENT. Nor no man else; all's cheerless, dark, and deadly:
Your eldest daughters have fordone themselves, [541
And desperately are dead.
LEAR. Ay, so I think.
ALB. He knows not what he says, and vain it is
That we present us to him.
EDG. Very bootless.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFF. Edmund is dead, my lord.
ALB. That's but a trifle here.
You lords and noble friends, know our intent; [552

What comfort to this great decay may come
Shall be applied: for us, we will resign,
During the life of this old majesty,
To him our absolute power.—[*To* EDGAR *and* KENT.] You, to your rights;
With boot and such addition as your honors
Have more than merited. All friends shall taste
The wages of their virtue, and all foes
The cup of their deserving. [LEAR *again embraces the body of* CORDELIA.] O! see, see!

LEAR. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life!
Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life,
And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more,
Never, never, never, never, never!—
Pray you, undo this button.—Thank you, sir.—
Do you see this? Look on her; look, her lips;
Look there, look there! [*Dies.*

EDG. He faints!—My lord, my lord!

KENT. Break, heart; I prithee, break.

EDG. Look up, my lord!

KENT. Vex not his ghost: O! let him pass; he hates him
That would upon the rack of this tough world
Stretch him out longer.

EDG. He is gone, indeed.

KENT. The wonder is he hath endured so long:
He but usurped his life.

ALB. Bear them from hence. Our present business
Is general woe. [*To* KENT *and* EDGAR.] Friends of my soul, you twain
Rule in this realm, and the gored state sustain.

KENT. I have a journey, sir, shortly to go;
My master calls me; I must not say no.

ALB.[10] The weight of this sad time we must obey;
Speak what we feel, not what we ought to say.
The oldest hath borne most: we that are young
Shall never see so much, nor live so long.
[*Exeunt, with a dead march.*

[10] F gives this speech to Edgar, probably rightly.

VOLPONE

BY

BENJAMIN JONSON

INTRODUCTION

It was in 1598 that Jonson made his reputation with "Every Ma in his Humour;" but it was not till 1605–6 that the first of his reall great plays was produced. This wonderful satire on the greed an credulity of humanity was acted then by the King's men, and was pub lished in 1607–8, with a dedication by Jonson. It also appeared i his folio of 1616.

The first thing to notice in it is the masterly management of particularly ingenious plot, which was, by the way, Jonson's own. Tw finer plays than this and "The Alchemist," from the point of view c construction, do not exist in the language; and it is delightful to not how the ultimate disaster of the scheming rogues is brought about b (a) Volpone's lust, (b) Corvino's haste to oblige him, (c) Mosca super-cunning in telling Bonario of his disinheritance, (d) Volpone desire to rub the faces of his victims in the dirt, and (e) Mosca's greec It is not easy to see how the management could be bettered, thoug the play might be improved by the omission of the rather absurd sub plot.

Next to the construction may be considered the humor. In th portrayal of character, Jonson was to rise to much greater heights i "The Alchemist" and "Bartholomew Fair;" but the persons of th play, though they have not a great deal of individuality, are draw with the fiercest satiric humor. They are not, with the exception c the richly-conceived Sir Politic, humors of the established Jonsonia pattern; but they are destitute of the complexity of real humanity They are rather superfine examples of the figures of the Italian comed than persons whom we meet with on the stage of life; but each of ther embodies an idea, and is presented with the greatest vigor and cor sistency. Yet, though there is an abundance of humor in both th characters and the situations, in both the language and the action, is scarcely a humor that stirs to laughter or even to quiet mirth. Th reader hardly chuckles, as he does over "The Alchemist:" rather he appalled; he is horrified. It is natural that he should be, since th spirit is as much akin to tragedy as to comedy: it is a humor that imaginative, destructive, didactic; and humor of that stamp has no laughter for its object.

The "humors" that there are—those of Sir Politic and of Volpone three minor satellities, who provide him ridiculous recreation—are no entertaining, and are, as might be expected, much too lengthy, as

lso the mountebank scene in front of Celia's window. It is only in hese places that one's interest is allowed to flag.

Amongst the minor glories of the play are the wit and the imagina- ion. The gorgeous imagination of vice on the part of Volpone may be ompared with that of Sir Epicure Mammon in "The Alchemist." There is occasionally fine poetry; but it is never allowed to override he dramatic quality. We have Jonson, for once in a way, showing enuine emotion, Celia being the vehicle for it, in III. How fine a ramatist Jonson was he shows in V 1, where he foresees the critical bjection to the successful deluding of the "birds of prey," and explains ne inevitability of their falling victims to their own cupidity.

Among all the plays in these two volumes, "Volpone" stands alone: here is no other like it; it is in a class of its own: as a satirical tragi- omedy it has no rival in dramatic literature.

CHARACTERS

VOLPONE, *a Magnifico.*
MOSCA, *his Parasite.*
VOLTORE, *an Advocate.*
CORBACCIO, *an old Gentleman.*
CORVINO, *a Merchant.*
BONARIO, *son to Corbaccio.*
POLITIC WOULD-BE, *a Knight.*
PEREGRINE, *a Gentleman Traveller.*
NANO, *a Dwarf.*
CASTRONE, *a Eunuch.*
ANDROGYNO, *an Hermaphrodite.*
LADY WOULD-BE, *the Knight's Wife.*
CELIA, *Corvino's wife.*
Officers of Justice (Commandadori).
Three Merchants (Mercatori).
Four Magistrates (Avocatori).
Registrar (Notario).
Saffi, Servants, two waiting-women.

PLACE: *Venice.*
TIME: *Jonson's own day.*

THE ARGUMENT

V OLPONE, childless, rich, feigns sick, despairs,
O ffers his state to hopes of several heirs,
L ies languishing: his parasite receives
P resents of all, assures, deludes; then weaves
O ther cross plots, which ope themselves, are told.
N ew tricks, for safety, are sought; they thrive: when, bold,
E ach tempts th' other again, and all are sold.

VOLPONE; OR, THE FOX

PROLOGUE

Now, luck yet send us, and a little wit
  Will serve to make our play hit;
According to the palates of the season,
  Here is rhyme, not empty of reason.
This we were bid to credit from our poet,
  Whose true scope, if you would know it,
In all his poems still hath been this measure,
  To mix profit with your pleasure;
And not as some, whose throats their envy failing,
  Cry hoarsely, "All he writes is railing;"
And, when his plays come forth, think they can flout them,
  With saying he was a year about them.
To this there needs no lie but this his creature,[1]
  Which was two months since no feature:
And, though he dares give them five lives to mend it,
  'Tis known five weeks fully penned it,
From his own hand, without a coadjutor,
  Novice, journeyman, or tutor.
Yet thus much I can give you as a token
  Of his play's worth: no eggs are broken,
Nor quaking custards with fierce teeth affrighted,
  Wherewith your rout are so delighted;
Nor hales he in a gull,[2] old ends[3] reciting,
  To stop gaps in his loose writing;
With such a deal of monstrous and forced action,
  As might make Bethlem[4] a faction:
Nor made he his play for jests stol'n from each table,
  But makes jests to fit his fable;
And so presents quick comedy refined,
  As best critics have designed;
The laws of time, place, persons he observeth,
  From no needful rule he swerveth.
All gall and copperas from his ink he draineth;
  Only a little salt remaineth,
Wherewith he'll rub your cheeks, till, red with laughter,
  They shall look fresh a week after.

[1] creation.
[2] dupe.
[3] scraps.
[4] the madhouse.

ACT ONE

Scene I

Volpone *has hit upon an interesting, if unethical, way of becoming rich. He has, with the help of his servant-colleague* Mosca, *pretended wealth and an extremely precarious state of health, and has thus induced many persons, as greedy as credulous, to make him valuable presents, in the hope of inheriting his riches.*

Volpone *and* Mosca *are in one of the rooms of the former's house. In a curtained recess is* Volpone's *treasure.* [12

Volp. Good morning to the day; and next, my gold!
Open the shrine, that I may see my saint.
[Mosca *withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc.*
Hail the world's soul, and mine! More glad than is [21
The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
Am I, to view thy splendor darkening his;
That, lying here, amongst my other hoards,
Show'st like a flame by night, or like the day [31
Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
Unto the centre. O thou son of Sol,
But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
With adoration, thee, and every relic
Of sacred treasure in this blessëd room.
Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
Title that age which they would have the best, [41
Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
Or any other waking dream on earth:
Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
They should have given her twenty thou
sand Cupids;
Such are thy beauties and our love
Dear saint, [
Riches, the dumb god, that giv'st all me
tongues,
That canst do nought, and yet mak'
men do all things;
The price of souls; even hell, with th
to boot,
Is made worth heaven. Thou art virtu
fame,
Honor, and all things else. Who can g
thee, [
He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise-
Mos. And what he will, sir. Rich
are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in natur
Volp. True, my belovëd Mosca. Y
I glory
More in the cunning purchase of n
wealth,
Than in the glad possession, since I ga
No common way; I use no trade, n
venter; [
I wound no earth with ploughshares;
fat no beasts
To feed the shambles, have no mills f
iron,
Oil, corn, or men, to grind them in
powder;
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threat'nings of the furrow-facëd se
I turn no monies in the public bank, [
No usure private.
Mos. No, sir, nor devour
Soft prodigals. You shall ha' some w
swallow
A melting heir as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for i
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them aliv
In some kind clasping prison, where the
bones [
May be forthcoming, when the flesh
rotten;
But your sweet nature doth abhor the
courses;
You loathe the widow's or the orphan
tears

ıould wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
ing in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.
VOLP. Right, Mosca; I do loathe it.
MOS. And, besides, sir,
ou are not like the thresher that doth stand
ith a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
ıd, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
ıt feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs;
or like the merchant, who hath filled his vaults
ith Romagnia and rich Candian wines,
et drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar:
ou will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
ed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds;
ou know the use of riches, and dare give now
om that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,
our eunuch, or what other household trifle
our pleasure allows maintenance—
VOL. Hold thee, Mosca,
ke of my hand; thou strik'st on truth in all,
ıd they are envious term thee parasite.
ll forth my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,
ıd let 'em make me sport. [*Exit* MOSCA.
What should I do,
ıt cocker up my genius, and live free
all delights my fortune calls me to?
have no wife, no parent, child, ally,
give my substance to; but whom I make
ust be my heir; and this makes men observe[5] me:
is draws new clients daily to my house,
omen and men of every sex and age,
ıat bring me presents, send me plate, coin, jewels,

[5] be obsequious to.

With hope that, when I die (which they expect
Each greedy minute), it shall then return
Tenfold upon them; whilst some, covetous
Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,
And counter-work the one unto the other,
Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love:
All which I suffer, playing with their hopes,
And am content to coin 'em into profit,
And look upon their kindness; and take more,
And look on that; still bearing them in hand,
Letting the cherry knock against their lips,
And draw it by their mouths, and back again.—
How now!

Re-enter MOSCA, *with* NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

NAN. *Now, room for fresh gamesters, who do will you to know,*
They do bring you neither play nor university show;
And therefore do entreat you that whatsoever they rehearse
May not fare a whit the worse, for the false pace of the verse.
If you wonder at this, you will wonder more ere we pass,
For know, here [pointing to ANDROGYNO] *is enclosed the soul of Pythagoras,*
That juggler divine, as hereafter shall follow;
Which soul, fast and loose, sir, came first from Apollo,
And was breathed into Aethalides, Mercurius his son,
Where it had the gift to remember all that ever was done.
From thence it fled forth, and made quick transmigration
To goldy-locked Euphorbus, who was killed in good fashion,
At the siege of old Troy, by the cuckold of Sparta.

Hermotimus was next (I find it in my charta),
To whom it did pass, where no sooner it was missing,
But with one Pyrrhus of Delos it learned to go a-fishing;
And thence did it enter the sophist of Greece.
From Pythagore she went into a beautiful piece,
Hight Aspasia, the meretrix; and the next toss of her
Was again of a whore; she became a philosopher,
Crates the cynic, as itself doth relate it:
Since kings, knights, and beggars, knaves, lords, and fools gat it,
Besides ox and ass, camel, mule, goat, and brock[6]
In all which it hath spoke, as in the cobbler's cock.
But I come not here to discourse of that matter,
Or his one, two, or three, or his great oath, "By Quater!"[7]
His musics, his trigon,[8] *his golden thigh,*
Or his telling how elements shift; but I
Would ask, how of late thou hast suffered translation,
And shifted thy coat in these days of reformation.

AND. *Like one of the reformed, a fool, as you see,*
Counting all old doctrine heresy.

NAN. *But not on thine own forbid meats hast thou ventered?*

AND. *On fish, when first a Carthusian I entered.*

NAN. *Why, then thy dogmatical silence hath left thee?*

AND. *Of that an obstreperous lawyer bereft me.*

NAN. *O wonderful change, when sir lawyer forsook thee!*
For Pythagore's sake, what body then took thee?

AND. *A good dull mule.*

NAN. *And how! by that means*
Thou wert brought to allow of the eating of beans?

AND. *Yes.*

NAN. *But from the mule into whor didst thou pass?*

AND. *Into a very strange beast, b some writers called an ass;*
By others a precise,[9] *pure, illuminat brother*
Of those devour flesh and sometimes on another;
And will drop you forth a libel, or sanctified lie,
Betwixt every spoonful of a Nativity pie.[10]

NAN. *Now quit thee, for heaven, o that profane nation,*
And gently report thy next transmigra tion.

AND. *To the same that I am.*

NAN. *A creature of delight*
And, what is more than a fool, an herma phrodite!
Now, prithee, sweet soul, in all thy va riation,
Which body wouldst thou choose, to kee up thy station?

AND. *Troth, this I am in: even her would I tarry.*

NAN. *'Cause here the delight of eac sex thou canst vary?*

AND. *Alas, those pleasures be stale an forsaken;*
No, 'tis your fool wherewith I am s taken,
The only one creature that I can ca blessëd;
For all other forms I have proved mos distressëd.

NAN. *Spoke true, as thou wert in Py thagoras still.*
This learned opinion we celebrate will,
Fellow eunuch, as behoves us, with a our wit and art,
To dignify that whereof ourselves are s great and special a part.

VOLP. Now, very, very pretty! Mosca this
Was thy invention?

MOS. If it please my patron;
Not else.

VOLP. It doth, good Mosca.

[6] badger.
[7] the four-spot in dice.
[8] a triangular lyre.
[9] Puritanical.
[10] Christmas-pie.

Mos. Then it was, sir.
Song *by* Nano *and* Castrone.
ols, they are the only nation
orth men's envy or admiration;
ee from care or sorrow-taking,
lves and others merry-making: [300
l they speak or do is sterling.
ur fool he is your great man's darling,
d your ladies' sport and pleasure;
ngue and bauble are his treasure.
en his face begetteth laughter,
d he speaks truth free from slaughter;[11]
's the grace of every feast,
d sometimes the chiefest guest;
th his trencher and his stool,
hen wit waits upon the fool. [310
O, who would not be
He, he, he?
[*One knocks without.*
Volp. Who's that? — Away! — Look, Mosca.—
Nano *and* Castrone *go out.*] Fool, begone! [*Exit* Androgyno.
Mos. 'Tis Signior Voltore, the advocate;
know him by his knock. [320
Volp. Fetch me my gown.
y furs, and night-caps; say my couch is changing
d let him entertain himself awhile
thout i' th' gallery. [*Exit* Mosca.]
Now, now my clients
gin their visitation! Vulture, kite,
ven, and gorcrow,[12] all my birds of prey,
at think me turning carcase, now they come: [331
m not for 'em yet.

Re-enter Mosca, *with the gown, etc.*

How now! the news?
Mos. A piece of plate, sir.
Volp. Of what bigness?
Mos. Huge,
ssy, and antique, with your name inscribed,
d arms engraven. [340

Volp. Good! and not a fox
Stretched on the earth, with fine delusive sleights,
Mocking a gaping crow? ha, Mosca!
Mos. Sharp, sir!
Volp. Give me my furs.
[*Puts on his "sick" dress.*
Why dost thou laugh so, man?
Mos. I cannot choose, sir, when I apprehend [350
What thoughts he has without now, as he walks:
That this might be the last gift he should give,
That this would fetch you; if you died to-day,
And gave him all, what he should be to-morrow;
What large return would come of all his venters; [360
How he should worshipped be, and reverenced;
Ride with his furs and foot cloths; waited on
By herds of fools and clients; have clear way
Made for his mule, as lettered as himself;
Be called the great and learnëd advocate:
And then concludes there's nought impossible. [371
Volp. Yes, to be learnëd, Mosca.
Mos. O, no; rich
Implies it. Hood an ass with reverend purple,
So you can hide his two ambitious ears,
And he shall pass for a cathedral doctor.
Volp. My caps, my caps, good Mosca. Fetch him in.
Mos. Stay, sir; your ointment for your eyes. [381
Volp. That's true;
Dispatch, dispatch: I long to have possession
Of my new present.
Mos. That, and thousands more,
I hope to see you lord of.
Volp. Thanks, kind Mosca.
Mos. And that, when I am lost in blended dust, [390

[11] with impunity.
[12] It is to be noted that four are named here. vulture is Voltore; the raven is Corbaccio; crow is Corvino; but who is the kite? It is Lady Would-be, who is spoken of as the e-wolf." Either originally there was another d-of-prey," who was subsequently cut out on sion, or Jonson intended having another, but not carry out his purpose.

And hundreds such as I am, in succession—
VOLP. Nay, that were too much, Mosca.
MOS. You shall live
Still to delude these harpies.
VOLP. Loving Mosca!
'Tis well: my pillow now, and let him enter. [*Exit* MOSCA.
Now, my feigned cough, my phthisic, and my gout,
My apoplexy, palsy, and catarrhs,
Help, with your forcëd functions, this my posture,
Wherein, this three year, I have milked their hopes.
He comes; I hear him—Uh! [*coughing*] uh! uh! uh! O—

MOSCA *shows in* VOLTORE, *who bears a piece of plate.*

MOS. <You still are what you were, sir. Only you,
Of all the rest, are he commands his love,
And you do wisely to preserve it thus,
With early visitation and kind notes
Of your good meaning to him, which, I know,
Cannot but come most grateful.> Patron! sir!
Here's Signior Voltore is come—
VOLP., *faintly.* What say you?
MOS. Sir, Signior Voltore is come this morning
To visit you.
VOLP. I thank him.
MOS. And hath brought
A piece of antique plate, bought of St. Mark,[13]
With which he here presents you.
VOLP. He is welcome.
Pray him to come more often.
MOS. Yes.
VOLT. What says he?
MOS. He thanks you, and desires you see him often.
VOLP. Mosca.
MOS. My patron!
VOLP. Bring him near, where is he?
I long to feel his hand.
MOS. The plate is here, sir.
VOLT. How fare you, sir?
VOLP. I thank you, Signior Voltor
Where is the plate? mine eyes are ba
VOLT., *putting it into his hands.* I sorry
To see you still thus weak.
MOS. <That he's not weaker.
VOLP. You are too munificent.
VOLT. No, sir; would to heav
I could as well give health to you that plate!
VOLP. You give, sir, what you can; thank you. Your love
Hath taste in this, and shall not be u answered:
I pray you see me often.
VOLT. Yes, I shall, sir.
VOLP. Be not far from me.
MOS., *to* VOLTORE. <Do you obser that, sir?>
VOLP. Hearken unto me still; it w concern you.
MOS., *to* VOLTORE. <You are a hap man, sir; know your good.>
VOLP. I cannot now last long—
MOS. <You are his heir, s
VOLT. Am I?>
VOLP. I feel me going: Uh! u uh! uh!
I'm sailing to my port. Uh! uh! uh! u
And I am glad I am so near my have
MOS. Alas, kind gentleman! Well, must all go—
VOLT. <But, Mosca—
MOS. Age will conquer.
VOLT. Pray thee, hear m
Am I inscribed his heir for certain?
MOS. Are you!
I do beseech you, sir, you will vouchs
To write me i' your family.[14] All r hopes
Depend upon your worship: I am l
Except the rising sun do shine on n
VOLT. It shall both shine, and wa thee, Mosca.
MOS. S
I am a man that hath not done yo love
All the worst offices: here I wear yo keys,

[13] at a goldsmith's shop in St. Mark's Square.

[14] make me one of your household.

all your coffers and your caskets locked,
ep the poor inventory of your jewels,
ır plate, and monies; am your steward, sir,
sband your goods here.
OLT. But am I sole heir?
Ios. Without a partner, sir: confirmed this morning:
e wax is warm yet, and the ink scarce dry
on the parchment.
OLT. Happy, happy me!
what good chance, sweet Mosca?
Ios. Your desert, sir;
now no second cause.
OLT. Thy modesty
loth to know it; well, we shall requite it.
Ios. He ever liked your course, sir; that first took him.
ft have heard him say how he admired
n of your large profession, that could speak
every cause, and things mere contraries,
they were hoarse again, yet all be law;
t, with most quick agility, could turn,
re-turn; make knots, and undo them;
e forkëd counsel; take provoking gold
either hand, and put it up;[15] these men,
knew, would thrive with their humility.
l, for his part, he thought he should be blest
have his heir of such a suffering spirit,
wise, so grave, of so perplexed a tongue,
l loud withal, that would not wag, nor scarce
still, without a fee; when every word
ır worship but lets fall is a chequin! >
[*Another knocks.*
o's that? one knocks. <I would not have you seen, sir.

[15] pocket it.

And yet—pretend you came and went in haste;
I'll fashion an excuse—and, gentle sir,
When you do come to swim in golden lard,
Up to the arms in honey, that your chin
Is borne up stiff with fatness of the flood,
Think on your vassal; but remember me:
I ha' not been your worst of clients.
VOLT. Mosca!—
MOS. When will you have your inventory brought, sir?
Or see a copy of the will? Anon!
I'll bring them to you, sir. Away, begone,
Put business i' your face.>
[*Exit* VOLTORE.
VOLP., *springing up.* Excellent Mosca!
Come hither, let me kiss thee.
MOS. Keep you still, sir.
Here is Corbaccio.
VOLP. Set the plate away:
The vulture's gone, and the old raven's come.
MOS. Betake you to your silence, and your sleep.—
Stand there and multiply. [*Putting the plate to the rest.*] <Now we shall see
A wretch who is indeed more impotent
Than this[16] can feign to be; yet hopes to hop
Over his grave.>

Enter CORBACCIO, *a rather decrepit old man, with whose deafness* JONSON *makes great play.*

Signior Corbaccio!
Y'are very welcome, sir.
CORB. How does your patron?
MOS. Troth, as he did, sir; no amends.
CORB. What! mends he?
MOS. No, sir: he's rather worse.
CORB. That's well. Where is he?
MOS. Upon his couch, sir, newly fall'n asleep.
CORB. Does he sleep well?
MOS. No wink, sir, all this night,
Nor yesterday; but slumbers.

[16] Volpone.

CORB. Good! he should take
Some counsel of physicians: I have brought him
An opiate here, from mine own doctor.
MOS. He will not hear of drugs.
CORB. Why? I myself
Stood by while 'twas made, saw all th' ingredients,
And know it cannot but most gently work;
My life for his, 'tis but to make him sleep.
VOLP. <Ay, his last sleep, if he would take it.>
MOS. Sir,
He has no faith in physic.
CORB. Say you, say you?
MOS. He has no faith in physic: he does think
Most of your doctors are the greater danger,
And worse disease, t'escape. I often have
Heard him protest that your physiciän
Should never be his heir.
CORB. Not I his heir?
MOS. Not your physician, sir.
CORB. O, no, no, no,
I do not mean it.
MOS. No, sir, nor their fees
He cannot brook: he says they flay a man
Before they kill him.
CORB. Right, I do conceive you.
MOS. And then they do it by experiment;
For which the law not only doth absolve 'em,
But gives them great reward: and he is loth
To hire his death so.
CORB. It is true, they kill
With as much licence as a judge.
MOS. Nay, more;
For he but kills, sir, where the law condemns,
And these can kill him too.
CORB. Ay, or me,
Or any man. How does his apoplex?
Is that strong on him still?
MOS. Most violent:
His speech is broken, and his eyes a set,
His face drawn longer than 'twas wont
CORB. How! how
Stronger than he was wont?
MOS. No, sir; his fa
Drawn longer than 'twas wont.
CORB. O, good!
MOS. His mou
Is ever gaping, and his eyelids hang.
CORB. Goo
MOS. A freezing numbness stiffens a his joints,
And makes the color of his flesh li lead.
CORB. 'Tis goo
MOS. His pulse beats slow and dull.
CORB. Good symptoms sti
MOS. And from his brain—
CORB. Ha? How? Not from his brai
MOS. Yes, sir, and from his brain—
CORB. I conceive you; goo
MOS. Flows a cold sweat, with a co tinual rheum,
Forth the resolvëd[17] corners of his ey
CORB. Is't possible? Yet I am bett ha!
How does he with the swimming of h head?
MOS. O, sir, 'tis past the scotomy;[18] he now
Hath lost his feeling, and hath left[19] snort:
You hardly can perceive him that breathes.
CORB. Excellent, excellent! sure I sh outlast him:
This makes me young again a score years.
MOS. I was a-coming for you, sir.
CORB. Has he made his wil
What has he giv'n me?
MOS. No, sir.
CORB. Nothing! h
MOS. He has not made his will, sir.
CORB. Oh, oh, o
What then did Voltore, the lawyer, her
MOS. He smelled a carcase, sir, wh he but heard

[17] exuding.
[18] dizziness interfering with the sight.
[19] ceased.

y master was about his testament;
; I did urge him to it for your good.
CORB. He came unto him, did he? I thought so. [691
Mos. Yes, and presented him this piece of plate.
CORB. To be his heir?
Mos. I do not know, sir.
CORB. True: know it too.
Mos. <By your own scale, sir.>
CORB. Well, shall prevent him yet. See, Mosca, look, [701
ere I have brought a bag of bright chequins,[20]
ill quite weigh down his plate.
Mos., *taking the bag.* Yea, marry, sir.
iis is true physic, this your sacred medicine;
o talk of opiates to this great elixir!
CORB. 'Tis *aurum palpabile,* if not *potabile.* [710
Mos. It shall be ministered to him in his bowl.
CORB. Ay, do, do, do.
Mos. Most blessed cordial!
iis will recover him.
CORB. Yes, do, do, do.
Mos. I think it were not best, sir.
CORB. What?
Mos. To recover him.
CORB. O no, no, no; by no means. [720
Mos. Why, sir, this
ill work some strange effect, if he but feel it.
CORB. 'Tis true, therefore forbear; I'll take my venter:
ve me't again.
Mos. At no hand: pardon me:
ou shall not do yourself that wrong, sir. I
ill so advise you, you shall have it all.
CORB. How? [731
Mos. All, sir; 'tis your right, your own; no man
an claim a part: 'tis yours without a rival,
ecreed by destiny.
CORB. How, how, good Mosca?

Mos. I'll tell you, sir. This fit he shall recover—
CORB. I do conceive you. [740
Mos. And on first advantage
Of his gained sense, will I re-importune him
Unto the making of his testament,
And show him this.
[*Pointing to the money.*
CORB. Good, good!
Mos. 'Tis better yet,
If you will hear, sir.
CORB. Yes, with all my heart. [750
Mos. Now would I counsel you, make home with speed;
There, frame a will, whereto you shall inscribe
My master your sole heir.
CORB. And disinherit
My son?
Mos. O, sir, the better: for that color[21]
Shall make it much more taking.
CORB. O, but[22] color?
Mos. This will, sir, you shall send it unto me. [762
Now, when I come to enforce, as I will do,
Your cares, your watchings, and your many prayers,
Your more than many gifts, your this day's present,
And last, produce your will, where, without thought,
Or least regard, unto your proper issue,
A son so brave, and highly meriting, [771
The stream of your diverted love hath thrown you
Upon my master, and made him your heir,
He cannot be so stupid, or stone-dead,
But out of conscience and mere gratitude—
CORB. He must pronounce me his?
Mos. 'Tis true. [780
CORB. This plot
Did I think on before.
Mos. I do believe it.
CORB. Do you not believe it?
Mos. Yes, sir.
CORB. Mine own project.
Mos. Which, when he hath done, sir—

[20] The zecchino was a coin worth about two lars.

[21] pretence.
[22] only.

CORB. Published me his heir?
MOS. And you so certain to survive him—
CORB. Ay.
MOS. Being so lusty a man—
CORB. 'Tis true.
MOS. Yes, sir—
'CORB. I thought on that too. See, how he should be
The very organ to express my thoughts!
MOS. You have not only done yourself a good—
CORB. But multiplied it on my son.
MOS. 'Tis right, sir.
CORB. Still, my invention.
MOS. 'Las, sir! heaven knows,
It hath been all my study, all my care
(I e'en grow gray withal), how to work things—
CORB. I do conceive, sweet Mosca.
MOS. You are he
For whom I labor here.
CORB. Ay, do, do, do:
I'll straight about it. [*Going.*
MOS. <Rook go with you,[23] raven!>
CORB. I know thee honest.
MOS., *in a low voice, playing on* CORBACCIO'S *deafness*. You do lie, sir!
CORB. And—
MOS., *softly*. Your knowledge is no better than your ears, sir.
CORB. I do not doubt to be a father to thee.
MOS., *softly*. Nor I to gull my brother of his blessing.
CORB. I may ha' my youth restored to me, why not?
MOS., *softly*. Your worship is a precious ass!
CORB. What sayst thou?
MOS. I do desire your worship to make haste, sir.
CORB. 'Tis done, 'tis done; I go. [*Exit.*
VOLP., *leaping from his couch*. O, I shall burst!
Let out my sides, let out my sides—
MOS. Contain
Your flux of laughter, sir: you know this hope
Is such a bait, it covers any hook.

[23] May you be rooked.

VOLP. O, but thy working and th placing it!
I cannot hold; good rascal, let me kis thee:
I never knew thee in so rare a humor.
MOS. Alas, sir, I but do as I am taugh
Follow your grave instructions: give 'e words,
Pour oil into their ears, and send the hence.
VOLP. 'Tis true, 'tis true. What a ra punishment
Is avarice to itself!
MOS. Ay, with our help, sir.
VOLP. So many cares, so many maladie
So many fears attending on old age;
Yea, death so often called on as no wis
Can be more frequent with 'em; the limbs faint;
Their senses dull; their seeing, hearin going,[24]
All dead before them; yea, their ve teeth,
Their instruments of eating, failing them
Yet this is reckoned life! Nay, here w one,
Is now gone home, that wishes to li longer!
Feels not his gout, nor palsy; feigns hi self
Younger by scores of years, flatters h age
With confident belying it, hopes he ma
With charms, like Aeson, have his yout restored;
And with these thoughts so battens, if fate
Would be as easily cheated on as he,
And all turns air! [*Another knocks*
Who's that there, now? a third!
MOS. Close, to your couch again; hear his voice.
It is Corvino, our spruce merchant.
VOLP., *lying down as before*. Dead.
MOS. Another bout, sir, with your ey
[*Anoints* VOLPONE'S *eyes, to make the exude moisture; then calls.*] Wh there? [*Goes to the door a opens it.*
Signior Corvino! come most wished fo

[24] ability to walk.

Enter CORVINO.

ow happy were you, if you knew it, now!
CORV. Why? what? wherein?
MOS. The tardy hour is come, sir.
CORV. He is not dead?
MOS. Not dead, sir, but as good; e knows no man.
CORV. How shall I do then?
MOS. Why, sir?
CORV. I have brought him here a pearl.
MOS. Perhaps he has much remembrance left as to know you, sir:
e still[25] calls on you; nothing but your name
in his mouth. Is your pearl orient,[26] sir?
CORV. Venice was never owner of the like.
VOLP., *faintly*. Signior Corvino!
MOS. Hark!
VOLP. Signior Corvino.
MOS. He calls you; step and give it him.—He's here, sir.
ıd he has brought you a rich pearl.
CORV. How do you, sir?
ll him it doubles the twelve carat.[27]
MOS. Sir,
e cannot understand, his hearing's gone;
ıd yet it comforts him to see you—
CORV. Say
ıave a diamond for him, too.
MOS. Best show't, sir;
ıt it into his hand: 'tis only there
e apprehends: he has his feeling yet.
e how he grasps it!
CORV. 'Las, good gentleman!
ow pitiful the sight is!
MOS. Tut, forget, sir.
ıe weeping of an heir should still be laughter
ıder a visor.
CORV. Why, am I his heir?
MOS. Sir, I am sworn, I may not show the will
ll he be dead; but here has been Corbaccio,

[25] continually.
[26] of the finest quality.
[27] carat.

Here has been Voltore, here were others too,
I cannot number 'em, they were so many;
All gaping here for legacies: but I,
Taking the vantage of his naming you,
"Signior Corvino, Signior Corvino," took
Paper, and pen, and ink, and there I asked him
Whom he would have his heir. "Corvino." Who
Should be executor? "Corvino." And,
To any question he was silent to,
I still interpreted the nods he made,
Through weakness, for consent, and sent home th' others,
Nothing bequeathed them, but to cry and curse.
CORV. O, my dear Mosca! [*They embrace.*] Does he not perceive us?
MOS. No more than a blind harper. He knows no man,
No face of friend, nor name of any servant,
Who 'twas that fed him last, or gave him drink:
Not those he hath begotten or brought up
Can he remember.
CORV. Has he children?
MOS. Bastards,
Some dozen or more that he begot on beggars,
Gypsies, and Jews, and black-moors, when he was drunk.
Knew you not that, sir? 'tis the common fable
The dwarf, the fool, the eunuch, are all his;
He's the true father of his family,
In all save me:—but he has giv'n 'em nothing.
CORV. That's well, that's well! Art sure he does not hear us?
MOS. Sure, sir! why, look you, credit your own sense.—
[*Shouting in* VOLPONE'S *ear.*] The pox approach, and add to your diseases,
If it would send you hence the sooner, sir,
For your incontinence; it hath deserved it

Throughly and throughly, and the plague to boot!—
[*To* Corvino.] You may come near, sir.—Would you would once close
Those filthy eyes of yours, that flow with slime
Like two frog-pits; and those same hanging cheeks,
Covered with hide instead of skin—[*To* Corvino.] Nay, help, sir—
That look like frozen dish-clouts set on end!
Corv. Or like an old smoked wall, on which the rain
Ran down in streaks!
Mos. Excellent, sir! speak out:
You may be louder yet; a culverin
Discharged in his ear would hardly bore it.
Corv. His nose is like a common sewer, still running.
Mos. 'Tis good! And what his mouth?
Corv. A very draught.
Mos. O, stop it up—
Corv. By no means.
Mos. Pray you, let me:
Faith, I could stifle him rarely with a pillow
As well as any woman that should keep[28] him.
Corv. Do as you will; but I'll begone.
Mos. Be so;
It is your presence makes him last so long.
Corv. I pray you use no violence.
Mos. No, sir! why?
Why should you be thus scrupulous, pray you, sir?
Corv. Nay, at your discretion.
Mos. Well, good sir, be gone.
Corv. I will not trouble him now to take my pearl.
Mos. Puh! nor your diamond. What a needless care
Is this afflicts you? Is not all here yours?
Am not I here, whom you have made your creature?
That owe my being to you?
Corv. Grateful Mosca!
Thou art my friend, my fellow, my companion,
My partner, and shalt share in all my fortunes.
Mos. Excepting one.
Corv. What's that?
Mos. Your gallant wife, sir.—
[*Exit* Corvino.]
Now is he gone: we had no other means
To shoot him hence but this.
Volp. My divine Mosca!
Thou hast to-day outgone thyself. [*A knock.*] Who's there?
I will be troubled with no more. Prepare
Me music, dances, banquets, all delight
The Turk is not more sensual in his pleasures
Than will Volpone. [*Exit* Mosca.] Let me see; a pearl!
A diamond! plate! chequins! Good morning's purchase.[29]
Why, this is better than rob church yet,
Or fat, by eating, once a month, a man.

Re-enter Mosca.

Who is't?
Mos. The beauteous Lady Would-be, sir,
Wife to the English knight, Sir Politic Would-be
(This is the style, sir, is directed me)
Hath sent to know how you have slept to-night,
And if you would be visited?
Volp. Not now:
Some three hours hence.
Mos. I told the squire[30] much.
Volp. When I am high with mirth and wine; then, then.
'Fore heaven, I wonder at the desperate valor
Of the bold English, that they dare let loose
Their wives to all encounters!
Mos. Sir, this knight
Had not his name for nothing, he is *politic,*

[28] nurse.
[29] booty.
[30] messenger.

And knows, howe'er his wife affect strange airs,
She hath not yet the face to be dishonest: [31]
But had she Signior Corvino's wife's face— [1090
VOLP. Hath she so rare a face?
MOS. O, sir, the wonder,
The blazing star of Italy! a wench
Of the first year, a beauty ripe as harvest!
Whose skin is whiter than a swan all over,
Than silver, snow, or lilies; a soft lip,
Would tempt you to eternity of kissing!
And flesh that melteth in the touch to blood! [1101
Bright as your gold, and lovely as your gold!
VOLP. Why had not I known this before?
MOS. Alas, sir,
Myself but yesterday discovered it.
VOLP. How might I see her?
MOS. O, not possible;
She's kept as warily as is your gold; [1110
Never does come abroad, never takes air
But at a windore. All her looks are sweet
As the first grapes or cherries, and are watched
As near as they are.
VOLP. I must see her.
MOS. Sir,
There is a guard of ten spies thick upon her, [1120
All his whole household; each of which is set
Upon his fellow, and have all their charge,
When he goes out, when he comes in, examined.
VOLP. I will go see her, though but at her windore.
MOS. In some disguise then.
VOLP. That is true; I must
Maintain mine own shape still the same: we'll think. [1132

[31] unchaste.

ACT TWO

SCENE I

It is a little later in the same day.

We are in St. Mark's Place, in front of the house of CORVINO. *In a retired corner* SIR POLITIC WOULD-BE *and* PEREGRINE *are engaged in conversation.* SIR POLITIC *is a windbag, with pretensions to be thought a very clever and important personage.* PEREGRINE *is a traveller, a stranger to him.*

SIR P. Sir, to a wise man, all the world's his soil: [11
It is not Italy, nor France, nor Europe,
That must bound me, if my fates call me forth.
Yet I protest, it is no salt desire
Of seeing countries, shifting a religion,
Nor any disaffection to the state
Where I was bred, and unto which I owe
My dearest plots, hath brought me out, much less [20
That idle, antique, stale, grey-headed project
Of knowing men's minds and manners, with Ulysses;
But a peculiar humor of my wife's
Laid for this height of Venice,[1] to observe,
To quote, to learn the language, and so forth.
I hope you travel, sir, with license. [30
PER. Yes.
SIR P. I dare the safelier converse. How long, sir,
Since you left England?
PER. Seven weeks.
SIR P. So lately!
You have not been with my lord ambassador?
PER. Not yet, sir.
SIR P. Pray you, what news, sir, vents our climate? [41
I heard last night a most strange thing reported
By some of my lord's followers, and I long
To hear how 'twill be seconded.
PER. What was't, sir?

[1] To see Venice in the height of the season.

SIR P. Marry, sir, of a raven that should build
In a ship royal of the king's.
PER. <This fellow,
Does he gull me, trow? or is gulled?>
Your name, sir?
SIR P. My name is Politic Would-be.
PER. <O, that speaks him.>
A knight, sir?
SIR P. A poor knight, sir.
PER. Your lady
Lies here in Venice, for intelligence
Of tires and fashions, and behaviör,
Among the courtesans; the fine Lady Would-be!
SIR P. Yes, sir; the spider and the bee oft-times
Suck from one flower.
PER. Good Sir Politic,
I cry you mercy; I have heard much of you:
'Tis true, sir, of your raven.
SIR P. On your knowledge?
PER. Yes, and your lion's whelping in the Tower.
SIR P. Another whelp!
PER. Another, sir.
SIR P. Now, heaven!
What prodigies be these? The fires at Berwick!
And the new star! These things concurring, strange,
And full of omen! Saw you those meteors?
PER. I did, sir.
SIR P. Fearful! Pray you, sir, confirm me,
Were there three porpoises seen above the bridge,
As they give out?
PER. Six, and a sturgeon, sir.
SIR. P. I am astonished.
PER. Nay, sir, be not so;
I'll tell you a greater prodigy than these.
SIR P. What should these things portend?
PER. The very day
(Let me be sure) that I put forth from London,
There was a whale discovered in the river,
As high as Woolwich, that had waited there,
Few know how many months, for the subversion
Of the Stode fleet.
SIR P. Is't possible? Believe it,
'Twas either sent from Spain, or the archduke's:
Spinola's whale, upon my life, my credit!
Will they not leave these projects? Worthy sir,
Some other news.
PER. Faith, Stone the fool is dead,
And they do lack a tavern fool extremely.
SIR P. Is Mas.[2] Stone dead?
PER. H'is dead, sir; why, I hope
You thought him not immortal? <O, this knight,
Were he well known, would be a precious thing
To fit our English stage: he that should write
But such a fellow should be thought to feign
Extremely, if not maliciously.>
SIR P. Stone dead!
PER. Dead. Lord! how deeply, sir, you apprehend it!
He was no kinsman to you?
SIR P. That[3] I know of.
Well! that same fellow was an unknown fool.
PER. And yet you knew him, it seems?
SIR. P. I did so. Sir,
I knew him one of the most dangerous heads
Living within the state; and so I held him.
PER. Indeed, sir?
SIR P. While he lived, in action,
He has received weekly intelligence,
Upon my knowledge, out of the Low Countries,
For all parts of the world, in cabbages;
And those dispensed again to ambassadors,
In oranges, musk-melons, apricots,
Lemons, pome-citrons, and such-like; sometimes

[2] master.
[3] not that.

In Colchester oysters and your Selsey cockles.
PER. You make me wonder.
SIR P. Sir, upon my knowledge. Nay, I've observed him, at your public ordinary,[4]
Take his advertisement[5] from a traveller,
A concealed statesman, in a trencher of meat,
And instantly, before the meal was done,
Convey an answer in a tooth-pick.
PER. Strange!
How could this be, sir?
SIR P. Why, the meat was cut
So like his character, and so laid as he
Must easily read the cipher.
PER. I have heard
He could not read, sir.
SIR P. So 'twas given out,
In policy, by those that did employ him;
But he could read, and had your languages,
And, to't, as sound a noddle—
PER. I have heard, sir,
That your baboons were spies, and that they were
A kind of subtle nation near to China.
SIR P. Ay, ay, your Mamaluchi. Faith, they had
Their hand in a French plot or two; but they
Were so extremely giv'n to women as
They made discovery of all: yet I
Had my advices here, on Wednesday last,
From one of their own coat, they were returned,
Made their relations, as the fashion is,
And now stand fair for fresh employment.
PER. <Heart!
This Sir Pol will be ignorant of nothing.>
It seems, sir, you know all.
SIR P. Not all, sir; but
I have some general notions. I do love
To note and to observe: though I live out,
Free from the active torrent, yet I'd mark
The currents and the passages of things
For mine own private use; and know the ebbs
And flows of state.
PER. Believe it, sir, I hold
Myself in no small tie[6] unto my fortunes,
For casting me thus luckily upon you,
Whose knowledge, if your bounty equal it,
May do me great assistance, in instruction
For my behavior, and my bearing, which
Is yet so rude and raw.
SIR P. Why? came you forth
Empty of rules for travel?
PER. Faith, I had
Some common ones, from out that vulgar grammar,
Which he that cried Italian to me, taught me.
SIR P. Why, this it is that spoils all our brave bloods,
Trusting our hopeful gentry unto pedants,
Fellows of outside, and mere bark. You seem
To be a gentleman of ingenuous race.
I not profess it, but my fate hath been
To be, where I have been consulted with,
In this high kind, touching some great men's sons,
Persons of blood and honor.—
PER. Who be these, sir?

MOSCA *and* NANO, *both disguised, enter, followed by men bearing material for the erection of a stage.*

MOS. Under that windore; there't must be. [*In answer to a gesture by one of the men.*] The same.

SIR P., *answering* PEREGRINE, *as the men proceed with the work of erection.* Fellows, to mount a bank. Did your instructor
In the dear tongues never discourse to you
Of the Italian mountebanks?
PER. Yes, sir.
SIR P. Why,
Here shall you see one.
PER. They are quacksalvers,

[4] eating-place.
[5] information.
[6] obligation.

Fellows that live by venting oils and drugs.
SIR P. Was that the character he gave you of them?
PER. As I remember.
SIR P. Pity his ignorance.
They are the only knowing men of Europe!
Great general scholars, excellent physicians,
Most admired statesmen, professed favorites
And cabinet counsellors to the greatest princes;
The only languaged men of all the world!
PER. And, I have heard, they are most lewd[7] impostors,
Made all of terms and shreds; no less beliers
Of great men's favors, than their own vile med'cines,
Which they will utter upon monstrous oaths,
Selling that drug for twopence, ere they part,
Which they have valued at twelve crowns before.
SIR P. Sir, calumnies are answered best with silence.
Yourself shall judge.—Who is it mounts, my friends?
MOS. Scoto of Mantua,[8] sir.
SIR P. Is't he? Nay, then
I'll proudly promise, sir, you shall behold
Another man than has been phant'sied to you.
I wonder yet, that he should mount his bank,
Here in this nook, that has been wont t'appear
In face of the Piazza!—Here he comes.

Enter VOLPONE, *disguised as a mountebank doctor, and followed by a crowd of people.*

VOLP., *to* NANO. Mount, zany.
[NANO *mounts the stage.*
MOB. Follow, follow, follow, follow!
SIR P. See how the people follow him! he's a man
May write ten thousand crowns in bank here. Note,
[VOLPONE *mounts the stage.*
Mark but his gesture: I do use to observe
The state he keeps in getting up.
PER. 'Tis worth it, sir.
VOLP. Most noble gentlemen, and my worthy patrons! It may seem strange that I, your Scoto Mantuano, who was ever wont to fix my bank in the face of the public Piazza, near the shelter of the Portico to the Procuratia, should now, after eight months' absence from this illustrious city of Venice, humbly retire myself into an obscure nook of the Piazza.
SIR P. Did not I now object the same?
PER. Peace, sir.
VOLP. Let me tell you: I am not, as your Lombard proverb saith, cold on my feet; or content to part with my commodities at a cheaper rate than I am accustomed: look not for it. Nor that the calumnious reports of that impudent detractor, and shame to our profession (Alessandro Buttone, I mean), who gave out, in public, I was condemned *a' sforzato*[9] to the galleys, for poisoning the Cardinal Bembo's—cook, hath at all attached, much less dejected me. No, no, worthy gentlemen; to tell you true, I cannot endure to see the rabble of these ground *ciarlitani*,[10] that spread their cloaks on the pavement, as if they meant to do feats of activity, and then come in lamely, with their mouldy tales out of Boccaccio, like stale Tabarin, the fabulist: some of them discoursing their travels, and of their tedious captivity in the Turk's galleys, when, indeed, were the truth known, they were the Christian's galleys, where very temperately they eat bread and drunk water, as a wholesome penance, enjoined them by their confessors, for base pilferies.
SIR P. Note but his bearing, and contempt of these.

[7] ignorant.
[8] The name of an Italian juggler who had visited England.
[9] "with hard labor."
[10] impostors.

VOLP. These turdy-facy-nasty-paty-busy-fartical rogues, with one poor groat's-worth of unprepared antimony, finely wrapped up in several *scartoccios*,[11] are able, very well, to kill their twenty a week, and play; yet these meagre, [349 starved spirits, who have half stopped the organs of their minds with earthy oppilations, want not their favorers among your shrivelled salad-eating artisans, who are overjoyed that they may have their half-p'orth of physic; though it purge them into another world, 't makes no matter.

SIR P. Excellent! ha' you heard better language, sir? [359

VOLP. Well, let 'em go. And, gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, know, that for this time, our banks, being thus removed from the clamors of the *canaglia*[12] shall be the scene of pleasure and delight; for I have nothing to sell, little or nothing to sell.

SIR P. I told you, sir, his end.

PER. You did so, sir.

VOLP. I protest, I, and my six servants, are not able to make of this precious [370 liquor so fast as it is fetched away from my lodging by gentlemen of your city; strangers of the Terrafirma;[13] worshipful merchants; ay, and senators too; who, ever since my arrival, have detained me to their uses, by their splendidous liberalities; and worthily; for, what avails your rich man to have his magazines stuffed with *moscadelli*, or of the purest grape, when his physicians prescribe him, on [380 pain of death, to drink nothing but water boiled[14] with aniseeds? O health! health! the blessing of the rich! the riches of the poor! who can buy thee at too dear a rate, since there is no enjoying this world without thee? Be not then so sparing of your purses, honorable gentlemen, as to abridge the natural course of life—

PER. You see his end. [390

SIR P. Ay, is't not good?

VOLP. For, when a humid flux or catarrh, by the mutability of air, falls from your head into an arm or shoulder or any other part; take you a ducat, or your chequin of gold, and apply to the place affected: see what good effect it can work. No, no, 'tis this blessed *unguento*,[15] this rare extraction, that hath only power to disperse all malignant humors that proceed either of hot, cold, moist, or windy causes— [402

PER. I would he had put in dry too.

SIR P. Pray you observe.

VOLP. To fortify the most indigest and crude stomach, ay, were it of one that, through extreme weakness, vomited blood, applying only a warm napkin to the place, after the unction and fricace;[16] for the *vertigine*[17] in the head, putting [410 but a drop into your nostrils, likewise behind the ears; a most sovereign and approved remedy; the *mal caduco*,[18] cramps, convulsions, paralyses, epilepsies, *tremorcordia*, retired nerves, ill vapors of the spleen, stoppings of the liver, the stone, the strangury, *hernia ventosa, iliaca passio;*[19] stops a *dysenteria* immediately; easeth the torsion[20] of the small guts; and cures *melancholia hypocondriaca*, [420 being taken and applied according to my printed receipt. [*Pointing to his bill and his glass.*] For this is the physician, this the medicine; this counsels, this cures; this gives the direction, this works the effect; and, in sum, both together may be termed an abstract of the theoric and practic in the Aesculapian art. 'Twill cost you eight crowns. And—[*To* NANO.] Zan Fritada, prithee sing a verse extempore in honor of it. [431

SIR P. How do you like him, sir?

PER. Most strangely, I!

SIR P. Is not his language rare?

PER. But[21] alchemy, I never heard the like; or Broughton's books.

NANO, *singing.*

Had old Hippocrates, or Galen, [439
That to their books put med'cines all in,

[11] folds of paper. [12] rabble.
[13] mainland of Venice. [14] boiled.
[15] ointment. [16] liniment.
[17] giddiness. [18] epilepsy.
[19] colic. [20] gripes.
[21] except.

But known this secret, they had never
(Of which they will be guilty ever)
Been murderers of so much paper,
Or wasted many a hurtless taper;
No Indian drug had e'er been famed,
Tobacco, sassafras not named,
Ne yet of guacum one small stick, sir,
Nor Raymund Lully's great elixir.
Ne had been known the Danish Gonswart,
Or Paracelsus, with his long sword. [450

PER. All this, yet, will not do; eight crowns is high.

VOLP. No more.—Gentlemen, if I had but time to discourse to you the miraculous effects of this my oil, surnamed Oglio del Scoto; with the countless catalogue of those I have cured of th' aforesaid and many more diseases; the patents and privileges of all the princes and commonwealths of Christendom; or but [460 the depositions of those that appeared on my part, before the signiory of the Sanita and most learned College of Physicians; where I was authorized, upon notice taken of the admirable virtues of my medicaments, and mine own excellency in matter of rare and unknown secrets, not only to disperse them publicly in this [468 famous city, but in all the territories, that happily joy under the government of the most pious and magnificent states of Italy. But may some other gallant fellow say, "O, there be divers that make profession to have as good and as experimented receipts as yours:" indeed, very many have assayed, like apes, in imitation of that, which is really and essentially in me, to make of this oil; bestowed great cost in furnaces, stills, alembics, continual fires, and preparation of the ingredients (as [480 indeed there goes to it six hundred several simples, besides some quantity of human fat, for the conglutination, which we buy of the anatomists), but when these practitioners come to the last decoction, blow, blow, puff, puff, and all flies in fumo: ha, ha, ha! Poor wretches! I rather pity their folly and indiscretion than their loss of time and money; for those may be recovered by industry; but to be a fool born is a disease incurable. [492

For myself, I always from my youth have endeavored to get the rarest secrets, and book them, either in exchange or for money; I spared nor cost nor labor, where anything was worthy to be learned. And, gentlemen, honorable gentlemen, I will undertake, by virtue of chymical art, out of the honorable hat that covers your [500 head, to extract the four elements; that is to say, the fire, air, water, and earth, and return you your felt without burn or stain. For, whilst others have been at the *ballo*, I have been at my book; and am now past the craggy paths of study, and come to the flowery plains of honor and reputation.

SIR P. I do assure you, sir, that is his aim. [510

VOLP. But to our price—

PER. And that withal, Sir Pol

VOLP. You all know, honorable gentlemen, I never valued this *ampulla*, or vial, at less than eight crowns; but, for this time, I am content to be deprived of it for six; six crowns is the price, and less in courtesy I know you cannot offer me; take it or leave it, howsoever, both it and I am at your service. I ask you [520 not as the value of the thing, for then I should demand of you a thousand crowns so the Cardinals Montalto, Fernese, the great Duke of Tuscany, my gossip, with divers other princes, have given me; but I despise money. Only to show my affection to you, honorable gentlemen, and your illustrious State here, I have neglected the messages of these princes mine own offices, framed my journey [530 hither, only to present you with the fruits of my travels. [*To his assistants.*] Tune your voices once more to the touch of your instruments, and give the honorable assembly some delightful recreation.

PER. What monstrous and most painful circumstance
Is here, to get some three or four gazettes,[22]
Some threepence i' the whole! for that 'twill come to. [54

[22] A gazeta was a Venetian coin worth about a cent and a half.

NANO, *singing.*

You that would last long, list to my song;
Make no more coil, but buy of this oil.
Would you be ever fair and young?
Stout of teeth, and strong of tongue?
Tart of palate? quick of ear?
Sharp of sight? of nostril clear?
Moist of hand? and light of foot?
Or, I will come nearer to 't, [550
Would you live free from all diseases?
Do the act your mistress pleases,
Yet fright all achës from your bones?
Here's a medicine for the nones.[23]

VOLP. Well, I am in a humor at this time to make a present of the small quantity my coffer contains; to the rich in courtesy, and to the poor for God's sake. Wherefore now mark: I asked you [559 six crowns; and six crowns, at other times, you have paid me; you shall not give me six crowns, nor five, nor four, nor three, nor two, nor one; nor half a ducat; no, nor a *moccinigo*.[24] Sixpence it will cost you, or six hundred pound—expect no lower price, for, by the banner of my front, I will not bate a bagatine,[25]—that I will have, only, a pledge of your loves, to carry something from amongst you, [569 to show I am not contemned by you. Therefore, now, toss your handkerchiefs, cheerfully, cheerfully; and be advertised, that the first heroic spirit that deigns to grace me with a handkerchief, I will give it a little remembrance of something beside, shall please it better than if I had presented it with a double pistolet.[26]

PER. Will you be that heroic spark, Sir Pol?

[CELIA, *appearing at a window, throws down her handkerchief.* [581

O, see! the windore has prevented[27] you.

VOLP. Lady, I kiss your bounty; and, for this timely grace you have done your poor Scoto of Mantua, I will return you, over and above my oil, a secret of that high and inestimable nature, shall make you for ever enamored on that minute wherein your eye first descended on so mean, yet not altogether to be despised, an object. Here is a powder concealed [591 in this paper, of which, if I should speak to the worth, nine thousand volumes were but as one page, that page as a line, that line as a word; so short is this pilgrimage of man (which some call life) to the expressing of it. Would I reflect on the price? Why, the whole world is but as an empire, that empire as a province, that province as a bank, that bank as [600 a private purse to the purchase of it. I will only tell you; it is the powder that made Venus a goddess (given her by Apollo), that kept her perpetually young, cleared her wrinkles, firmed her gums, filled her skin, colored her hair; from her derived to Helen, and at the sack of Troy unfortunately lost: till now, in this our age, it was as happily recovered, by a [609 studious antiquary, out of some ruins of Asia, who sent a moiety of it to the court of France (but much sophisticated), wherewith the ladies there now color their hair. The rest, at this present, remains with me; extracted to a quintessence: so that, wherever it but touches, in youth it perpetually preserves, in age restores the complexion; seats your teeth, did they dance like virginal jacks, firm as a wall: makes them white as ivory, that were black as— [621

CORVINO *enters, fuming with rage.*

COR. Spite o' the devil, and my shame! come down here;
Come down!—No house but mine to make your scene?
Signior Flaminio, will you down, sir? down?
What, is my wife your Franciscina, sir?
No windores on the whole Piazza, here,
To make your properties, but mine? but mine? [632

[*Beats away* VOLPONE, NANO, *etc.*

Heart! ere to-morrow I shall be new christened,
And called the Pantalone di Besogniosi
About the town.

PER. What should this mean, Sir Pol?

[23] for the purpose.
[24] A coin worth less than twenty cents.
[25] A coin worth about a sixth of a cent.
[26] a Spanish gold piece.
[27] anticipated.

SIR P. Some trick of state, believe it; I will home.
PER. It may be some design on you.
SIR P. I know not. I'll stand upon my guard.
PER. It is your best, sir.
SIR P. This three weeks, all my advices, all my letters: They have been intercepted.
PER. Indeed, sir! Best have a care.
SIR P. Nay, so I will.
PER. <This knight, I may not lose him, for my mirth, till night.>
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

VOLPONE *and* MOSCA, *still in their disguise, have just returned home.*

VOLP. O, I am wounded!
MOS. Where, sir?
VOLP. Not without; Those blows were nothing: I could bear them ever; But angry Cupid, bolting from her eyes, Hath shot himself into me like a flame, Where now he flings about his burning heat, As in a furnace an ambitious fire Whose vent is stopped. The fight is all within me. I cannot live, except thou help me, Mosca; My liver melts; and I, without the hope Of some soft air from her refreshing breath, Am but a heap of cinders.
MOS. 'Las, good sir, Would you had never seen her!
VOLP. Nay, would thou Hadst never told me of her!
MOS. Sir, 'tis true; I do confess I was unfortunate, And you unhappy; but I'm bound in conscience, No less than duty, to effect my best To your release of torment, and I will, sir.
VOLP. Dear Mosca, shall I hope?
MOS. Sir, more than dear, I will not bid you to despair of aught Within a human compass.
VOLP. O, there spoke My better angel. Mosca, take my keys, Gold, plate, and jewels, all's at thy devotion; Employ them how thou wilt: nay, coin me too; So thou in this but crown my longings, Mosca.
MOS. Use but your patience.
VOLP. So I have.
MOS. I doubt not To bring success to your desires.
VOLP. Nay, then, I not repent me of my late disguise.
MOS. If you can horn him, sir, you need not.
VOLP. True: Besides, I never meant him for my heir. Is not the color o' my beard and eyebrows To make me known?
MOS. No jot.
VOLP. I did it well?
MOS. So well, would I could follow you in mine With half the happiness! and yet I would Escape your epilogue.[28]
VOLP. But were they gulled With a belief that I was Scoto?
MOS. Sir, Scoto himself could hardly have distinguished! I have not time to flatter you now; we'll part: And, as I prosper, so applaud my art.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III

Into a room in his house CORVINO, *who has a sword in his hand, drags* CELIA.

CORV. Death of mine honor, with the city's fool! A juggling, tooth-drawing, prating mountebank! And at a public windore! where, whilst he, With his strained action, and his dole of faces,

[28] the beating.

To his drug-lecture draws your itching ears,
A crew of old, unmarried, noted lechers,
Stood leering up like satyrs; and you smile
Most graciously, and fan your favors forth,
To give your hot spectators satisfaction!
What, was your mountebank their call? their whistle? [20
Or were you enamored on his copper rings,
His saffron jewel, with the toad-stone in't,
Or his embroidered suit, with the cope-stitch,
Made of a hearse cloth? or his old tilt-feather?
Or his starched beard! Well, you shall have him, yes!
He shall come home, and minister unto you [31
The fricace for the mother.[29] Or, let me see,
I think you'd rather mount; would you not mount?
Why, if you'll mount, you may; yes, truly, you may!
And so you may be seen, down to the foot.
Get you a cittern, Lady Vanity, [40
And be a dealer with the virtuous man;
Make one. I'll but protest myself a cuckold,
And save your dowry. I'm a Dutch-man, I!
For, if you thought me an Italiän,
You would be damned ere you did this, you whore!
Thou'dst tremble to imagine that the murder [50
Of father, mother, brother, all thy race,
Should follow, as the subject of my justice.

CEL. Good sir, have patience.

CORV. What couldst thou propose
Less to thyself, than, in this heat of wrath,
And stung with my dishonor, I should strike
This steel into thee, with as many stabs
As thou wert gazed upon with goatish eyes? [62

CEL. Alas, sir, be appeased! I could not think
My being at the windore should more now
Move your impatience than at other times.

CORV. No! not to seek and entertain a parley [70
With a known knave before a multitude!
You were an actor with your handkerchief,
Which he most sweetly kissed in the receipt,
And might, no doubt, return it with a letter,
And point the place where you might meet; your sister's,
Your mother's, or your aunt's might serve the turn. [81

CEL. Why, dear sir, when do I make these excuses,
Or ever stir abroad but to the church?
And that so seldom—

CORV. Well, it shall be less;
And thy restraint before was liberty
To what I now decree: and therefore mark me:
First, I will have this bawdy light dammed up; [91
And, till't be done, some two or three yards off,
I'll chalk a line, o'er which if thou but chance
To set thy desp'rate foot, more hell, more horror,
More wild remorseless rage shall seize on thee
Than on a conjuror that had heedless left [101
His circle's safety ere his devil was laid.
Then here's a lock which I will hang upon thee,
And, now I think on't, I will keep thee backwards;
Thy lodging shall be backwards; thy walks backwards;
Thy prospect, all be backwards; and no pleasure, [110

[29] hysteria.

That thou shalt know but backwards: nay, since you force
My honest nature, know, it is your own,
Being too open, makes me use you thus:
Since you will not contain your subtle nostrils
In a sweet room, but they must snuff the air
Of rank and sweaty passengers. [*Knock within.*] One knocks. [120
Away, and be not seen, pain of thy life;
Nor look toward the windore; if thou dost—
Nay, stay, hear this—let me not prosper, whore,
But I will make thee an anatomy,[30]
Dissect thee mine own self, and read a lecture
Upon thee to the city, and in public.
Away!— [*Exit* Celia. [130

Enter Servant.

Who's there?
Ser. 'Tis Signior Mosca, sir.
Corv. Let him come in. [*Exit* Servant.]
His master's dead; there's yet
Some good to help the bad.

Enter Mosca.

My Mosca, welcome!
I guess your news.
Mos. I fear you cannot, sir. [141
Corv. Is't not his death?
Mos. Rather the contrary.
Corv. Not his recovery?
Mos. Yes, sir.
Corv. I am cursed,
I am bewitched, my crosses meet to vex me.
How? how? how? how?
Mos. Why, sir, with Scoto's oil;
Corbaccio and Voltore brought of it, [150
Whilst I was busy in an inner room—
Corv. Death! that damned mountebank! but for the law
Now, I could kill the rascal: it cannot be
His oil should have that virtue. Ha' not I
Known him a common rogue, come fiddling in
To the *osteria*[31] with a tumbling whore,
And, when he has done all his forced tricks, been glad [160
Of a poor spoonful of dead wine, with flies in't?
It cannot be. All his ingredients
Are a sheep's gall, a roasted bitch's marrow,
Some few sod[32] earwigs, pounded caterpillars,
A little capon's grease, and fasting spittle:
I know them to a dram.
Mos. I know not, sir; [170
But some on't, there, they poured into his ears,
Some in his nostrils, and recovered him,
Applying but the fricace.
Corv. Pox o' that fricace!
Mos. And since, to seem the more officiöus
And flatt'ring of his health, there, they have had,
At extreme fees, the college of physicians
Consulting on him, how they might restore him; [182
Where one would have a cataplasm[33] of spices,
Another a flayed ape clapped to his breast,
A third would have it a dog, a fourth an oil,
With wild cats' skins: at last, they all resolved [190
That to preserve him, was no other means
But some young woman must be straight sought out,
Lusty, and full of juice, to sleep by him;
And to this service most unhappily,
And most unwillingly, am I now employed,
Which here I thought to pre-acquaint you with,
For your advice, since it concerns you most; [201
Because I would not do that thing might cross
Your ends, on whom I have my whole dependence, sir;
Yet, if I do it not, they may delate[34]
My slackness to my patron, work me out

[30] a corpse.
[31] inn.
[32] boiled.
[33] poultice.
[34] denounce.

Of his opinion; and there all your hopes,
Ventures, or whatsoever, are all frustrate!
I do but tell you, sir. Besides, they are all [211
Now striving who shall first present him; therefore—
I could entreat you, briefly conclude somewhat;
Prevent[35] 'em if you can.
CORV. Death to my hopes!
This is my villanous fortune! Best to hire
Some common courtesan. [220
MOS. Ay, I thought on that, sir;
But they are all so subtle, full of art;
And age again, doting and flexible,
So as—I cannot tell—we may, perchance,
Light on a quean may cheat us all.
CORV. 'Tis true.
MOS. No, no: it must be one that has no tricks, sir,
Some simple thing, a creature made unto it, [230
Some wench you may command. Ha' you no kinswoman?
God's so—Think, think, think, think, think, think, think, sir.
One o' the doctors offered there his daughter.
CORV. How!
MOS. Yes, Signior Lupo, the physician.
CORV. His daughter! [239
MOS. And a virgin, sir. Why, alas,
He knows the state of's body, what it is:
That nought can warm his blood, sir, but a fever,
Nor any incantation raise his spirit:
A long forgetfulness hath seized that part.
Besides, sir, who shall know it? Some one or two—
CORV. I pray thee give me leave. <If any man [250
But I had had this luck.> The thing in 'tself,
I know, is nothing. <Wherefore should not I
As well command my blood and my affections
As this dull doctor? In the point of honor,
The cases are all one of wife and daughter.> [260
MOS. <I hear him coming.>
CORV. <She shall do't: 'tis done.
Slight! if this doctor, who is not engaged,
Unless 't be for his counsel, which is nothing,
Offer his daughter, what should I, that am
So deeply in? I will prevent him: Wretch! [270
Covetous wretch!> Mosca, I have determined.
MOS. How, sir?
CORV. We'll make all sure. The party you wot of
Shall be mine own wife, Mosca.
MOS. Sir, the thing,
But that I would not seem to counsel you,
I should have motioned[36] to you, at the first; [281
And make your count you have cut all their throats.
Why, 'tis directly taking a possession;
And in his next fit we may let him go.
'Tis but to pull the pillow from his head,
And he is throttled: it had been done before
But for your scrupulous doubts.
CORV. Ay, a plague on't, [290
My conscience fools my wit! Well, I'll be brief;
And so be thou, lest they should be before us.
Go home, prepare him, tell him with what zeal
And willingness I do it: swear it was
On the first hearing, as thou mayst do, truly,
Mine own free motion. [300
MOS. Sir, I warrant you,
I'll so possess him with it, that the rest
Of his starved clients shall be banished all;
And only you received. But come not, sir,
Until I send, for I have something else
To ripen for your good; you must not know't.

[35] anticipate.

[36] propounded.

CORV. But do not you forget to send now.
MOS. Fear not. [*Exit.*
CORV., *calling.* Where are you, wife? My Celia! wife!

Enter CELIA.

—What, blubbering?
Come, dry those tears. I think thou thought'st me in earnest;
Ha! by this light I talked so but to try thee:
Methinks, the lightness of the occasiön
Should have confirmed thee. Come, I am not jealous.
CEL. No?
CORV. Faith I am not, I, nor never was;
It is a poor unprofitable humor.
Do not I know, if women have a will,
They'll do 'gainst all the watches o' the world,
And that the fiercest spies are tamed with gold?
Tut, I am confident in thee, thou shalt see't;
And see: I'll give thee cause too, to believe it.
Come, kiss me. Go, and make thee ready straight,
In all thy best attire, thy choicest jewels;
Put 'em all on, and, with 'em, thy best looks:
We are invited to a solemn feast,
At old Volpone's, where it shall appear
How far I am free from jealousy or fear.
[*Exit* CELIA.

ACT THREE

SCENE I

A little later, MOSCA *is in St. Mark's Place, communing with himself.*

MOS. I fear I shall begin to grow in love
With my dear self and my most prosp'rous parts,
They do so spring and burgeon; I can feel
A whimsy i' my blood: I know not how,
Success hath made me wanton. I could skip
Out of my skin now, like a subtle snake,
I am so limber. O! your parasite
Is a most precious thing, dropped from above,
Not bred 'mongst clods and clodpoles, here on earth.
I muse the mystery[1] was not made a science,
It is so liberally professed! Almost
All the wise world is little else, in nature,
But parasites or sub-parasites. And yet
I mean not those that have your bare town-art,
To know who's fit to feed them; have no house,
No family, no care, and therefore mould
Tales for men's ears, to bait that sense; or get
Kitchen-invention, and some stale receipts
To please the belly, and the groin; nor those,
With their court dog-tricks, that can fawn and fleer,
Make their revénue out of legs[2] and faces,[3]
Echo my lord, and lick away a moth:
But your fine elegant rascal, that can rise
And stoop, almost together, like an arrow;
Shoot through the air as nimbly as a star;
Turn short as doth a swallow; and be here,
And there, and here, and yonder, all at once,
Present to any humor, all occasion;
And change a visor swifter than a thought!
This is the creature had the art born with him;
Toils not to learn it, but doth practise it
Out of most excellent nature: and such sparks
Are the true parasites, others but their zanies.

Enter BONARIO.

<Who's this? Bonario, old Corbaccio's son?

[1] profession. [2] bows. [3] smiles.

The person I was bound to seek.> Fair sir,
You are happ'ly met.
BON. That cannot be by thee.
MOS. Why, sir?
BON. Nay, pray thee know thy way, and leave me:
I would be loth to interchange discourse
With such a mate as thou art. [70
MOS. Courteous sir,
Scorn not my poverty.
BON. Not I, by heaven;
But thou shalt give me leave to hate thy baseness.
MOS. Baseness!
BON. Ay; answer me, is not thy sloth
Sufficient argument? thy flattery?
Thy means of feeding?
MOS. Heaven be good to me! [80
These imputations are too common, sir,
And eas'ly stuck on virtue when she's poor.
You are unequal[4] to me, and, howe'er
Your sentence may be righteous, yet you are not,
That, ere you know me, thus proceed in censure:
St. Mark bear witness 'gainst you, 'tis inhuman [*Weeps.* [90
BON. <What! does he weep? the sign is soft and good:
I do repent me that I was so harsh.>
MOS. 'Tis true, that, swayed by strong necessity,
I am enforced to eat my careful bread
With too much obsequy; 'tis true, beside,
That I am fain to spin mine own poor raiment [100
Out of my mere observance,[5] being not born
To a free fortune; but that I have done
Base offices, in rending friends asunder,
Dividing families, betraying counsels,
Whispering false lies, or mining men with praises,
Trained their credulity with perjuries,
Corrupted chastity, or am in love
With mine own tender ease, but would not rather [111

Prove the most rugged and laborious course,
That might redeem my present estimation,
Let me here perish, in all hope of goodness.
BON. <This cannot be a personated passion.>
I was to blame so to mistake thy nature;
Pray thee forgive me; and speak out thy bus'ness. [122
MOS. Sir, it concerns you; and, though I may seem
At first to make a main offence in manners,
And in my gratitude unto my master,
Yet, for the pure love which I bear all right
And hatred of the wrong, I must reveal it: [131
This very hour your father is in purpose
To disinherit you—
BON. How!
MOS. And thrust you forth,
As a mere stranger to his blood: 'tis true, sir.
The work no way engageth me, but as
I claim an interest in the general state
Of goodness and true virtue, which I hear [142
T' abound in you, and for which mere respect,
Without a second aim, sir, I have done it.
BON. This tale hath lost thee much of the late trust
Thou hadst with me; it is impossible.
I know not how to lend it any thought
My father should be so unnatural. [150
MOS. It is a confidence that well becomes
Your piety,[6] and formed, no doubt, it is
From your own simple innocence, which makes
Your wrong more monstrous and abhorred. But, sir,
I now will tell you more. This very minute
It is or will be doing; and, if you [160

[4] unjust. [5] service. [6] filial affection.

Shall be but pleased to go with me, I'll bring you,
I dare not say where you shall see, but where
Your ear shall be a witness of the deed,
Hear yourself written bastard, and professed
The common issue of the earth.
BON. I'm mazed!
MOS. Sir, if I do it not, draw your just sword,
And score your vengeance on my front and face;
Mark me your villain; you have too much wrong,
And I do suffer for you, sir. My heart
Weeps blood in anguish.
BON. Lead; I follow thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II

We are back in the room in VOLPONE'S *house that was the scene of the opening of the play.* VOLPONE *is impatient for the return of* MOSCA. NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE *are in attendance on him, awaiting his good pleasure.*

VOLP. <Mosca stays long, methinks.> Bring forth your sports,
And help to make the wretched time more sweet.
NAN. *Dwarf, fool, and eunuch, well met here we be.*
A question it were now, whether of us three,
Being all the known delicates of a rich man,
In pleasing him, claim the precedency can.
CAS. *I claim for myself.*
AND. *And so doth the fool.*
NAN. *'Tis foolish indeed: let me set you both to school.*
First for your dwarf, he's little and witty;
And everything, as it is little, is pretty;
Else why do men say to a creature of my shape,
So soon as they see him, "It's a pretty little ape"?
And why a pretty ape, but for pleasing imitation
Of greater men's actions, in a ridiculous fashion?
Beside, this feat[7] *body of mine doth not crave*
Half the meat, drink, and cloth, one of your bulks will have.
Admit your fool's face be the mother of laughter,
Yet, for his brain, it must always come after:
And though that do feed him, it's a pitiful case,
His body is beholding to such a bad face. [*One knocks.*
VOLP. Who's there? My couch; away! look! Nano, see:
[*Exeunt* ANDROGYNO *and* CASTRONE.
Give me my caps first—go, inquire. [*Exit* NANO.] Now, Cupid
Send it be Mosca, and with fair return!
NAN., *at the door.* It is the beauteous madam—
VOLP. Would-be—is it?
NAN. The same.
VOLP. Now torment on me! Squire her in;
For she will enter, or dwell here for ever:
Nay, quickly. [*Retires to his couch.*] That my fit were past! I fear
A second hell too, that my loathing this
Will quite expel my appetite to the other.
Would she were taking now her tedious leave!
Lord, how it threats me what I am to suffer!

Enter NANO *and* LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE.

LADY P. I thank you, good sir. Pray you signify
Unto your patron I am here. <This band
Shows not my neck enough.> I trouble you, sir;
Let me request you bid one of my women
Come hither to me. [*Exit* NANO.] In good faith, I am dressed
Most favorably to-day! It is no matter:
'Tis well enough.

[7] neat.

Re-enter NANO, *with a* WAITING-WOMAN.

Look, see these petulant things,
How they have done this!
VOLP. <I do feel the fever
Ent'ring in at mine ears; O, for a charm,
To fright it hence!>
LADY P. Come nearer: is this curl
In his right place, or this? Why is this higher [90
Than all the rest? You ha' not washed your eyes yet!
Or do they not stand even i' your head?
Where is your fellow? call her.

[*Exit* WOMAN.

NAN. <Now, St. Mark
Deliver us! anon she'll beat her women,
Because her nose is red.>

Re-enter WAITING-WOMAN, *with another.*

LADY P. I pray you view [100
This tire,[8] forsooth: are all things apt, or no?
1 WOM. One hair a little here sticks out, forsooth.
LADY P. Does't so, forsooth! and where was your dear sight,
When it did so, forsooth! What now! bird-eyed?—
And you, too? Pray you, both approach and mend it. [110
Now, by that light I muse y'are not ashamed!
I, that have preached these things so oft unto you,
Read you the principles, argued all the grounds,
Disputed every fitness, every grace,
Called you to counsel of so frequent dressings—
NAN. <More carefully than of your fame or honor.> [121
LADY P. Made you acquainted what an ample dowry
The knowledge of these things would be unto you
Able alone to get you noble husbands
At your return: and you thus to neglect it!
Besides, you seeing what a curious nation
Th' Italians are, what will they say of me? [131
"The English lady cannot dress herself."
Here's a fine imputation to our country!
Well, go your ways, and stay i' the next room.
This fucus[9] was too coarse too; it's no matter.—
Good sir, you'll give 'em entertainment?

[*Exeunt* NANO *and Waiting-women.*

VOLP. <The storm comes toward me.>
LADY P., *going to the couch.* How does my Volpone? [142
VOLP. Troubled with noise, I cannot sleep; I dreamt
That a strange fury entered now my house,
And, with the dreadful tempest of her breath,
Did cleave my roof asunder.
LADY P. Believe me, and I
Had the most fearful dream, could I remember't— [152
VOLP. <Out on my fate! I ha' giv'n her the occasion
How to torment me: she will tell me hers.>
LADY P. Methought the golden mediocrity,
Polite and delicate—
VOLP. O, if you do love me,
No more: I sweat and suffer at the mention [162
Of any dream; feel how I tremble yet.
LADY P. Alas, good soul! the passion of the heart.
Seed-pearl were good now, boiled with syrup of apples,
Tincture of gold, and coral, citron-pills,
Your elecampane root, myrobalanes—
VOLP. <Ay me, I have ta'en a grasshopper by the wing!> [171
LADY P. Burnt silk and amber. You have muscadel
Good i' the house—
VOLP. You will not drink and part?
LADY P. No, fear not that. I doubt we shall not get

[8] head-dress.

[9] cosmetic.

Some English saffron; half a dram would serve;
Your sixteen cloves, a little musk, dried mints,
Bugloss, and barley-meal—
VOLP. <She's in again!
Before I feigned diseases; now I have one.>
LADY P. And these applied with a right scarlet cloth.
VOLP. <Another flood of words! a very torrent!>
LADY P. Shall I, sir, make you a poultice?
VOLP. No, no, no.
I'm very well, you need prescribe no more.
LADY P. I have a little studied physic; but now
I'm all for music, save, i' the forenoons,
An hour or two for painting. I would have
A lady, indeed, t' have all letters and arts,
Be able to discourse, to write, to paint;
But principal, as Plato holds, your music,
And so does wise Pythagoras, I take it,
Is your true rapture (when there is concent
In face, in voice, and clothes), and is, indeed,
Our sex's chiefest ornament.
VOLP. The poet
As old in time as Plato, and as knowing,
Says that your highest female grace is silence.
LADY P. Which of your poets? Petrarch, or Tasso, or Dante?
Guarini? Ariosto? Aretine?
Cieco di Hadria? I have read them all.
VOLP. <Is everything a cause to my destruction?>
LADY P. I think I ha' two or three of 'em about me.
VOLP. <The sun, the sea, will sooner both stand still
Than her eternal tongue! nothing can scape it.>
LADY P., *producing book*. Here's Pastor Fido—
VOLP. <Profess obstinate silence;
That's now my safest.>
LADY P. All our English writers,
I mean such as are happy in th' Italian,
Will deign to steal out of this author mainly,
Almost as much as from Montagnié:
He has so modern and facile a vein,
Fitting the time, and catching the court-ear!
Your Petrarch is more passionate, yet he,
In days of sonnetting, trusted 'em with much;
Dante is hard, and few can understand him;
But, for a desperate wit, there's Aretine;
Only his pictures are a little obscene—
You mark me not.
VOLP. Alas, my mind's perturbed.
LADY P. Why, in such cases, we must cure ourselves,
Make use of our philosophy—
VOLP. Oh me!
LADY P. And, as we find our passions do rebel,
Encounter 'em with reason, or divert 'em
By giving scope unto some other humor
Of lesser danger, as, in politic bodies,
There's nothing more doth overwhelm the judgment
And cloud the understanding than too much
Settling and fixing, and, as 'twere, subsiding
Upon one object; for the incorporating
Of these same outward things into that part
Which we call mental leaves some certain faeces
That stop the organs, and, as Plato says,
Assassinates our knowledge.
VOLP. <Now, the spirit
Of patience help me!>
LADY P. Come, in faith, I must
Visit you more a days, and make you well:
Laugh and be lusty.
VOLP. <My good angel save me!>
LADY P. There was but one sole man in all the world

With whom I e'er could sympathize; and he
Would lie you often three, four hours together [281
To hear me speak, and be sometimes so rapt
As he would answer me quite from the purpose,
Like you; and you are like him, just. I'll discourse,
An't be but only, sir, to bring you asleep,
How we did spend our time and loves together, [291
For some six years.

VOLP. <Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh!>

LADY P. For we were coaetanei[10] and brought up—

VOLP. <Some power, some fate, some fortune rescue me!>

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. God save you, madam!

LADY P. Good sir. [300

VOLP. <Mosca! welcome,
Welcome to my redemption.

Mos. Why, sir?

VOLP. Oh,
Rid me of this my torture, quickly, there,
My madam with the everlasting voice:
The bells, in time of pestilence, ne'er made
Like noise, or were in that perpetual motion; [311
The Cock-pit comes not near it. All my house,
But now, steamed like a bath with her thick breath;
A lawyer could not have been heard; nor scarce
Another woman, such a hail of words
She has let fall. For hell's sake, rid her hence. [320

Mos Has she presented?[11]

VOLP. Oh, I do not care;
I'll take her absence upon any price,
With any loss.>

Mos. Madam—

LADY P. I ha' brought your patron
A toy, a cap here, of mine own work.

Mos. 'Tis well.
I had forgot to tell you I saw your knight
Where you would little think it.— [330

LADY P. Where?

Mos. Marry,
Where yet, if you make haste, you may apprehend him,
Rowing upon the water in a gondole,
With the most cunning courtesan of Venice.

LADY P. Is't true?

Mos. Pursue 'em, and believe your eyes: [340
Leave me to make your gift.

[*Exit* LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE *hastily*.

I knew 'twould take:
For, lightly, they that use themselves most license
Are still most jealous.

VOLP. Mosca, hearty thanks
For thy quick fiction, and delivery of me!
Now to my hopes, what say'st thou? [349

Re-enter LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE.

LADY P. But do you hear, sir?—

VOLP. <Again! I fear a paroxysm.>

LADY P. Which way
Rowed they together?

Mos. Toward the Rialto.

LADY P. I pray you lend me your dwarf.

Mos. I pray you take him.

[*Exit* LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE.

Your hopes, sir, are like happy blossoms, fair, [361
And promise timely fruit, if you will stay
But the maturing; keep you at your couch,
Corbaccio will arrive straight, with the will;
When he is gone, I'll tell you more.

[*Exit*.

VOLP. My blood,
My spirits are returned; I am alive:
And, like your wanton gamester at primero, [372
Whose thought had whispered to him, not go less,
Methinks I lie, and draw—for an encounter.

[10] of the same age.
[11] offered her gift.

[*He draws the curtains, concealing himself from view.*

Re-enter MOSCA *with* BONARIO.

Mos. Sir, here concealed [*pointing to an arras*] you may hear all. But, pray you, [382
Have patience, sir; [*one knocks*] the same's your father knocks:
I am compelled to leave you. [*Exit.*
BON. Do so.—Yet
Cannot my thought imagine this a truth. [*Goes behind the arras.*

Re-enter MOSCA *with* CORVINO *and* CELIA. MOSCA *is annoyed:* CORVINO *has come out of his turn: it was* CORBACCIO *who was expected.* [392

Mos. Death on me! you are come too soon, what meant you?
Did not I say I would send?
CORV. Yes, but I feared
You might forget it, and then they prevent us.
Mos. Prevent! <Did e'er man haste so for his horns? [400
A courtier would not ply it so for a place.>
Well, now there is no helping it, stay here;
I'll presently return. [*Exit.*
CORV. Where are you, Celia?
You know not wherefore I have brought you hither?
CEL. Not well, except you told me.
CORV. Now I will:
Hark hither. [411

[*They move over to a corner of the room, where* CORVINO *proceeds to tell* CELIA *what he expects of her.*

MOSCA *re-enters.* BONARIO, *knowing that his father is not there, shows his face.*

Mos., *to* BONARIO. <Sir, your father hath sent word,
It will be half an hour ere he come; [420
And therefore, if you please to walk the while
Into that gallery—at the upper end,
There are some books to entertain the time:
And I'll take care no man shall come unto you, sir.
BON. Yes, I will stay there.> [*To himself.*] <I do doubt this fellow.>
[*Exit.* [430
Mos., *looking after him at the back of the arras.* <There; he is far enough; he can hear nothing:
And, for his father, I can keep him off.>
[*Opens the curtains, showing* VOLPONE *on his couch.*
CORV., *advancing, forcing* CELIA *forward.* Nay, now, there is no starting back, and therefore,
Resolve upon it: I have so decreed. [440
It must be done. Nor would I move 't afore,
Because I would avoid all shifts and tricks,
That might deny me.
CEL. Sir, let me beseech you,
Affect not these strange trials; if you doubt
My chastity, why, lock me up for ever;
Make me the heir of darkness: let me live [451
Where I may please your fears, if not your trust.
CORV. Believe it, I have no such humor, I.
All that I speak I mean; yet I'm not mad;
Not horn-mad, you see? Go to, show yourself
Obedient, and a wife. [460
CEL. O heaven!
CORV. I say it,
Do so.
CEL. Was this the train?
CORV. I've told you reasons;
What the physicians have set down; how much
It may concern me; what my engagements are;
My means, and the necessity of those means [471
For my recovery; wherefore, if you be
Loyal and mine, be won, respect my venture.
CEL. Before your honor?
CORV. Honor! tut, a breath:

There's no such thing in nature; a mere term
Invented to awe fools. What is my gold
The worse for touching, clothes for being looked on? [481
Why, this's no more. An old decrepit wretch,
That has no sense, no sinew; takes his meat
With others' fingers; only knows to gape
When you do scald his gums; a voice; a shadow;
And what can this man hurt you?
CEL. <Lord! what spirit
Is this hath entered him?> [491
CORV. And, for your fame,
That's such a jig; as if I would go tell it,
Cry it on the Piazza! Who shall know it,
But he that cannot speak it and this fellow,
Whose lips are i' my pocket? Save yourself
(If you'll proclaim't, you may), I know no other [500
Should come to know it.
CEL. Are heaven and saints then nothing?
Will they be blind or stupid?
CORV. How!
CEL. Good sir,
Be jealous still, emulate them; and think
What hate they burn with toward every sin.
CORV. I grant you: if I thought it were a sin, [511
I would not urge you. Should I offer this
To some young Frenchman, or hot Tuscan blood
That had read Aretine, conned all his prints,
Knew every quirk within lust's labyrinth,
And were professed critic in lechery,
And I would look upon him, and applaud him, [521
This were a sin; but here, 'tis contrary,
A pious work, mere charity for physic,
And honest polity, to assure mine own.
CEL. O heaven! canst thou suffer such a change?
VOLP. <Thou art mine honor, Mosca, and my pride,
My joy, my tickling, my delight! Go bring 'em.> [530
MOS., *advancing*. Please you draw neär, sir.
CORV. Come on, what—
You will not be rebellious? By that light—
MOS. Sir, Signior Corvino, here, is come to see you.
VOLP. Oh!
MOS. And, hearing of the consultation had, [540
So lately, for your health, is come to offer,
Or rather, sir, to prostitute—
CORV. Thanks, sweet Mosca.
MOS. Freely, unasked, or unintreated—
CORV. Well.
MOS. As the true fervent instance of his love,
His own most fair and proper wife; the beauty [550
Only of price in Venice—
CORV. 'Tis well urged.
MOS. To be your comfortress, and to preserve you.
VOLP. Alas, I am past, already! Pray you, thank him
For his good care and promptness; but for that,
'Tis a vain labor e'en to fight 'gainst heaven, [560
Applying fire to stone—[*coughing*] uh, uh, uh, uh!—
Making a dead leaf grow again. I take
His wishes gently, though; and you may tell him
What I have done for him: marry, my state is hopeless.
Will him to pray for me; and t' use his fortune
With reverence when he comes to't. [570
MOS. Do you hear, sir?
Go to him with your wife.
CORV. Heart of my father!
Wilt thou persist thus? Come, I pray thee, come.
Thou seest 'tis nothing, Celia. By this hand,

I shall grow violent. Come, do't, I say.
CEL. Sir, kill me, rather: I will take down poison, [580
Eat burning coals, do anything—
CORV. Be damned!
Heart! I will drag thee hence home by the hair;
Cry thee a strumpet through the streets; rip up
Thy mouth unto thine ears; and slit thy nose,
Like a raw rochet! Do not tempt me; come, [590
Yield, I am loth. Death! I will buy some slave
Whom I will kill, and bind thee to him alive,
And at my windore hang you forth, devising
Some monstrous crime, which I, in capital letters,
Will eat into thy flesh with aquafortis
And burning cor'sives,[12] on this stubborn breast. [601
Now, by the blood thou hast incensed, I'll do't!
CEL. Sir, what you please you may; I am your martyr.
CORV. Be not thus obstinate, I ha' not deserved it:
Think who it is entreats you. Pray thee, sweet.
Good faith, thou shalt have jewels, gowns, attires, [611
What thou wilt think, and ask. Do but go kiss him,
Or touch him but. For my sake. At my suit—
This once.—No! not! I shall remember this.
Will you disgrace me thus? Do you thirst my undoing?
MOS. Nay, gentle lady, be advised. [620
CORV. No, no.
She has watched her time. God's precious! this is scurvy,
'Tis very scurvy; and you are—
MOS. Nay, good sir.
CORV. An arrant locust—by heaven, a locust!—

[12] corrosives.

Whore, crocodile, that hast thy tear prepared,
Expecting how thou'lt bid 'em flow— [63
MOS. Nay, pray you, sir!
She will consider.
CEL. Would my life would serv
To satisfy—
CORV. 'Sdeath! if she would but speal to him,
And save my reputation, 'twere some what;
But spitefully to affect my utter ruin
MOS. Ay, now you have put your for tune in her hands. [64
Why, i' faith, it is her modesty, I mus quit[13] her.
If you were absent, she would be mor coming;
I know it: and dare undertake for her.
What woman can before her husband Pray you,
Let us depart and leave her here.
CORV. Sweet Celia,
Thou mayest redeem all yet; I'll say n more: [65
If not, esteem yourself as lost. Nay, stay there. [*Exit with* MOSCA
CEL. O God, and his good angels whither, whither,
Is shame fled human breasts? that with such ease,
Men dare put off your honors and thei own? [66
Is that which ever was a cause of life
Now placed beneath the basest circum stance,
And modesty an exile made, for money?
VOLP., *leaping from his couch.* Ay, i Corvino, and such earth-fed minds
That never tasted the true heaven of love
Assure thee, Celia, he that would sel thee,
Only for hope of gain, and that uncer tain, [671
He would have sold his part of Paradise
For ready money, had he met a cope man.[14]
Why art thou mazed to see me thus re vived?
Rather applaud thy beauty's miracle;

[13] acquit.
[14] merchant.

'Tis thy great work, that hath, not now alone,
But sundry times raised me, in several shapes,
And, but this morning, like a mountebank,
To see thee at thy windore: ay, before
I would have left my practice, for thy love,
In varying figures, I would have contended
With the blue Proteus, or the hornëd flood.
Now art thou welcome.

CEL. Sir!

VOLP. Nay, fly me not,
Nor let thy false imaginatiön
That I was bed-rid, make thee think I am so:
Thou shalt not find it. I am now as fresh,
As hot, as high, and in as jovial plight
As, when, in that so celebrated scene,
At recitation of our comedy,
For entertainment of the great Valois,
I acted young Antinous, and attracted
The eyes and ears of all the ladies present,
To admire each graceful gesture, note, and footing. [*Sings.*

Come, my Celia, let us prove
While we can, the sports of love,
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever;
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But, if once we lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumor are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
Thus removëd by our wile?
'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
But the sweet thefts to reveal:
To be taken, to be seen,
These have crimes accounted been.

CEL. Some serene[15] blast me, or dire lightning strike
This my offending face!

VOLP. Why droops my Celia?
Thou hast, in place of a base husband, found
A worthy lover: use thy fortune well,
With secrecy and pleasure. See, behold,
What thou art queen of; not in expectation,
As I feed others: but possessed and crowned.
See, here, a rope of pearl; and each more orient
Than the brave Aegyptian queen caroused:
Dissolve and drink 'em. See, a carbuncle,
May put out both the eyes of our St. Mark;
A diamond, would have bought Lollia Paulina,
When she came in like star-light, hid with jewels
That were the spoils of provinces; take these
And wear, and lose 'em; yet remains an earring
To purchase them again and this whole state.
A gem but worth a private patrimony
Is nothing; we will eat such at a meal;
The heads of parrots, tongues of nightingales,
The brains of peacocks, and of estriches,
Shall be our food, and, could we get the phoenix,
Though nature lost her kind, she were our dish.

CEL. Good sir, these things might move a mind affected
With such delights; but I, whose innocence
Is all I can think wealthy, or worth th' enjoying,
And which, once lost, I have nought to lose beyond it,
Cannot be taken with these sensual baits:
If you have conscience—

VOLP. 'Tis the beggar's virtue;
If thou hast wisdom, hear me, Celia.
Thy baths shall be the juice of July-flowers,
Spirit of roses, and of violets,
The milk of unicorns, and panthers' breath

[15] mildew.

Gathered in bags, and mixed with Cretan wines.
Our drink shall be preparëd gold and amber;
Which we will take until my roof whirl round
With the vertigo: and my dwarf shall dance,
My eunuch sing, my fool make up the antic,
Whilst we, in changëd shapes, act Ovid's tales,
Thou, like Europa now, and I like Jove,
Then I like Mars, and thou like Erycine;
So of the rest, till we have quite run through,
And wearied all the fables of the gods.
Then will I have thee in more modern forms,
Attirëd like some sprightly dame of France,
Brave Tuscan lady, or proud Spanish beauty;
Sometimes unto the Persian sophy's wife,
Or the grand signior's mistress; and, for change,
To one of our most artful courtesans,
Or some quick Negro, or cold Russiän;
And I will meet thee in as many shapes:
Where we may so transfuse our wand'ring souls
Out at our lips, and score up sums of pleasures, [*Sings.*

> That the curious shall not know
> How to tell them as they flow
> And the envious, when they find
> What their number is, be pined.

Cel. If you have ears that will be pierced, or eyes
That can be opened, a heart that may be touched,
Or any part that yet sounds man about you;
If you have touch of holy saints, or heaven,
Do me the grace to let me scape. If not,
Be bountiful, and kill me. You do know,
I am a creature, hither ill betrayed,
By one whose shame I would forget it were.
If you will deign me neither of these graces,
Yet feed your wrath, sir, rather than your lust
(It is a vice comes nearer manliness),
And punish that unhappy crime of nature
Which you miscall my beauty: flay my face,
Or poison it with ointments, for seducing
Your blood to this rebellion. Rub these hands
With what may cause an eating leprosy,
E'en to my bones and marrow: anything
That may disfavor me, save in my honor;
And I will kneel to you, pray for you, pay down
A thousand hourly vows, sir, for your health;
Report, and think you virtuous—
Volp. Think me cold,
Frozen, and impotent, and so report me!
That I had Nestor's hernia, thou wouldst think.
I do degenerate, and abuse my nation,
To play with opportunity thus long;
I should have done the act, and then have parleyed.
Yield, or I'll force thee. [*Seizes her.*
Cel. O! just God!
Volp. In vain—
Bon., *rushing in from behind the arras.* Forbear, foul ravisher! libidinous swine!
Free the forced lady, or thou diest, impostor.
But that I'm loth to snatch thy punishment
Out of the hand of justice, thou shouldst yet
Be made the timely sacrifice of vengeance
Before this altar and this dross, thy idol.—
Lady, let's quit the place, it is the den
Of villany. Fear nought, you have a guard;
And he ere long shall meet his just reward. [*Exeunt* Bonario *and* Celia.
Volp. Fall on me, roof, and bury me in ruin!
Become my grave, that wert my shelter! O!

I am unmasked, unspirited, undone,
Betrayed to beggary, to infamy—

Enter Mosca, *wounded and bleeding.*

Mos. Where shall I run, most wretched shame of men,
To beat out my unlucky brains?
Volp. Here, here.
What! dost thou bleed?
Mos. O, that his well-driv'n sword
Had been so courteous to have cleft me down
Unto the navel, ere I lived to see
My life, my hopes, my spirits, my patron, all
Thus desperately engagëd by my error!
Volp. Woe on thy fortune!
Mos. And my follies, sir.
Volp. Thou hast made me miserable.
Mos. And myself, sir.
Who would have thought he would have hearkened so?
Volp. What shall we do?
Mos. I know not; if my heart
Could expiate the mischance, I'd pluck it out.
Will you be pleased to hang me, or cut my throat?
And I'll requite you, sir. Let's die like Romans,
Since we have lived like Grecians.
[*A knock.*
Volp. Hark! who's there?
I hear some footing; officers, the *saffi*,
Come to apprehend us! I do feel the brand
Hissing already at my forehead; now
Mine ears are boring.
Mos. To your couch, sir, you,
Make that place good, however.[16] [Volpone *lies down as before.*] Guilty men
Suspect what they deserve still. [*Opens the door.*] Signior Corbaccio!

Enter Corbaccio.

Corb. Why, how now, Mosca?
Mos. O, undone, amazed, sir.
Your son, I know not by what accident,
Acquainted with your purpose to my patron,
Touching your will, and making him your heir,
Entered our house with violence, his sword drawn,
Sought for you, called you wretch, unnatural,
Vowed he would kill you.
Corb. Me!
Mos. Yes, and my patron.
Corb. This act shall disinherit him indeed:
Here is the will.
Mos. 'Tis well, sir.
Corb. Right and well:
Be you as careful now for me.

Enter Voltore *behind.*

Mos. My life, sir,
Is not more tendered;[17] I am only yours.
Corb. How does he? Will he die shortly, think'st thou?
Mos. I fear
He'll outlast May.
Corb. To-day?
Mos. No, last out May, sir.
Corb. Couldst thou not gi' him a dram?
Mos. O, by no means, sir.
Corb. Nay, I'll not bid you.
Volt., *coming forward.* <This is a knave, I see.>
Mos. <How! Signior Voltore! did he hear me?>
Volt. Parasite!
Mos. Who's that?—O, sir, most timely welcome—
Volt. Scarce,
To the discovery of your tricks, I fear.
You are his, *only?* And mine also, are you not?
Mos. Who? I, sir!
Volt. You, sir. What device is this
About a will?
Mos. A plot for you, sir.
Volt. Come,
Put not your foists upon me; I shall scent 'em.
Mos. Did you not hear it?
Volt. Yes, I hear Corbaccio
Hath made your patron there his heir.
Mos. 'Tis true,

[16] at least.

[17] cared for.

By my device, drawn to it by my plot,
With hope—
VOLT. Your patron should reciprocate?
And you have promised? [981
MOS. For your good I did, sir.
Nay, more, I told his son, brought, hid him here,
Where he might hear his father pass the deed;
Being persuaded to it by this thought, sir,
That the unnaturalness, first, of the act,
And then his father's oft disclaiming in him [990
(Which I did mean t' help on), would sure enrage him
To do some violence upon his parent,
On which the law should take sufficient hold,
And you be stated in a double hope.
Truth be my comfort and my conscience,
My only aim was to dig you a fortune
Out of these two rotten sepulchres—
VOLT. I cry thee mercy, Mosca. [1000
MOS. —Worth your patience,
And your great merit, sir. And see the change![18]
VOLT. Why, what success?
MOS. Most hapless! you must help, sir.
Whilst we expected th' old raven, in comes
Corvino's wife, sent hither by her husband—
VOLT. What, with a present? [1010
MOS. No, sir, on visitation
(I'll tell you how anon); and, staying long,
The youth he grows impatient, rushes forth,
Seizeth the lady, wounds me, makes her swear
(Or he would murder her, that was his vow)
T' affirm my patron to have done her rape; [1021
Which how unlike it is, you see! and hence,
With that pretext he's gone, t' accuse his father,
Defame my patron, defeat you—
VOLT. Where's her husband?
Let him be sent for straight.
MOS. Sir, I'll go fetch him.
VOLT. Bring him to the Scrutineo.
MOS. Sir, I will. [1031
VOLT. This must be stopped.
MOS. O you do nobly, sir.
Alas, 'twas labored all, sir, for your good;
Nor was there want of counsel in the plot,
But Fortune can, at any time, o'erthrow
The projects of a hundred learned clerks, sir. [1040
CORB., *listening*. What's that?
VOLT. Wilt please you, sir, to go along?
[*Exit* CORBACCIO, *followed by* VOLTORE.
MOS. Patron, go in, and pray for our success.
VOLP., *rising from his couch*. Need makes devotion: heaven your labor bless! [*Exeunt severally*.

ACT FOUR

SCENE I

SIR POLITIC *and* PEREGRINE *meet again in a street.*

SIR P. I told you, sir, it was a plot; you see
What observation is! You mentioned me
For some instructions: I will tell you, sir
(Since we are met here in this height of Venice),
Some few particulars I have set down,
Only for this meridian, fit to be known
Of your crude traveller; and they are these. [12
I will not touch, sir, at your phrase, or clothes,
For they are old.
PER. Sir, I have better.
SIR P. Pardon,
I meant, as they are themes.
PER. O, sir, proceed:
I'll slander you no more of wit, good sir.
SIR P. First, for your garb, it must be grave and serious, [22
Very reserved and locked; not tell a secret
On any terms, not to your father; scarce
A fable, but with caution: make sure choice

[18] Should not this be "chance"?

oth of your company and discourse; be-
ware
ou never speak a truth— [30
PER. How!
SIR P. Not to strangers,
or those be they you must converse
with most;
thers I would not know, sir, but at dis-
tance,
o as I still might be a saver in them:
ou shall have tricks else passed upon
you hourly.
nd then, for your religion, profess none,
ut wonder at the diversity of all; [41
nd, for your part, protest, were there
no other
ut simply the laws o' th' land, you
could content you.
ic. Machiavel and Monsieur Bodin, both
ere of this mind. Then must you learn
the use
nd handling of your silver fork at
meals, [50
he metal of your glass (these are main
matters
ith your Italian); and to know the
hour
hen you must eat your melons and your
figs.
PER. Is that a point of state too?
SIR P. Here it is:
or your Venetian, if he see a man
reposterous in the least, he has him
straight; [61
e has; he strips him. I'll acquaint you,
sir:
now have lived here 'tis some fourteen
months:
ithin the first week of my landing here,
l took me for a citizen of Venice,
knew the forms so well—
PER. <And nothing else.>
SIR P. I had read Contarene,[1] took me
a house, [71
ealt with my Jews to furnish it with
movables—
ell, if I could but find one man, one
man
o mine own heart, whom I durst trust,
I would—

[1] Contarini, author of a work on Venice.

PER. What, what, sir?
SIR P. Make him rich; make him a
fortune: [80
He should not think again.[2] I would
command it.
PER. As how?
SIR P. With certain projects that I
have;
Which I may not discover.
PER. <If I had
But one to wager with, I would lay odds
now,
He tells me instantly.> [90
SIR P. One is, and that
I care not greatly who knows, to serve
the state
Of Venice with red herrings for three
years,
And at a certain rate, from Rotterdam,
Where I have correspondence. There's
a letter,
Sent me from one o' th' states, and to
that purpose: [100
He cannot write his name, but that's his
mark.
PER. He is a chandler?
SIR P. No, a cheesemonger.
There are some others too with whom I
treat
About the same negotiatiön;
And I will undertake it; for 'tis thus
(I'll do't with ease, I have cast[3] it all):
your hoy [110
Carries but three men in her and a boy;
And she shall make me three returns a
year:
So, if there come but one of three, I
save;
If two, I can defalk.[4] But this is now,
If my main project fail.
PER. Then you have others?
SIR P. I should be loth to draw the
subtle air [120
Of such a place, without my thousand
aims.
I'll not dissemble, sir: where'er I come,
I love to be considerative; and 'tis true,
I have at my free hours thought upon

[2] i.e., about money.
[3] reckoned.
[4] make a reduction.

Some certain goods unto the state of Venice,
Which I do call my cautions; and, sir, which
I mean, in hope of pension, to propound
To the Great Council, then unto the Forty,
So to the Ten. My means are made already—
PER. By whom?
SIR P. Sir, one that, though his place b' obscure,
Yet he can sway, and they will hear him. He's
A *commandadore*.
PER. What! a common sergeant?
SIR P. Sir, such as they are put it in their mouths
What they should say, sometimes; as well as greater:
I think I have my notes to show you—
[*Searching his pockets.*
PER. Good sir.
SIR P. But you shall swear unto me, on your gentry,
Not to anticipate—
PER. I, sir!
SIR P. Nor reveal
A circumstance.—My paper is not with me.
PER. O, but you can remember, sir.
SIR. P. My first is
Concerning tinder-boxes. You must know,
No family is here without its box.
Now, sir, it being so portable a thing,
Put case that you or I were ill affected
Unto the state, sir; with it in our pockets,
Might not I go into the Arsenal,
Or you come out again, and none the wiser?
PER. Except yourself, sir.
SIR P. Go to, then. I therefore
Advertise to the state, how fit it were
That none but such as were known patriots,
Sound lovers of their country, should be suffered
T' enjoy them in their houses; and even those
Sealed at some office, and at such a bigness
As might not lurk in pockets.
PER. Admirable!
SIR P. My next is, how t' inquire, ar
be resolved
By present demonstration, whether
ship,
Newly arrived from Soria[5] or from
Any suspected part of all the Levant,
Be guilty of the plague; and, where th
use
To lie out forty, fifty days, sometimes,
About the Lazaretto, for their trial,
I'll save that charge and loss unto t
merchant,
And in an hour clear the doubt.
PER. Indeed, sir!
SIR P. Or—I will lose my labor.
PER. My faith, that's muc
SIR P. Nay, sir, conceive me. It w
cost me in onions,
Some thirty livres—
PER. Which is one pound sterlin
SIR P. Beside my waterworks: for th
I do, sir:
First, I bring in your ship 'twixt tw
brick walls;
But those the state shall venture. C
the one
I strain me a fair tarpauling, and in th
I stick my onions, cut in halves; t
other
Is full of loopholes, out of which I thru
The noses of my bellows; and those be
lows
I keep, with waterworks, in perpetu
motion,
Which is the easiest matter of a hundre
Now, sir, your onion, which doth naturall
Attract th' infection, and your bellow
blowing
The air upon him, will show instantly,
By his changed color, if there be co
tagion,
Or else remain as fair as at the first.
Now it is known, 'tis nothing.
PER. You are right, si
SIR P. I would I had my note.
PER. Faith, so would I
But you ha' done well for once, sir.
SIR P. Were I fals

[5] Syria.

Or would be made so, I could show you reasons
How I could sell this state now to the Turk,
Spite of their galleys, or their—
[*Examines his papers.*
PER. Pray you, Sir Pol.
SIR P. I have 'em not about me.
PER. That I feared.
They are there, sir?
SIR P. No, this is my diary,
Wherein I note my actions of the day.
PER. Pray you let's see, sir. What is here? *Notandum,* [*Reads.*
"A rat had gnawn my spur-leathers; notwithstanding,
I put on new, and did go forth; but first
I threw three beans over the threshold. Item,
I went and bought two toothpicks, whereof one
I burst immediately, in a discourse
With a Dutch merchant, 'bout *ragion' del stato.*[6]
From him I went and paid a *moccinigo*
For piecing my silk stockings; by the way
I cheapened[7] sprats; and at St. Mark's I urined."
'Faith, these are politic notes!
SIR P. Sir, I do slip
No action of my life, but thus I quote[8] it.
PER. Believe me, it is wise!
SIR P. Nay, sir, read forth.

Enter, at a distance, LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE, NANO, *and two* WAITING-WOMEN.

LADY P. Where should this loose knight be, trow? Sure he's housed.
NAN. Why, then he's fast.
LADY P. Ay, he plays both[9] with me.
I pray you stay. This heat will do more harm
To my complexion than his heart is worth.
(I do not care to hinder, but to take him.)
How comes it off? [*Rubs her cheeks.*
1 WOM. My master's yonder.
LADY P. Where?
2 WOM. With a young gentleman.
LADY P. That same's the party:
In man's apparel! Pray you, sir, jog my knight:
I will be tender to his reputation,
However he demerit.
SIR P., *seeing her.* My lady!
PER. Where?
SIR P. 'Tis she indeed, sir; you shall know her. She is,
Were she not mine, a lady of that merit,
For fashion and behavior and for beauty,
I durst compare—
PER. It seems you are not jealous,
That dare commend her.
SIR P. Nay, and for discourse—
PER. Being your wife, she cannot miss that.
SIR P., *introducing* PEREGRINE. Madam,
Here is a gentleman, pray you, use him fairly;
He seems a youth, but he is—
LADY P. None.
SIR P. Yes, one
Has put his face as soon into the world—
LADY P. You mean, as early? But to-day?
SIR P. How's this?
LADY P. Why, in this habit, sir; you apprehend me.
Well, Master Would-be, this doth not become you;
I had thought the odor, sir, of your good name
Had been more precious to you; that you would not
Have done this dire massacre on your honor;
One of your gravity, and rank besides!
But knights, I see, care little for the oath
They make to ladies; chiefly their own ladies.
SIR P. Now, by my spurs, the symbol of my knighthood—
PER. <Lord, how his brain is humbled for an oath!>
SIR P. I reach[10] you not.

[6] politics. [7] bargained for. [8] note. [9] both fast and loose. [10] comprehend.

LADY P. Right, sir, your polity
May bear it through thus.—[*To* PEREGRINE.] Sir, a word with you.
I would be loth to contest publicly
With any gentlewoman, or to seem
Froward or violent, as the courtier says;
It comes too near rusticity in a lady,
Which I would shun by all means; and, however
I may deserve from Master Would-be, yet
T' have one fair gentlewoman thus be made
Th' unkind instrument to wrong another,
And one she knows not, ay, and to perséver
In my poor judgment is not warranted
From being a solecism in our sex,
If not in manners.
PER. How is this!
SIR P. Sweet madam,
Come nearer to your aim.
LADY P. Marry, and will, sir.
Since you provoke me with your impudence,
And laughter of your light land-syren here,
Your Sporus, your hermaphrodite—
PER. <What's here?
Poetic fury and historic storms!>
SIR P. The gentleman, believe it, is of worth
And of our nation.
LADY P. Ay, your Whitefriars nation.[11]
Come, I blush for you, Master Would-be, I;
And am ashamed you should ha' no more forehead[12]
Than thus to be the patron or St. George
To a lewd harlot, a base fricatrice,
A female devil, in a male outside.
SIR P. Nay,
An you be such a one, I must bid adieu
To your delights. The case appears too liquid. [*Exit.*
LADY P. Ay, you may carry't clear, with your state-face!
But, for your carnival concupiscence,
Who here is fled for liberty of conscience
From furious persecution of the marshal,
Her will I disc'ple.[13]
PER. This is fine, i' faith!
And do you use this often? Is this part
Of your wit's exercise, 'gainst you have occasion?
Madam—
LADY P. Go to, sir.
PER. Do you hear me, lady?
Why, if your knight have set you to beg shirts,
Or to invite me home, you might have done it
A nearer way by far.
LADY P. This cannot work you
Out of my snare.
PER. Why, am I in it, then?
Indeed your husband told me you were fair,
And so you are; only your nose inclines,
That side that's next the sun, to the queen-apple.
LADY P. This cannot be endured by any patience.

Enter MOSCA.

Mos. What is the matter, madam?
LADY P. If the senate
Right not my quest in this, I will protest 'em
To all the world no aristocracy.
Mos. What is the injury, lady?
LADY P. Why, the callet[14]
You told me of here I have ta'en disguised.
Mos. Who? this! what means your ladyship? The creature
I mentioned to you is apprehended now,
Before the senate; you shall see her—
LADY P. Where?
Mos. I'll bring you to her. This young gentleman,
I saw him land this morning at the port.
LADY P. Is't possible! how has my judgment wandered?
Sir, I must, blushing, say to you I have erred,
And plead your pardon.
PER. <What, more changes yet!>

[11] dwellers in sanctuary from the law.
[12] assurance.
[13] discipline.
[14] prostitute.

Lady P. I hope you ha' not the malice to remember
gentlewoman's passion. If you stay
n Venice here, please you to use me, sir——
Mos. Will you go, madam?
Lady P. Pray you, sir, use me; in faith, The more you see me the more I shall conceive [430
ou have forgot our quarrel.
Exeunt Lady Would-be, Mosca, Nano, *and* Waiting-Women.
Per. This is rare!
ir Politic Would-be? No, Sir Politic Bawd,
o bring me thus acquainted with his wife!
ell, wise Sir Pol, since you have practised thus [440
pon my freshmanship, I'll try your salt-head,
hat proof it is against a counter-plot.

Scene II

In the Scrutineo the case of Volpone *to be tried. The judges are not yet resent; but* Mosca *is. He has with him* orbaccio, Corvino, *and* Voltore, *whom e has been carefully priming.*

Volt. Well, now you know the carriage of the business,
our constancy is all that is required
nto the safety of it.
Mos. Is the lie [10
afely conveyed[15] amongst us? Is that sure?
nows every man his burden?
Corv. Yes.
Mos. Then shrink not.
Corv. <But knows the advocate the truth?
Mos. O, sir,
y no means; I devised a formal tale,
hat salved your reputation. But be valiant, sir. [21
Corv. I fear no one but him that this his pleading
hould make him stand for a co-heir—
Mos. Co-halter!

[15] arranged.

Hang him; we will but use his tongue, his noise,
As we do croaker's[16] here.
Corv. Ay, what shall he do?
Mos. When we ha' done, you mean?
Corv. Yes. [31
Mos. Why, we'll think;
Sell him for mummia: he's half dust already.
[*To* Voltore.] Do you not smile, to see this buffalo,
How he doth sport it with his head? [*To himself.*] I should.
If all were well and past.—[*To* Corbaccio.] Sir, only you [40
Are he that shall enjoy the crop of all,
And these not know for whom they toil.
Corb. Ay, peace.
Mos., *turning to* Corvino. But you shall eat it. [*To himself.*] Much!> [*To* Voltore.]—Worshipful sir,
Mercury sit upon your thund'ring tongue,
Or the French Hercules, and make your language [49
As conquering as his club, to beat along,
As with a tempest, flat, our adversaries;—
<But much more yours, sir.>
Volt. Here they come, ha' done.
Mos. I have another witness, if you need, sir,
I can produce.
Volt. Who is it?
Mos. Sir, I have her. [59

Enter Four Avocatori *and take their seats. The* Notario, Commandadori, Saffi, *and other Officers of Justice follow; also* Bonario *and* Celia.

1 Avoc. The like of this the senate never heard of.
2 Avoc. 'Twill come most strange to them when we report it.
4 Avoc.[17] The gentlewoman has been ever held
Of unreprovëd name. [70
3 Avoc. So the young man.
4 Avoc. The more unnatural part that of his father.

[16] Corbaccio's.
[17] Perhaps a speech by the third magistrate has been cut out or has dropped out.

2 Avoc. More of the husband.
1 Avoc. I not know to give
His act a name, it is so monstrous!
4 Avoc. But the imposter, he's a thing created
T' exceed example!
1 Avoc. And all after-times!
2 Avoc. I never heard a true voluptuary
Described but him.
3 Avoc. Appear yet those were cited?
Not. All but the old magnifico, Volpone.
1 Avoc. Why is not he here?
Mos. Please your fatherhoods,
Here is his advocate: himself's so weak,
So feeble——
4 Avoc. Who are you?
Bon. His parasite,
His knave, his pander. I beseech the court
He may be forced to come, that your grave eyes
May bear strong witness of his strange impostures.
Volt. Upon my faith and credit with your virtues,
He is not able to endure the air.
2 Avoc. Bring him, however.
3 Avoc. We will see him.
4 Avoc. Fetch him.
Volt. Your fatherhoods' fit pleasures be obeyed; [*Exeunt Officers.*
But, sure, the sight will rather move your pities
Than indignation. May it please the court,
In the mean time, he may be heard in me.
I know this place most void of prejudice,
And therefore crave it, since we have no reason
To fear our truth should hurt our cause.
3 Avoc. Speak free.
Volt. Then know, most honored fathers, I must now
Discover to your strangely abused ears,
The most prodigious and most frontless piece
Of solid impudence and treachery
That ever vicious nature yet brought forth
To shame the state of Venice. This lewd woman,
That wants no artificial looks or tears
To help the vizor she has now put on,
Hath long been known a close adulteress
To that lascivious youth there; not suspected,
I say, but known, and taken in the act
With him; and by this man, the easy husband,
Pardoned; whose timeless[18] bounty makes him now
Stand here, the most unhappy, innocent person
That ever man's own goodness made accused.
For these, not knowing how to owe[19] a gift
Of that dear grace, but with their shame being placed
So above all powers of their gratitude,
Began to hate the benefit; and, in place
Of thanks, devise t' extirp the memory
Of such an act; wherein I pray your fatherhoods
To observe the malice, yea, the rage of creatures
Discovered in their evils, and what heart
Such take, even from their crimes (but that anon
Will more appear). This gentleman, the father,
Hearing of this foul act, with many others,
Which daily struck at his too tender ears
And grieved in nothing more than that he could not
Preserve himself a parent (his son's ills
Growing to that strange flood), at last decreed
To disinherit him.
1 Avoc. These be strange turns!
2 Avoc. The young man's fame was ever fair and honest.
Volt. So much more full of danger is his vice,
That can beguile so, under shade of virtue.

[18] untimely.
[19] own.

But, as I said, my honored sires, his father,
Having this settled purpose, by what means
To him betrayed we know not, and this day [180
Appointed for the deed, that parricide
(I cannot style him better), by confederacy
Preparing this his paramour to be there,
Entered Volpone's house (who was the man,
Your fatherhoods must understand, designed
For the inheritance), there sought his father. [190
But with what purpose sought he him, my lords?
I tremble to pronounce it, that a son
Unto a father, and to such a father,
Should have so foul, felonious intent!
It was to murder him: when, being prevented
By his more happy absence, what then did he?
Not check his wicked thoughts; no, now new deeds [201
(Mischief doth never end where it begins);
An act of horror, fathers! He dragged forth
The aged gentleman that had there lain bedrid
Three years and more, out of his innocent couch,
Naked upon the floor; there left him; wounded [211
His servant in the face; and, with this strumpet,
The stale[20] to his forged practice, who was glad
To be so active (I shall here desire
Your fatherhoods to note but my collections,[21]
As most remarkable), thought at once to stop [220
His father's ends, discredit his free choice
In the old gentleman, redeem themselves,
By laying infamy upon this man,
To whom, with blushing, they should owe their lives.
1 Avoc. What proofs have you of this?
Bon. Most honored fathers,
I humbly crave there be no credit given
To this man's mercenary tongue.
2 Avoc. Forbear. [230
Bon. His soul moves in his fee.
3 Avoc. O, sir.
Bon. This fellow
For six sols[22] more would plead against his Maker.
1 Avoc. You do forget yourself.
Volt. Nay, nay, grave fathers,
Let him have scope: can any man imagine
That he will spare his accuser, that would not [241
Have spared his parent?
1 Avoc. Well, produce your proofs.
Cel. I would I could forget I were a creature.
Volt. Signior Corbaccio!
[Corbaccio *comes forward.*
4 Avoc. What is he?
Volt. The father.
2 Avoc. Has he had an oath? [250
Not. Yes.
Corb. What must I do now?
Not. Your testimony's craved.
Corb. Speak to the knave?
I'll ha' my mouth first stopped with earth; my heart
Abhors his knowledge: I disclaim in[23] him.
1 Avoc. But for what cause?
Corb. The mere portent of nature!
He is an utter stranger to my loins. [261
Bon. Have they made[24] you to this?
Corb. I will not hear thee,
Monster of men, swine, goat, wolf, parricide!
Speak not, thou viper.
Bon. Sir, I will sit down,
And rather wish my innocence should suffer
Than I resist the authority of a father.
Volt. Signior Corvino! [271
[Corvino *comes forward.*

[20] stalking horse, mask to his false plot.
[21] evidence.
[22] about $1.20.
[23] disown.
[24] worked.

2 Avoc. This is strange.
1 Avoc. Who's this?
Not. The husband.
4 Avoc. Is he sworn?
Not. He is.
3 Avoc. Speak then.
Corv. This woman, please your fatherhoods, is a whore [280
Of most hot exercise, more than a partridge,
Upon record—
1 Avoc. No more.
Corv. Neighs like a jennet.
Not. Preserve the honor of the court.
Corv. I shall,
And modesty of your most reverend ears.
And yet I hope that I may say these eyes
Have seen her glued unto that piece of cedar, [291
That fine well-timbered gallant, and that here
The letters may be read, thorough the horn,
That make the story perfect.
Mos. <Excellent, sir!
Corv. There is no shame in this now, is there?
Mos. None.> [300
Corv. Or, if I said I hoped that she were onward
To her damnation, if there be a hell
Greater than whore and woman, a good Catholic
May make the doubt.
3 Avoc. His grief hath made him frantic.
1 Avoc. Remove him hence.
[Celia *swoons*. [310
2 Avoc. Look to the woman.
Corv. Rare!
Prettily feigned again!
4 Avoc. Stand from about her.
1 Avoc. Give her the air.
3 Avoc., *to* Mosca. What can you say?
Mos. My wound,
May it please your wisdoms, speaks for me, received
In aid of my good patron, when he missed [321
His sought-for father, when that well-taught dame
Had her cue given her to cry out, "A rape!"
Bon. O most laid[25] impudence! Fathers—
3 Avoc. Sir, be silent;
You had your hearing free, so must they theirs. [330
2 Avoc. I do begin to doubt th' imposture here.
4 Avoc. This woman has too many moods.
Volt. Grave fathers,
She is a creature of a most professed
And prostituted lewdness.
Corv. Most impetuous.
Unsatisfied, grave fathers!
Volt. May her feignings [340
Not take your wisdoms; but this day[26] she baited
A stranger, a grave knight, with her loose eyes
And more lascivious kisses. This man saw 'em
Together on the water, in a gondola.
Mos. Here is the lady herself, that saw them too,
Without; who then had in the open streets [351
Pursued them, but for saving her knight's honor.
1 Avoc. Produce that lady.
2 Avoc. Let her come. [*Exit* Mosca
4 Avoc. These things
They strike with wonder.
3 Avoc. I am turned a stone

Re-enter Mosca, *with* Lady Politic Would-be. [360

Mos. <Be resolute, madam.>
Lady P., *pointing to* Celia. Ay, this same is she.—
Out, thou chameleon harlot! now thine eyes
Vie tears with the hyena. Dar'st thou look
Upon my wrongëd face?—I cry you pardons,
I fear I have forgettingly transgressed
Against the dignity of the court— [37
2 Avoc. No, madam

[25] plotted.
[26] this very day.

LADY P. And been exorbitant—
2 AVOC. You have not, lady.
4 AVOC. These proofs are strong.
LADY P. Surely, I had no purpose
To scandalize your honors, or my sex's.
3 AVOC. We do believe it.
LADY P. Surely you may believe it.
2 AVOC. Madam, we do. [380
LADY P. Indeed you may; my breeding
Is not so coarse—
4 AVOC. We know it.
LADY P. To offend
With pertinacy—
3 AVOC. Lady—
LADY P. Such a presence!
No surely.
1 AVOC. We will think it. [390
LADY P. You may think it.
1 AVOC. Let her o'ercome. [To BONARIO.] What witnesses have you,
To make good your report?
BON. Our consciences.
CEL. And heaven, that never fails the innocent.
1 AVOC. These are no testimonies.
BON. Not in your courts,
Where multitude and clamor overcomes.
1 AVOC. Nay, then you do wax insolent. [402

VOLPONE *is brought in on a couch.*

VOLT., *with heavy sarcasm.* Here, here,
The testimony comes that will convince,
And put to utter dumbness their bold tongues!
See here, grave fathers, here's the ravisher,
The rider on men's wives, the great impostor, [411
The grand voluptuary! Do you not think
These limbs should affect venery? or these eyes
Covet a concubine? Pray you mark these hands;
Are they not fit to stroke a lady's breasts?
Perhaps he doth dissemble! [420
BON. So he does.
VOLT. Would you ha' him tortured?
BON. I would have him proved.
VOLT. Best try him then with goads or burning irons;
Put him to the strappado: I have heard
The rack hath cured the gout; faith, give it him,
And help him of a malady; be courteous.
I'll undertake, before these honored fathers, [431
He shall have yet as many left diseases
As she has known adulterers, or thou strumpets.—
O, my most equal hearers, if these deeds,
Acts of this bold and most exorbitant strain,
May pass with sufferance, what one citizen
But owes the forfeit of his life, yea, fame,
To him that dares traduce him? Which of you [442
Are safe, my honored fathers? I would ask,
With leave of your grave fatherhoods, if their plot
Have any face or color like to truth?
Or if, unto the dullest nostril here,
It smell not rank and most abhorrëd slander? [450
I crave your care of this good gentleman,
Whose life is much endangered by their fable;
And, as for them, I will conclude with this,
That vicious persons, when they're hot, and fleshed
In impious acts, their constancy[27] abounds:
Damned deeds are done with greatest confidence. [461
1 AVOC. Take 'em to custody, and sever them.
2 AVOC. 'Tis pity two such prodigies should live.
1 AVOC. Let the old gentleman be returned with care.

[*Exeunt Officers with* VOLPONE.

I'm sorry our credulity wrongëd him.
4 AVOC. These are two creatures! [470
3 AVOC. I've an earthquake in me.

[27] boldness.

2 Avoc. Their shame, even in their cradles, fled their faces.
4 Avoc., *to* Voltore. You have done a worthy service to the state, sir,
In their discovery.
1 Avoc. You shall hear, ere night,
What punishment the court decrees upon 'em.
Volt. We thank your fatherhoods.
[*Exeunt* Avocatori, Notario, *and Officers with* Bonario *and* Celia.]
How like you it?
Mos. Rare.
I'd ha' your tongue, sir, tipped with gold for this;
I'd ha' you be the heir to the whole city;
The earth I'd have want men ere you want living:
They're bound to erect your statue in St. Mark's.—
Signior Corvino, I would have you go
And show yourself that you have conquered.
Corv. Yes.
Mos. It was much better that you should profess
Yourself a cuckold thus than that the other
Should have been proved.
Corv. Nay, I considered that:
Now it is her fault.
Mos. Then it had been yours.
Corv. True. <I do doubt this advocate still.
Mos. I' faith,
You need not, I dare ease you of that care.
Corv. I trust thee, Mosca.
Mos. As your own soul, sir.>
[*Exit* Corvino.
Corb. Mosca!
[*This conversation between* Corbaccio *and* Mosca *is in very loud whispers.*
Mos. Now for your business, sir.
Corb. How! ha' you business?
Mos. Yes, yours, sir.
Corb. O, none else?
Mos. None else, not I.
Corb. Be careful then.
Mos. Rest you with both your eyes,[28] sir.
Corb. Dispatch it.
Mos. Instantly.
Corb. And look that all
Whatever be put in, jewels, plate, moneys,
Household stuff, bedding, cortines.[29]
Mos. Cortine-rings, sir.
Only the advocate's fee must be deducted.
Corb. I'll pay him now; you'll be too prodigal.
Mos. Sir, I must tender it.
Corb. Two chequins is well.
Mos. No, six, sir.
Corb. 'Tis too much.
Mos. He talked a great while;
You must consider that, sir.
Corb. Well, there's three—
Mos. I'll give it him.
Corb. Do so, and there's for thee.
[*Exit.*
Mos. <Bountiful bones! What horrid strange offence
Did he commit 'gainst nature, in his youth,
Worthy this age?> [*To* Voltore.]
<You see, sir, how I work
Unto your ends; take you no notice.
Volt. No,
I'll leave you.
Mos. All is yours, the devil and all,
Good advocate!> Madam, I'll bring you home.
Lady P. No, I'll go see your patron.
Mos. That you shall not:
I'll tell you why. My purpose is to urge
My patron to reform his will, and for
The zeal you have shown to-day, whereas before
You were but third or fourth, you shall be now
Put in the first; which would appear as begged
If you were present. Therefore—
Lady P. You shall sway me. [*Exeunt.*

[28] leave it wholly to me.
[29] curtains.

ACT FIVE

Scene I

VOLPONE *is back in his house, jubilant that the ordeal has been passed so successfully.*

VOLP. Well, I am here, and all this brunt is past.
I ne'er was in dislike with my disguise
Till this fled moment; here 'twas good, in private;
But in your public,—*cave*[1] whilst I breathe. [10
'Fore God, my left leg 'gan to have the cramp;
And I apprehended straight some power had struck me
With a dead palsy. Well! I must be merry,
And shake it off. A many of these fears
Would put me into some villanous disease,
Should they come thick upon me: I'll prevent 'em. [20
Give me a bowl of lusty wine, to fright
This humor from my heart. [*Drinks.*] Hum, hum, hum!
'Tis almost gone already; I shall conquer.
Any device now of rare ingenious knavery,
That would possess me with a violent laughter,
Would make me up again. [*Drinks again.*] So, so, so, so! [31
This heat is life; 'tis blood by this time: —Mosca!

Enter MOSCA.

MOS. How now, sir? Does the day look clear again?
Are we recovered and wrought out of error
Into our way, to see our path before us?
Is our trade free once more? [40
VOLP. Exquisite Mosca!
MOS. Was it not carried learnedly?
VOLP. And stoutly:
Good wits are greatest in extremities.
MOS. It were folly beyond thought to trust
Any grand act unto a cowardly spirit.
You are not taken with it enough, methinks.
VOLP. O, more than if I had enjoyed the wench: [51
The pleasure of all woman-kind's not like it.
MOS. Why, now you speak, sir. We must here be fixed;
Here we must rest; this is our masterpiece;
We cannot think to go beyond this.
VOLP. True,
Thou hast played thy prize, my precious Mosca. [61
MOS. Nay, sir.
To gull the court—
VOLP. And quite divert the torrent
Upon the innocent.
MOS. Yes, and to make
So rare a music out of discords—
VOLP. Right.
That yet to me's the strangest, how thou'st borne it! [70
That these, being so divided 'mongst themselves,
Should not scent somewhat, or in me or thee,
Or doubt their own side.
MOS. True, they will not see't:
Too much light blinds 'em, I think. Each of 'em
Is so possessed and stuffed with his own hopes [80
That anything unto the contrary,
Never so true, or never so apparent,
Never so palpable, they will resist it—
VOLP. Like a temptation of the devil.
MOS. Right, sir.
Merchants may talk of trade, and your great signiors
Of land that yields well; but if Italy
Have any glebe more fruitful than these fellows, [90
I am deceived. Did not your advocate rare?
VOLP. O—"My most honored fathers, my grave fathers,
Under correction of your fatherhoods,
What face of truth is here? If these strange deeds

[1] beware.

May pass, most honored fathers"—I had much ado
To forbear laughing.
Mos. It seemed to me, you sweat, sir.
Volp. I troth, I did a little.
Mos. But confess, sir,
Were you not daunted?
Volp. In good faith, I was
A little in a mist, but not dejected;
Never but still myself.
Mos. I think it, sir.
Now, so truth help me, I must needs say this, sir,
And out of conscience for your advocate,
He has taken pains, in faith, sir, and deserved,
In my poor judgment, I speak it under favor,
Not to contrary you, sir, very richly—
Well—to be cozened.
Volp. Troth, and I think so too,
By that I heard him in the latter end.
Mos. O, but before, sir: had you heard him first
Draw it to certain heads, then aggravate,
Then use his vehement figures (I looked still
When he would shift a shirt); and doing this
Out of pure love, no hope of gain—
Volp. 'Tis right.
I cannot answer him, Mosca, as I would,
Not yet; but, for thy sake, at thy entreaty,
I will begin, ev'n now—to vex 'em all,
This very instant.
Mos. Good sir.
Volp. Call the dwarf
And eunuch forth.
Mos., *calling*. Castrone, Nano!

Enter Castrone *and* Nano.

Nano. Here.
Volp. Shall we have a jig now?
Mos. What you please, sir.
Volp. Go,
Straight give out about the streets, you two,
That I am dead; do it with constancy,
Sadly,[2] do you hear? Impute it to the grief
Of this late slander.

[*Exeunt* Castrone *and* Nano.

Mos. What do you mean, sir?
Volp. O,
I shall have instantly my Vulture, Crow,
Raven, come flying hither, on the news,
To peck for carrion, my she-wolf, and all,
Greedy, and full of expectatiön—
Mos. And then to have it ravished from their mouths!
Volp. 'Tis true. I will ha' thee put on a gown,
And take upon thee, as thou wert mine heir;
Show 'em a will. Open that chest, and reach
Forth one of those that has the blanks; I'll straight
Put in thy name.
Mos. It will be rare, sir.
[*Gives him a paper, which* Volpone *signs.*
Volp. Ay,
When they e'en gape, and find themselves deluded—
Mos. Yes.
Volp. And thou use them scurvily! Dispatch,
Get on thy gown.
Mos., *putting on a gown.* But what, sir, if they ask
After the body?
Volp. Say, it was corrupted.
Mos. I'll say it stunk, sir; and was fain to have it
Coffined up instantly and sent away.
Volp. Anything; what thou wilt. Hold, here's my will.
Get thee a cap, a count-book, pen and ink,
Papers afore thee; sit as thou wert taking
An inventory of parcels. I'll get up
Behind the curtain, on a stool, and hearken:
Sometime peep over, see how they do look,
With what degrees their blood doth leave their faces.
O, 'twill afford me a rare meal of laughter!

[2] seriously.

Mos., *putting on a cap, and setting out the table, &c., in accordance with* VOLPONE'S *instructions.* Your advocate will turn stark dull upon it.

VOLP. It will take off his oratory's [202 edge.

Mos. But your clarissimo, old round-back, he
Will crump you like a hog-louse with the touch.

VOLP. And what Corvino?

Mos. O, sir, look for him,
To-morrow morning, with a rope and [210 dagger,
To visit all the streets; he must run mad.
My lady too, that came into the court,
To bear false witness for your worship—

VOLP. Yes,
And kissed me 'fore the fathers,[3] when my face
Flowed all with oils—

Mos. And sweat, sir. Why, your gold
Is such another med'cine, it dries up [221
All those offensive savors; it transforms
The most deformëd, and restores them lovely,
As 'twere the strange poetical girdle. Jove
Could not invent t' himself a shroud more subtle
To pass Acrisius' guards. It is the thing
Makes all the world her grace, her youth, her beauty. [231

VOLP. I think she loves me.

Mos. Who? The lady, sir?
She's jealous of you.

VOLP. Dost thou say so?

[*Knocking within.*

Mos. Hark.
There's some already.

VOLP. Look.

Mos. It is the Vulture;
He has the quickest scent. [241

VOLP. I'll to my place,
Thou to thy posture.

[*Goes behind the curtain.*

Mos., *taking a seat at the table.* I am set.

[3] Nothing of this was shown in the court scene. Perhaps there has been curtailment.

VOLP. But, Mosca,
Play the artificer now; torture 'em rarely.

MOSCA *is taking inventory as* VOLTORE *enters.* [250

VOLT. How now, my Mosca?

Mos., *writing.* "Turkey carpets, nine—"

VOLT. Taking an inventory! that is well.

Mos. "Two suits of bedding, tissue—"

VOLT. Where's the will?
Let me read that the while.

Enter Servants with CORBACCIO, *in a chair.* [261

CORB. So, set me down,
And get you home. [*Exeunt Servants.*

VOLT. Is he come now, to trouble us?

Mos. "Of cloth of gold, two more—"

CORB. Is it done, Mosca?

Mos. "Of several velvets, eight—"

VOLT. I like his care.

CORB. Dost thou not hear?

Enter CORVINO. [270

CORV. Ha! is the hour come, Mosca?

VOLP., *peeping from behind the traverse.* <Ay, now they muster.>

CORV. <What does the advocate here,
Or this Corbaccio?>

CORB. <What do these here?>

Enter LADY POLITIC WOULD-BE.

LADY P. Mosca!
Is his thread spun? [279

Mos. "Eight chests of linen—"

VOLP. <O,
My fine Dame Would-Be, too!>

CORV. <Mosca, the will,
That I may show it these, and rid 'em hence.>

Mos. "Six chests of diaper, four of damask."—There.

[*Gives them the will carelessly, over his shoulder.*

CORB. Is that the will? [290

Mos. "Down-beds, and bolsters—"

VOLP. <Rare!
Be busy still. Now they begin to flutter:

They never think of me. Look, see, see, see!
How their swift eyes run over the long deed,
Unto the name, and to the legacies,
What is bequeathed them there.> [299
Mos. "Ten suits of hangings—"
Volp. <Ay, in their garters, Mosca. Now their hopes
Are at the gasp.>
Volt. Mosca the heir!
Corb. What's that?
Volp. <My advocate is dumb. Look to my merchant;
He has heard of some strange storm, a ship is lost; [309
He faints. My lady will swoon. Old glazen-eyes,
He hath not reached his despair yet.>
Corb. <All these
Are out of hope; I am, sure, the man.>
[*Takes the will.*
Corv. But, Mosca—
Mos. "Two cabinets—"
Corv. Is this in earnest?
Mos. "One
Of ebony——" [320
Corv. Or do you but delude me?
Mos. "The other, mother of pearl."—I'm very busy;
Good faith, it is a fortune thrown upon me—
"Item, one salt of agate"—not my seeking.
Lady P. Do you hear, sir?
Mos. "A perfumed box"—Pray you, forbear. [330
You see I'm troubled—"made of an onyx—"
Lady P. How!
Mos. To-morrow or next day I shall be at leisure
To talk with you all.
Corv. Is this my large hope's issue?
Lady P. Sir, I must have a fairer answer. [339
Mos. Madam!
Marry, and shall: pray you, fairly quit my house.
Nay, raise no tempest with your looks; but hark you,
Remember what your ladyship offered me
To put you in an heir; go to, think on it:
And what you said e'en your best madams did [349
For maintenance; and why not you? Enough.
Go home, and use the poor Sir Pol, your knight, well,
For fear I tell some riddles; go, be melancholic.
[*Exit* Lady Politic Would-be.
Volp. <O, my fine devil!>
Corv. Mosca, pray you a word.
Mos. Lord! will not you take your dispatch hence yet? [360
Methinks, of all, you should have been th' example.
Why should you stay here? With what thought, what promise?
Hear you; do you not know, I know you an ass,
And that you would most fain have been a wittol,[4]
If fortune would have let you? that you are [370
A declared cuckold on good terms? This pearl,
You'll say, was yours? right: this diamond?
I'll not deny't, but thank you. Much here else?
It may be so. Why, think that these good works
May help to hide your bad. I'll not betray you; [380
Although you be but extraordinary,
And have it only in title, it sufficeth:
Go home, be melancholy too, or mad.
[*Exit* Corvino.
Volp. <Rare Mosca! how his villany becomes him!>
Volt. <Certain he doth delude all these for me.>
Corb. Mosca the heir!
Volp. <O, his four eyes have found it.> [391
Corb. I am cozened, cheated, by a parasite-slave;
Harlot,[5] t' hast gulled me.

[4] a consenting cuckold.
[5] rascal, when applied to a man.

Mos. Yes, sir. Stop your mouth,
Or I shall draw the only tooth is left.
Are not you he, that filthy covetous wretch,
With the three legs[6] that here, in hope of prey,
Have, any time this three years, snuffed about,
With your most grov'ling nose, and would have hired
Me to the pois'ning of my patron, sir?
Are not you he that have to-day in court
Professed the disinheriting of your son?
Perjured yourself? Go home, and die, and stink;
If you but croak a syllable, all comes out;
Away, and call your porters! Go, go, stink. [*Exit* Corbaccio.

Volp. <Excellent varlet!>

Volt. Now, my faithful Mosca,
I find thy constancy—

Mos. Sir!

Volt. Sincere.

Mos., *writing*. "A table
Of porphyry"—I marle[7] you'll be thus troublesome.

Volt. Nay, leave off now, they are gone.

Mos. Why, who are you?
What! who did send for you? O, cry you mercy,
Reverend sir! Good faith, I am grieved for you,
That any chance of mine should thus defeat
Your (I must needs say) most deserving travails;
But I protest, sir, it was cast upon me,
And I could almost wish to be without it,
But that the will o' the dead must be observed.
Marry, my joy is that you need it not;
You have a gift, sir (thank your education),
Will never let you want, while there are men
And malice to breed causes.[8] Would I had
But half the like, for all my fortune, sir!
If I have any suits (as I do hope,
Things being so easy and direct, I shall not),
I will make bold with your obstreperous aid,
Conceive me—for your fee, sir. In mean time,
You that have so much law, I know ha' the conscience
Not to be covetous of what is mine.
Good sir, I thank you for my plate; 'twill help
To set up a young man. Good faith, you look
As you were costive; best go home and purge, sir. [*Exit* Voltore.

Volp., *coming from behind the curtain*. Bid him eat lettuce[9] well. My witty mischief,
Let me embrace thee. O that I could now
Transform thee to a Venus! Mosca, go,
Straight take my habit of clarissimo,
And walk the streets; be seen, torment 'em more:
We must pursue, as well as plot. Who would
Have lost this feast?

Mos. I doubt it will lose them.

Volp. O, my recovery shall recover all.
That I could now but think on some disguise
To meet 'em in, and ask 'em questiöns:
How I would vex 'em still at every turn!

Mos. Sir, I can fit you.

Volp. Canst thou?

Mos. Yes, I know
One o' the commandadori, sir, so like you;
Him will I straight make drunk, and bring you his habit.

Volp. A rare disguise, and answering thy brain!
O, I will be a sharp disease unto 'em.

Mos. Sir, you must look for curses.

Volp. Till they burst;
The Fox fares ever best when he is curst.

[6] the third being his walking-stick.
[7] marvel.
[8] law-suits.
[9] a supposed soporific.

SCENE II

PEREGRINE, *burning to avenge the trick that he believes* SIR POLITIC *to have played upon him, goes to the Knight's house in disguise, accompanied by three* MERCHANTS. *They have entered the hall, among the curiosities in which is a large tortoise-shell, standing against the wall.*

PER. Am I enough disguised? [9
1 MER. I warrant you.
PER. All my ambition is to fright him only.
2 MER. If you could ship him away, 'twere excellent.
3 MER. To Zant, or to Aleppo!
PER. Yes, and ha' his
Adventures put i' th' Book of Voyages,[10]
And his gulled story registered for truth.
Well, gentlemen, when I am in a while,
And that you think us warm in our discourse, [21
Know your approaches.
1 MER. Trust it to our care.
[*The three Merchants quit the house.*

Enter WAITING-WOMAN *from within.*

PER. Save you, fair lady! Is Sir Pol within?
WOM. I do not know, sir.
PER. Pray you say unto him
Here is a merchant, upon earnest business, [31
Desires to speak with him.
WOM. I will see, sir.
PER. Pray you. [*Exit* WOMAN.
I see the family is all female here.

Re-enter WAITING-WOMAN.

WOM. He says, sir, he has weighty affairs of state
That now require him whole; some other time [40
You may possess him.
PER. Pray you say again,
If those require him whole, these will exact him
Whereof I bring him tidings.
[*Exit* WOMAN.
What might be
His grave affair of state now! How to make
Bolognian sausages here in Venice, sparing [51
One o' th' ingredients?

Re-enter WAITING-WOMAN.

WOM. Sir, he says, he knows
By your word "tidings," that you are no statesman,
And therefore wills you stay.
PER. Sweet, pray you return him;
I have not read so many proclamations,
And studied them for words, as he has done— [61
But—here he deigns to come.
[*Exit* WOMAN.

Enter SIR POLITIC.

SIR P. Sir, I must crave
Your courteous pardon. There hath chanced to-day
Unkind disaster 'twixt my lady and me;
And I was penning my apology,
To give her satisfaction, as you came now. [71
PER. Sir, I am grieved I bring you worse disaster:
The gentleman you met at th' port to-day,
That told you he was newly arrived—
SIR P. Ay, was
A fugitive punk?
PER. No, sir, a spy set on you; [79
And he has made relation to the senate,
That you professed to him to have a plot
To sell the State of Venice to the Turk.
SIR P. O me!
PER. For which warrants are signed by this time,
To apprehend you, and to search your study
For papers—
SIR P. Alas, sir, I have none, but notes
Drawn out of play-books— [90
PER. All the better, sir.
SIR P. And some essays. What shall I do?
PER. Sir, best
Convey yourself into a sugar-chest;

[10] Hakluyt's.

Or, if you could lie round, a frail[11] were rare,
And I could send you aboard.
SIR. P. Sir, I but talked so,
For discourse sake merely. [100
[*The* MERCHANTS *knock without.*
PER. Hark! they are there.
SIR. P. I am a wretch, a wretch!
PER. What will you do, sir?
Have you ne'er a currant-butt[12] to leap into?
They'll put you to the rack; you must be sudden.
SIR P. Sir, I have an engine[13]— [109
3 MER., *without.* Sir Politic Would-be!
2 MER., *without.* Where is he?
SIR P. That I've thought upon before time.
PER. What is it?
SIR P. I shall ne'er endure the torture.
Marry, it is, sir, of a tortoise-shell,
Fitted for these extremities: pray you, sir, help me.
[*Sets the shell on the floor.*
Here I've a place, sir, to put back my legs, [121
Please you to lay it on, sir, [*lies down while* PEREGRINE *places the shell upon him*] with this cap,
And my black gloves. I'll lie, sir, like a tortoise,
Till they are gone.
PER. And call you this an engine?
SIR. P. Mine own device.—Good sir, bid my wife's women [130
To burn my papers. [PEREGRINE *goes in.*

The three MERCHANTS *rush in.*

1 MER. Where is he hid?
3 MER. We must,
And will sure find him.
2 MER. Which is his study?

Re-enter PEREGRINE.

1 MER. What
Are you, sir?
PER. I'm a merchant, that came here
To look upon this tortoise. [141
3 MER. How!
1 MER. St. Mark!
What beast is this?
PER. It is a fish.
2 MER. Come out here!
PER. Nay, you may strike him, sir, and tread upon him;
He'll bear a cart. [149
1 MER. What, to run over him?
PER. Yes, sir.
3 MER. Let's jump upon him.
2 MER. Can he not go?
PER. He creeps, sir.
1 MER. Let's see him creep.
PER. No, good sir, you will hurt him.
2 MER. Heart, I will see him creep, or prick his guts.
3 MER. Come out here! [159
PER., *to* SIR POLITIC. <Pray you, sir, creep a little.>
1 MER. Forth.
2 MER. Yet further.
PER. Good sir! <Creep.>
2 MER. We'll see his legs.

[*They pull off the shell and discover him.*

3 MER. God's so, he has garters!
1 MER. Ay, and gloves!
2 MER. Is this
Your fearful tortoise? [170
PER., *taking off his disguise.* Now, Sir Pol, we're even;
For your next project I shall be prepared:
I am sorry for the funeral of your notes, sir.
1 MER. 'Twere a rare motion[14] to be seen in Fleet-street.
2 MER. Ay, in the Term. [179
1 MER. Or Smithfield, in the fair.
3 MER. Methinks 'tis but a melancholic sight.
PER. Farewell, most politic tortoise!

[*Exeunt* PEREGRINE *and* MERCHANTS.

Re-enter WAITING-WOMAN.

SIR. P. Where's my lady?
Knows she of this?
WOM. I know not, sir.
SIR. P. Enquire.—
O, I shall be the fable of all feasts, [190
The freight of the gazetti,[15] ship-boys' tale,

[11] basket. [12] wine-cask. [13] contrivance.
[14] side-show.
[15] contents of the newspapers.

And, which is worst, even talk for ordinaries.
WOM. My lady's come most melancholic home,
And says, sir, she will straight to sea, for physic.
SIR. P. And I, to shun this place and clime for ever,
Creeping with house on back, and think it well
To shrink my poor head in my politic shell.

SCENE III

MOSCA *has dressed himself in the habit of a clarissimo, and* VOLPONE *in that of a commendadore. The latter, who is about to depart, to have his fun outside, does not realize that he has given himself into the hands of his parasite; but* MOSCA *does.*

VOLP. Am I then like him?
MOS. O, sir, you are he;
No man can sever you.
VOLP. Good.
MOS. But what am I?
VOLP. 'Fore heaven, a brave clarissimo; thou becom'st it!
Pity thou wert not born one.
MOS. <If I hold
My made one, 'twill be well.>
VOLP. I'll go and see
What news first at the court. [*Exit.*
MOS. Do so. My Fox
Is out of his hole, and ere he shall reenter,
I'll make him languish in his borrowed case,[16]
Except he come to composition with me.—
Androgyno, Castrone, Nano!

Enter ANDROGYNO, CASTRONE, *and* NANO.

ALL. Here.
MOS. Go, recreate yourselves abroad; go, sport.— [*Exeunt.*
So, now I have the keys, and am possessed.
Since he will needs be dead afore his time,
I'll bury him or gain by'm: I'm his heir,
And so will keep me, till he share at least.
To cozen him of all were but a cheat
Well placed; no man would cónstrue it a sin:
Let his sport pay for't. This is called the Fox-trap. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV

CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO *meet in a street.* CORBACCIO *does not realize to what extent he has been befooled.*

CORB. They say the court is set.
CORV. We must maintain
Our first tale good, for both our reputations.
CORB. Why, mine's no tale; my son would there have killed me.
CORV. That's true, I had forgot. Mine is, I'm sure.
But for your will, sir?
CORB. Ay, I'll come upon him
For that hereafter, now his patron's dead.

VOLPONE *enters in his disguise as an officer of justice.*

VOLP. Signior Corvino!—and Corbaccio! sir,
Much joy unto you.
CORV. Of what?
VOLP. The sudden good
Dropped down upon you—
CORB. Where?
VOLP. And none knows how,
From old Volpone, sir.
CORB. Out, arrant knave!
VOLP. Let not your too much wealth, sir, make you furious.
CORB. Away, thou varlet.
VOLP. Why, sir?
CORB. Dost thou mock me?
VOLP. You mock the world, sir; did you not change wills?
CORB. Out, harlot!
VOLP. O! belike *you* are the man, Signior Corvino? Faith, you carry it well;
You grow not mad withal; I love your spirit:

[16] disguise.

You are not over-leavened with your fortune.
You should ha' some would swell now, like a wine-fat,[17]
With such an autumn.—Did he gi' you all, sir?
CORV. Avoid, you rascal!
VOLP. Troth, your wife has shown
Herself a very woman; but you are well;
You need not care, you have a good estate, [51
To bear it out, sir, better by this chance:
Except Corbaccio have a share.
CORB. Hence, varlet!
VOLP. You will not be acknown,[18] sir; why, 'tis wise.
Thus do all gamesters, at all games, dissemble:
No man will seem to win. [*Exeunt* CORVINO *and* CORBACCIO.] Here comes my vulture, [61
Heaving his beak up i' the air, and snuffing.

Enter VOLTORE, *furious at having been outwitted.*

VOLT. <Outstripped thus, by a parasite, a slave,
Would run on errands, and make legs[19] for crumbs!
Well, what I'll do—> [70
VOLP. The court stays for your worship.
I e'en rejoice, sir, at your worship's happiness,
And that it fell into so learnëd hands,
That understand the fingering—
VOLT. What do you mean?
VOLP. I mean to be a suitor to your worship, [79
For the small tenement, out of reparations,[20]
That, at the end of your long row of houses,
By the Piscaria: it was, in Volpone's time,
Your predecessor, ere he grew diseased,
A handsome, pretty, customed[21] bawdy-house
As any was in Venice, none dispraised;
But fell with him: his body and that house [91
Decayed together.
VOLT. Come, sir, leave your prating.
VOLP. Why, if your worship give me but your hand
That I may ha' the refusal, I have done.
'Tis a mere toy to you, sir; candle-rents;
As your learned worship knows—
VOLT. What do I know?
VOLP. Marry, no end of your wealth, sir; God decrease it! [101
VOLT. Mistaking knave! what, mock'st thou my misfortune?
VOLP. His blessing on your heart, sir; would 'twere more!—
[*Exit* VOLTORE.
Now to my first again, at the next corner. [*Exit.*

SCENE V

At a street corner, CORBACCIO *and* CORVINO *have the mortification of seeing* MOSCA *pass in his attire of a clarissimo.*

CORB. See, in our habit![22] see the impudent varlet!
CORV. That I could shoot mine eyes at him, like gun-stones![23]

Enter VOLPONE.

VOLP. But is this true, sir, of the parasite? [10
CORB. Again, t' afflict us! monster!
VOLP. In good faith, sir,
I'm heartily grieved a beard of your grave length
Should be so over-reached. I never brooked
That parasite's hair; methought his nose should cozen;
There still was somewhat in his look, did promise [20
The bane of a clarissimo.
CORB. Knave—
VOLP. Methinks
Yet you, that are so traded i' the world,
A witty merchant, the fine bird, Corvino,
That have such moral emblems on your name,

[17] wine-vat.
[18] recognized.
[19] bow.
[20] out of repairs.
[21] frequented.
[22] the dress of persons of our station.
[23] cannon-balls.

Should not have sung your shame, and dropped your cheese, [29
To let the Fox laugh at your emptiness.
CORV. Sirrah, you think the privilege of the place,
And your red saucy cap, that seems to me
Nailed to your jolt-head with those two chequins,[24]
Can warrant your abuses; come you hither:
You shall perceive, sir, I dare beat you; approach. [40
VOLP. No haste, sir. I do know your valor well,
Since you durst publish what you are, sir.
CORV. Tarry,
I'd speak with you.
VOLP. Sir, sir, another time—
CORV. Nay, now.
VOLP. O God, sir! I were a wise man,
Would stand the fury of a distracted [50 cuckold. [MOSCA *comes by again.*
CORB. What, come again!
VOLP. <Upon 'em, Mosca; save me.>
CORB. The air's infected where he breathes.
CORV. Let's fly him.
[*Exeunt* CORVINO *and* CORBACCIO.
VOLP. Excellent basilisk! turn upon the vulture.

Enter VOLTORE. [60

VOLT., *to* MOSCA. Well, flesh-fly, it is summer with you now;
Your winter will come on.
MOS. Good advocate,
Pray thee not rail, nor threaten out of place thus;
Thou'lt make a solecism, as madam says.
Get you a biggin[25] more; your brain breaks loose. [*Exit.*
VOLT. Well, sir. [70
VOLP. Would you ha' me beat the insolent slave,
Throw dirt upon his first good clothes?
VOLT. This same
Is doubtless some familiar.[26]

VOLP. Sir, the court,
In troth, stays for you. I am mad a mule [78
That never read Justinian should get up
And ride an advocate. Had you no quirk
To avoid gullage, sir, by such a creature?
I hope you do but jest; he has not done't:
This's but confederacy to blind the rest.
You are the heir?
VOLT. A strange, officiöus,
Troublesome knave! thou dost torment me.
VOLP. I know— [89
It cannot be, sir, that you should be cozened;
'Tis not within the wit of man to do it;
You are so wise, so prudent; and 'tis fit
That wealth and wisdom still should go together.

SCENE VI

Once more we are in the Scrutineo. The four AVOCATORI, *the* NOTARIO, BONARIO, CELIA, CORBACCIO, CORVINO, *Commandadori, Saffi, etc., enter and take places.*

1 Avoc. Are all the parties here?
NOT. All but the advocate.
2 Avoc. And here he comes.

Enter VOLTORE *and* VOLPONE.

1 Avoc. Then bring them forth to sentence. [11
VOLT. O, my most honored fathers, let your mercy
Once won upon your justice, to forgive—
I am distracted—
VOLP. <What will he do now?>
VOLT. O,
I know not which t' address myself to first;
Whether your fatherhoods, or these innocents— [21
CORV. <Will he betray himself?>
VOLT. Whom equally
I have abused, out of most covetous ends—
CORV. The man is mad!
CORB. What's that?
CORV. He is possessed.

[24] gold buttons.
[25] a barrister's cap.
[26] spirit.

VOLT. For which, now struck in conscience, here I prostrate [30
Myself at your offended feet, for pardon.
1 AND 2 AVOC. Arise.
CEL. O heaven, how just thou art!
VOLP. I'm caught
I' mine own noose—
CORV., *to* CORBACCIO. Be constant, sir; nought now
Can help but impudence.
1 AVOC. Speak forward.
COM. Silence! [40
VOLT. It is not passion in me, reverend fathers,
But only conscience, conscience, my good sires,
That makes me now tell truth. That parasite,
That knave, hath been the instrument of all.
1 AVOC. Where is that knave? Fetch him. [50
VOLP. I go. [*Exit.*
CORV. Grave fathers,
This man's distracted; he confessed it now:
For, hoping to be old Volpone's heir,
Who now is dead—
3 AVOC. How!
2 AVOC. Is Volpone dead?
CORV. Dead since, grave fathers.
BON. O sure vengeance! [60
1 AVOC. Stay,
Then he was no deceiver?
VOLT. O no, none:
This parasite, grave fathers—
CORV. He does speak
Out of mere envy, 'cause the servant's made
The thing he gaped for. Please your fatherhoods, [69
This is the truth, though I'll not justify
The other, but he may be some-deal faulty.
VOLT. Ay, to your hopes, as well as mine, Corvino:
But I'll use modesty.[27] Pleaseth your wisdoms
To view these certain notes, and but confer[28] them;
And, as I hope favor, they shall speak clear truth. [80
CORV. The devil has entered him!
BON. Or bides in you.
4 AVOC. We have done ill by a public officer
To send for him, if he be heir.
2 AVOC. For whom?
4 AVOC. Him that they call the parasite.
3 AVOC. 'Tis true,
He is a man of great estate, now left. [90
4 AVOC. Go you, and learn his name, and say the court
Entreats his presence here, but to the clearing
Of some few doubts. [*Exit* NOTARY.
2 AVOC. This same's a labyrinth!
1 AVOC. Stand you unto your first report?
CORV. My state,
My life, my fame— [100
BON. Where is't?
CORV. Are at the stake.
1 AVOC. Is yours so too?
CORB. The advocate's a knave,
And has a forkëd tongue—
2 AVOC. Speak to the point.
CORB. So is the parasite too.
1 AVOC. This is confusion.
VOLT. I do beseech your fatherhoods, read but those— [110
[*Gives them papers.*
CORV. And credit nothing the false spirit hath writ:
It cannot be but he's possessed, grave fathers. [*The scene closes.*

SCENE VII

VOLPONE, *in the street, realizes that he has put his neck in the noose.*

VOLP. To make a snare for mine own neck! and run
My head into it, wilfully! with laughter!
When I had newly scaped, was free and clear,
Out of mere wantonness! O, the dull devil
Was in this brain of mine when I devised it, [11

[27] moderation. [28] compare.

And Mosca gave it second; he must now
Help to sear up this vein, or we bleed dead.

Enter NANO, ANDROGYNO, *and* CASTRONE.

How now! Who let you loose? Whither go you now?
What, to buy gingerbread, or to drown kitlings?
NAN. Sir, Master Mosca called us out of doors, [21
And bid us all go play, and took the keys.
AND. Yes.
VOLP. Did Master Mosca take the keys? Why, so!
I'm farther in. These are my fine conceits!
I must be merry, with a mischief to me!
What a vile wretch was I, that could not bear [30
My fortune soberly? I must ha' my crochets
And my conundrums! Well, go you, and seek him:
His meaning may be truer than my fear.
Bid him he straight come to me to the court;
Thither will I, and, if't be possible,
Unscrew my advocate, upon new hopes:
When I provoked him, then I lost myself. [*Exit.* [41

SCENE VIII

We return to the Scrutineo, with all, save VOLPONE, *set as before. The Magistrates have been studying the papers that* VOLTORE *has handed up to them.*

1 Avoc. These things can ne'er be reconciled. He here [*showing the papers*]
Professeth that the gentleman was wronged, [9
And that the gentlewoman was brought thither,
Forced by her husband, and there left.
VOLT. Most true.
CEL. How ready is heaven to those that pray!
1 Avoc. But that
Volpone would have ravished her he holds
Utterly false, knowing his impotence. [19
CORV. Grave fathers, he's possessed; again I say,
Possessed: nay, if there be possession, and
Obsession, he has both.
3 Avoc. Here comes our officer.

Enter VOLPONE.

VOLP. The parasite will straight be here, grave fathers.
4 Avoc. You might invent some other name, sir varlet. [30
3 Avoc. Did not the notary meet him?
VOLP. Not that I know.
4 Avoc. His coming will clear all.
2 Avoc. Yet it is misty.
VOLT. May't please your fatherhoods—
VOLP., *to* VOLTORE. <Sir, the parasite
Willed me to tell you that his master lives;
That you are still the man; your hopes the same; [40
And this was only a jest—
VOLT. How?
VOLP. Sir, to try
If you were firm, and how you stood affected.
VOLT. Art sure he lives?
VOLP., *with consummate impudence.* Do *I* live, sir?
VOLT. O me!
I was too violent. [50
VOLP. Sir, you may redeem it.
They said you were possessed; fall down, and seem so:
I'll help to make it good.> [VOLTORE *falls.*] God bless the man!—
Stop your wind hard, and swell—See, see, see, see!
He vomits crooked pins! His eyes are set, [59
Like a dead hare's hung in a poulter's shop!
His mouth's running away! Do you see, signior?
Now it is in his belly.
CORV. Ay, the devil!
VOLP. Now in his throat.
CORV. Ay, I perceive it plain.

VOLP. 'Twill out, 'twill out! stand clear. See where it flies, [69
In shape of a blue toad, with a bat's wings!
Do you not see it, sir?
CORB. What? I think I do.
CORV. 'Tis too manifest.
VOLP. Look! he comes t' himself!
VOLT. Where am I?
VOLP. Take good heart, the worst is past, sir.
You're dispossessed.
1 AVOC. What accident is this! [80
2 AVOC. Sudden and full of wonder!
3 AVOC. If he were
Possessed, as it appears, all this is nothing.
CORV. He has been often subject to these fits.
1 AVOC. Show him that writing:—do you know it, sir?
VOLP., *to* VOLTORE. <Deny it, sir, forswear it; know it not.> [89
VOLT. Yes, I do know it well, it is my hand;
But all that it contains is false.
BON. O practice! [29]
2 AVOC. What maze is this!
1 AVOC. Is he not guilty then,
Whom you there name the parasite?
VOLT. Grave fathers,
No more than his good patron, old Volpone.
4 AVOC. Why, he is dead. [100
VOLT. O no, my honored fathers,
He lives—
1 AVOC. How! lives?
VOLT. Lives.
2 AVOC. This is subtler yet!
3 AVOC. You said he was dead.
VOLT. Never.
3 AVOC. You said so.
CORV. I heard so.
4 AVOC. Here comes the gentleman; make him way. [111

Enter MOSCA.

3 AVOC. A stool.
4 AVOC. <A proper man; and, were Volpone dead,
A fit match for my daughter.>
3 AVOC. Give him way.

[29] trickery.

VOLP., *to* MOSCA. <Mosca, I was a'most lost; the advocate
Had betrayed all; but now it is recovered; [121
All's o' the hinge again. Say I am living.>
MOS. What busy knave is this!—Most reverend fathers,
I sooner had attended your grave pleasures,
But that my order for the funeral
Of my dear patron did require me—
VOLP. <Mosca!> [130
MOS. Whom I intend to bury like a gentleman.
VOLP. <Ay, quick, and cozen me of all.>
2 AVOC. Still stranger!
More intricate!
1 AVOC. And come about again!
4 AVOC. <It is a match; my daughter is bestowed.> [139
MOS., *to* VOLPONE. <Will you gi' me half?
VOLP. First I'll be hanged.
MOS. I know
Your voice is good, cry not so loud.>
1 AVOC. Demand
The advocate.—[*To* VOLTORE.] Sir, did you not affirm
Volpone was alive?
VOLP. Yes, and he is; [149
This gent'man [*indicating* MOSCA] told me so. [*To* MOSCA.] <Thou shalt have half.>
MOS. Whose drunkard is this same? Speak, some that know him:
I never saw his face. <I cannot now
Afford it you so cheap.
VOLP. No!>
1 AVOC. What say you?
VOLT. The officer told me. [159
VOLP. I did, grave fathers.
And will maintain he lives, with mine own life,
And that this creature [*pointing to* MOSCA] told me. <I was born
With all good stars my enemies.>
MOS. Most grave fathers,
If such an insolence as this must pass

Upon me, I am silent: 'twas not this
For which you sent, I hope.
2 Avoc. Take him away. [170
Volp. <Mosca!>
3 Avoc. Let him be whipped.
Volp. Wilt thou betray me?
Cozen me?
3 Avoc. And taught to bear himself
Toward a person of his rank.
4 Avoc. Away.
[*The* Officers *seize* Volpone.
Mos. I humbly thank your fatherhoods.
Volp. Soft, soft! <Whipped! [180
And lose all that I have! If I confess,
It cannot be much more.>
4 Avoc. Sir, are you married?
Volp. <They'll be allied anon; I must be resolute;
The Fox shall here uncase.>
[*Puts off his disguise.*
Mos. Patron!
Volp. Nay, now
My ruin shall not come alone; your match [191
I'll hinder sure: my substance shall not glue you,
Nor screw you into a family.
Mos. Why, patron!
Volp. I am Volpone, and this [*pointing to* Mosca] is my knave;
This [*pointing to* Voltore] his own knave; this [*pointing to* Corbaccio] avarice's fool; [200
This [*pointing to* Corvino] a chimera of wittol, fool, and knave.
And, reverend fathers, since we all can hope
Nought but a sentence, let's not now despair it.
You hear me brief.
Corv. May it please your fatherhoods—
Com. Silence.
1 Avoc. The knot is now undone by miracle. [211
2 Avoc. Nothing can be more clear.
3 Avoc. Or can more prove
These innocent.
1 Avoc. Give 'em their liberty.
Bon. Heaven could not long let such gross crimes be hid.
2 Avoc. If this be held the highway to get riches,
May I be poor! [220
3 Avoc. This's not the gain, but torment.
1 Avoc. These possess wealth, as sick men possess fevers,
Which truliér may be said to possess them.
2 Avoc. Disrobe that parasite.
Corv. and Mos. Most honored fathers—
1 Avoc. Can you plead aught to stay the course of justice? [230
If you can, speak.
Corv. and Volt. We beg favor.
Cel. And mercy.
1 Avoc. You hurt your innocence, suing for the guilty.
Stand forth; and first the parasite. You appear
T' have been the chiefest minister, if not plotter, [239
In all these lewd impostures, and now, lastly,
Have with your impudence abused[30] the court
And habit of a gentleman of Venice,
Being a fellow of no birth or blood;
For which our sentence is, first, thou be whipped;
Then live perpetual prisoner in our galleys.
Volp. I thank you for him. [250
Mos. Bane to thy wolfish nature!
1 Avoc. Deliver him to the saffi. [Mosca *is carried out.*] Thou, Volpone,
By blood and rank a gentleman, canst not fall
Under like censure; but our judgment on thee
Is, that thy substance all be straight confiscate [260
To the hospital of the Incurabili:
And, since the most was gotten by imposture,
By feigning lame, gout, palsy, and such diseases,
Thou art to lie in prison, cramped with irons,

[30] deceived.

Till thou be'st sick and lame indeed. Remove him.

[*He is taken from the bar.* [270

VOLP. <This is called mortifying of a fox.>

1 AVOC. Thou, Voltore, to take away the scandal
Thou hast giv'n all worthy men of thy profession,
Art banished from their fellowship, and our state.
Corbaccio!—Bring him near.—We here possess [280
Thy son of all thy state,[31] and confine thee
To the monastery of San Spirito;
Where, since thou knew'st not how to live well here,
Thou shalt be learned to die well.

CORB. Ha! what said he?

COM. You shall know anon, sir.

1 AVOC. Thou, Corvino, shalt [289
Be straight embarked from thine own house, and rowed
Round about Venice, through the Grand Canal,
Wearing a cap, with fair long ass's ears,
Instead of horns, and so to mount, a paper
Pinned on thy breast, to the Berlina.[32]

CORV. Yes,
And have mine eyes beat out with stinking fish, [300
Bruised fruit, and rotten eggs—'tis well. I'm glad
I shall not see my shame yet.

1 AVOC. And to expiate
Thy wrongs done to thy wife, thou art to send her
Home to her father, with her dowry trebled:
And these are all your judgments.

ALL. Honored fathers— [310

1 AVOC. Which may not be revoked. Now you begin,
When crimes are done and past, and to be punished,
To think what your crimes are. Away with them!
Let all that see these vices thus rewarded,
Take heart, and love to study 'em. Mischiefs feed [319
Like beasts, till they be fat; and then they bleed.

VOLPONE, *coming forward*, The seasoning of a play is the applause.
Now, though the Fox be punished by the laws,
He yet doth hope, there is no suff'ring due
For any fact which he hath done 'gainst you. [329
If there be, censure him; here he doubtful stands;
If not, fare jovially, and clap your hands.

[31] estate.
[32] pillory.